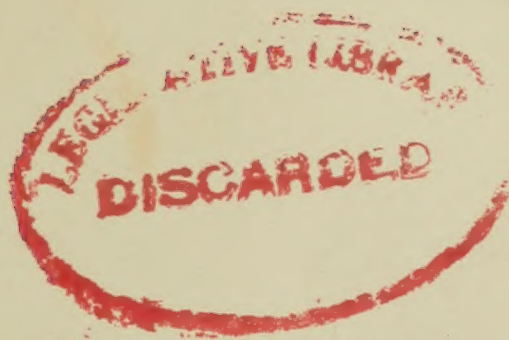



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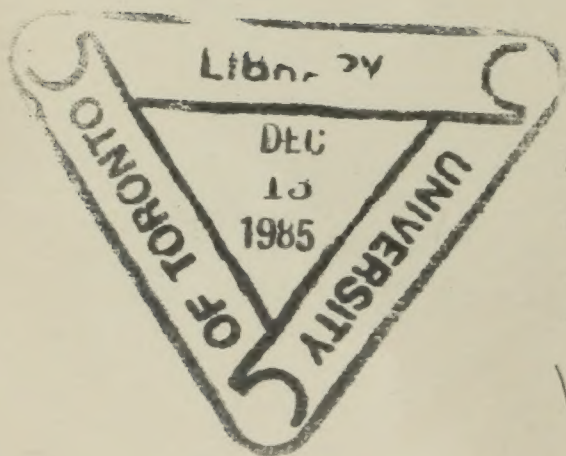




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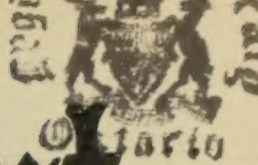


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1905



LIX

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905

No. 2953

Survey of the World

Death of Secretary Hay

Secretary John Hay, of the State Department, died unexpectedly and suddenly at 12.25 a.m. on the 1st at his summer home on the shore of Lake Sunapee, in New Hampshire. The cause of death was pulmonary embolism. Mr. Hay returned about three weeks ago from Europe, where for several months he had been seeking to regain his health. His condition was greatly improved, and his friends expected that in the autumn he would take up his work in Washington. On the 24th ult. he arrived at his summer home, suffering from fatigue and a cold. He was so ill on the following day that physicians were summoned from Boston by telegraph and brought him to Lake Sunapee by special train. But his ailment yielded to treatment and it was soon announced that within a few days he would be out of doors. The day preceding his death was one of continued and satisfactory improvement. A few minutes after midnight, however, he became alarmingly ill and called his attending nurse and physician. No relief could be given, and he passed away before any member of his family, except Mrs. Hay, could be brought to his bedside. He was nearly 67 years old. Mr. Roosevelt was greatly shocked. "The American people," said he, "have never had a greater Secretary of State, and his loss is a national calamity." Secretary Taft had started for the Philippines and was passing through West Virginia when he heard of Mr. Hay's death. It is generally expected that he will be placed at the head of the State Department.

**Beef Trust
Officers Indicted**

At the close of an investigation which was begun more than five months ago the Federal grand jury in

Chicago has indicted the five leading corporations of the so-called Beef Trust and eighteen prominent officers of them. The corporations and persons indicted are named in the following list:

Armour & Co.—J. Ogden Armour, president; Arthur Meeker, general manager; T. J. Connors, general superintendent; P. A. Valentine, treasurer; Samuel A. McRoberts, assistant treasurer; Charles W. Armour, president of the Armour Packing Company.

Swift & Co.—Louis F. Swift, president; Edward F. Swift, vice-president; Charles H. Swift, director; D. E. Hartwell, secretary; Lawrence A. Carton, treasurer; Arthur F. Evans, attorney; R. C. McManus, attorney; A. H. Veeder, general counsel.

Cudahy & Co.—Edward Cudahy, vice-president and general manager.

Nelson Morris & Co.—Edward Morris, vice-president; Ira N. Morris, secretary.

Schwarzschild & Sulzberger.—B. S. Cusey, traffic manager; Vance E. Skipworth and C. E. Todd, his assistants; Samuel Weil, secretary. These are indicted for soliciting and accepting rebates from six railroad companies.

It is charged in the indictments and the jury's report that the defendants violated the Anti-Trust law by combining to prevent competition in the purchase of cattle and in the sale of beef, canned meats and dairy products. The methods by which this was accomplished, both in the export trade and in the domestic market, are described. In the rebate cases several unlawful transactions are set forth, with dates, figures and other details.

**Mr. Rockefeller's Gift
for Education**

It was made known at a meeting of the General Education Board, on the 30th ult., that John D. Rockefeller, President of the Standard Oil Company, had given to the Board

\$10,000,000 as an endowment fund. This sum is to be paid over on October 1st in cash or in income-producing securities, and the income is to be used (as a letter from the donor's representative says) "for the benefit of such institutions of learning, at such times, in such amounts, for such purposes, and under such conditions, or employed in such other ways, as the Board may deem best adapted to promote a comprehensive system of higher education in the United States." The Board was organized in February, 1902, under a national charter, and at that time Mr. Rockefeller gave to it \$1,000,000, especially designated for educational work in the South. To such work the labors of the Board have thus far been confined. The sum originally given could be distributed, but only the income of this later gift can be expended. The first gift was designed for common schools and secondary education; this large endowment is for higher education and is designed especially for colleges, altho the great universities are not excluded. In a published statement the Board says:

"Both gifts are alike available for denominational schools, as well as for those which are non-sectarian. While the funds may be employed for denominational schools, they will be employed without sectarian distinctions. No special denomination will be particularly favored, but the funds will be open to approved schools of all denominations, altho they cannot be employed for giving specifically theological instruction. In distributing the funds the Board will aim especially to favor those institutions which are well located and which have a local constituency sufficiently strong and able to insure permanence and power. No attempt will be made to resuscitate moribund schools or to assist institutions which are so located that they cannot promise to be permanently useful. Within these limits there are no restrictions as to the use of the income. It may be used for endowment, for buildings, for current expenses, for debts, for apparatus, or for any other purpose which may be found most serviceable."

The present members of the Board are Robert C. Ogden, chairman; George Foster Peabody, treasurer; Wallace Buttrick, secretary and executive officer for the South and Southwest; Starr J. Murphy, secretary and executive officer for

the North and West; Frederick T. Gates, Daniel C. Gilman, Morris K. Jesup, Walter H. Page, Albert Shaw, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Hugh H. Hanna, William R. Harper and E. Benjamin Andrews.—At the Yale alumni dinner in New Haven, on the 28th, President Hadley announced that Mr. Rockefeller had given to the university \$1,000,000, the only condition accompanying the gift being that the money should be invested and the principal preserved inviolate as an endowment, while the annual income might be used for current expenses. At the same time it was shown that another million had been given by certain graduates. On the preceding day, at the alumni meeting, Senator Brandagee had said, in the course of an address:

"Bring on your tainted money! We will purify it with the Yale spirit and consecrate it to the blessed mission of educating noble men to uphold the institutions of our glorious country."

It was on the 28th that Mr. Roosevelt, in an address to the alumni of Harvard, made some remarks which certain newspapers have published in juxtaposition with their report of the Yale gift. He was severely criticising the very rich men who "commit crimes of greed and craft on the largest scale by evading the law or by breaking it so cunningly that they cannot be discovered." Men "of vast fortune," he said, "should set an example by paying scrupulous heed not only to the letter but to the spirit of the laws and by acknowledging the moral obligations which cannot be expressed in law, but which stand back of and above all laws. It is far more important," he added, "that they should conduct their business affairs decently than that they should spend the surplus of their fortunes in philanthropy." He also attacked the "influential and highly remunerated members of the bar who make it their special task to work out bold and ingenious schemes by which their very wealthy clients, individual or corporate, can evade the laws which are designed to regulate the use of great wealth in the interest of the public."

**Labor Leaders and
Employers Accused**

In Chicago a grand jury of the county has indicted 49 men as a result of its inquiry concerning the teamsters' strike and other labor controversies. Forty-seven of these are officers of labor unions and two are employers—the president (George C. Prussing) and the purchasing agent of the Illinois Brick Company. The two employers are accused of conspiring with the presidents of certain unions (who are indicted with them) to injure the business of independent rivals by hiring the union officers to call strikes against them. It is charged that \$25,000 was so used. Cornelius P. Shea, president of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, and a dozen officers of the branches of this organization are indicted for conspiracy to injure the business of Montgomery Ward & Co. Thirty-two members of the Teamsters' Union are held for assault with intent to kill or to commit bodily injury. The jury's report upon labor conditions in Chicago is a statement of extraordinary character. It shows that large sums have been paid, in response to demands of labor leaders, to prevent or to settle strikes; that much of the money was spent in dissipation; that Shea (leader of the present strike) has been a blackmailer; that Albert Young, his predecessor in office (also indicted), profited by similar transactions; that other officers had shares of the money so procured, and that ruffians, or "slug-gers," have been employed by the officers of certain unions. The present strike, it says, was "conceived in iniquity," and "a very few of the principals at the head of the teamsters' union have been responsible" for it "in order that their pockets might jingle with unholy gain."

**Engineer Wallace's
Resignation**

The resignation of John F. Wallace, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, has been the subject of much discussion, official and otherwise. He is now no longer in the Government service and John F. Stevens has been appointed in his place. Mr. Wallace arrived in New York from the Isthmus on the 22d ult., and on the 25th he had a long interview with Secretary Taft, who published, four days later, a

report of nearly 4,000 words as to what was said and done at that meeting. Mr. Wallace said the presidency of a large holding company, with a salary of \$65,000, had been offered to him. The place was a very desirable one and he desired to accept it. Life on the Isthmus was not enjoyable and was not without risk to himself and his wife. He could make his annual report and withdraw from the canal work within two months, and he wanted to do so. The long verbatim report of the Secretary's reply shows that he was moved by indignation. He sharply attacked the engineer for deserting so suddenly "at a critical moment," reminding him that he had warmly approved the reorganization of the Commission, with its new distribution of duties and powers, and that the plan of it was based in part upon his own suggestions. Mr. Wallace had expressed such approval as late as May 26th, and then, on June 5th, only twelve days after his arrival on the Isthmus, had cabled for permission to return in order that he might resign and take another place:

"For mere lucre you change your place over night, without thought of the embarrassing position in which you place your Government by this action, when the engineering forces on the Isthmus are left without a real head, and your department is not perfected in organization; when the Advisory Board of Engineers is to assemble within two months and when I am departing for the Philippines on public duty. All this you knew, but you have thought of yourself and of yourself alone."

Mr. Taft said much more in the same strain, and then required the engineer to tender his resignation "at this moment." This Mr. Wallace proceeded to do, and the resignation was promptly accepted by the President in a letter approving the Secretary's course. Mr. Wallace has since published a long statement in which he says his motive was not financial, but he withholds the reasons for his resignation. The offer came to him, he says, after he had been considering for some days whether he ought not to resign. He denies the assertion of Secretary Taft that he sought the office which he has given up, saying that he accepted it with great reluctance and felt free to withdraw from it. He also says:

"I have made no criticism of individuals, but

I do believe that the obstacles due to the Governmental methods required by existing laws are so serious that they will have to be eliminated if the American people are to see the Panama Canal constructed in a reasonable time and at a moderate cost."

Reports that the offer to him came from the Ryan or Belmont interests in New York have been authoritatively denied. It is said to have been made by a company engaged in railway construction. Mr. Stevens, whose salary is to be \$30,000, or \$5,000 more than Wallace's, had been retained by the Government as an expert to supervise the construction of railroads in the Philippines. He has been the engineer officer of several Western roads and for several years the chief engineer of the Great Northern, the Rocky Mountain division of which was built by him. He has not been made a member of the Commission. He is only to execute the plans made by the Commission and the Advisory Board. It is understood that Chairman Shonts has declined two offers, each of them involving a salary of \$100,000. He says: "Having promised to sit in this game, I will play my hand." The Commission has bought two American steamships from the Ward Line at \$650,000 apiece.

Eight Men Lynched in Georgia

Seven negroes and one white man were taken from the jail at Watkinsville, Ga., at about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 29th ult. by a mob and lynched. Another negro escaped with his life only by pretending to be dead after his associates had been killed. The mob had intended to kill all the prisoners who were in the jail, but one negro who had been arrested for gambling was overlooked. Four of the mob's victims—John Aycock, white, and Richard Robinson, Lewis Robinson and Claude Elder, negroes—had been imprisoned upon the charge that they had murdered an aged farmer, named Holbrook, and his wife. Another, Richard Allen, was under sentence of death for the murder of one of his own race. Eugene Yerby had been locked up for burglary, Sandy Price for assault upon a white woman, and Robert Harris for shooting another negro. The lynchers, all wearing masks, came into town quietly (from an adjoin-

ing county, it is said) and began their work by capturing the Town Marshal at his home. They took him to the jail, meeting on the way a resident who in vain begged them at least to spare Aycock, against whom there was little evidence, and those negroes who were not held for capital crimes. They compelled the jailer to give up his keys, threatening to destroy the jail by dynamite if he withheld them. The nine prisoners were led away about 200 yards and bound to fence posts. There eight of them were shot to death. The ninth, Joseph Patterson, being only slightly wounded, pretended to be dead and thus escaped. Many people were awakened by the shooting, but when they arrived at the place the lynchers had disappeared. Sheriff Overby lived a mile from the jail and knew nothing of the lynching until some hours after it had taken place. It is said that the people of the vicinity had decided that they would let the law take its course in the cases of all the prisoners.

Reform in Philadelphia Israel W. Durham, the Philadelphia Boss, gave up his State office of Superintendent of Insurance by resignation last week, and David Martin, a well-known "organization" politician of the city, was appointed by Governor Pennypacker in his place. The Civil Service Reform Association of the State recently urged the Governor to remove Durham, asserting that in addition to his other disqualifications he had been absent from the Superintendent's office at the capital for more than nine-tenths of the working days of his term.—It is expected that, as a result of the investigation now in progress, 50,000 fraudulent names will be removed from the voting lists. William Yost, a judge of election; Bernard Strauss, an inspector, and William Glenn, inspector's clerk, pleaded guilty last week to the charge that they had made fraudulent lists and stuffed ballot boxes. Each was sent to jail for five months and fined \$500. George F. Little, a member of the Legislature, was arrested and held for trial on a similar charge. It is said that nearly 1,000 policemen will be removed for corruption or inefficiency.—The Councils by unani-

mous vote have repealed the ordinances which gave to the street railway companies franchises in 110 miles of street without requiring compensation. These are the ordinances which were defiantly passed over the Mayor's veto at the time when the gas lease was approved.—Experts who are examining the filtration contracts of the Durham-McNichol firm have discovered a fraudulent payment of \$233,000 and have also ascertained that all but \$44,000 of the \$979,000 which, being 20 per cent. of the price on some of the contracts, should have been held in the Treasury until the satisfactory completion of the work, has been paid to the contractors. On one of the contracts the official estimate of cost was \$495,000, but the ring's successful bid was \$1,146,000.—Pennsylvania newspapers are commenting upon the recent trial and conviction of five school directors in Shenandoah, who have been sent to prison for one year because they sold the appointments of teachers.—In Milwaukee, Wis., a grand jury has reported 38 indictments against 21 persons—county supervisors and other public officers—for corrupt action with respect to franchises, contracts and a large variety of transactions connected with the penal and charitable institutions and other branches of the public service.



The College Oarsmen

On both days of the university boat races the weather was all that could be desired. Six universities were represented on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, on the 28th ult. Cornell won both the eight-oared races (university and freshman), but Syracuse was second in these contests and first in the race for fours. The skill and strength of Cornell's university eight were clearly shown in a race that ended with her boat more than 15 lengths in advance of the nearest competitor, the respective times being 20:29 2-5 and 21:47. The remaining crews were really in a race by themselves, with Syracuse leading and the others near at hand in the following order: Georgetown, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin. In the two mile race for fours Cornell and Syracuse were only two seconds apart,

and the time (10:15 2-5) established a new high record on this course. On the following day Yale and Harvard met on the Thames. In the morning the races for university fours and freshman eights were pulled, and Harvard won both of them, but was leading by only 5 seconds at each finish. The great race of the day, for university eights, was rowed late in the afternoon and was one of the finest contests ever seen on the river. Almost continuously from start to finish the boats were overlapping, but Yale kept the lead and won by less than 3 seconds.



Norway and Sweden

Strong opposition is being manifested in Sweden against the acquiescence of King Oscar in the secession of Norway from the Union and war is threatened. Neither house of the Swedish Riksdag supports the Government in its peace policy. In the Senate the Government bill for negotiating a legal separation from Norway was referred to a committee composed of nine anti-Government and three pro-Government members, while in the lower house the corresponding committee consists of five pro-Government, five anti-Government and two independent members. Baron Kennedy, speaking on the question in the Senate, said:

"If the King's message expresses his opinion, he has lost two crowns instead of one."

This sentiment was cheered by the opponents of the Government, but Judge Kronlund rebuked Baron Kennedy and called his remark treasonable. Premier Ramstedt held that the only wise policy was reluctantly to accept dissolution. A conquered Norway would be of no advantage to Sweden, but a continuous source of danger. King Oscar has announced that he will not consent to placing a prince of the House of Bernadotte upon the throne of Norway unless the Swedish Riksdag should request him to do so. The Norwegian army has been mobilized and brought near to the Swedish boundary, tho it is officially explained by the Norwegian War Department that these are merely the ordinary practice maneuvers. On the other hand, the Swedish Navy Department has several

gunboats cruising along the Norwegian coast, and a proclamation has been issued declaring the harbors of Stockholm, Kariskrona, Gothenburg and Farosund to be war ports and excluding all foreign naval vessels from them.

The Peace Envoys

The President announced July 2d the appointment of the plenipotentiaries by Russia and Japan, and stated that they would meet in Washington as soon after August 1st as possible. The Russian plenipotentiaries are Ambassador N. V. Muravieff, now at Rome, and Baron Roman Romanovitch Rosen, recently appointed Ambassador of Russia to the United States to succeed Count Cassini. The Japanese plenipotentiaries are Baron Jutarō Komura, now Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Kogaro Takahira, now the Japanese Minister to the United States. All but one of these are well known in the United States, and all speak English easily. Baron Rosen is of Swedish ancestry, his ancestors having followed Gustavus Adolphus in his invasion of Russia and settled there. He was Chargé d'Affaires at Tokyo and later at Washington, and was Minister to Japan from 1893 until the outbreak of the war. He was opposed to the war and is highly esteemed by the Japanese. Mr. Muravieff was born in 1850 and is a member of an ancient Russian family which has held estates in Novgorod since 1488. He is one of the leading authorities of the world on international law and was appointed one of the arbitrators of The Hague Court in the Venezuela case. Here as President he delivered the decision in the case, on which occasion he referred to the outbreak of the war in the following words, which in consideration of the fact that he was acting in a judicial capacity as the mouthpiece of an international tribunal were regarded as discourteous to Japan:

"This conflict is a serious setback to the cause of progress. In spite of the highest aspirations no nation is free from the danger of attack from an unexpected quarter. War is justifiable only as an act of self-defense, where it is necessary to uphold honor or liberty, but a just Providence will decide between righteous claims and mere frivolous pretensions."

As Minister of Justice he reformed the

judicial system of Siberia. Baron Komura was educated in the United States and was the predecessor of Mr. Takahira at Washington. He was Minister to Russia until the war between China and Japan, when he was called to Tokyo, and afterward sent as Minister to China. Mr. Takahira was born in 1854 and was educated at the Imperial College of Tokyo. He was sent to Washington as attaché in 1879 and he rose to Chargé d'Affaires. He has also served in diplomatic and consular posts at Seoul in Korea, Shanghai in China, at The Hague, at Rome and at Vienna. He was one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which closed the China-Japanese war.—Russia's reluctance to grant her representatives any powers further than to receive and transmit proposals for peace has evidently been overcome in some manner, for it is announced that

"the plenipotentiaries of both Russia and Japan will be entrusted with full power to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace, subject, of course, to ratification by their respective home Governments."

Russian Riots and Strikes

Sporadic outbreaks of violence continue to occur in many parts of Southern and Eastern Russia, in both cities and country, but as there appears to be no unity of purpose or systematic co-operation they show no signs of developing into a definite revolutionary movement. At Lodz and Warsaw order reigns, according to the proverbial manner, owing to the vigorous enforcement of martial law. It is officially reported that there were 500 killed and 1,000 wounded in the riots at Lodz. A secret meeting of revolutionary socialists, in a forest near Lodz, was surprised by the Cossacks, who fired upon the crowd and wounded 18. In Warsaw barricades were raised and a general strike declared, but the troops cleared the streets and arrests were made of 672 persons, mostly Jews; several have been executed. The Polish nationalists and many of the labor leaders are opposed to violence, as they believe that such premature and ineffectual outbreaks only do harm to their cause. Mutinies occurred among the sailors and marines at Libau and Kronstadt, but they

did not assume the importance of that at Odessa. At Libau the mutiny started because of poor food served to the sailors, who to the number of 5,000 rebelled and seized the guard house and offices, thus securing arms and ammunition. They took refuge in the forest, where they were surrounded by infantry armed with machine guns and forced to surrender under promise of better food. A large amount of property was destroyed. At Kronstadt, the most important of Russian navy yards, 8,000 imperial sailors mutinied because they had been required to do work in the repair shops, and the workmen struck in sympathy, but they were soon brought under control.

Mutiny on a Russian Battleship

An almost unprecedented incident in the history of revolutions, a naval mutiny in combination with a street insurrection, occurred at Odessa, the principal sea port of Rus-

sia on the Black Sea. The "Kniaz Potemkin Tavritchesky," the largest battleship of the Black Sea fleet, steamed into the bay of Odessa from Sevastopol on the night of June 27th flying the red flag of revolution. The crew had revolted and killed or imprisoned such officers as would not join them. Eleven officers are said to have been liberated in Odessa and 22 killed. The whole number of persons on the ship was 636. For several days the city of Odessa had been in a state of tumult, fired by the riots of Lodz and Warsaw, and the mutineers of the "Kinaz Potemkin" put themselves in communication with the strikers and Socialists, and, it is reported, aided them against the Cossacks by landing machine guns and marines to take part in the street fighting. The authorities were powerless, because Odessa is not a fortified city and the 12-inch guns of the battleship commanded the whole water front. Two torpedo boats and a

transport also joined in the mutiny, and the Russian steamer "Esperanza," lying in the harbor, was captured and its cargo of 2,000 tons of coal transferred to the battleship during the night. The immediate cause of the mutiny is said to have been dissatisfaction with the poor quality of the soup furnished. When a delegation of sailors went to the mess officer to remonstrate he shot immediately their leader, Omelchuk, whereupon the crew revolted and seized the ship. On reaching Odessa the body of Omelchuk was taken ashore and placed upon the new mole, with an inscription stating that he was a martyr to a just cause. The Governor of Odessa was notified that the city would be



Map of Odessa.—The Rebel Battleship Anchored in the New Harbor.

bombarded if the body was disturbed, and all day long it lay in state and was visited by thousands. A basket for contributions to aid the revolutionary cause was placed at the head. On the following day a public funeral was held, and the body of Omelchuk was carried through Preobrajensky Street to the Military Cemetery by eight sailors, preceded by priests and followed by a procession of many thousand persons. Under threat of bombardment the police and troops stationed along the route dared not interfere, the Port Admiral offering himself as hostage that the band and escort from the battleship should be allowed to return safely. The "Kniaz Potemkin" refused to permit any of the Russian ships to leave the port, and several were burned by the rioters, who systematically looted and set fire to all the custom houses, stores, offices and shipping, extending for a mile along the quays. Women and young girls were seen, as in the Paris Commune, piling up wood and straw in the doorways, saturating them with petroleum and setting them on fire. Several hundred persons are reported to have been burned to death. In other parts of the city the mob, estimated at 12,000, was held in check by the troops, who mowed them down with machine guns. The greatest bloodshed was near the church of St. Nicholas. Two shells were fired from the mutinous battleship, one striking a house in Nyesjinskaga Street and the other a brewery, both tearing large holes in the sides of the buildings. Except for the light from the conflagration the whole city was in darkness, as the gas and electricity were shut off by the authorities. Admiral Kruger, with the rest of the fleet from Sevastopol, composed of five battleships and torpedo boats, arrived on Friday, and the "Kniaz Potemkin" steamed out to meet them, with her decks cleared for action. She passed at full speed through the midst of the fleet, so close to the vessels which surrounded her that faces could be distinguished, but no shot was fired on either side. Admiral Kruger signalled her to join the fleet and return to Sevastopol, but she replied "We remain here." The bat-

tieship "Georgi Pobiedonosetz" then joined the mutinous vessel and signalled that she was obliged to go to Odessa to execute repairs. Admiral Kruger, doubtless fearing further desertions, thereupon returned to Sevastopol, where after a council of admirals and captains it was decided to put the fleet out of commission. Accordingly the machinery was ungeared and officers and men given shore leave. The "Kniaz Potemkin" and the "Georgi Pobiedonosetz" returned to the bay of Odessa, where the latter landed her officers, except the captain, who had suicided. One July 3d the mutineers surrendered the ship. The "Kniaz Potemkin" and her torpedo boat left Odessa for Kustenji, Rumania, about 200 miles southwest of Odessa, and sent a boat ashore asking for provisions and water. They were permitted to purchase food, but were ordered by the Rumanian authorities to land and give themselves up to be held as Russian deserters.



The Arabian Rebellion

The Imam of Yemen seems to have established a settled Government in the country he has wrested from the Sultan of Turkey, and the ancient laws of the Koran are being strictly enforced on Mohammedan and Christian alike. Wine drinking and licentiousness are forbidden and punished. Tithes of all the crops are collected, and a tax of 2½ per cent. is levied on movable property, live stock and houses. The Imam with a body-guard of 3,000 men resides in the city of Kamkahan on a high mountain, accessible by a single pass. Since the capture of Sanaa the Zaidees have submitted to his authority, which now extends from the boundaries of the British protectorate of Aden to Ibb and Tais, and opposite Hodeida to within 50 or 60 miles of the coast of the Red Sea. Altogether he commands a force of some 150,000 men. The Sultan of Turkey is making great efforts to recover the province, but success is not yet in sight. The first expedition sent to the relief of Sanaa under Ali Riza Pasha was captured with that city April 30th, and the fate of Riza Pasha is unknown.

The Enforcement of Law

BY JOSEPH W. FOLK

[Soon after Governor Folk's inauguration he took steps to insure the enforcement of the Sunday laws. In St. Louis the saloons have been scrupulously closed every Sunday since and including April 16, and the same condition prevails almost without exception in the smaller towns of the State. In this respect the Governor is carrying out his duty with the same firmness which he displayed in his celebrated prosecution of boodle and bribery cases when he was Circuit Attorney of St. Louis. The following article is from an interview.—EDITOR.]

IN the State of Missouri we have now in operation what is called the Missouri idea—the idea that public officials should answer at the bar of public opinion for all official acts—that the man who in his official life betrays his people is a criminal, and that laws are put upon the statute books to be observed, not to be ignored.

In proportion as the average morality in a State is strong, just to that extent is the State great, and good government reigns. Laws that are put on the statute books must be put there for some purpose. Laws that are not enforced add just as much to good government as sores do to the strength of the human body.

Many men observe those laws which they like and disregard those laws which are obnoxious to them. The trust magnate looks with abhorrence on the pick-pocket who violates the larceny statutes, but thinks that he himself has a perfect right to break the laws against combinations and monopolies. The burglar detests the law-breaking of the trusts, but thinks the law against house-breaking unjust and unfair. The boodler considers the law against bribery as

an interference with his personal rights, but he demands the rigid enforcement of the law against the man that steals his property. The dram-shop keeper thinks that the law against murder is a good law, but the law requiring his dram-shop to close on Sunday is Puritanical and tyrannical and a "blue" law. It has been my experience that any law looks "blue" to a man who wants to break it.

So it goes. Men obey the laws that restrict the other fellow, but laws regulating their own conduct they regard as interfering with their rights. If every man were allowed to judge for himself they like and disregard those laws which which laws are good and which laws are bad and to ignore the bad laws, as he sees them, we would have anarchy.

There would be no laws at all. That is the spirit of the mob, which hangs a man because it thinks he is a bad man. Yet if each individual were given the right to put out of the way every person that he thinks is not a good citizen no man's life would be safe. The only proper test is to enforce every law upon the statute books. If the law be a bad law, the remedy is to repeal it, not to ignore it.

No official has a right to ignore any law. It is not for



JOSEPH W. FOLK

him to say whether the law is good or bad, but it is for him to enforce it as he finds it on the books.

A great deal has been said in Missouri in the last few weeks about what is commonly called the "lid." The "land of the lid" means the land of law. When people talk about taking off the "lid" on Sunday, they mean to let the law be violated with impunity. They mean for officials to violate their oaths of office and to cast away the obligations that they took when they entered office. If we take the "lid" off of the Sunday law, can we not with equal propriety take the "lid" off of the larceny statute and off of the murder statute? Then we would have anarchy.

The greatest danger to every government lies in the fact that laws that are made are not enforced as they are made. There has been entirely too much making of laws to please the moral element and then allowing the laws to be ignored to please the immoral element.

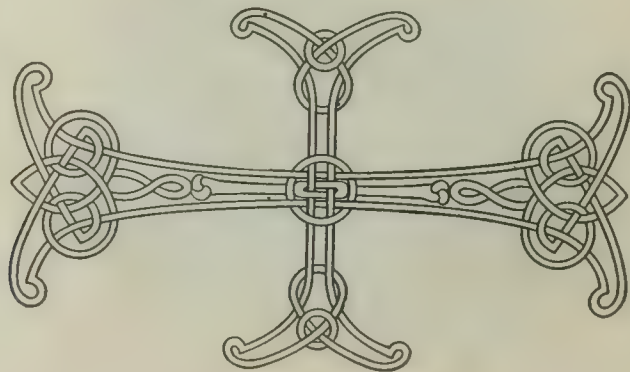
My convictions may be termed idealistic, but ideas and ideals are the life of a free people. We are made and governed by the things we cherish. The public life of a nation is but a reflection of its private life. No government was ever better than the people made it nor worse than they suffered it to become. Without moral vigor material strength counts for nothing, resources count for nothing. The empire of Rome built highways and constructed splendid cities while her civilization was declining. She erected barriers against the barbarous hordes who surged over them while the strength of Roman character ebbed

away, and when that was gone there was nothing to defend, there was nothing to conquer.

There is an old tale of an Eastern king who caused a magnificent palace to be erected as the abode of his majesty and power. Stone by stone the structure grew, and the heart of the king swelled with pride. One morning the palace was found in ruins. Not one stone stood upon another. "What great treason has been accomplished here?" the king exclaimed, and a price was set upon the head of the traitor who had destroyed the abode of majesty. But a wise man of the court said to the king: "Great Master, there was no treason here. Your house that was great and mighty has fallen down because the builders used mortar without sand, and the work that they did has come to ruin."

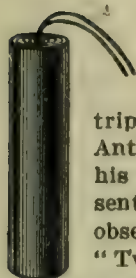
So with the State. External grandeur counts for nothing, if we ignore those vital principles of morality and of law that give life to a State. We may count our wealth as the sands of the sea, the domes of our capitol and the spires of our churches may pierce the sky and glitter among the stars, yet all must fall, all must crumble away like the palace of the ancient king, unless it be welded together and strengthened by those moral principles that are the foundation of an enlightened citizenship. When corrupt principles are allowed to influence public acts and selfish considerations deter the people from upholding the laws and from giving their best efforts to the public good we are making mortar without sand.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.



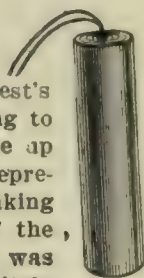
Port Arthur Three Months After the Surrender

BY J. H. DE FOREST, D.D.



[This is the first article promised to our readers as the result of Dr. De Forest's trip to Manchuria. His journey from Port Arthur to Mukden and from Niuchwang to Antung rather "took the starch out of him," he writes, and he was obliged to give up his journey through Korea. As Dr. De Forest traveled as a war correspondent representing the Y. M. C. A. of the Japanese Army, he had unusual facilities for making observations. Unfortunately, the manuscript of this article was in the wreck of the "Twentieth Century Limited," that occurred at Mentor, Ohio, on June 21, and was nearly burned beyond recognition. As it was, the dozen photographs accompanying it in the same envelope were so damaged by the heat as to render their reproduction useless

—EDITOR.]



IT is with intense interest that one rides from Dalny to Port Arthur. About three months after the surrender of the fortress, favored with a letter from the Minister of War, General Terauchi, another from the Governor-General of the Peninsula, and one more from Viscount Admiral Ito, I rode in a third-class car that had been brought from Japan for the use of generals, foreign military *attachés* and other guests of the army. It takes four hours to go the forty miles, and this leisurely gait gives good opportunity to see ranges of hills from Nanshan to the inclosing fortress into which the Russian forces were driven and at last forced to surrender.

The scenery along the road is exceedingly tame—those brown, treeless, monotonous hills that skirt the monotonous plains of the Pechili. But every one has its battle story; so that one feels as tho he had read a volume of history in those four hours. After a while we come in sight of the high hills, up the slopes of which we see those zigzag trenches, above which are the ruined forts and their wrecked guns. But all interest in that direction ceases when one of the Japanese officers points to a dingy stone hut on the plain and says: "There's Nogi's headquarters." Nogi, the ideal soldier of Japan! He's more than trenches and guns. In that hut he endured the bitter cold of winter without a fire, refusing to have even a *hibachi* with a bit of live charcoal in his room, preferring to light his cigarettes with matches. "The soldiers have no fire. Why should I?" is his practice.

"There's the cemetery," says another, and we look at what is common now in Manchuria—a large plot of ground in which are squared, unpainted posts, set in regular order, some large and tall, others short and small. The bodies of some of the dead may be there and the ashes of some more soldiers. Other bodies, hundreds of them, have had no burial, and the ashes of others of the dead, a handful for each, were sent to the homeland to rest in ancestral cemeteries and to be cared for by the priests of the family temples. I saw later on in the fortress a priest who had in charge about five hundred four-inch cubic boxes, each of which held a piece of a bone of the dead.

Just beyond the cemetery the train was stopped at the foot of Shoji San, the first fort east of the railway. Looking into the shallow trench close to the track I saw the skull of a Japanese soldier, a few bones and his blue clothes. It was a gruesome sight, and I at first wondered how the Japanese, who are so careful of and reverent toward their brave dead, could have left that body for dogs to eat. But when, a day or two later, I reached the deep trenches on the tops of the hills all thought of that solitary skull vanished at the sight of heaps upon heaps of mixed Russian and Japanese bodies, just as they fell in the desperate and prolonged charges of which the whole world knows.

At the train my Japanese Y. M. C. A. companion and I were met by a military *attaché* (for General Nishi had kindly telegraphed our coming) and taken in a

carriage to the former home of a Russian General, where we were entertained during our stay of four days. In front of the house were a dozen or more Russian guns, all the worse for contact with Shimose powder. In the house were two grand pianos in good tune, and the long dining hall was encircled with tubs of flowering shrubs from southern islands and from Japan. Suites of rooms were luxuriously furnished. Like everything Russian, the house was built of stone and brick and materials made to endure for ages, one of many signs that Russia was only joking when she assured the world that she would withdraw from Manchuria in October, 1903. The Japanese, in speaking of these imposing dwellings that occupy conspicuous sites, especially in Dalny and Port Arthur, smilingly said: "They were a present to us from the Russians."

We went at once to the Naval Commander, Admiral Shibayama, with Admiral Ito's letter of introduction, which, after the usual greetings, had the following words:

"The bearer, an American scholar, has permission from the Minister of War to visit Manchuria in the interests of Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers. He is also permitted to visit the various battlefields. So far as is possible kindly grant him every facility for investigating everything he may desire to look into."

A launch was at once put at our disposal for visiting the half sunken warships and for going to that most interesting place, the narrow mouth of the harbor, where so many ships were sunk. The thoroughness of the blocking work reminded me of a remark made by Mr. Ozaki, Mayor of Tokyo, in an address delivered last year in the capital. Said he: "We believe in the open door everywhere—except at Port Arthur." It was indeed a rare privilege to look upon the sights of that harbor. And it was one of the saddest sights of my life to see those fatally wounded and torn battleships lying half over on their sides, with masts broken, smokestacks riddled with shot and shell, the decks ripped open, guns dismounted and machinery blown up. I went aboard the "Pallada" and from the bridge took a photo of the dangling davits, the distorted iron work and the perforated ventilators.

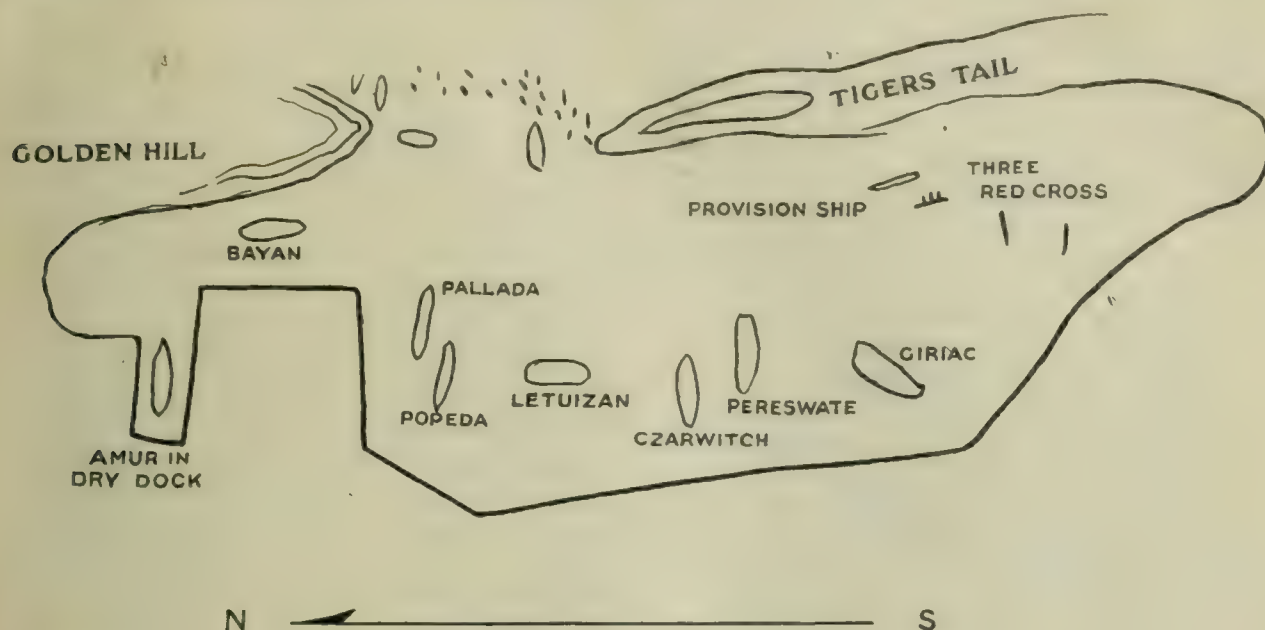
Why did not these powerful battleships save Port Arthur from that humiliating surrender? It would seem as tho they might have kept the narrow mouth of the harbor open against the combined fleets of great nations—as tho they might have crippled Togo's fleet and disputed with fair success the control of the sea. But the officers of the fleet were cowards, was the explanation that Stoessel himself is said to have given. Stoessel and his men hated the men of the navy, who, instead of fearless and resourceful co-operation, idly let their giant ships be pounded to death by Japan's eleven-inch shells. Had there been any such self-sacrificing and glowing loyalty and consciousness of right and harmony inside that fortress and harbor as were outside Japan never could have gotten in. Had Russia's navy only contained a few Hiroses and their fortress been commanded by a general who lived without a fire in dead of winter that he might keep in touch with his soldiers, instead of a man warmed by a twelve-foot Russian stove and kept safe from the winds by double windows set in brick and mortar and comforted by pianos and dances, that Japanese army would have left ten times as many graveyards as they now have on the outside of the line of fortifications.

On the train a colonel remarked: "It is our great good fortune that this war came on now, before we got caught in the luxurious living of the West. As it is, we can still live and fight on a handful of boiled rice once in twenty-four hours, as our ancestors did. But I doubt whether the next generation will be able to do it." He spoke a positive truth there. No one can follow the wake of the Russian army without seeing the love of luxury on the part of the officers everywhere. "They would quicker buy a bottle of perfumery than a field glass," said a prominent merchant. Without doubt their love of wine and women, of perfumery and dances and music and gambling cut the nerve of a soldier's life. I do not willingly write this, for there are so many splendid Russian gentlemen and scholars in the army, taken as individuals. But they are caught in an evil environment of corruption.

In the harbor are three Red Cross ships, one of which is the famous three

funneled "Kazan," said to be the largest Red Cross floating hospital in the world. These were filled with sick and wounded

and Tiger's Tail. The following is a map of the harbor as a Japanese officer sketched it for me:



Russians. "Is it right to capture Red Cross ships?" I asked an officer who was a student of political science at Yale and in Berlin. "The Red Cross is inviolable on land and sea," he said; "but these ships were captured with the Russian navy under very doubtful circumstances. They were frequently used to shelter the warships. Even after they anchored entirely apart in the shallow southern end of the harbor a provision ship anchored right behind them. We were skillful enough to sink that ship without injuring the hospital ships. Well, in all probability Russia will never get those ships."

The mouth of the harbor a little distance away looks at first sight as tho fishermen had stuck down all sorts and sizes of posts and poles for fishing traps. A forest of masts with occasional funnels appears in every direction. Later I went to the top of Golden Hill and looked straight down on that semicircle of twenty-seven sunken ships, some quite visible, as they were but a few feet below the surface. Two steamers of about 2,000 or 3,000 tons were accidentally run ashore exactly below the precipice on which I stood. They had barely missed getting into the very mouth. No opening large enough for even a small vessel was visible anywhere in that band of obstructions that lapped both Golden Hill

Then for three days we visited as much as possible of the ten-mile line of fortifications. I carried the map that Colonel Sato, who was in command of the Japanese artillery line, carried during the siege. It was impossible to visit the whole line and so I devoted myself to three of the strongest forts and the unfortified 203 Meter Hill, that is now even more renowned than any of its sister hills. A carriage was provided which took us nearly to the top of Shojusan, and from there a military road runs for miles just under the edge of the hills and close to the fortifications. At the top of Shojusan it was not the fortifications that attracted attention, for the fort part was battered prettymuch out of existence. But in one of those thirty feet deep trenches was a party of Chinese coolies digging out the bodies of Japanese and Russians, where they were buried on top of each other over ten feet deep, and I was taken, under the direction of a Japanese officer, to a place where two shallow holes received the contents of their flat bamboo baskets. "This hole is for cremating Russians and this for Japanese, so far as we can distinguish them," said the officer. He had antiseptic cotton in his nose, and I found it best to keep on the windward side of things.

It is a pressing question with the living army what to do with the dead army and

how to clean up ready for the summer sun. The frozen corpses of winter under pressure of ceaseless battles may be thrown into trenches and hastily covered with a little earth, but to leave things so for summer would be to invite a pestilence. That explains on the hills of Manchuria those scores of columns of smoke I saw wherever there had been a battle. All through Japan you see similar curling clouds of smoke on the mountain sides, but with a vastly different meaning. Here it means charcoal; in Manchuria it means pyres.

Passing the trench of the dead we entered the covered trenches, and at the door of one of these there must have been a terrible hail of bullets. By placing my hand on the ground I covered about twenty rifle bullets, so thick were they at that gateway. I had permission to photograph, provided I would not take general views. Accordingly the most of these pictures illustrate the special points of interest.

I learned a few days later that a fresh order was issued forbidding photographs of any kind. Moving on to the next fort, Niryusan, we saw the effects of the undermining the Japanese so persistently did until they made the explosion that silenced their enemy's strongest fort and left the guns and mountings and foundations in one huge wreck. Altho the Russians had a trench twenty-five feet deep outlying that battery, the Japanese dug below it, and tho able to progress only a foot or two a day, they at last got beneath the guns, with the result partly shown in the photograph.

Shelter houses well placed and holes planked with thick, heavy timbers in the sides of the hills made good places of rest for the Russian soldiers, who fought well, but who finally lost heart through their incapable officers. A few Japanese soldiers guard the guns that remain on the heights lest the Chinese come and steal valuable parts of them; for the poor Chinaman has met with heavy losses and feels it right to take all he can of the spoils. Those of the baser sort dig up the bodies of the dead and search for coins and rings and watches. They pick up every bit of brass, so that it was impossible to find a single brass clip that Japanese use for holding to-

gether five bullets, while the Russian iron clips covered the ground. All valuable relics are gone. By careful search I found two Russian bayonets and one Japanese bayonet, while pieces of broken shells were abundant everywhere, as were the steel holders of shrapnel and unexploded shells of various sizes, too heavy and too dangerous to carry away as souvenirs. One grassy section of the hill looked as tho it had suffered from violent smallpox, so thick were the holes made by the Japanese shells.

In the midst of these scenes our guide called our attention to the barbarous wire entanglements just below the forts. Wherever these were it was impossible to make a successful charge. The peculiarity of those that skirted the outer trench on Niryusan was that the broad belt of tangled wire tied to posts a foot or two high was strung with empty tin cans—milk cans, beef cans, etc.—made into cowbells by fastening in each a bullet; so that any attempt to crawl through in the night would make a tinkling that would bring a deadly shower of bullets in that direction.

At last, riding down the road over which General Stoessel used to make his rounds, one could but marvel at the surrender of such a line of fortresses, with some 30,000 soldiers within, and at the difference between the men who conquered and those who were defeated. I did not hear an unkind or contemptuous word about the Russians during the six weeks I was with the army, save at Port Arthur, and then it was merely a word on the conduct of the officers, and even so, not for cowardice or inability, but for greed and selfish luxury.

What a contrast with Japan's soldiers in the case of prisoners alone! There are not 500 prisoners in the hands of Russians, while there are over 60,000 Russians in Japan, besides the thousands of wounded still remaining in the Japanese hospitals of Manchuria. "Do Japanese ever surrender?" I inquired of one of the generals. He raised his eyebrows at the last word. "Surrender? Occasionally a man is overpowered and captured before he can help himself, but surrender? No Japanese ever does that."

The same holds true of the navy. I met a sailor and asked him to what ship

he belonged. Smiling, he said he belonged to none, as his ship had gone to the bottom. He went on to say that it was the "Hatsuse," that struck a mine off Port Arthur and in a twinkling the battleship sank with 800 marines aboard. Some 300 floated up and were eventually rescued. But as the Russian torpedo boats came steaming toward them the captain, floating on a plank, called out to all within hearing: "Let no man be taken prisoner. You have your knives. If not, bite out your tongues and sink!"

With such an army besieging that line of defenses by land, and with such a navy shutting off all help from the sea, there was nothing to do but surrender. And nearly three months later the officer in charge of the remaining Russian prisoners read me his daily report as follows:

PORT ARTHUR, March 23, 1905.

Russians still in hospitals.....	2,916
Of this number those fully recovered...	16
Total number of surgeons, nurses and	
Red Cross attendants.....	1,191

Grand total in Port Arthur.....4,107

Those who regain health and ability to serve as soldiers are treated as prisoners of war and sent to Japan. The total thus sent to Japan was 7,911. But those who recover health, yet are by reason of wounds unable to serve as soldiers, are forwarded to Chefoo and passed over to the French Consul there. The total number thus returned to Russia up to March 23d was 2,916.

A day or two later the train took us out to the fortress along the foot of Shoji, Niryu, and taller Bodai, all of whose sides were cut with a large portion of those 55 miles of trenches dug by Japanese. High up against the blue sky useless cannon projected here and there from the silent forts. The smoke of several funeral pyres was plainly visible on the hillsides. Men who had repeatedly seen Nogi's headquarters leaned toward the windows to see his low, cheerless stone hut once more. And far off to the west loomed the double peaked 203 Meter Hill, visibly crowned with the simple signs that mark the dead in that burial ground.

KOBE, JAPAN.



The Chicago Strike

BY A TEAMSTER

[The following article presents something of the life of the average teamster. The writer prefers not to have his name used.—EDITOR.]

AFTER I had worked as cash boy when a little chap, left an orphan, I improved my chances by becoming a grocer's clerk. I had by that time grown to be quite a chunk of a lad, and my new job included the delivery of goods with the grocer's wagon. I took care of my horses and the barn and became very much attached to the animals.

One of the horses was my particular pet. He would permit no familiarity from anybody but me. He knew me, my step and voice and would prance about in his stall when I came in the morning, lay back his ears and show his big, strong teeth in a way that to others would have

been a danger signal but to me meant his morning salutation. I would go fearlessly into his stall, pat his flank and shoulder and neck, ending by feeding him a lump of sugar. He sulked and was stubborn when driven by any one else, but for me would do anything I asked. He seemed to understand when I talked to him. I guess most horses must understand me, for they are all my friends.

I worked for the grocer seven years; got up between 5 and 6 in the morning, looked after the horses, had my breakfast and was out with my wagon soon after 7. I frequently did not get through until 9 or 10 at night, but I liked the work and my employer was a good man.

He paid me \$6 a week and boarded me. It was really the only home I had had since my early boyhood, so when the grocer failed in business I felt as sorry over it as he did himself.

I next got a job with a department store, first as helper and afterward as driver. About that time the teamsters formed a union and I became a charter member of the delivery wagon drivers' branch. Through the influence of the union we got a regular scale of wages, the first year \$12 a week and after two and a half years \$15 a week as the minimum. We have nothing to do with the care of the horses. When a wagon is taken to the barn after the day's work is finished the "inside" men take charge and we have nothing further to do until the next morning, when we find our teams hitched, ready waiting for us to start right out.

I make one exception to the regular rule, however. I go to the barn a while before leaving time and personally grease my wagon. My reason for this is because I want it to run without grinding. I have learned just what attention the wagon requires and I find I can do the

greasing more satisfactorily myself. After I have fixed it up the wheels run along easily and without "catching." A driver gets to know his wagon, what it requires and what it can do, just as a locomotive engineer knows his engine.

If there is a hitch anywhere he recognizes the cause of the trouble at once; so sensitive does a driver become to the smooth running of his wagon that he can actually tell the instant a boy catches hold of the tailboard as he drives along the street. That little additional drag is felt by the man on the seat just as certainly as it is by the horse in the shafts.

The union not only regulated wages and working hours, but improved the class of men employed. We of the Delivery Wagons' Union are under bonds, and on account of the responsibility attached to the work we exercise care in admitting men to our organization. We frequently have the collection of C. O. D. bills, so it is to our own interest to have honest and reliable men. One man going wrong brings the whole organization into disrepute. I can see trouble ahead in getting back to our former standard when the strike ends.



Negroes Guarding Teams



Victim of an "Acid Egg"

Now, about this strike. The teamsters of Chicago are subdivided into over fifty different unions. Each branch of the work has its separate organization. There are over 35,000 teamsters enrolled, and at the height of the trouble something less than 10,000 drivers, helpers and boys became involved. If less than one-third of our number have been able to kick up all the fuss we are charged with, it is interesting to conjecture what might have been done if the entire number had taken an active part.

The strike started to compel Montgomery Ward & Co. to arbitrate the causes leading up to the walk-out of their garment workers. The teamsters, being a powerful organization, voted to help the garment workers and to refuse either to haul from the boycotted firm or to deliver goods to them. That naturally led to including in the boycott houses that insisted on their drivers delivering to strike-bound houses. Drivers for coal dealers, express companies, department stores, lumber firms and many wholesale houses were from time to time added to the boycott list. Ward & Co. would not yield to the demand for arbitration of the garment workers' difficulty, claiming

that the workers left their employ voluntarily nearly a year ago and that the places left vacant had been filled at once and in a satisfactory manner. As the strike progressed the garment workers' grievance became rather lost sight of in the greater question of holding the teamsters' unions together.

Many things have occurred to hurt our side of the fight. I will not admit that all the things charged against us, directly, are true, but at the same time I must admit that many, many things can have no defense. When the Employers' Association formed a teaming company and offered to put their men to work in the places of the strikers they brought to Chicago for that purpose a lot of non-union drivers, some of them pretty tough customers. The new drivers for coal teams were mostly negroes from Southern cities, and they had nerve to stay on their wagons in spite of persuasion to give up. Then some of the overzealous union drivers, assisted by sympathizers, who regarded force a better argument than mere words, undertook to dispose of these strike-breakers. Every union driver conceived it to be his privilege, if not duty, to block the way of the

"scabs." One thing led to another until stones and bricks were freely thrown at the imported drivers. The officers of one of the local unions took part in the forcible style of argument, and their arrest followed.

It was charged in the hearing before the grand jury that a gang of fighters, known as an "Educational Committee," was employed to "do" certain drivers. A man would be spotted and when the chance came he would be attacked by the "Educational Committee." In some instances he would not recover from the beating, and in other cases he would be crippled for life. That sort of thing, of course, instead of doing our cause any good injured us with the public and caused discontent in our own ranks. Many of us are bitterly opposed to any such methods.

It got so that a man really carried his life in his hands when he started out to drive a team for a boycotted firm, if he happened to come in contact with a crowd of these "educators" without being amply protected by a police guard.

When the strike extended to the lumber drivers there was all sorts of trouble over in the West Side lumber district. A large number of the union drivers are Poles—Polaks, they are commonly called—and they live in small houses in the vicinity. Their women are big and strong. It is no unusual sight to see one of these women carrying, with apparently little effort, a load of firewood or huge sack of coal that would stagger an ordinary man. They know but little English, but constantly are chattering in the strange lingo of their native land. When their husbands and sons left their jobs and a new set took their places those women at once took a hand in the effort to drive away the men they regarded as interlopers. They knew little if anything about any conflict between the unions and employers. All that any one of them could understand was that a stranger sat on the lumber wagon that "belongs to my man." That was not to be tolerated for a moment. Armed with heavy clubs they charged on the non-union drivers, and unless the police guard was strong enough to cope with infuriated amazons it went pretty hard with the drivers if

the women got within reach of them with their clubs.

In all the riotous scenes attending the strike there was nothing done even to approach the fierceness of the attacks by these women. The police would charge upon them with drawn clubs, but hesitated when it came to rapping them over the head as they would have done in the case of dispersing a mob of men. The officers would content themselves with laying vigorous licks on the well-developed part of the muscular women's anatomy presenting the most promising target, without accomplishing much more than drawing the "fire" of the attacking party to themselves. Many a time drivers, policemen and bystanders would be compelled to flee pellmell before a mob of these women, flourishing clubs of enormous size.

A favorite way to oppose the strike-breakers at the lumber yards was to set fire to their loads. A can of oil poured over the rear of the load and a lighted match did the work. In spite of the vigilance of the guards, the loads frequently would be set on fire, and, of course, the sight of a load of burning lumber soon attracted a big crowd.

The attacks next hardest to handle by the police were those engaged in by school children. These young sympathizers soon picked up the spirit of lawlessness. At the public schools when a non-union driver brought a load of coal for the building the children, only too pleased to have a chance to yell and get into mischief, hooted at the drivers, finally going to the extent of throwing stones at them. It was only by the aid of parents that the police at last were able to put a stop to these outbreaks.

But far the greatest blow our cause received was the discovery that some of our leaders were engaged in the most disreputable mode of life. They spent nights in low resorts and spent money freely in entertaining women of the vilest character. On top of all this it was openly charged that some of these officers had been receiving money from certain employers, either for the purpose of calling a strike or to settle one. The only offset to these damaging stories lay in the fact that the paying employers were equally to blame.

As already stated, many of us are opposed to violence and to the destruction of property. I, for one, think the cause of unionism has received a blow that will take some time to recover from. These lawless acts were practiced by a bad element in our own ranks, I am sorry to say, but were largely participated in by a lot of hoodlums, who took advantage of conditions to defy the law. Teamsters are not all angels, any more

were thrown at horses at times, but it couldn't have been done by teamsters.

It has been said that driving a team is not a trade and that teamsters should not be classed as trade unionists. It may not be a trade in the sense that, say, carpenter work or printing is, but still a good teamster must possess certain qualifications that every ordinary "laborer" does not possess. In our union a member must serve three years



An Arrest

than are all men engaged in other lines of work, but in our ranks we have some good law-abiding citizens, who will compare favorably with the best. We have been charged with things of which I feel sure none of us have been guilty. For instance, we have been charged with throwing acid on horses driven by non-union drivers. I would not be afraid to wager my life that no teamster worthy the name ever did such a dastardly thing. Why, we fairly love horses, and I know if anybody attempted to hurt my horses I would be down off my wagon in a jiffy with my coat off ready to fight. I cannot deny that acid "eggs"

before he can receive the highest wages of the scale. He must read and write and know the city thoroughly. He must know what to do in an emergency if anything happens to his horse or wagon. His horse may pick up a nail, take sick, go lame, or show distress from any cause. If the driver is capable he knows what to do for the time being. If the harness break or the wagon meet with an accident, he must be able to patch up the one and make shift with the other.

I heard of a non-union driver, during the early days of the strike, who broke a shaft by running into something way

out on the southside. When a crowd gathered around and laughed at his mishap, he seemed to be perfectly helpless. He simply took to his heels and left his wagon on the hands of his police guard. The officer had to tie up the shaft with a strap, take the outfit to a neighboring livery stable and telephone for another driver. I also heard that the darky driver had collected \$40 on a C. O. D. before the accident.

I refer to this incident to indicate the

difference between trained and trusty drivers and pick-ups.

From present indications the strike soon will be over. I am both sorry and glad—sorry that it was so badly managed, but glad that we will have the chance to get work again at living wages. I am quite sick of living on the “benefit.”

Some of us, most likely, will not get our old jobs back in a hurry, but then—well, we'll have to make the best of it.

CHICAGO, ILL.



An Anglo-American Navy*

BY PAUL MORTON

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

THE Right Honorable Sir Charles W.

Dilke in a recent article declares the real meaning of the remarkable changes in Great Britain's naval policy to be that the present British Government is frankly and profoundly convinced that Great Britain will never again wage war with

the United States. This feeling is shared by most Americans. A few prominent men of the United States have expressed their disapproval of a large American Navy by stating that it is unnecessary, extravagant and altogether undesirable; that by a policy of non-exportation of food products this country could force Great Britain and the other Powers of Europe to sue for peace in thirty days' time, because the people of those countries are our best customers and absolutely depend upon the United States for their food supply.

To me this seems absurd, and, in my opinion, it will not be long before the



PAUL MORTON

growth and development of industry in this country will make it almost impossible for us to furnish any considerable quantity of breadstuffs to foreign countries. Within the next twenty-five years we are quite likely to consume all we produce. In the meantime other sources of food supply in the world will have

been so developed as to furnish substitutes for the present American exports; especially will Northwest British America come to the front as a wheat raising country.

To my mind the fact that Great Britain is our best customer makes it most important that we should have a navy which in case of dire necessity might be used to protect mutual interests. The policy of non-exportation advocated by some of our distinguished citizens would be as detrimental to us as to those we undertook to punish, and in case Great Britain should become involved in war with any foreign Power it might be vital for this country to keep open the avenues of trade, and to do this it would be neces-

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sary to call in the agency of an all-powerful American Navy. The sentiment of the American people is now quite generally in favor of having a navy second only to that of Great Britain, and the almost unanimous feeling in this country is that the English speaking people of the world together should have a combination navy that could hold its own against all the navies of other nations. The American Navy combined with that of Great Britain would be an absolute power in the world's affairs.

All serious differences which the United States may have hereafter with foreign countries will be settled either by arbitration or by battleships. Most great modern wars have been settled by navies. Even in the Civil War in America the blockading of the Southern ports by the Union Navy, which prevented the people of the South from exchanging their cotton and other products for munitions of war, was an important factor in giving the North its final victory. More and more it is demonstrated by the Spanish-American War and the war between Japan and Russia that the Power which controls the sea measures the Power which will control the earth.

The American people are for peace. They think their greatest conquests are to be made in commerce. They deplore war. Their resources are great. They already furnish a large proportion of the surplus food to the world. However, they are not satisfied that their country should be considered only as the granary of the world. They want it to be regarded as the world's workshop, also. The wonderful resources of America, the ingenuity of the American people, their business instincts, their ability to work hard, all tend to make them ambitious to become the manufacturing people of the world, and with this in view they hope to do a share of the world's commerce commensurate with their wealth and resources. Neither will they be satisfied with making America the granary and the workshop, for the American people have ambitions along financial lines. It will not be many years before New York City has a population of ten million people, and the ambition of its financiers is to make it the counting-house of the world's commerce.

Personally, I am an "intense" American, but I believe in expansion. When I say expansion I do not necessarily mean an expansion of territory. I mean the internal expansion that is now going on in the United States. I believe in the expansion of our navy, of our political influence, and the reason for all this is that these things lead to expansion in commerce and finance.

The American people feel their taxes probably less than any other nation. They are already the richest people in the world and rapidly growing wealthier. The money is not being concentrated in New York or any single financial center, but it is generally distributed throughout the country. The agricultural classes never owned as much or owed as little as they do to-day. In brief, the American people as a nation are in a position to pay for anything they want, easily and without adding perceptibly to their burdens. This is shown not only in the annual appropriations and the building of the navy, but in the building of such enterprises as the Panama Canal, the devotion of \$25,000,000 to irrigation, and other stupendous undertakings which have been brought about without a perceptible increase in the per capita burden of taxation.

It is not necessary for us to have a navy as large as that of England, but I stand emphatically for a navy second only to that of England. I believe in a navy of such fighting force that it will discourage any other nation from desire to engage the United States in warfare. I believe in a navy so formidable that it will preserve peace; a navy so well prepared for war at all times that war will never come. My conception of the American Navy can be stated in three words—construction, instruction and destruction. I believe we should build as good ships as anybody. I believe they should be first-class in every particular. I believe they should be as well armored and their guns should be as large and that each ship should have as many guns as the best battleship of any other nation.

I know that our officers are just as gallant, just as brave, just as skilled as the officers of any other navy. I believe that our officers are the best educated

men of their class in the world. I know that our enlisted men are now nearly all American born. I know that they are the best clothed, the best sheltered, the best fed and the best paid men of any navy in the world, and I believe if war ever comes, which God forbid, when fight we must, our officers and our men will fight as well as, if not better than, the men of any other navy.

The navies of Great Britain, of Germany and of France are supplemented by a large merchant marine, which up to the present time we are without. I believe in the upbuilding of our merchant marine. I believe that exporting as we do more goods in tonnage than any other nation of the earth, we should own and operate more ships. Our greatest weakness in transportation is on the seas. We must devise some way to show the world that we can triumph in the carriage of freight by water in the same manner as we have on land.

The United States will in time logically and inevitably become the most powerful nation in the world. This will be due to geographical position and extent of country, diversified resources, enormous natural wealth, the composite and alert character of the population and also to the fact that the tax resisting power of the American people has as

yet been encroached upon to but slight degree and promises in the future to become almost inexhaustible. The fulfillment of such a destiny as this will be advanced or retarded in direct ratio to the expansion of the naval power of the country.

England is now the greatest naval Power in the world and probably will remain so for many years to come. Her people are so accustomed to regard naval expenditure as a necessity that no complaint is made of taxation for the purpose of maintaining a supreme position. The United States is the only country which has or can secure the money in the immediate future required to build up a naval Power approximating that of England.

With the navies of the two countries large enough when combined to constitute an unquestioned authority in the affairs of the world, it would not only be a matter of sympathy between English speaking peoples or self interest in the maintenance of international markets to prevent war, but there would be a possible moral obligation resting in the possession of this power, which would be as compelling in bringing about united action for peace throughout the world as any need for self protection.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Liberty Bell

BY IVAN SWIFT

Ah, here is our Liberty Bell,
 Paraded in pride of old!
 I would that my tongue could dwell
 In the turbulent times she tolled.
 I would it were mine to reveal,
 In a reverent rage of song,
 The secrets her sibyls conceal
 And the motley and militant throng.
 Forgetful of things that be,
 I turn to the long-ago—
 To the years ere men were free
 And the world moved on but slow;
 To the days of ruffle and wig
 And leathern-apron and hose;
 Of flint-lock, horn and brig,
 And the spirit that went with those.

My mind is peopled of courts
 And powder and silk and sword;
 The hound and the falcon sports,
 And pride of lady and lord.
 I witness the hurrying groups
 To the hall of the prophet's light,
 And the red and the rags of troops
 In the dim-lit streets of night.
 But thou, old Liberty Bell,
 Attuned to the patriot shout,
 Didst ring for a tyrant's knell,
 And ring till Freedom was out!
 Now loud shall Liberty sing
 Te Deums around her shrine—
 And nations bent shall bring
 Their altars unto thine!

PHILADELPHIA.

The Americanization of Paris

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

[Mr. Ford is a newspaper man who has traveled pretty much everywhere in quest of news. He has written a good deal about Manchuria and the Far East.—EDITOR.]

LONDON, once the headquarters of Americans abroad, has yielded place to Paris. The keen-eyed, cautious Yankee merchant has taken a hand at fleecing his fellow countrymen in foreign lands, and Paris, a day nearer all Europe than "dear old Lunnion," is becoming the home of our foreign branch houses, while the newly established Mediterranean steamship lines divert an enormous traffic from ever reaching England, so that as the Americanization of London ebbs the Americanization of Paris becomes a fact accomplished.

The grand boulevards are as typically American to-day as is upper Broadway. The great fashion bazars are largely American, as are all the gorgeous shoe emporiums. Even the Latin Quarter has succumbed, and Macmonnies' Bacchante, rejected by Boston, occupies the place of honor in the Jardin de Luxembourg. Upon the outer boulevards the cakewalk has superseded the cancan, and the once naughty Moulin Rouge has become the home of harmless American musical comedy, while at the Grand Opera House, from which radiates all Paris, Jane Noriah, an American singer, is the favored prima donna, who reigns supreme over the hearts of Frenchmen and Americans alike.

A day in the life of a twentieth century Frenchman in Paris is but the diary of successive American conquests that begin when he is awakened in the morning by a Connecticut alarm clock and ends with his retirement at night to his Yankee folding bed, the adoption of which has introduced to Parisian life the modern "Harlem" flat. The once gay Parisian has also become acquainted with the American full length bathtub, and it is said that he is really learning to enjoy our breakfast foods, the energetic compounds of which delight to disfigure his walls with their original advertising. Over his "breakfast food" and coffee he

reads a paper printed on an American press, looks at his Yankee dollar watch and hurries out to catch the American motor car that takes him to his office, where he sits all day at a desk made in Cincinnati, dictates letters to a stenographer educated in the only school of typewriting in Paris, an American one, and signs his name to her work with a fountain pen from New Haven. When he goes home to dinner it is to find that American chilled beef has invaded that sacred precinct, and, owing to the unprecedented failure of the fruit crop of France, luscious pears from California are served as dessert, while even his wine is blended with fiery American claret to give it that biting taste calculated to reach the jaded palate of a Frenchman. Should he attend the theater of an evening there is "The Belle of New York" in French at the reformed Moulin Rouge, or should he be sick after his American wine there are American doctors a plenty in Paris, and American remedies are the fad. A solitary American candy store exists where the gay Parisian may treat an after-theater party to ice cream soda and home-made molasses candy, while the largest business signs in all Paris are those of the far-famed "Dentaire Americain." Well or ill, the Parisian of to-day is dependent on American aid, and at his death, if he be a prudent man, insured in any one of the three largest life companies in France, his widow will receive a dowry from American pockets.

To the American life insurance companies belongs the credit of paving the way for a welcome to all kinds of Yankee enterprise in Paris. A New York company, after moving its head European house from London to Paris, rapidly built up a Continental business that now amounts to one franc for every dollar the home company has underwritten in America. Two other American life insurance com-

panies followed the example of the New York pioneer and began investing their surplus in Paris real estate, which they are now beginning to improve. The life insurance building on the Boulevard des Italiens is externally the most beautiful business structure in Paris, while internally it is the most sumptuous office building in the world. A dozen electric elevators carry visitors to the various offices, where over three hundred young Frenchmen are being trained in the Yankee methods of doing business, and here the Americanizing of Paris may be studied comprehensively.

The "spread eagle" citizen of our glorious Republic will be somewhat shocked to learn, perhaps, that the life insurance companies pursue a conservative policy that permits them to adopt many French customs which they assimilated in the Americanizing process.

The Frenchman is seldom punctual, but he is saving of everything but time.

A law was laid down by the superintendent of the Yankee insurance company that any clerk or workman reporting for work after the regular hour would be discharged, and there was a bitter protest from the French employees, several of whom were prompt to lose their positions. Next an ironclad rule was made that not a scrap of paper was to be wasted or misused, and the cry that went up from the American clerks could be heard even beyond the pale of foreign settlement in Paris.

Then the system of one foreman to each three workmen was broken up, and every Frenchman not willing to be individually responsible for his work was discharged. It went hard with men who had never worked save under the eye of a sub-master; but with the dead wood chopped away the American managers could afford to put in operation another imported idea. It was announced that every employee must thereafter accom-



An American Life Insurance Building Decorated by France and Relieved from Taxes Because It Is the Most Perfect Modern Office Building in Europe



The American Head of a Yankee Insurance Company in Paris in His Office, the Most Luxurious in the World, Fitted Out with American Furniture and Fixtures. This picture was taken a few days before he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services to France as a reformer of business methods and the instigator of the Saturday half holiday for French workmen. The flashlight was made by the leading photographer of Paris, an American who uses American cameras

plish a full week's work in five and one half days, as it was the intention of the company to close its offices every Saturday at noon. At present this plan is not only working well, but is spreading from the American firms in Paris to those purely French. The process of amalgamating French thrift with American rush is noticed the moment one enters the model office building of Paris. No starter stands before the elevators, nor is there any one within to pull the rope and carry the passenger to his floor. Instead the visitor enters alone, the doors close after him automatically, and as he seats himself the car ascends. A touch on the numbered buttons before him will cause his car to stop at the floor indicated, where the doors open and the electric current is turned off; not a volt wasted, no needless employee to pay, yet the man of business is carried swiftly and safely to the offices of the company and a practical demonstration given of how the

American in Paris combines the thriftiness of the French with the enterprise of the Yankee, to his own profit and the comfort of all concerned.

Even in habits of living the American in Paris is apt to adapt himself in part to the ways of the Frenchman. I once asked for a drink of water in the great American office building. The Vice-President of the company stood aghast, while another of the head officials personally superintended the search for a glass of drinking water. It was not to be had, yet three hundred French and American employees lunched daily in a large room in the basement; but they one and all drank wine, and so did the officers of the company. In fact it is the proud boast of an American express company near the Opera House that it alone possesses the one solitary ice cooler in all Paris. This seems hard to believe, but certain it is that Russian visitors who drop in with their American friends in-



An American Candy Store

variably turn the cock and rinse their hands *à la Russe*, for in Slavonic lands water cans, exactly resembling our coolers, are found at every railway station and are used only for purposes of ablution. Even in the everyday matter of footwear a compromise has been made. The French prefer the perfect fitting elastic American machine-made shoe, but they cannot reconcile their ideas of thrift with the purchase of shoes made in America with soles of chemically tanned leather not three months off the cattle. These soles are delightfully pliable, but they wear out before the uppers, whereas the French soles, seasoned for years, seem to last for all time, and so it is that the French village of workers making shoes by Yankee machinery utilize home-tanned leather for soles, with the consequent result that both Frenchmen and Americans in Paris prefer them, in spite of their inevitable stiffness, to the imported article. The subject is often discussed in Paris, and the only consolation the average American can usually extract from the argument is that, after all, the best French shoes, even if made in France, are put together by American machinery.

Even the American daily papers published in Paris have become Latinized, while the great Paris journals have shown quite an Americanlike desire to swallow their smaller rivals and become puffed up. The French newspapers, however, still seem primitive when viewed from across the Atlantic. Altho they seek to approach our methods their

attempts are more ludicrous than effective.

It is the fashion nowadays for French editors to send their copy to be set up by the American company operating the linotype machines. Here the publisher calls for the forms or has them run off in the same establishment, and merely receives the papers for distribution. Passing in the neighborhood of the Bourse one afternoon and hearing the click, click, click of the American typesetting machine at work nearby, I dropped into the building whence the sounds proceeded, only to fall upon as unique a situation as it has been my lot to encounter in any foreign land. At a score of American linotype machines sat as many French girls, typewriting away for dear life, molding the news of Paris in Yankee forms. I had stumbled upon the composing room of half the daily papers of Paris. Here the widely divergent views of *Le Gaulois* and the *Radical* were being set up side by side by two French girls, who should they carelessly accept a wrong slip of copy might set Paris by the ears. Imagine the eight leading morning newspapers of New York using one common composing room, with the possibility of a lurid murder sensation prepared for a saffron journal in the rush and confusion of the small hours finding its way into the columns of some demure family journal that prides itself on setting forth only "the news that's fit to print," and you have the dramatic possibilities that the Americanization of the Paris press may

bring forth of a fine morning in the gay French capital.

Even at night American ideas are sometimes a disturbing element in Paris. From time immemorial it has been the custom of the French storekeeper to shut up shop at night and enjoy himself elsewhere. One evening an American phonograph company startled the Boulevard des Italiens with a display of electric lights that was little short of prodigal. It was spread eagle run riot. Every window from garret to basement was a blaze of electricity. Gendarmes had to force passages through the crowds that all but mobbed the parlors to get within and help to swell with their two sou pieces—in the slot—the receipts of the keen Yankees that week after week amounted to \$500 a day. Other American concerns, however, soon took to the same form of advertising, forcing the thrifty French to fall into line, until now the boulevard of an evening resembles noth-

ing so much as the Rialto of Broadway on a gala night, and the electric light signs have lost their attractiveness to the surging Paris mobs.

It is of interest to note that the phonograph, which brought about the modern methods of street window lighting now in vogue in Paris, is an invention claimed by both France and America. Furthermore, it was French money, the Volta prize of \$10,000 awarded to Prof. Alex. Graham Bell for his invention of the telephone, that was used to perfect the phonograph. The American inventor little dreamed that the speaking machine would revolutionize evening traffic on the boulevards of Paris long before it fulfilled its intended mission of revolutionizing the world's methods of business correspondence.

Not only in the lighting of the streets have Yankee ideas in the use of electricity been utilized in Paris. The Thomson-Houston installations were the first to provide power to operate electric cars in the French capital. Yankee motors are still in the lead in the streets of Paris, and when our American Consul recently purchased what he believed to be the most perfect model of the French automobile obtainable it was only to discover that the "guaranteed perfect" electric storage battery and machinery was an importation entire from America. So that, first and last, we seem to find favor



The American Trolley in the Streets of Paris



Boulevard des Italiennes. Near the Opera House. An American phonograph company has revolutionized street window lighting in Paris. Next door is a Yankee typewriter concern where hundreds of Paris clerks have been taught stenography. American stores predominate in this district

in the eyes of the French as their superiors in the construction of electrical equipment of every kind, and they, instead of becoming jealous, merely insist upon our making up their deficiencies, even if we have to build factories about Paris to supply the French demand for our high grade machinery.

Much might also be said about the influence of American architecture on the rebuilding of Paris—hotels that, patterned after our famous Fifth avenue hostleries, rival the originals; office buildings and apartment houses duplicating our own familiar structures, and private residences, such as the Castellane marble palace, that was brought piecemeal from the quarries of these United States to be

placed on the Champs Elysées. But a few closing remarks concerning our complete commercial conquest of the heart of Paris will suffice to demonstrate the possibilities of American enterprise and investment in recreating the Paris of the future, where business will perhaps some day be placed at least on an equal footing with pleasure.

As mariners box the compass, so Americans study Paris by first learning to box the Opera House. To the north is the Boulevard Haussmann, that graveyard of American banks; northeast by north is Rue Gluck, where our fashionable tailors locate their Paris branches; northeast is a view of the Rue Lafayette, where the American shoe machinery trust

holds forth, while due east is Rue Meyerbeer, with its great gold sign of an American dental parlor running across a building fully a block in length. Southeast by east, on Rue Halevy, is the Paris home of an American life association, while southeast by south, at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines, is the spread eagle sign of a Chicago daily paper that occupies the old quarters of *La Press*, from which editor Boulanger made his escape from a Paris mob that thronged the Place de l'Opéra and wished to make him Emperor. The magnificent buildings surrounding the Place de l'Opéra and facing the Opera House are all either owned by American firms or occupied in part or whole by distinctively American agencies. Next to the Chicago *Daily News* offices are the various typewriter and phonograph exhibitions. A branch of the New York Life Insurance Company occupies the building between the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue du Quatre Septembre. A French bank owns the building at the corner of the Avenue de l'Opéra, but it leases out

a part to a company that supplies France with 2,000,000 tons of American coal annually. Adjoining is the block occupied by the European headquarters of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, Tiffany's Paris store, the American Consul and a number of Yankee firms, while across the avenue is the leading book store of Paris, Brentano's branch of his New York establishment; the *Herald's* Paris edition building and Cook's Tourist offices at the corner of Rue de la Paix. This and the Grand Hotel across the way on the Boulevard des Capucines, with only the block recently purchased by the Equitable Life Company between, are the chief Paris headquarters for most American travelers abroad. The American bar of the Grand Hotel is just southwest of the Opera House, while due west is Rue Auber, where American opticians now teach the French how to perfect spectacles and opera glasses. Northwest by west is the extensive building of the American Express Company, once burglarized by American burglars with American tools that excited the wonder



One of a Number of American Shoe Stores in the Grand Boulevard of Paris

and admiration of the Paris police; and so the center of Paris, the wonderful Opera House, is boxed by the American, and could the superb voice of the Yankee prima donna who sings within penetrate the massive marble walls it would fall

upon more American than French ears in this Yankee quarter in the heart of Paris, for the Americanization of the gay French capital has begun here and extends everywhere.

NEW YORK CITY.



Shintoism in America

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER

[Mrs. Harper represented the United States as delegate and speaker at the International Council of Women in London in 1899, and again at Berlin in 1904, and is fully conversant with matters pertaining to organizations of women. In our editorial columns we have something further to say on this kind of Shintoism.—EDITOR.]

JUST now, when everything connected with Japan possesses an unusual interest, we are led to inquire what is the leading force that has produced this remarkable race, and we are told that it is Shintoism, the national religion, the supreme doctrine of patriotism. Heretofore, when things Japanese have had only our superficial attention, we have rather contemptuously referred to this religion as "ancestor worship," but now that we are looking deeper we find that what it really signifies is "worship of the *way* of divine ancestry." As President David Starr Jordan felicitously expresses it: "The spirit of living so that ancestors will not be ashamed of their descendants." There is all the difference in the world between these two interpretations.

What is the status of American Shintoism? It must be admitted that in the worship of either our divine ancestry or their divine ways we have been decidedly lax. Nothing existed which possibly could have been considered as an "official" recognition until a few years ago, when an organization was formed of the "Sons" of ancestors who fought in the War of the Revolution. This, however, was a mere cult which did not approach the dimensions of a "national religion" until reinforced by the founding of the Daughters of the American Revolution. As all of our other religions are kept alive by the efforts of women, it is natural that this one should prove no exception. It came into being in 1890 under

most favorable auspices, not opposed and ridiculed by men, as so many associations of women had been, but by the urgent wish and effort of the Sons of the American Revolution. Its announced object, "To perpetuate the memory of the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence," antagonized nothing and nobody. No newspaper would dare in ribald fashion to criticise a society organized for such a purpose—it would be like casting contumely upon the American Eagle. Men in general were rather glad to have women relieve them of an obvious duty which they had sadly neglected and would likely continue to neglect. Here was a field in which the Southern women could work with the Northern to the glorification of a common ancestry. Here was a grand opportunity to exploit one's ancestors, a desire which is strong in the average woman. The early prejudice against women's organizations had been conquered, but many women still held aloof because the objects of those already existing—to improve the mind or reform something—did not appeal to them in the slightest. The devotees of the church had found some outlet for their activities in missionary societies, which encountered no opposition so long as they were only an "annex" and turned over their funds to the men's societies. But there yet remained a large class of women thoroughly imbued with the modern club spirit, but not interested in saving the heathen or willing to enter any

organization which savored of the "strong-minded," either in literary effort or the consideration of vital questions.

To all of these the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution presented the open door, and through it they poured in companies, battalions, regiments. When the wife of a President of the United States consented to stand at its head its social status was fixed and the rush to get in became greater. Society leaders in various parts of the country began to organize chapters, and women who were not in "society" saw here an opportunity to stand on the ragged edge at least. The adoption of high-sounding official titles—president-general, vice-presidents-general, and so on through the list of thirty officers—the declaration that only women of the best social position should fill these offices, and the establishment of a little aristocracy in Washington, known as the "National Board," completed the magnificent structure; and the increasing haste of women to get within reminded one of the crowds around a circus tent when the band inside begins to play and the roar of lions and trumpeting of elephants are heard through the canvas. Shintoism was fashionable.

The contemplation of all this fills us with amusement, contempt or anger, according to our temperament; but admiration begins when we examine the really excellent work these women have done in carrying out the objects of their society, the long neglected historic places which they have marked with tablets and monuments, the ancient buildings they have secured, restored and preserved from destruction, the records they have hunted up and made permanent, the celebrations of Revolutionary anniversaries they have established, their valuable services in the Spanish American War, the spirit of patriotism and the love of the flag they have put into action.

But in a little while the societies west of the Alleghenies who had no "historic spots" began to grow restive. They had nothing concrete to expend their energies on, and it is hard to keep up enthusiasm over abstractions. Then came like an inspiration the idea of Continental Hall, a great building with an audi-

torium, a museum for Revolutionary relics, a library for historical works, the offices of the national organization, etc. On this proposition the chapters all agreed—almost the only instance—and for the past thirteen years there has been a most heroic effort to build this hall. Many who during these years have been exasperated and humiliated to the extreme by various discreditable performances have frequently said: "Everything shall be forgiven if they will complete this hall, that it may stand forever as an achievement of woman."

To one who is familiar with the many organizations of women and the splendid things they have accomplished the proud assumption of superiority on the part of this one seems inexcusable, but this is partly because it knows only its own work and therefore cannot have any just sense of its proportion. When its members were bringing every possible influence to bear on Congress to secure one of the Government reservations in Washington as a site for Continental Hall and I was appealed to by a vice-president-general I asked, "Are you willing that the Woman's Relief Corps or any other patriotic organization should also have a reservation here for a hall?"

"No," was the answer, "the case is entirely different with us."

At another time one of the National Board says to me: "It seems as if our chapters are almost drained dry for Continental Hall and we have been thinking of calling on other organizations of women to help us out. What do you think of the plan?"

"Well," I said, "there isn't a suitable place in Washington for a woman's convention and yet the Council of Women, the W. C. T. U., the Suffragists and many others like to hold their meetings here. They might be glad to contribute if they could have their conventions in the hall, even if they had to rent it."

"We wouldn't think of such a thing," was the hasty answer.

The ground was finally bought for \$55,000, a beautiful location facing The Mall; about \$5,000 was spent on architects and \$1,000 on incidentals; nearly \$29,000 on a foundation and not quite \$75,000 on the building. It was suffi-

ciently inclosed to permit the holding of the Congress there last April, but it must be confessed that the auditorium in size and arrangement was a decided disappointment. The outside of the structure promises to be very handsome, and it is expected that the hall when completed will cost \$500,000. Of this amount, in thirteen years of most strenuous effort, \$215,000 has been raised. The Congress voted not to put a mortgage on the building, so it is difficult to see how it is to be finished unless somebody with a great deal of money, "tainted" or otherwise, comes to the rescue. But here, again, one must admire the pluck and energy of these women, for every one of the 140 members of this committee has worked as hard for this hall as if she were making a home for herself, while the "Daughters" in all parts of the country have brought in every dollar they could earn or beg or acquire in any manner.

One must admire also the wonderfully businesslike way in which the affairs of the organization are conducted at the large headquarters in Washington; and yet, when one considers that all of the officers contribute their services, one questions whether there may not be some extravagance to bring the actual office expenses up to nearly \$18,000 a year and other expenses connected with the society to a total of more than \$38,000.

It is, however, when one who approves of genuine Shintoism views the annual Congress of the D. A. R. that she is reduced to actual despair. Year after year many of us attending as delegates have hoped for better things, only to be disappointed, and the last was no improvement on its thirteen predecessors. When one sees in the mind's eye the grand, old snowy crowned head of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and the strong, noble face of Susan B. Anthony, and recalls their years of struggle and martyrdom to secure for women the right to hold public meetings and speak from the platform, and then beholds in this Congress to what this right has degenerated, it is heartbreaking. If the body were composed of ignorant women who had had none of life's advantages there might be some excuse, but, on the contrary, its members are educated, traveled, well-

gowned, socially prominent, high in church standing—the picked women, so to speak; and yet they make of this Congress a by-word and a reproach, a performance which the public goes to see as it would a vaudeville show at the theater. If it ended here it might be endured, but it compels the whole cause of woman to be held in contempt. It is in vain one calls attention to all other conventions of women—the great International Councils, the Suffragists, the W. C. T. U., the Federation of Clubs—as orderly and dignified as the United States Senate. Nobody will listen, nobody will remember; they only point to this Congress and say, "Behold the unfitness of woman for public life!" People lose sight entirely of the excellent work the organization really has done and is doing, and see only this undisciplined and irresponsible body of delegates, the great majority selected merely because of their ability to pay their own expenses.

This is the first organization of women that ever had a backing of men. It is the first and only one that ever was used as a political machine, if we except the W. C. T. U., which was for a while a prop for the Prohibition Party. From the beginning it has been directed by men; it is so still, and the hand of Esau may be detected in most of the acts which have brought it into disrepute. There is much encouragement in the fact that a large portion of the 42,000 members resent this condition, and, altho they have been powerless to prevent it, they would not be driven out of the society. Women on the floor of the Congress again and again have shown themselves fine parliamentarians, able debaters, fearless and honest, but they have had about as much chance as a sound-money, protective-tariff Democrat in recent campaigns. The last election of officers represented a revolt. In the language of politics it was the triumph of democracy over aristocracy, of the masses over the classes. It was the answer of forty more than half of the delegates to the dictum of the governing powers that no woman ever should be elected president whose husband did not hold a high official position, that none should ever be taken from the floor of the house. The elec-

tion expressed the spirit of fair play, of a square deal, in a majority of the delegates.

Hope springs eternal, and this society is worth keeping alive. There is good fighting stock in it, but it is undisciplined and some courts-martial are needed. After all the "historic spots" are marked and everybody has a monument and Continental Hall is finished there will still be many vital matters needing attention toward which these trained combatants can direct their energies, and this they will have to do or perish in an ignoble contest over small things.

It will not be absolutely necessary for this society to continue in order to keep patriotism alive, as there are a number of other patriotic organizations of women. Of these the Woman's Relief Corps alone has about 150,000 active members. It has instituted patriotic teaching and the salute to the flag in the public schools and made the observance of Flag Day general. The W. R. C. Home for army nurses and widows of veterans, built at a cost of \$200,000, is one of its memorials, and it maintains homes for veteran soldiers in several States. Without its financial assistance the Grand Army of the Republic could not exist. It spends annually about \$16,500 on Memorial Day for the decoration of soldiers' graves. During the past twenty-two years it has raised and expended in relief work nearly \$3,000,000.

There are also the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, about 30,000 of them, who have expended many thousands of dollars in humane and charitable work for the veterans of the Civil

War and their families, and who labor earnestly to perpetuate the memory of the heroic dead and teach patriotism to the rising generation. The National Alliance of the Daughters of Veterans continues this great work. The United Daughters of the Confederacy, with 500 branches and 25,000 members, perform these same high and holy duties throughout the Southern States. The Daughters of 1812 preserve the records of the brave soldiers of that struggle and have a care for the few survivors.

All of these can be safely trusted not to let practical patriotism die out in the United States, and yet, in addition to their noble work, there is a distinct place in our national existence for the specific functions of the Society of the D. A. R. which we have faith to believe they will yet prove themselves worthy and capable of sustaining with a dignity and singleness of purpose befitting so high an object. Aside from the material demands of patriotism there is a genuine need in American life for cultivating Shintoism—a worship of those "ways" of our ancestors which found "divine" expression in the creation of the first republic. Is it too much to hope that eventually this reverence for them will be shown, not in wearing a number of gold bars on a ribbon, not in covering the breast with decorations, not in playing small politics, but rather in imitating their freedom from self-seeking and posing, their discipline, self-sacrifice, strong sense of duty and scrupulous honor in affairs of State? "The spirit of so living that ancestors will not be ashamed of their descendants."

PORTLAND, ORE.



Shaw as Playwright and Philosopher

BY HERMAN SIMPSON

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, in his utter contempt for all posing, conventional or Byronic, exhibits himself in all his varying moods. He has unmasked the great Julius and the mighty Napoleon, and shall he hide himself? No man, however, can show himself before the world in utter nakedness. A mask one *must* have. And so, by reaction, Mr. Shaw has chosen the comic mask. If others make it their business to conform to accepted standards, to be considered "men of common sense and good taste, meaning thereby men without originality and moral courage," he makes it his business to startle their common sense by his paradoxes and to shock their good taste by his audacities. In his prefaces, as well as in his plays, he luxuriates in grim irony, in sardonic humor, in the exuberance of his capricious wag-gery.

The plays in themselves are quite sufficiently puzzling and staggering to the average philistine, but Mr. Shaw insists on adding insult to injury, on warning his readers that they are all blockheads, that what he writes must of necessity "pass at a considerable height over their simple romantic heads," and thereupon proceeds to bare his heart to them with the same candor with which he had analyzed the work of others. He brazenly tells them that he is a charlatan, a natural born mountebank, a lover of the cart and trumpet, who writes his own prefaces because he can—not like those helpless fellows, the other playwrights, who must beg some critic to supply them with a preface or else forego it altogether. The results of this method of treating the public might have been foreseen. The worm turned. The public—or the articulate portion thereof, the professional literary and dramatic critics—refused to believe that they were stupid, but agreed that the plays were unintelligible, and pronounced on them the death sentence.

Such was the situation, satisfactory

alike to Mr. Shaw and his critics, until a little over a year ago, when a comparatively unknown actor, Mr. Arnold Daly, cast his bread upon the waters and suddenly sprang into fame with his production of "Candida." The professional critics rubbed their eyes in amazement at the enthusiasm of the audiences, considered the thing a mere fad, a passing whim of the New York populace, ever on the hunt for fresh excitement, and continued to speak of Mr. Shaw as an incorrigible Irishman, who persists in going out of the way of his art for the mere pleasure of swinging his shillalah over every chance head that passes. Mr. Daly repeated his triumph in the "Man of Destiny," "How He Lied to Her Husband" (in which Mr. Shaw travestied his own "Candida"), and in "You Never Can Tell." The critics have by this time begun to descend from their high pedestal of "art for art's sake," and now and then even condescend to cast a fastidious nod upon the work of this unaccountable man, tho they have not ceased to wonder how it has actually come about that he has achieved success and popular applause notwithstanding his systematic violation of their canons for attaining this *summum bonum*. Meanwhile, it is reported, the theatrical managers are vying with one another in the eager haste to acquire the stage rights for Mr. Shaw's plays. But for the continued powers of attraction of "You Never Can Tell" we should by this time have witnessed a stage representation of the superb audacity of John Tanner in "Man and Superman," and we doubt not that in due course of commercial events those disinterested guardians of public morality—the theater managers—will yet overcome their repugnance even to the shocking Mrs. Warren.

How are we to account for this remarkable success of plays that had been foredoomed to inevitable failure by the universal consensus of the critics? Simply in this way: that Mr. Shaw's plays,

like Napoleon's strategy and tactics, really do violate the regular rules, that they were not written with an eye to "pure art," that they treat of problems which have been forcing themselves with

or comic. No great poem, play or novel was ever written that did not have a serious purpose and meaning. But whereas the purpose has in course of time been superseded and the meaning forgotten,



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

His Latest and Favorite Photograph

ever increasing intensity upon popular attention, that they have a serious purpose underlying their comic form. In this respect, indeed, the plays diverge more from the fossilized rules of the critics than from the invariable practice of the great masters of literary art, tragic

while the work of art has continued to give pleasure, therefore, reasoned the critics, there never was any purpose or meaning other than that of furnishing pleasure.

In the course of the last half century Western society has undergone vast and

vital changes: The organization of industry has assumed new and complex forms; new States have been founded and international relations have assumed new aspects; the relations of the various social classes have undergone profound modifications; the sphere of woman's activity has been immeasurably extended, while the work done in the home has been correspondingly contracted; the responsibility of society for its poverty and its crime is coming to be ever more widely accepted; new sciences and philosophies have been created, while the questions that were uppermost in the minds of our grandfathers have been relegated to the background. On the Continent this has given birth to a new literature, to Zola, Tolstoy, Ibsen and their followers; we have had but one Kipling, whose great vogue was due to his imperialistic tendency. On the social side we have had no one until Mr. Shaw came with his plays. But, whereas the great Continental writers have met with a serious reception by a serious public, were admired or hated, extolled or censured; Mr. Shaw for a considerable time met only with supercilious banter or blank indifference.

The reception which he met is a fact of no inconsiderable importance in the artistic development of Mr. Shaw, in his choice of subjects as well as in his treatment of them. Since he wrote "Widowers' Houses," his first play, his art has without a doubt ripened, and his technical mastery is no longer open to question. It must also be admitted that from the very beginning there was present in him an element of aloofness from popular feeling, an intellectual epicureanism, if we may so call it, which revels in its own inexhaustible wit and fertility of resource. "The Philanderer," Mr. Shaw's second play in point of time, shows this characteristic to a remarkable degree. But neither can it be denied, we believe, that there has been an abnormal development of this characteristic in some of the subsequent plays and that this is greatly due to the indifference with which the earlier and more powerful plays have met both in England and in this country. If the critics now complain of Mr. Shaw's "bloodless erotics" and of his failure to "bite into the substance of life," they

have largely themselves to blame. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" has no bloodless erotics, nor erotics of any sort, and descends into the profound depths of life, yet who among the noted critics would venture to advocate its production or, if produced, would not condemn it as brutal, squalid and vulgar? But, of course, it is not beglamoured with a mendacious romanticism or enveloped in an atmosphere of lachrymose sentiment, as the "Camilles" and the "Zazas" are.

The plays that Mr. Arnold Daly has thus far produced do not, it seems to us, bite deep into the substance of life. Neither the conflict between the strait-laced Nonconformist father, with his ideas of the patriarchal age, and his self-assertive, pleasure-loving children, nor the conflict between Napoleon and the unknown lady for the possession of Josephine's letter to the Director Barras, nor even the conflict between the poetic lover, with his deep intuitions and practical extravagances, and the prosaic, self-satisfied husband, can be said to go to the heart of us and grip it with resistless force. Can any of these—excepting only the splendidly effective climax of "Candida," in which the wife asserts her worth and the husband pathetically admits it—can any of these be said to typify any of the prevailing tendencies of the age? What gives life to every one of these plays is not so much their subject matter as the manner of handling it, their masterly technique, their sprightly wit, the incessant flow and rapid transition of ideas. But the playgoing public will not know the best that Mr. Shaw has thus far done until it has had a chance to see his searching, his remorseless analysis of character and motive and his exhibition of the degradation of poverty's victims, of the callous rapaciousness of respectability, of the "duel of sex" raised to the highest power, in such plays as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Man and Superman."

Mr. Shaw has also made two excursions into the field of the historical play, in the "Man of Destiny" and "Cæsar and Cleopatra;" for, of course, the slight sketch of General Burgoyne in the "Devil's Disciple" does not put that play into the historical category. Notwithstanding all our admiration for Mr.

Shaw's intellectual resources, it is our humble opinion that he has distinctly failed in his high purpose, which is no less than that of portraying great historical characters in accordance with our enlarged historical knowledge and conception. He has, it is true, succeeded in divesting the heroic character of the false romanticism with which the popular legend (often enough a purposely manufactured legend) disfigures it, and has shown us that the strength of great his-

(by the way, the *bon mot*: "Cæsar is not a Cæsarian," did not originate with Mr. Shaw) in spite of himself, but in obedience to the call of the army, the Roman populace and the provincials. If Mr. Shaw was to rehabilitate Cæsar, how could he do it except by this method? One may not like Shakespeare's Brutus, but Shakespeare's forum scenes bear the true generic stamp of tumultuous popular assemblies. Similarly, the "Man of Destiny" reveals to us none of the his-



Stage Setting from "You Never Can Tell," by George Bernard Shaw

toric personages lies in their strong sense of reality and in their disregard of the ordinary traditional views of right and wrong. Indeed, considering that the historical hero is the product and instrument of a revolutionary epoch, it is evident that his moral conceptions must be the very opposite of the traditional ones. But of the revolutionary epoch itself, and of the historical action of which the hero is no more than the central point, we get no inkling. We learn nothing of the forces that moved the Mediterranean world in the days of Julius Cæsar and compelled him to become a "Cæsarian"

torically active forces that made Napoleon's destiny. In explanation of his victories we are told—not, however, in the play itself—that Napoleon had a sharp eye for physical geography, and that the French soldier had a great liking for stolen silver spoons. But how much does this explain? The French revolutionary generals before Napoleon had more than once repelled the onslaughts of coalized Europe. And as to fondness for silver spoons, that was not a special characteristic of the French soldiers under Napoleon. Mr. Shaw himself has told us elsewhere, through Don Juan, that

"when the military man approaches the world locks up its spoons and packs off its womankind."

It is, indeed, possible that the comedy form does not allow of development of a true historical play, of which species of literature Schiller's "Wallenstein" is generally regarded as the highest achievement. History is essentially a great tragedy; every advance of mankind must be dearly paid for; vain, fruitless and premature efforts must be made as steps toward fulfillment, and fulfillment itself ever turns out to be a sad disappointment; for no sooner has one step upward been made than mankind begins to strain for the next climb, and every goal attained is but a starting point. In view of this inherent contradiction between the comedy form and the historical subject matter it is possible that Mr. Shaw has achieved all that might reasonably be expected of a historical comedy. But does not the choice itself of this inherently defective vehicle indicate an unhistorical type of mind? We are confirmed in this suspicion of ours by the

introduction in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" of a modern Englishman of the middle class, and even more so by Mr. Shaw's defense of this procedure, which amounts to this, that the customs and opinions of our own day are the law of history. Is not this a very close paraphrase of Britannus's own opinion that the laws and customs of his island and his tribe are the law of nature? Finally, our suspicion obtains the seal of certainty from a persual of John Tanner's "revolutionary handbook," in which there is little that would indicate any knowledge of the results of modern historical and ethnological research, much less any just idea of historical forces and processes. And this notwithstanding the fact that our modern Don Juan has indulged in no more than "two immature intrigues leading to sordid and prolonged complications and humiliations," as presented in the "Philanderer," notwithstanding his study of Westermarck, and largely because he draws so much of his philosophy from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.



The Wind and the Book

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

SAFE in his shaded garden-place
He sped the August afternoon
With pictured book—his pallid face
To comfort, and the hour atune.

And ever as he read the tale
Of love—rare smile and bended knee—
The wind came by and flipt the page,
And whispered something of the sea.

And ever as he read of her—
The Lady of the High Disdain—
The vagrant breeze slipt through the vines
And turned the printed page again.

And as he read that inland tale
Of courts and love and ease and pride
The wind came by and flipt the page,
And whispered something of the tide.

Between the bushes and the vines,
Between the shadow and the tree,
The wind recalled his vagrant heart
With some brave message from the sea.

* * * * *

To-night the rain is on the leaves,
Lamenting through the garden-place;
The dreamer and the wind are gone—
The book lies open on its face.

FREDERICTON, N. B.,

Literature

Paul's History of Modern England.

MR. PAUL rightly conceives of modern England* as dating from the substitution of the railway for the stage coach, but he has chosen to begin his narrative more than two decades later, with the triumph of free trade in 1846, because at that time the sudden and immense extension of railway facilities gave to free trade in England an unprecedented importance. The period covered by these volumes is nearly thirty years, from the beginning of Lord John Russell's first administration, in 1846, to the first years of Disraeli's administration, in 1874-80. It was a period of great political and social changes. During that time the Whig party was replaced by the Liberals, and the Chartists, tho failing to obtain their demands, later saw their program to a large extent adopted by both of the great traditional parties; the ever recurrent Eastern Question brought on the Crimean War; the Indian Empire was largely added to and consolidated; the position of the self-governing colonies was improved by the enlightened statesmanship of Sir William Molesworth; the great conflict for the preservation of the American Union and the abolition of slavery, a conflict intimately bound up with the economic welfare of England, was fought to a victorious issue, and an extension of the franchise established a broad electoral basis of democracy. The leading statesmen of this period were Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. The two latter, notwithstanding their genius and eloquence, had been politically subordinate until after 1860.

The events and persons described by Mr. Paul are in a past so recent that the historian's point of view should be known as soon as possible. The reader need not try hard to discover it. In po-

litical economy, an uncompromising free-trader; in religion, opposed to the Established Church; in practical politics, an Advanced Liberal. Protection he looks upon as a childish fiscal superstition; neither the German List nor the American Carey nor the predominant economic practice of the United States, Germany and France counts for any sane purpose in Mr. Paul's estimation, and one must be prepared for decided opinions in agreement with these economic and political beliefs. In other respects the intrusion of personal views is not so pronounced, as the suggestion of political pamphleteering would be both unseemly and impossible on some topics. A brilliant and luminous style brings vividly before us some phases of the national life no less interesting than party politics, as will be seen, for example, in the account of the Oxford Movement and the description of literary tendencies and theological controversies.

The volumes with which one will naturally compare Mr. Paul's narrative are Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." Notwithstanding his dogmatism on some questions, we prefer Mr. Paul's work so far. Mr. McCarthy's all-round good nature is a hindrance in the delineation of character, and if he were not an Irish Nationalist it would be difficult to imagine that he could be in stern opposition to anything. Mr. Paul has positive opinions on topics that we have indicated, but, generally speaking, he has impartiality and insight, and his survey of a group of historic facts, more especially of a social or religious movement, is often just and penetrating.

That part of the second volume which deals with the relations between America and England during the Civil War is unusually able and interesting. The apportionment of blame for England is heavy, while the ever memorable interference of the Queen and Prince Consort in varying the terms of Lord John Russell's note to the State Department at Washington is set forth in language that all patriotic

* A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND. By Herbert Paul. In five volumes. Vols. I, II and III. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price \$2.50 per volume.

Americans would do well to read. In the third volume the most instructive and brilliant chapter, that on the settlement of the Alabama Claims, is a noble plea for international arbitration.



Arabian Sources of the Mosaic Narrative

Dr. NEILSEN'S monograph* of 221 pages is one of the most suggestive pieces of investigation into the bearings of the religious ideas and practices of the ancient Arabs on the Old Testament that have appeared in many a year. With the tendency at present to rather force the importance of Assyriology for the Old Testament, it is particularly desirable to bring into bolder relief the elements in the traditions and religion of the Hebrews which connect themselves directly with ancient Arabia. In the stories of the patriarchs these two elements—the Babylono-Assyrian and the Arabic—are represented by the Abraham and Isaac "cycles," respectively, tho the commingling of the two is shown by the attribution to Abraham of traditions that are regarded as having belonged originally to the "Isaac" group.

Dr. Neilsen's book is divided into two parts. In the first he gives an admirable summary of the material furnished chiefly by the inscriptions of Southern Arabia for determining the views held by the ancient Arabs of the deity and of the seasons, and days and places which they considered as sacred. Neilsen's main thesis, that this religion was essentially a moon-cult, may be regarded as definitely established, tho he is inclined to press some of the evidence too hard. Around the moon-cult there was formed a pantheon, in which the sun and the planets Venus and Mercury represent the chief factors and the relation between the four is pictured as a family consisting of father, mother, daughter and son. The predominance of the moon-cult leads to making the month, with its natural subdivisions according to the phases of the moon, the point of departure for the recognition of certain days as sacred, and since the Hebrew

Sabbath—originally celebrated at intervals of seven days, corresponding to the phases of the moon—stands in direct connection with the moon-cult, it holds that we are justified in seeking for Arabic influences in the earliest form of the institution among the Hebrews.

Neilsen would go even further and interpret the Hebrew word "Sabbath" as the "station" or resting-place of the moon in each of its four phases. This explanation, however, will hardly meet with favor, and is a good illustration of the main defect of the suggestive work in pressing the arguments and the evidence too hard. The same remark applies to the attempt (p. 139) to find for Aaron an Arabic origin, and likewise in Neilsen's treatment of Moses the "moon" *motif* is forced beyond all reasonable bounds. One of the most valuable sections in the book is the one devoted to the rock sanctuary at Petra, discovered by G. L. Robinson in 1900, and the comparison which Neilsen institutes with the one that appears to have existed on the top of Mt. Sinai. Whether such a sanctuary actually existed or not, there is no doubt that the narrative in Exodus had one like this in mind, and the important bearing of Neilsen's most suggestive piece of reasoning remains the same, no matter what view we may take of the Biblical traditions.

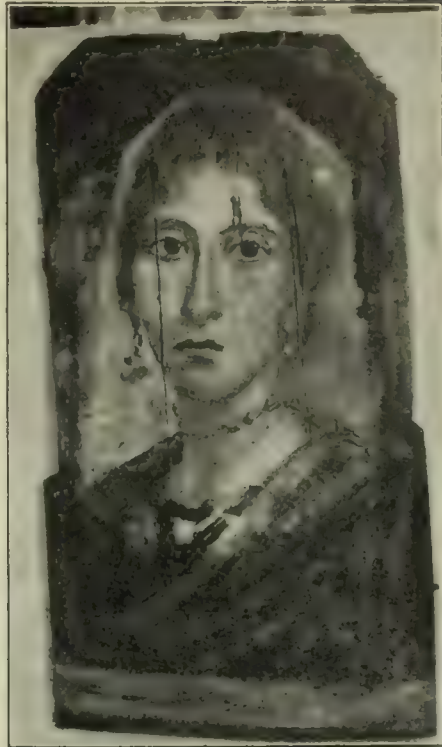
The book fairly teems with brilliant suggestions and throws new and an entirely unexpected light on many problems of the Old Testament religion. Some of Neilsen's views will evoke helpful criticism, but all scholars will cheerfully acknowledge their indebtedness to him for having opened up new avenues of investigation.



The Greek Painters' Art. By Irene Weir. Pp. xvii, 361. New York: Ginn & Co. \$3 00.

The first hundred pages are improperly called an Introduction. They actually contain an account of a journey from Italy into Greece in language which it would be no injustice to call highfalutin. "Immediately after our arrival at the hotel in Athens," says the writer, "we had met an acquaintance, a somewhat learned person, who very kindly offered to accompany us on our first visit to the

* NIELSEN, DITLEF. DIE ALTARABISCHE MOND-RELIGION UND DIE MOSAISCHE UEBERLIEFERUNG. Strassburg: Trübner.



Two Portraits from the Fayum, Egypt. From Weir's "Greek Painters' Art." Ginn & Co.

Akropolis, but I unsociably declined." Having gone up later she met "Ares" and "Hebe," members of her party, who humored her whim of being alone. No mention is here made of "Apollo," who at Corinth had made an *impression* by leading "the somewhat perilous climb" up Akro-Corinth, and is described as "somewhat godlike in appearance;" but whether his coat was "opalescent" or "evanescent" is not stated. The writer's great mistake was made when she did not take "the somewhat learned person" with her. She would not then have talked of pressing with her feet "the same marble steps" that were worn smooth by the old Panathenaic procession, because she would then have learned that those steps were not there until Roman times. She herself elsewhere says, "Ah! wo to the traveler who goes to Greece with eyes untrained and mind unprepared!" Curiously the temple of Ægina is called by the antiquated name, originating in a joke, "Temple of Jupiter Panhellenios." Alexander and Darius never went hunting together (p. 210). Nor is any "struggle between Herakles and the monster Typhon" found at Athens. One wonders at the statement that the Etruscans are of "the same original stock as the Greeks" (p. 292).

Has that vexed question at last been settled? Under the head of typographical errors "Prima Parta" (p. 137) and several others might be arrayed. "Thesus" (p. 87) might almost be taken for an "amended spelling," when taken with Ædipus Kolonos" in the same paragraph. "Ethnic" (p. 113) looks like a simple blunder.



Beethoven and His Forerunners. By Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co \$1.50.

While the rather awkward title of Mr. Mason's second book is not the best that might have been chosen for it, it is at least free from the banal infelicity of his first ("From Grieg to Brahms") and the book itself is altogether a better book—a more creditable piece of writing than its predecessor. Instead of giving us a series of isolated biographical or critical sketches of the earlier composers the author has dealt with the evolution of instrumental music in the spirit of the modern philosophical historian. The forerunners of Beethoven treated *in extenso* are Haydn and Mozart. The exposition of the gradual growth of music as an art in and for itself and in its relations to the general progress of the human race is clear, succinct, scien-

tific, occasionally eloquent and imbued with illuminative power. Numerous illustrations in musical notation add an invaluable aid for the musical reader. The author's greatest limitation is indicated by his setting up of Beethoven as the final mark of musical progress—his saying that music "was brought by Beethoven to its ripe perfection, its full flowering," that "it was made to say all that, within its native limitations, it was capable of saying." Now Beethoven was a mighty man in music and his works will probably live for ages to come, as his influence must be felt to the end of time; but it nothing derogates his greatness to perceive that music is still in process of evolution. We cannot agree with this writer that the sonata form is "the best possible embodiment of variety and unity in tonal effects," and that because employed by such dissimilar composers as Haydn and Tschaikoffsky it "must obviously be founded deep in universal human psychology." The modern tone-poem in one concise, continuous movement is infinitely more vital in its unity (without sacrificing any possible effect of variety) than the old symphonic form with its four diffuse, disconnected, unrelated movements can possibly be. This means, of course, that we take issue sharply with the author's summary and supercilious condemnation of all program music and its "horde" of composers as decadent. The best program music is as "pure" and as "absolute" in its esthetic content, its tonal beauty, as any classical sonata or symphony, the poetical basic idea of which its composer neglected to make public.



The Apple of Discord; or, Temporal Power in the Catholic Church. By a Roman Catholic. 12mo, pp. 495. Buffalo: The Apple of Discord Co.

This is an unusual book. The author is evidently a Catholic priest, but he conceals his name, and the book is its own publisher. Some time ago we printed a somewhat commendatory notice of a severe book, "The Parochial School," by Father Crowley, for which we have been much criticised by certain correspondents and papers. That book was a sharp and rather loosely constructed attack on the policy of the Catholic parochial

schools, with which was attached a sharp arraignment of the morals of priests. The present volume is of a very different caliber. It is by a scholar of ecclesiastical history, equally at home in Latin, French and German bibliography, whose purpose it is to prove, what we fully believe, that the temporal power has been a curse to the Catholic Church from the day that it was first exercised. The author discusses the subject century by century, with quotations from authorities, and is free enough in calling attention to the corruptions which have arisen from civil ambition. The book is well constructed and well written, and full of damaging information. It is a mine of fact to trouble those who are burdened by the requirement laid upon priests all over the world to pray after mass for the restoration of the temporal power of the Popes. This fact is explanation enough why the author does not give his name, for his book is in danger of going on the Index, and if his name were attached he would be sure of ecclesiastical censure from his bishop or from Rome; and if in charge of a parish he would be likely to lose his living. And yet his contention is right, and it is impossible to make our American Catholics feel the least interest in the restoration of the Papal States lost by Pius IX in 1870.



Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet. By Henry Wellington Wack. With Introduction by François Coppée. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.

During a casual ramble through the Isle of Guernsey Mr. H. Wellington Wack found a package of Mme. Juliette Drouet's letters to Victor Hugo. It appears that they had been cast out of the Hauteville House after the poet's death along with other papers and pamphlets. And their discovery proves a trifle disconcerting to Hugo's literary executor in Paris, who has "two or three thousand" of Mme. Drouet's love letters which will be published at an early date. If this is true, and if these letters published by Mr. Wack are a sample of what Mme. Drouet can do in this line, we shall have more than enough of the correspondence before we have done with it. To be sure, a woman cannot write entertaining love letters to the same man for fifty years,

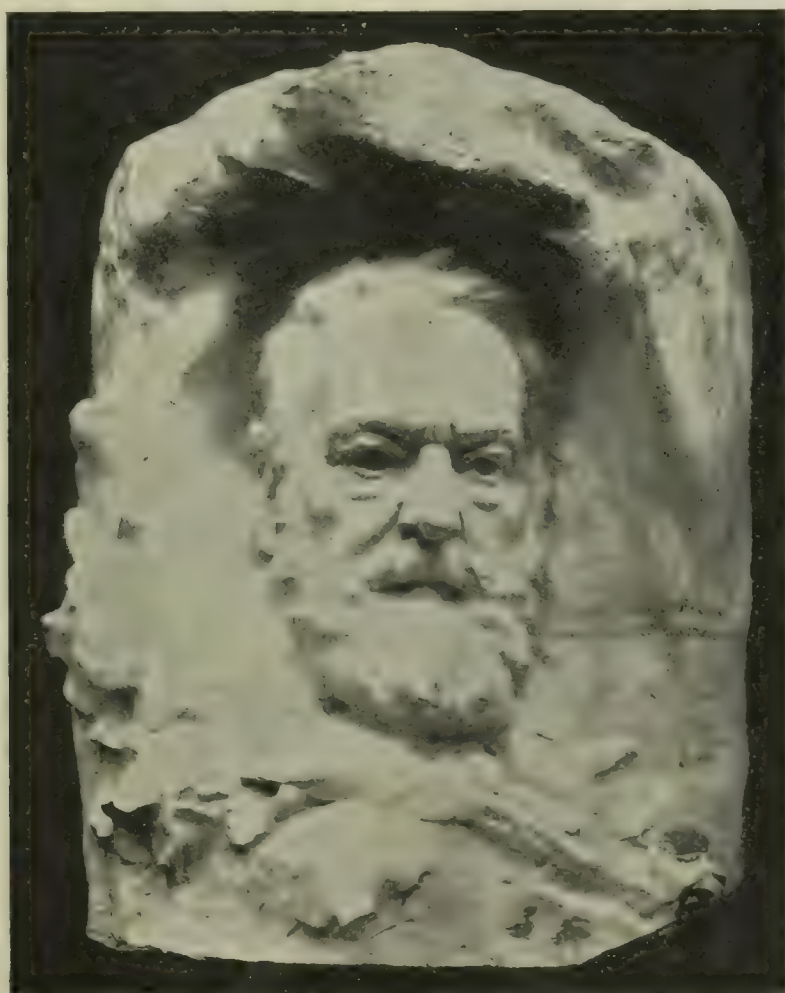
which was the period covered by this intimacy between the greatest of French poets and one of the least of French actresses. Women of her peculiar type have a superlative impudence in their relations to God and to virtue generally, because they use the same vocabulary that good women do. Thus Mme. Drouet is never tired of praying for Heaven's blessing upon her disgraceful intimacy with Hugo, and she was always magnanimously willing for him to enjoy the day with his "delightful family." Mr. Wack has been taken to task, by Scottish critics in particular, for publishing these letters. But after a lapse of time sufficiently long to eliminate our sense of the flesh and blood reality of a great genius his sins are regarded not so much as scandalous as biographical. It is just as well, then, to make a biological detail of them without placing an ethical reflector behind, which would call damaging attention to the indecency. The introduction by François Coppée is

especially interesting not only on account of the view it furnishes of Hugo as seen by an enthusiastic young poet, but because of its literary excellence and the charming delicacy with which he has related his experiences.



The History of Carleton College. By Rev D. L. Leonard, D.D. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

This volume recounts the history of a Minnesota college during the presidency of James W. Strong. Carleton has a record surpassed by not one of the younger institutions and is hardly thirty years old. It has a special record in the development of astrophysics in the country and was for years the headquarters of the leading astronomical journal. It is this department that has given it scholarly fame, but its general influence comes from the true, noble, scholarly character of President Strong, a graduate himself of Beloit College, and of an unusual body of teachers whom he called to his aid.



A bas-relief of Hugo, by Professor Michel. From Wack's "The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet." Putnam

The instruction has been thorough; it has not gone into extreme electives; it has not tried to be a university, but it has given both scholarship and Christian character, and it deserves the good historical record which Dr. Leonard presents.



The Lunatic at Large. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: Brentano's. \$1.00.

There are some novels that suggest a hammock under a spreading chestnut tree, or vine-shaded piazza. Amusing, not too exciting, just large enough to hold comfortably in the hand while one reclines at ease, and divides his attention between his book and the bits of blue sky above and blossoming life all about him. Such a book is this cheerful story of a most diverting madman.



The Place of My Desire and Other Poems. By Edith Colby Banfield. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

For the training of a poet there is probably no better discipline than the writing of sonnets. The definiteness of the form inspires a respect for structure, while its animating principle almost obliges the writer to express an idea—or at least to make a point. It is, therefore, a fortunate instinct which leads the apprentice to choose the sort of exercise which constitutes the staple of Miss Banfield's volume. The writer was a niece of Helen Jackson. And while her work is, in many respects, still tentative and transitional, it is sufficiently promising, sufficiently happy to make her untimely death regretted by all who are interested in verse.



The University of Chicago Decennial Publications, 1892-1902. First Series. 10 volumes. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$40.00.

On the tenth anniversary of the founding Mr. John D. Rockefeller told of a friend who had said to him that funds contributed for the University of Chicago were money thrown away. He could well make a jest of the warning, for he was surrounded by sixteen blocks of handsome buildings, which had replaced the noisy shows of the Midway

and was addressing a thousand young men and women who were devoting their lives to the advancement of science, letters and art. Never before has a ten-year-old institution accomplished so much thorough and enduring work in both education and research as is reported in the volumes of the *Decennial Publications*. The list of titles of books and articles written by members of the faculty fills one of the large quarto volumes. Another is occupied with the history and statistics of the University, not so dry as it sounds, for President Harper has the rare genius of so marshaling figures as to make them interesting, and many educational topics of general interest are discussed. The other eight volumes contain scientific monographs, samples, as it were, of the work done in research in all departments. Here are some results of the observations on stars made by the largest telescope in the world at the Yerkes Observatory and reproductions of the best photographs of the moon ever taken. Here is a paper on the velocity of light by Professor Michelson, the inventor of the echelon spectroscope and the interferometer. Here Professor Loeb gives some of his experiments on the chemical control of nervous movements, and here Professor Davenport gives the beginning of the work at Cold Spring Harbor, which he is now carrying in the Carnegie Laboratory of Experimental Evolution. Professor Chamberlain, one of the best authorities of the world on glaciers, contributes a paper on his favorite subject. Professor Dewey, whose original ideas on methods of education have aroused so much controversy, discusses the scientific foundations of morality. The inclusion in this official publication of a severe arraignment of "excessive loan credit," by Thorstein Veblen, the nucleus of his recent book on the "Theory of Modern Business," ought to relieve the University of the charge of undue leniency toward trusts. Among the linguistic articles must be mentioned a study by Prof. C. D. Buck, of "Chicago's Babel," where 40 different languages are spoken by 1,000,000 foreigners. This collection of papers on the frontier of knowledge is a valuable set for college and public libraries.

Editorials

John Hay

WHAT a magnificent opportunity fortune gave to John Hay, and how magnificently he improved it!

He was an Indiana boy, grandson of a Baptist minister, and he went to Brown University. There he made college fame as a writer and scholar. They say that his two popular poems, "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," were written in college, as a skit in the Bret Harte style, but not published till the "Pike County Ballads" appeared in 1871. Graduating from college in 1858, not twenty years old, he went into the law office of his uncle in Springfield, Ill., and was soon taken into that of Abraham Lincoln. This introduced him into politics, for these were the days of the great Senatorial fight between Lincoln and Douglas. Lincoln took greatly to the modest, versatile young scholar, and when he went to Washington as President he took Hay, now twenty-two years old, with him as Private Secretary. That put him into a relation with President Lincoln more intimate than that of any other man that has ever lived. It made it possible for him, in connection with his associate, Mr. Nicolay, to write the authoritative biography of Lincoln and to edit Lincoln's Works. It was a marvelous chance for one scarce a boy. It filled his life with memories and inspiration and experience of tremendous events and acquaintance with the greatest men of the middle century. They say that in his later years he felt himself old, altho he was but sixty-six at his death; he knew that he had lived a long life at twenty-six years of age, when Lincoln's death concluded one great period of American history. All the remaining years of his busy life his thoughts must have settled back to those stirring and fateful days of closest intimacy with the greatest figure in our Civil War. He had belonged to a past generation.

The death of Lincoln turned Mr. Hay to a diplomatic career. With the military rank of Lieutenant Colonel, under which he had served the Commander in Chief, he was sent to Paris as Secretary of Legation under John Bigelow, who still survives, older in years, but younger in spirit. Then he was Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna and Secretary of Legation at Madrid. Thus again did magnificent chances come to the young man, and still he improved them, gaining culture and information. It was in Spain that he wrote "Castilian Days," a charming book, which, however, has greatly offended certain journals that insist on mixing bad politics with their religion and have misrepresented him as if his characterization of lazy clerics were an attack on the Spanish religion.

But John Hay now sought a more active career, and returned to New York as an editor on the staff of *The Tribune*. In this service he remained five years, and it was then that he married a daughter of Amasa Stone, one of Cleveland's famous millionaires. Soon after this he moved to Cleveland, and six years later to Washington. Through his father-in-law a very large fortune came to him, and, with the exception of two years as Assistant Secretary of State under President Hayes, he devoted his time to literary work, especially to the preparation of the Life of Lincoln. But in 1897 President McKinley made him Ambassador to England, and at the end of the Spanish War he was made Secretary of State, an office which, under two Presidents, he held for seven years, until his death last Saturday morning.

They say that he was the greatest of contemporary diplomats. Such comparisons are futile; it is enough to say that still great chances came to him and he always improved them. If, as the old Greeks said, Opportunity has only a forelock, so that he cannot be seized after he has passed by, John

Hay was always alert to catch him at the ripe moment. Much of the good will and help of Great Britain during our war with Spain, when the nations of Europe were ready to combine against us, was due to his guidance. But it was as Secretary of State that he achieved historic renown. Very strange it seemed to the nations of the Old World that under him the United States should take the lead of the world in securing the integrity of China and maintaining the open door, and resisting with all the arts of diplomacy the effort of Russia to make herself master of Manchuria. What Japan is now accomplishing by force of arms, Hay secured the promise of by diplomacy, and so made it diplomatically clear that Russia was in the wrong. It was under John Hay's guidance that the United States made terms with Cuba, saved Venezuela from blockade, limited the sphere of the war in the East and gained possession of the Panama Canal. His activity covered the two hemispheres.

The characteristic of Mr. Hay's new diplomacy was its truthfulness. He believed in honesty of dealing with other nations. At first men began to talk of "shirt sleeve" diplomacy, as if frankness were something brutal. But it is understood now that we hold no *arrière pensée*. We leave chicanery to the Romanoffs, whose word no chancellery takes. Mr. Hay believed that simple, straightforward directness is good in international as well as personal affairs. This does not mean that in his correspondence Mr. Hay lacked courtesy or tact, for firmness can be polite and give no offense by any rudeness or brutality. Accordingly he had gained the good will and the respect of the diplomats of the world, who looked to him as leader in matters of great international concern.

And yet here in America John Hay seems something other and almost more than a diplomat. We think of him first as the young friend and then the biographer of Lincoln; and then we think of him as author and poet. He was one of those most loved and honored men who are able to win the admiration of statesmen and at the same

time that affection which we give to one whose deft words enter into the weft of our personal life. We have seemed to see in him something manly and loving. We are not offended if he tells us that the angel that saved Little Breeches in a snowstorm was

"In a derved sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne";

and we make no objection to the theology so long as Jim Bludso is saved because he "died for men." And we honor the man who had the good sense to feel that the inheritance of a millionaire was to give further opportunity for work and not repose, and whose gentle dignity and courtesy were as beautiful in private life as his public services were distinguished.



The Russian Mutiny

THERE is no end to the Russian disasters—or, should we not say, to Russia's disguised blessings. Every one of her defeats, every one of her internal disturbances, is a blessing, for it prepares the way for a new era of liberty and prosperity.

First the people rose in protest, the common people, the unarmed workmen of the shops; but they were put down by the rifle-fire of soldiers. Then the men of rank, the heads of local councils, of cities and districts, the kind of men who won the Magna Charta, demanded that their voice should be heard in the conclusions of war and peace, and in the government of the nation; and they were given sometimes buttered words and sometimes were forbidden to meet and speak. What cared the ducal cabal so long as they ruled the Army and Navy? Then followed the defeats of the army in Manchuria—never one victory—and then followed the destruction of the combined fleet in the Eastern waters. Only a few vessels remained penned up in Sevastopol, and a few others left over in the Black Sea. And now the crews of these vessels, ill-treated, knouted and shot by their incapable officers, are rising in mutiny, killing their officers and threatening Odessa. Nor are they suppressed, as have been the citizens in their revolt, and where shall

this end? There is disaffection in all the remaining fleet in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea. We have the amazing news that Admiral Kruger did not dare to use force against the mutineers, fearing his own crews would mutiny, and he has dismantled his ships and dismissed his crews, while the mutinous battleship has left Russian waters and entered a Rumanian port. Are not the conditions the same everywhere? They give us news that we cannot trust; we only know that those in power who care not for the unarmed populace begin to tremble when they see men in arms seize their vessels and intimidate the second seaport in the Empire.

For how far does this disaffection extend? No man knows, but we hear that the reservists, with arms, are also mutinous, and that only the Cossacks can be trusted as yet. When fleet and army are ready to join the people out of whom they came we may hope that the end is near. What the nature of the revolution may be it is impossible to forecast, but something good must come out of all this internal revolt. Russia cannot fight a war abroad and another at home at the same time. Almost any day we may hear that General Linevitch has been surrounded and beaten by Oyama. No one expects anything else. Every one wonders why Russia does not hasten to make peace. But the war is forgotten, the army left to be enveloped and beaten, while every effort is made to put down the revolt arising everywhere. Out of it all some revolution is sure. It may not be the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty, for Russia—so Europe says—is not ready for a republic; but at least a constitutional government is certain, in which the representatives of the people will have the right to take part in the rule of the country. Why they cannot as well rule alone, with no Czar or Emperor to interfere, we fail to understand. We are of those who believe that a republic is better even for an undeveloped nation. It has other evils than those of a despotism, but they are not greater.

But one is forced, when he thinks of Russia in the throes of revolution, with the threat of democracy before her, to look across the border to the neighboring Empire of Germany. What will the

German Emperor do in such an event? He wants no Russian republic. He was willing and glad to have his powerful neighbor weakened and humiliated somewhat, so that he might dominate Europe. But such a defeat by Japan, and such a revolution at home, he has no mind for. He has promised his Imperial neighbor that Russia may denude her borders of troops, and he will protect her against any foreign enemy. But will he equally protect her against internal revolt? That is the greatest danger now to the hopes of Russian reform and revolution. It is quite conceivable that William will, at the request of the Czar, command an army to cross the line and suppress a revolution in Warsaw or even in Moscow and St. Petersburg. We believe he would be glad of the chance to do it. But what would the German people say and do in such a case? Austria would not object; France and England could send no army to prevent him. Only the German people, half of whom are now what are called Socialists—that is, democrats, anti-imperialists—could put up an effective objection, and they do not rule the army. Is it possible that the German Reichstag might forbid the Emperor to aid his Russian cousin? It may be. Or is it possible—hardly yet—that the teachings of Marx and Tolstoy have so infected the German army that the soldiers would refuse to shoot their Russian brothers? But here, in Germany, is the chief danger to the hopes of the Russian people.

Out of war, peace. Out of oppression, liberty. Peace is the end, peace in liberty, but it usually has to come, in this evil world, by war. Against slavery there is but one remedy, rebellion. The motto of Massachusetts is not martial, but pacific for all the world: "By means of the sword we seek, under liberty, confirmed peace."



Brother Jonathan

It is doubtful if we have anywhere else except in proverbs such a concentration of wit and such a desiccated expression of ethics as in caricature. John Bull is England, as the whole world agrees, and Brother Jonathan is in every line a summary of American

character. Who does not observe a striking similarity between Abraham Lincoln and Brother Jonathan? A few touches of the pencil and a slight alteration of garments would change one into the other. Is it not true that Lincoln more than any other public man of the last half century expressed the fullness of Americanism? He was our real Brother Jonathan in flesh and blood; born in the South, but reared in the North, he was a cross of the two sections at a time when sectionalism was intensely pronounced. The solid Union was typified in his genius as well as in his features. His sentiments were a commingling of New England Puritanism and precision with Southwestern unconventionalism. He had Brother Jonathan's lankiness and he had his deliberativeness, his imperturbability and his unfailing assurance. Brother Jonathan is himself a hybrid. You get no proper analysis of the figure and the fellow by any other supposition. He is Puritanical, but he is foxy. The earlier sketches give us rather more of the Puritan, but not less of the shrewd. They make you think of wooden nutmegs.

Later sketches grow cosmopolitan. Brother Jonathan has evidently expanded his views since the earlier sketches. One might say he has become the Monroe Doctrine walking about—a personification of that peculiar assumption of duty to defend a continent. Therefore his coat tails have grown longer and his legs suggest the Pacific Railroad and an Isthmian Canal. There is a positiveness in the cut of his coat and in the retention of the pipe hat. That hat, with a band of stars, is permanently identified with American character. The beard, which is fatherly and shielding, is pointed still more to express Yankee positiveness. The nose is long and incisive, not to say meddlesome, but on no account could it be broad and alert. The mouth of John Bull is not only necessarily large, but also fleshy; that of Brother Jonathan is inevitably large, but kindly. Brother Jonathan, whatever else he does, is going to do good. He has a mission in the world. He

may take away some of the independence of his neighbors, but he intends to compensate them with better politics and better schools.

The stomach of John Bull is his chief feature, the one point that permits no abridgment. The character of Brother Jonathan allows of nothing that approximates this rotundity. He is slim, very slim, because he has no time to devote himself to such comforts as roast beef, beer and cheese. His positiveness does not permit alertness to be suggested, yet you must not fail to see that he is going to get there. His clothes are conservatively liberal. The stars indicate that he is the light of the world; the stripes indicate union, fellowship and brotherhood. His pantaloons are patriotic, yet there has been delicate reserve on the part of the artist not to represent Brother Jonathan as going much beyond patriotism. Summing up John Bull you get a pugnacious defender of Great Britain. When England goes abroad and establishes an Australian or Canadian dominion John Bull does not leave home. The artist gives an entirely different picture for Australian character and another for Canadian. But when the United States crosses to Cuba, Hawaii or the Philippines Brother Jonathan is there and unchanged. If the United States should girdle the globe there would still be no need to substantially make over the shrewd, the kindly, the imperative democrat—the man who has made identical the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence.



Corporations and Their Officers

THE Federal Grand Jury at Chicago indicted five of the great corporations engaged in the beef business, but it did not stop there. It also indicted separately the chief officers of those corporations. In an explanatory statement Assistant Attorney-General Pagin points out that under the Sherman act no adequate punishment can be inflicted upon a guilty corporation:

"The penalty is a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. Of course,

a corporation cannot be imprisoned, and the punishment by fine is all that can be applied to it."

We suppose that Mr. Pagin represents directly and in a special sense the Department of Justice and Attorney-General Moody. It is quite probable that if he had been in Mr. Moody's place a few days ago he would have been very favorably impressed by the reasoning of Messrs. Harmon and Judson with respect to the case of the Atchison Railroad Company and Mr. Morton. These gentlemen said:

"The great corporations of our day cannot be imprisoned, and punishment by fine is not only inadequate, but reaches the real culprits only lightly, if at all. The evils with which we are now confronted are corporate in name, but individual in fact. Guilt is always personal. So long as officials can hide behind their corporations no remedy can be effective. When the Government searches out the guilty men and makes corporate wrongdoing mean personal punishment and dishonor, the laws will be obeyed."

They had been explaining why the violation by a corporation of an injunction directed against it *and its officers* always calls for "a rule against such of them as had control of its conduct to show cause why they should not be held personally responsible." It is true that in the beef cases we have not exactly similar conditions, and that the method of procedure is different, but it is clear that it would have been absurd to indict the corporations alone. If the law has been violated, it has been violated by officers in authority, and these can be punished. The beef companies, like the railroad companies, have been under an injunction. If an attempt to punish them for contempt had been made, it would have been both reasonable and necessary to require these officers (now indicted) to "show cause why they should not be held personally responsible."

It will be noticed that four officers or employees of one of the beef corporations have been indicted for soliciting and accepting (for the corporation) unlawful rebates from six prominent railroad companies. In giving these rebates the railroad companies not only violated a law eighteen years old, but also disobeyed an injunction directed against

them in 1902 and still in force. Evidence cited in the indictments shows that the offenses in question were committed in February, 1903, and at other times thereafter, the latest date mentioned being in January, 1904.

It seems to us that these railroad companies and their responsible officers should at least be punished for contempt. The injunctions (and the statute) have been violated by these and other railroad corporations, but we are not aware that thus far any punishment has been inflicted upon them or their officers. But the restraint of injunctions is enforced promptly and vigorously in the cases of the members of labor unions. We do not say that in such cases enforcement has been unjust or that there should have been delay. But workingmen and their leaders should not be able to say truthfully that this method of procedure is used more promptly and more vigorously against them than against great corporations, and that while those who suffer punishment for contempt in labor cases are persons, there is a manifest tendency in the Department of Justice, when corporations are concerned as defendants, to let the persons involved (the officers) avoid prosecution and the customary penalty for guilt.



Mr. Rockefeller's Last Gift

TEN millions from Mr. Rockefeller, following ten millions from Mr. Carnegie, is given to American colleges. Mr. Carnegie's was for a retiring fund, in support of superannuated instructors in colleges not denominational; Mr. Rockefeller's is for a fund to give any aid needed for colleges, excluding the great universities on the one hand, and the new and doubtful attempts at colleges on the other. Both are admirable and noble gifts. That of Mr. Rockefeller will distribute perhaps \$400,000 yearly and will give much needed help to denominational as well as other institutions.

This great gift and charge is put into the control of the General Board of Education, an organization which Mr. Rockefeller founded a few years ago and to which he gave a million dollars for the promotion of education in the South.

This is the Board of which Robert C. Ogden is Chairman, George Foster Peabody Treasurer and Wallace Buttrick and Starr J. Murphy are Secretaries. The other Trustees (four vacancies) are Frederick T. Gates, Daniel C. Gilman, Morris K. Jesup, Walter H. Page, Albert Shaw, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Hugh H. Hanna, William R. Harper and E. Benjamin Andrews. Its work has received unstinted praise in the North, and from the more progressive men in the South. Its critics there have pretended that its object is to instil social and political ambitions among negroes. This is far from the truth. Its main work has been to develop the public school system in the South, and accordingly its disbursements have been more for white than colored youth; and so far as it has aided the latter its benefactions have been directed rather to industrial than intellectual education. What the critics have really feared is that the old Southern traditions would be undermined by the influence of Northern men and especially of Southern men imbued with Northern ideas.

It is an immense and beneficent power that is put into the hands of these men. They need unusual wisdom. Some of them are adepts in education and some of them are old, and there are vacancies. The danger to be avoided is that two or three good men, and wise, but not having all wisdom, will dominate and a certain narrowness may result. But this we do not fear. They have experience and large knowledge. And yet we are not inclined to approve the suggestion said to have come from one of them, that they be made a board of advisers to which intending givers shall be expected to intrust their benefactions for distribution. That business can belong to no one board. We have a large number of such boards already, great missionary and educational organizations. Mr. Rockefeller has used them already wisely in his benefactions, and scores of institutions have been founded by them. Givers generally have some choice as to the direction of their gifts, and it is well to have them widely distributed, according to various ideas, and for divergent purposes. Great freedom of choice will result in the most good, as each giver follows his own

bent and sees his own needs. Many times ten million dollars are given from year to year, and more and more it is seen that wealth is thus best expended.

Whether colossal wealth can be honestly acquired is a question on which casuists like to quarrel; but there can be no room for reasonable doubt that whatever money is given to the public for the good of the public is thereby made clean enough so that it will hurt nobody, and we are glad to approve the use which such men as Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller make of a part of their stupendous and superfluous wealth.



The True Use of Ancestors

It is appropriate on the day when our ears are deafened with explosions of gunpowder patriotism that we should consider other modern manifestations of the same sentiment, and especially the astonishing growth of hereditary patriotic societies, or, to use Mrs. Harper's phrase, our "American Shintoism." There are now some twenty of these in existence, not counting those based on events later than the War for Independence. The two features which at first caused such societies to be looked upon with suspicion are the requirements that one shall be able to trace back his American lineage one or two centuries, and that his ancestor shall be an officer in the Revolutionary Army or an eminent man of the Colonial Period.

These conditions, it must be confessed, have at first sight the appearance of being somewhat un-American, and it is no wonder that the forefathers of some of the rest of us should have seen in the foundation of the Society of the Cincinnati the establishment of an hereditary aristocracy like that from which they had just freed themselves and should have denounced it as "dangerous to the peace, liberty and safety of the Union." In some States the members of the Society were disfranchised by law. But the apprehension of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Mirabeau proved unjustified. By the irony of fate the Tammany Society, which was founded as a democratic organization to oppose the aristocratic Cincinnati, developed into the nearest ap-

proach to an oligarchy that we have in America.

Since the experience of a century has removed our fear of societies based on hereditary membership, and the prejudice against them has changed to popular favor, they have now a chance to develop into institutions of great usefulness to the nation by contributing to the study of the laws of heredity and their practical application to the development of the human race. To do this, however, their pride of ancestry and their industry in delving in the records of the past must be based upon scientific principles, instead of being, as is now the case, largely blind and directed by fallacious theories of descent.

People are not devoting too much time to genealogy; in fact, not nearly enough; but their study is misdirected. For example, genealogical books are largely mere records of names, residences and dates of births, marriages, deaths. Now these are the least important, least interesting and least practical of all information that one could have about his ancestors, because these data are mostly accidental and insignificant. It is much more important to know whether one's grandfather had a semicircular ear or a bad temper or the gout than to know his name and when and where he lived.

Then, too, we are apt to take more interest in our remote ancestors than in those nearest us, when the reverse should be the case. Practically all of us have about the same heredity when we get back two or three hundred years. In the tenth generation back each of us had 1,024 ancestors or less. Now the average of one man's thousand ancestors is not materially different from that of another man's thousand, in part even the same, and mostly contemporaries of the same race, picked out in the promiscuous way in which one's ancestors were selected. We are all, kings and commoners, mixtures of the same royal and ignoble blood, and there is no use in tracing our lineage back more than one or two hundred years at the most.

Akin to this mistake is the equally common one of fixing our attention upon those few ancestors who happened to be mentioned in history and ignoring those who are less distinguished but equally

influential in deciding our character. A moment's attention to Galton's Law will show how foolish this is. According to this, which is the nearest approximation we have to the true law of heredity, the proportion of the heritage contributed by a parent in the n th generation is $(.5)^{2n}$. That is, each parent contributes on an average $\frac{1}{4}$ and each grandparent $\frac{1}{16}$ of the heritage and so on.

This shows why the son of a great genius so rarely possesses the remarkable qualities of his father and why a gifted family is so soon swamped by mediocrity. If we apply this formula to the case of a man whose great-great-grandfather was an officer in the Revolutionary Army or a signer of the Declaration we see that he probably inherits only $\frac{1}{256}$ part of his ancestor's patriotism, which is not enough to make any perceptible difference in his practical conduct. If we adopt the fantastic theory that Oliver Wendell Holmes developed in "Elsie Venner," that our ancestors take turns in controlling us for a certain time, a Revolutionary hero would have his innings on one of his living descendants about one day and a half in each year, say, on the Fourth of July and a half holiday on Washington's Birthday. The rest of the year he would behave like ordinary people.

Pilgrim Fathers are of still less use to us, for the formula counts up like the grains of wheat on the chess board and the nails in the horseshoe of the old stories. A Mayflower descendant has only one part in 65,536 of Plymouth Rock blood in his veins, which is not enough to crow about. This accounts for the fact that the modern representatives of the Puritans are so unlike their distinguished progenitors in customs, morals and religion.

But the recent researches in heredity have shown that ancient lineage is worth little attention, they have emphasized the importance of complete family records. It is of more importance to know who a man's aunt is than to know his grandfather. One of Galton's recommendations for the practical promotion of eugenics is the collection of statistics of large and thriving families in order "to

show that respect to the parents of noteworthy children which the contributors of such valuable assets to the national wealth richly deserve." According to his definitions, a "thriving family is one in which the children have gained distinctly superior positions to those who were their classmates in early life," and a large family is one that contains not less than three adult male children. This "golden book" of thriving families would form a genuine aristocracy into which it would be a real honor to marry. Some of the family histories now compiled contain so many distinguished names that they might well be the germs of such a "golden book" if the superstitions of heredity were repudiated and its real workings studied and utilized. The best way a Son of the Revolution can emulate the virtues of his ancestral hero is to imitate him by becoming an ancestor himself and founding a thriving family which shall be of service to the nation for centuries after his death.



Our Annual Children's Holocaust

FOR the last two years we have called special attention to the number of deaths incident to the celebration of the Fourth of July, and it seems proper once more to recall the statistics. In 1903 as the result of the celebration of the glorious Fourth 466 deaths occurred, and within less than a score of 4,000 were injured. There was an improvement in these statistics in 1904, and only 183 persons died from Fourth of July injuries, tho somewhat nearer to 4,000 were injured. The reason for the difference in the number of deaths is worth noting. In 1903 the deaths from tetanus amounted to 400; in 1904 there were scarcely more than 100. A discussion of these statistics brings out some very interesting facts and serves to show what are the probable reasons both for the reduction of the mortality from tetanus and the very large increase, over 50 per cent., in deaths from other injuries.

Just before the Fourth of July last year there was a newspaper crusade or, as it was very properly called by some, a campaign of education organized for the purpose of preventing at least some of

the deaths that the celebration of Independence Day brings with it every year among the children of this country. The large mortality from tetanus was made the dominant note of invective against present customs. It was pointed out that a very large proportion of the cases of tetanus occurred as a consequence of wounds by blank cartridges. As a result most of the parents throughout the country refused to allow their children to play with blank cartridges, or when injuries occurred by this means very careful precautions were taken to forestall, if possible, the development of the deservedly dreaded tetanus. Even the physicians throughout the country learned the lesson that no matter how slight a wound might be, if it was made by a blank cartridge, it must be treated deliberately as if the patient were in acute danger of contracting this fatal complication. The wounds from blank cartridges fell, according to the statistics, more than one-third. The deaths from tetanus decreased by more than 75 per cent. This latter item shows how much was accomplished by more efficient treatment.

On the other hand, the wounds from firecrackers, especially those of large size, from cannons of various kinds, from display fireworks, such as rockets and Roman candles, and from bullets, all increased in number last year. It was even remarked that there seemed to be more deaths from tetanus after some of these other forms of wounds than used to be the case, because so much attention was given to blank cartridge wounds, while the same solicitude was not felt for the treatment of the others. It is evident that all wounds from fireworks, especially if made in the street and at a time when the hands and other portions of the skin are smirched with street dirt, must be treated as if they were likely to be followed by tetanus. This is the only safeguard and, unfortunately, even this is not absolute, since it is impossible in some cases to prevent the development of tetanus.

It remains to be seen whether the improvement in the statistics last year was only spasmodic and due to the somewhat sensational newspaper efforts to call parents' and guardians' attention to the

danger or whether it was the result of serious conviction that will manifest itself not alone for the time being, but for many years. Certain it is that this year brings the usual harvest of death and suffering as a consequence of the celebration of the Glorious Fourth. At least one hundred children throughout the country will die, and probably 4,000 more will be injured. Of these only about 1,000 will be serious injuries, such as the loss of a hand, or a foot, or an eye, or some serious facial deformity; the others will consist of slighter wounds, like the loss of fingers, or burns that may cause some scarring on more or less inconspicuous parts. The din of the celebration has served to disturb many patients who were lying ill and needed rest in the midst of the unpleasantly hot weather that comes at the beginning of July. To be sure these minor considerations have little weight in keeping patriotic enthusiasm within bounds.

Professor Hilprecht

What was expected from the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania has been done—they have absolutely and completely exonerated Professor Hilprecht of all charges raised against him. They waited until the college year was over, and mid-summer had come, and time had been given for the excitement to die away, and then the anticipated verdict was rendered. He was, they say, justified in speaking, in a popular book, of tablets purchased elsewhere as a part of the so-called temple library of Nippur, because he was competent to decide that at some time, some thousands of years ago perhaps, they had been in that library. The most important piece of evidence they present is, that the tablets are marked in his handwriting with the occasion of their acquisition, and therefore he could not have intended in his popular work to represent that he had himself dug them up in the temple hill. Nevertheless it is absolutely clear that the impression he gave, and apparently meant to give, was misleading. We do not care to revive the controversy, but it is a fact that however the decision may satisfy the five men who signed the report of the investigation, and the three other men who were present and with

the five approved it, it does not and cannot satisfy scholars or the public. It is sad to think that against Dr. Hilprecht are all three of the other Assyriologists of the University, one of them, Professor Jastrow, a man of quite equal rank in the study. We must add that the committee report further that Dr. Hilprecht had retained no antiquities that did not belong to him; and that there really was a "Temple Library." When its contents are published we may begin to know; at present there is no evidence to convince any one. For by a library is meant not a lot of receipts for rent of temple land, but works of history, grammar, mythology, poetry, etc., such as have been found thus far only at Assurbanipal's library at Nineveh.

A Gift to Yale

Among the principal gifts announced for colleges last week was one of \$2,400,000 for the endowment of Harvard and another of \$2,000,000 for Yale, of which \$1,000,000 was from John D. Rockefeller. This is Yale's answer to the cry of "tainted money." Neither Yale, nor any other university or college, nor any benevolent society, imagines that, doing a good work, it is its business to scrutinize the previous history of money that comes to it from the legal owner. They believe that their use of it cleans it of any imagined "taint." They say with *Vespasian* to his son *Titus*: "*Non olet.*" They do not see why when one offers you bread you should give him a stone. A current story is passed from mouth to mouth, but we have not seen it in print, that at a resort Mr. Rockefeller met Mrs. McCormick (the families are related) and said to her: "You remember that property I bought of you? Well, it was a good thing and netted me \$200,000, and I thought I would give half of it to the Congregationalists; and do you know, Mrs. McCormick, they now say your money is tainted!"

"Radiobes" The announcement by Prof. John Butler Burke, of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, England, that he has obtained something resembling bacterial cultures by the action of radium salts upon gelatine has aroused the usual sensational

report of the spontaneous generation of life. While awaiting the full report of these experiments and their verification, it is well to bear in mind that altho there is no reason to think spontaneous generation is impossible, there is no apparent probability that man will ever be able to produce living beings from inorganic or even from dead matter. From ancient times down to within 50 years it was believed that ordinary observation conclusively proved that decaying vegetable and animal matter did bring forth new forms of life spontaneously, but the experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall showed that such putrefaction and decay were due to minute germs, bacteria, always in the air, and when a tube was sterilized by heating above the boiling point of water and then sealed or stoppered with cotton no signs of life appeared. Now Professor Burke reports that in such sealed and sterilized tubes when a minute quantity ($2\frac{1}{2}$ milligrams) of radium bromide is allowed to drop on the surface of the gelatine without opening the tube a growth begins, and, if kept in the dark, this extends downward for half an inch, very much as it would if bacterial germs had been introduced. The new bodies, which he calls "radiobes," since they are produced by radium and resemble microbes, are all of the same shape and some have a nucleus. They manifest some of the characteristics of life in that they grow to a certain size and then multiply by subdivision. They are killed by exposure to light and are dissolved by warm water. Professor Burke regards them as "highly organized bodies, altho not bacteria" and not crystals, and goes no further than to say that their behavior "suggests vitality."

The Methodist papers are still very reticent about the decision of the bishops in the case of Professor Mitchell, whose re-election, at the end of a five years' term, to a chair in the Divinity School in Boston University they declined to approve. Very large questions of inspiration and higher criticism and theological liberty are involved, but the utmost any official paper has ventured to say is the evident conclusion that under Methodist

law the trustees cannot reappoint him. Discussion does not seem to be allowed in the press. The trustees have not yet dismissed Professor Mitchell, and we surmise that they are trying, in conference with him, to draw up some statement which will induce the bishops to reconsider their action. We judge that there are two or three of them, however, who are too conservative to accept any action allowing room for the new theology in Methodist theological instruction.

The election of Payson Merrill, Esq., as one of the Yale Corporation, in place of Dr. Munger, breaks a long line of precedents, but no requirement of the charter, for there is none requiring Congregational ministers of Connecticut to succeed themselves, as often supposed. There are 19 members of the Corporation, of whom Mr. Hadley is the first layman to be President. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor are members, and of the 16 remaining 9 are Congregational clergymen. It is a good plan to have the old custom of succession broken, for Yale is and should be in no way sectarian. But there has been no failure in the past to aim for the best ideal, as well as to reach the best accomplishment. The change is wise, but it can work no better.

What turned the scale for the coming of Sir Caspar Purden Clarke to accept the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum was, he says, that in London he would be a pensioner and officially dead in six years, while here he hopes to work more than twice as long to achieve what is his ambition for the Museum. The rule which limits the age of service does not always work well. We observe that several railroads have rescinded their rule not to take on any new man, or any one who has been laid off, after the age of thirty-five. It shut out men they wanted.

It is simply amazing that John F. Wallace, apparently for mere money, should have thrown away the chance to connect his name eternally with the Panama Canal. The world can see in it nothing more than lucre preferred to noncr.

Insurance

The Loan and Savings Company, Limited

THE Loan and Savings Company, Limited, of Montreal, is a Canadian incorporation with an authorized capital of \$250,000, with power to issue \$1,000,000 bonds. The company buys and sells real estate, mortgages, municipal, government and other bonds, patents and inventions, options of all kinds. According to its own letter heads it constructs and erects public and private improvements. It makes short loans. It also builds and sells dwelling houses, promotes and finances enterprises and underwrites stocks and bonds. The company, still quoting from its own literature, is also empowered to act as trustee for estates, and finally to act as surety for individuals and corporations. It will be seen that the company works along various lines and that its field of operations is extremely diverse. The active man in this company is Alexander Millette, or, as he prefers to sign, A. Millette. During March of this year the Loan and Savings Company, Limited, entered the United States. Advertisements similar to the one reproduced below were published in this city:

INCOME INSURANCE.

Banks pay depositors 2 per cent. to 4 per cent. per annum, while the stockholders receive 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. We offer you an investment which will place you on the same level as the bank stockholder; absolute safety and a large regular monthly income guaranteed; write for particulars and receive our booklet, entitled, "Income Assurance," describing our methods, which are meeting with great success with all classes of investors. THE LOAN & SAVINGS CO., Incorporated. Capital \$250,000. Home offices, 20 St. Alexis street, Montreal, Canada.

The editor of this department was in correspondence with the company and received in addition to other data copies of the company's income certificates. These certificates were interesting. They bound the contributors hand and foot. They boldly provided that all moneys sent to the company were at the senders' risk. They made it certain that in case the certificate holder was unable for any reason to continue his weekly payments for

the full term provided for in the instrument, even if the default took place on the last payment, all the previous payments were to be forfeited. In any event no returns by the company were to be made for a considerable period. Among the inducements offered by this company to induce people to invest their money with it on their scheme of "Income Assurance" was the promise to pay (some time) from two to four per cent. per month on the dollar. The whole scheme was idyllic in the extreme, but there was a single fly in the ointment. It wouldn't work. The beautifully engraved checks shown in the Public Tribute of Indorsement and Appreciation of this company did not prevent the bringing of various suits against the company for unpaid printing and advertising bills and on the part of certain dissatisfied contributors. Repeated requests for a financial statement of this company were barren of results, and readers of THE INDEPENDENT may draw their own inferences and conclusions.



THE advent of the summer season of 1905 has suggested to the General Accident Insurance Company of Philadelphia the renewed possibility of accidents by means of drowning. This concern has, therefore, installed sundry nickel-in-the-slot-machines at Atlantic City, N. J., by means of which visitors to this popular resort are enabled to purchase of these automatic venders accident policies paying \$100 in the event of accidental drowning while surf bathing.

...The Insurance Press has issued the Investment Directory—Insurance Companies for 1905. It contains a description and classification of bonds and stocks held by various insurance companies transacting business in the United States having at least \$100,000 (par value) of such securities. The compilation has been made by S. H. Wolfe, consulting actuary of this city. A synopsis of the laws pertaining to the investments of insurance companies as enacted by the Legislatures of the various States and Territories and the Dominion of Canada, which is included in the volume, adds to its value as a reference book for conservative investors.

Financial

The Treasury's Fiscal Year

ACCOUNTS of the fiscal year (ending June 30th) at the United States Treasury show a deficit of \$24,000,000, exceeding by \$6,000,000 the estimate made by Secretary Shaw some months ago. At the beginning of June it was about \$37,000,000, but this closing month showed a surplus of \$13,000,000. The total of receipts (about \$543,000,000) varies but little from that of the preceding year. But expenditures have grown. Under the head of civil and miscellaneous (Panama Canal payments of last year excluded before the comparison is made) there was an increase of \$15,000,000, of which more than half was due to additional postal service expenses. Other increases were as follows: War Department, \$7,000,000; Navy Department, \$14,500,000; Indian service, \$4,200,000. Pension payments (\$141,700,000) were less by about \$1,000,000 than in 1904. A prevailing belief that expenditures will continue to increase promises to stimulate discussion as to plans for enlarging the revenue by tariff legislation or additional internal taxes.



Cotton Cloth for China

AN official statement of our exports of manufactured goods for the eleven months ending with May, just issued at Washington, is unusually interesting because it shows how rapid has been the recent growth of our exports of cotton cloth to China. This is the most important part of the trade which would be affected by the threatened Chinese boycott of American imports. In the eleven months we sold to China 421,464,440 yards, valued at \$24,444,642, against only 67,862,434 yards, valued at \$3,566,900, in the corresponding months of last year. China is now taking two-thirds of all our exports of cotton cloth.



STEPS have been taken for a consolidation, in one corporation capitalized at about \$50,000,000, of all the companies engaged in the manufacture of street cars.

...Owing to conditions revealed by the recent investigation concerning

private car lines, the Rock Island Company will take up this branch of the business for itself and it has ordered 1,700 refrigerator cars.

....Since 1896 our exports to Germany have increased from \$97,897,000 to \$214,780,000, but our imports from that country have remained almost stationary, rising from \$94,240,000 to only \$109,188,000.

....Our output of copper in 1904 had a value of \$95,000,000, and about two-thirds of it was exported. At the present time the Boston and Montana Company's mines of Butte are the greatest producers of copper in the world. The Anaconda mine is second.

....A prominent French economist estimates French investments abroad as follows: Europe, \$4,053,000,000; Africa, \$712,000,000; South America, \$506,000,000; Asia, \$216,000,000; North America, \$204,000,000; Central America, \$56,000,000; Oceania, \$11,000,000.

....The North River Savings Bank, now at 266 West Thirty-fourth Street, will soon occupy its new building, which is rapidly approaching completion. This building, in the same street, but two blocks east of the one now in use, will be more convenient for a majority of the bank's 18,000 depositors. The bank has declared a dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. on deposits up to \$500, and at the rate of 3½ per cent. on those between \$500 and \$3,000.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

N. Y. Co. Nat'l Bank, 50 per cent., payable July 1st.

Mechanics and Traders Bank, 4 per cent., payable July 1st.

Twelfth Ward Bank, 3 per cent., payable July 1st.

Franklin Savs. Bank, 3½ per cent., payable July 17th.

Amer. Savs. Bank, 3½ per cent., payable July 17th.

Franklin Society, 5 per cent., payable July.

Washington Savs. Bank, to \$500, 4 per cent., payable July.

Washington Savs. Bank, \$500 to \$3000, 3½ per cent., payable July.

Des Moines & Fort Dodge R.R., Preferred, 5 per cent., payable August 1st.

Minn. & St. Louis R.R., 1st Mort 7 per cent. and 4 per cent. Coupons, payable July 1st.

N. Y. & N. J. Telephone Co., quarterly, 1½ per cent., payable July 15th.

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Survey of the World

Elihu Root Succeeds
John Hay

When the President asked Mr. Elihu Root to go with him to the funeral of Mr. Hay in Cleveland as the special representative of the State Department, the invitation was regarded as having much significance, because it was known that Mr. Root was the President's choice for the office of Secretary of State. It was commonly thought, however, that Mr. Root could not be induced to give up his law practice, to which, when withdrawing from the Cabinet, he had returned with the purpose of building up his private fortune. In a little less than a year and a half he has been very successful in his profession, his earnings rising to the neighborhood of \$200,000 a year. After long conferences with the President during the journey to Cleveland, he consented to take the office. The official announcement of his acceptance of it was delayed until the 7th, in order that he might be sure of obtaining a release from his many professional engagements, some of which involved service for five years to come. It was then made known that within about two weeks he would take the oath. At the same time it was intimated that supervision of the Panama Canal work might be transferred to the State Department. On the evening of the 6th, Secretary Taft was in San Francisco, attending a banquet given to him by the commercial organizations of the city. In the course of an address which he made there he said:

"In his great loss, the President turns to another man, Elihu Root, of New York, a man under whom it has been my great pleasure to serve as subordinate. I know that in him we have one of the greatest constructive states-

men of the age. Happy the country, happy the President, who, having lost a Hay, can turn to a Root."

At the close of his address to the teachers of the National Educational Association at Ocean Grove, on the 7th, Mr. Roosevelt spoke of Mr. Hay and his successor. Reviewing the career of Mr. Hay, "a great statesman, who was also a great man of letters," who "had the great advantage and great merit of being able at any moment to go back to private life unless he could continue in public life on his own terms," he said that such service as he had given to his country "could not have been rendered save by a man who had before him ideals as far apart as the poles from the ideals which have in them any taint of what is base or sordid." He continued:

"I wished to get for John Hay's successor the man whom I regarded as, of all men in the country, the one best fitted to be such successor. In asking him to accept the position of Secretary of State, I was asking him to submit to a very great pecuniary sacrifice, and I never even thought of that aspect of the question, for I knew he wouldn't either. I knew that whatever other consideration he had to weigh against taking the position, the consideration of how it would affect his personal fortune would not be taken into account by Elihu Root. And he has accepted."

Hay and Root, he went on to say, were not solitary exceptions, but were typical of a large class of men in public life. We had always had at the command of the nation, in any crisis, the best ability to be found in it, and that ability had been given lavishly, altho to the great pecuniary loss of the men giving it:

"There is not in my Cabinet a man to whom it is not a financial disadvantage to stay in it."

There is not in my Cabinet one man who does not have to give up something substantial, often very much that is substantial, sometimes what it is a very real hardship for him to give up, in order that he may continue in the service of the nation and have the only reward for which he looks or for which he cares, the consciousness of having done service that was worth rendering. I hope more and more throughout this nation to see the spirit grow which makes such service possible."

The press has not overlooked the possible relation of the appointment of Mr. Root to the Republican Presidential nomination in 1908. Some expect that he will have such support for that nomination as the President can with propriety give.



Crop Reports Sold to Speculators

It has been proved that information as to the cotton crop reports of the Department of Agriculture has been sold in advance to speculators, and that the reports themselves have been manipulated in their interest. One result is the dismissal of Edwin H. Holmes, the Assistant Statistician, who sold the information and thereby has accumulated a considerable fortune. Charges relating to Holmes's operations were made at the Department about a month ago by Richard Cheatham, Secretary of the Southern Cotton Growers' Association. They have been sustained by an investigation made by secret service agents. A long report has been published. It appears that the advance information was procured by Lewis C. Van Riper, of New York, from Holmes, either directly or through the agency of Moses Haas, formerly an employee of the Department. William M. Judd, who had been employed by Van Riper, told the story to the secret service agents and induced Van Riper to follow his example. During nearly all of the last cotton season Holmes had control of the statistics, John Hyde, the Chief Statistician, being absent in Europe. Not only were the figures of the reports prematurely disclosed, but sometimes they were changed two or three days before the date of official publication, to increase the effect of them upon the cotton market and to serve the speculators' purpose. To account for his possession of the profits which he acquired, Holmes sold, or pretended to sell, to Van Riper

for \$73,000 an interest in a gold mine. Van Riper came to New York from Chicago a few years ago and is president of a promoting company called the United States Mailing and Advertising Agency. He is not a member of the Cotton Exchange. Holmes is not to be prosecuted, because there is said to be no law covering his offense. Mr. Cheatham thinks that John Hyde also should be dismissed, but the report contains no charges against him. The preparation of the crop reports will be very carefully guarded hereafter.



National Topics

United States Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, was found guilty by a jury, on the morning of the 4th, of violating the law by accepting pay for his services before a Federal Department in the interest of land claims. Eleven of the jurors voted five times for conviction, and on the sixth ballot the remaining juror joined them. The Senator was recommended to the mercy of the court. The statutory penalty is imprisonment for two years, or a fine not exceeding \$10,000, or both. Other indictments against him, for subornation of perjury and for conspiracy to defraud the Government of public land, are pending, but it is reported that no use of them will be made.—Senator Alger, of Michigan, gives notice that owing to the condition of his health he will not seek a re-election next year.—The President has issued an order defining the policy to be followed hereafter in making appointments, details, assignments and promotions in the army and the navy. Having pointed out that a full official record exists in both branches of the service, showing the character, attainments and merit of every officer, he says:

"It is therefore announced that in future appointments, details, transfers and assignments in the army and navy the Executive will be guided by the official records of the War and Navy Departments, respectively, to the exclusion of other sources of influence or information; but in case an officer has performed any special act of bravery or courage, or rendered specially efficient service, of which there is no record, or only a partial record, in the War or Navy Department, the testimony of any person who was an eye-witness of the same may be submitted for consideration. Should it be discovered that since the publica-

tion of this order an officer of the army or navy has sought recommendation or support from sources outside of those named above, this fact will debar him from obtaining the particular advancement, assignment or detail which he has by such means attempted to secure, and the fact that he has sought such influence will be noted on his official record."

—Friends of Caleb Powers, charged with complicity in the assassination of Senator William Goebel, in Kentucky, have procured from Judge Cochran, of the Federal District Court, a decision providing for a transfer of the case from the State courts to that tribunal. An appeal from this decision to the Supreme Court at Washington will be taken by the State.

The Panama Isthmus

Charles E. Magoon, Governor of the Canal Zone, has been appointed Minister to Panama in order that there may be no friction between the two offices. Apparently because of assertions in published letters from the Isthmus, Chairman Shonts has given to the press a statement in which he says that it is the first duty of the Commission to create sound underlying conditions. This is "vastly more important than the removal of earth." The men, he continues, must have suitable houses in healthful surroundings, wholesome food at reasonable cost, transportation facilities and opportunity for recreation. These essentials will be provided without delay. Concerning yellow fever he says that altho there have been between 9,000 and 10,000 canal employees on the Isthmus since the disease first appeared in May, only 50 of them have been attacked by it and only 6 of these have died. During the month of July, up to the 6th, there were no new cases, and not one employee was under treatment. Wages have not been reduced, but have been increased in every branch of the service. The beginner's salary for such clerical work as that of bookkeepers, stenographers, typewriters, etc., is \$1,500. Wages in the outdoor railway service are from 10 to 25 per cent. higher than those paid in the States. Carpenters, blacksmiths and machinists receive 56 cents an hour.—The new water supply of Panama was turned on for use, with appropriate cere-

monies, on the 4th, by Governor Magoon and President Amador.



Kansas Refinery Law Unconstitutional

A part of the attack upon the Standard Oil Company by the Kansas Legislature, last winter, was an appropriation of \$410,000 for an independent oil refinery at Peru. This refinery was to be owned by the State and operated in connection with the penitentiary. Convicts were to do the work, and a building for their use was to be erected at Peru. The State Treasurer refused to sign the bonds which were to be issued for the purpose, and the Attorney-General asked for a mandamus compelling him to sign. Thus the question of the validity of the legislation came before the Supreme Court, which has now (on the 7th inst.) decided by unanimous vote that the act is unconstitutional, being in violation of that part of the Constitution which says: "The State shall never be a party in carrying on any works of internal improvement." The Court remarks that "the indictment of the Standard Oil Company" was "no doubt true, and the provocation was very great, but," it adds, "we must not make a scarecrow of the law." Governor Hoch was greatly disappointed. "If I had been the Supreme Court," said he, "I would have strained a point to declare the law constitutional."—The court also decided that the Kansas Natural Gas Company cannot hold property or do business in the State. This company, incorporated in Delaware and capitalized at \$16,000,000 in stocks and bonds, failed to obtain permission from the Charter Board to do business. Nevertheless, it went on with its work and has spent several millions in laying pipe lines, engaging to supply gas to several Kansas cities. The Eastern capitalists who control it say that its property and business will be transferred to other corporations owned by them and having Kansas charters.—It is expected that the indicted companies and officers of the Beef Trust will be tried in September. Their counsel will take the unusual step of applying to the courts for an injunction to restrain the Government from proceeding with the prose-

cution, upon the ground that, having procured some time ago a permanent injunction forbidding them to violate the law, it should now undertake to punish them for contempt and should not attack them by indictment.

Chicago's Street Railways

Some surprise has been caused in Chicago and elsewhere by the action of Mayor Dunne, in submitting to the Council a project which might defer for a considerable time direct municipal ownership and operation of the city's street railways. The Mayor asserts, however, that his opinions and purposes have undergone no change, and that municipal ownership can be reached more quickly by the plan that he suggests than in any other way. He recommends that a company (to build, acquire, and operate railways in the interest of the city) be incorporated by five citizens who enjoy the confidence of the people and who support the policy of municipal ownership; that the Council grant to this company a twenty-year franchise covering the streets in which the rights of the old companies have expired or soon will expire; that the company issue stock enough to establish railway service in those streets, that the stock be deposited with a trust company, and that on the basis of this stock marketable certificates be issued and offered for popular subscription. Dividends are to be limited to 6 per cent. and the fare is to be 5 cents, with transfers, if they can be obtained. The city is to have the right to buy out the company at any time at an appraised valuation. By this plan, he says, the people would get most of the advantages of municipal ownership and operation and avoid obstacles which would be encountered if methods which seem more direct should be adopted. About 700 miles of railway are now in use; 100 miles can be lawfully taken by the city, and 240 miles will be available within two years. If the city should decide to construct new railways, it could not itself do the work, but would be compelled to award the construction contracts to the lowest bidders. After acquiring railways, the city must ask for a vote authorizing municipal operation, and this authority can be given only by a three-

fifths majority. At last accounts there was some doubt as to the Mayor's ability to procure the adoption of his plan by the Council.

Reform in Philadelphia

The appointment of David Martin by Governor Pennypacker to be State Superintendent of Insurance, in place of Boss Durham, who resigned, is quite offensive to the reform element in Philadelphia, because of Martin's record as a ring politician. By resolutions the Committee of Seventy and the Committee of Nine have expressed their opinions. The first sees in the appointment "additional evidence" of the Governor's "hostility to reform." The second regards it as "a gratuitous affront to all honest citizens who are now seeking to redeem Philadelphia from the frightful misgovernment to which these two men [Durham and Martin] and their associates have so long condemned the city." Durham was the political "leader" of the Republican organization, and it was intended by some persons that Martin should take his place; but Mayor Weaver says that he will recognize no "leader" except the people themselves.—Altho only half of the voting lists have been inspected by agents of the reform organizations, nearly 40,000 fraudulent names have already been found.—George G. Pierie, Chief of the Bureau of City Property for several years past, has been removed for approving bills that were designed to defraud the city. In 1898 he was United States Consul at Munich.—On the night of the 1st inst. there took place the most extensive raid upon disorderly places ever made in an American city. More than 2,000 persons were arrested and five magistrates were kept busy from midnight until 9 a.m. This action was taken upon evidence procured by the Law and Order Society. It had been available for some time, but it could not be used effectively while the police force was controlled by the ring.

The End of the Concordat

The French Chamber of Deputies last week finally passed, amid great excitement, the bill for the separation of Church and State by a vote of 341 to 233, after several months of discussion,

including the resignation of M. Combes, who introduced the measure. There is no doubt as to its passing the Senate. It is a more reasonable measure than that brought in by M. Combes. It provides for the continued support of the clergy now receiving subventions from the State, but allows no support for their successors, so that gradually the amount supplied will be reduced to zero. The churches and cathedrals will belong to the State, but will be leased to congregations consisting of the churches or denominations now worshiping in them. Thus the conditions will resemble that in the United States, except that the Government will have, as in all other matters, domiciliary control much closer than here, so that it might suppress any church meetings which the Government might regard as dangerous to public order. For over three months the Chamber has done little else than to perfect this bill. There are bishops which are so impressed with the condition of the Church in the United States that they rejoice, but quietly, in the change; but the majority agree that it is, like the seizure by the people of the Papal States, an act of robbery and a great danger to the Church.



Various Continental Events

The permission given by the Pope for clericals to take part in elections has had marked effect. In the provincial elections the Moderate Clericals have prevailed in Rome, Bologna, Padua and elsewhere; but the Radicals carried Cremona and other towns. In Genoa and Leghorn the parties were about equal, but the Moderate Clericals have made substantial gains.—It had been planned that on last Sunday the French Socialist leader, M. Jaurés, should address the German Social Democrats of Berlin, but the German Government wrote to him forbidding him to be present. This has caused the Socialists more amusement than anger, inasmuch as the prohibition was sent direct, and not through the French Government, as if M. Jaurés and the Socialists were a national Power. Herr von Buelow gave as a precedent for his action that of the French Government

which had not allowed Herr Bebel and other German Socialists to speak in France, on the ground that they were taking part in political movements.—There seem to be threats of war between Norway and Sweden, and movements of troops and vessels increase the tension, but it is not believed that any real armed conflict will ensue.—The scandal about the sale of the South African army stores after the Boer war does not subside, and it has given occasion to bitter attacks on Minister Balfour. The Commission of Enquiry reported very severely as to the scandals, showing that the stores were sold at auction at a very low price, then bought back at a large price. Mr. Balfour, when asked to appoint a day for discussion in Parliament, at first refused and spoke of the matter contemptuously, but he has been compelled to yield, and has now appointed an impartial Imperial Commission to make a thorough investigation.—There was danger that, on account of the mutiny, the European Powers would be inclined to enter the Black Sea to protect their subjects, but Great Britain, which had the greatest interest there, refused to allow the convention to be broken which forbids the passage of any ships of war through the Bosphorus, and the Sultan has taken advantage of the weakness of Russia to mount heavy guns at the entrance of the Bosphorus. Evidently Turkey is less in fear of Russia than she was.



The End of the Russian Mutiny

We gave last week the story of the beginning of the mutiny in the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. This week we report its conclusion. The "Kniaz Potemkin," the largest battleship in the Black Sea, surrendered last Saturday to the Rumanian authorities. Thus far only the general facts are known as to the influences and control within the battleship; and what is reported is not always reliable even as to the more public doings of the vessel. It is probable that the mutiny was part of the extensive plans of the revolutionary party to sow disaffection in the army and navy, and this mutiny is

related in a general way to the disaffection among the reservists, who have been called to arms. On Monday of last week the Russian torpedo boat No. 267, which accompanied the "Kniaz Potemkin," attempted to enter the Rumanian port of Kustenji, but was fired on by a Rumanian cruiser and retired, and later the torpedo boat and the "Kniaz Potemkin" sailed away, having failed to get the coal and provisions desired. The Rumanian authorities were, of course, in fear of the Russian Government. They had demanded that the mutineers surrender their vessels and come on shore unarmed, in which case they would be allowed liberty to go where they pleased. This they refused to do, and sailed away. Meanwhile the loyal party on board the "Georgi Pobiebonosetz," the other principal mutinous vessel reported last week, had gained the upper hand, and had surrendered at Odessa, and a large number of the mutineers were imprisoned, and it was believed would be shot. An attempt was made to send a number of torpedo boats after the "Kniaz Potemkin" to sink her, and especially one torpedo boat was manned by volunteer officers resolved to succeed, but they failed to locate the vessel. On leaving Kustenji the mutineers were in need of coal, but they met a collier, and either purchased or seized a supply, and they seem to have replenished their provisions. Before leaving Kustenji the mutineers, who seem to have had on board an intelligent representative of the revolutionists, issued a proclamation to the Powers, declaring that they were making war on all Russian vessels that should refuse to join them, but would respect all neutral Powers. Evidently this was meant to imply that they were not pirates, but were engaged in civil war and were entitled to such recognition. At this time the Russian Government published its account of what was called "a shameful act, without parallel in the Russian navy." It says that on June 27th the crew, on the pretext of the bad quality of meat brought by a torpedo boat from Odessa, refused to eat the soup. By order

of the commander the crew was assembled on deck and Second Officer Guiliarovsky ordered those sailors who did not refuse the food to step forward. A majority of the sailors stepped forward. The second officer was beginning to write down the names of the minority who had remained behind, when they seized their rifles, which were piled on the deck, and proceeded to load them. An order to fire on the mutineers was not obeyed by the guard, and the second officer, snatching a rifle from one of the guard, fired two or three times on a sailor, wounding him mortally. The mutinous sailors then fired volleys on the officers, pursuing them to different parts of the ship. The commanding officer was killed. Some of the officers jumped into the sea, but they were fired upon and killed in the water.—On Wednesday the "Kniaz Potemkin" arrived at Theodosia, in the Crimea, and demanded coal and provisions. The Town Council allowed the provisions, but had no coal. The mutineers, however, found a British vessel loaded with coal, and got what they wanted, apparently by purchase. It was now supposed that the mutineers had gone on to join the insurrection about Batûm, but such was not the fact. The majority of the sailors had had enough of the risks of rebellion, and determined to accept the terms of surrender which they had on Monday refused from the Rumanian authorities. They therefore returned to Kustenji, reopened negotiations, and gave up their vessel to Rumania, with the condition that they should be allowed to cross any Rumanian frontier—that is, to Austria, Servia, or Bulgaria. But the torpedo boat which accompanied the "Kniaz Potemkin" refused to join in the surrender and sailed away, it was reported, to return and surrender to the Russian authorities at Odessa, on the claim that they had been forced to join the mutiny. The absolute inability of Admiral Kruger's squadron to engage the rebel vessels gives much color to the reports of a general mutinous spirit. On Sunday last Admiral Kruger reached Kustenji with his fleet,

and demanded the "Kniaz Potemkin" from the Rumanian Government, and she was surrendered to him, and Kruger sailed away with the vessel, having brought a crew to man her. The officers' cabins were found stripped of everything, and bloodstains were everywhere. The leader is said to have been Matushenko, and he opposed surrender and tried to blow up the vessel. Seven officers were found imprisoned in pitiable condition. They say that Matushenko killed ten officers. Some of the crew, especially married men, surrendered with the vessel, declaring that they had been forced to join the mutiny. The mutineers were not aware of the surrender of the "Georgi Pobiebonosetz." The transport "Prout" mutinied, and was, like the "Pobiebonosetz," subdued and the mutineers imprisoned. Indeed, it is said that some scores of the captured mutineers have been shot. But plots are everywhere in the Russian fleet, or at least great disaffection. Indeed the Russian sailors in the Russian vessels at Manila have threatened to kill their officers, so that a force of our American navy has been compelled to protect them. At Cronstadt, on the Baltic, the crew on one cruiser refused to go to sea. Even among the officers there is great disaffection, owing to the system which limits promotion to a favored few.—The losses by fire at Odessa, in connection with the mutiny, are reported to be from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and 2,000 were killed.



The Campaign in the East

The hesitation of the Japanese Government to agree to an armistice is explained by the events coming now to light. A heavy Japanese naval demonstration has been made on the island of Sakhalin, accompanied by ten transports, and the Japanese met with small resistance and landed and captured whatever ports they pleased on that rather inhospitable coast. Thus for the first time the Japanese are fixed on Russian territory which they hold and will be justified in keeping when the terms of peace come to be settled. The Russian authorities appreciate the gravity of this condition,

which to their minds seems quite as serious as the defeats on the nominally Chinese territory of Manchuria. It will be remembered that Sakhalin, the long island to the north of Japan and near Kamtschatka, was discovered by a Japanese explorer, Mamia Rimo, in 1804, and was held by the Japanese until by the treaty of January 26th, 1856, it was agreed that Russia should own the northern and Japan the southern part of Sakhalin as divided by a boundary afterward fixed at latitude 50 degrees. In 1875 Japan was forced to give up all claim to the island, receiving in exchange some comparatively worthless islands of the southern Kuriles. Even yet the Japanese fisheries are more numerous than the Russian and produce the greater part of the \$1,500,000 worth of fish caught annually from the island. The "Society for the Recovery of Sakhalin," which has been formed in Japan, estimates that if the island were under Japanese control the value of the fisheries could be increased ten fold and the fishermen would be relieved of the burden of paying the heavy taxes imposed by the Russian Government. Besides the fisheries the mineral wealth of Sakhalin is considerable. The production of coal is now 25,000 tons, and some petroleum is produced by convict labor, but both could be largely increased. The total population of the island, according to data published by *L'Européen*, is about 40,000, of which 23,251 are Russian convicts, 11,997 "honest persons"—that is, soldiers and officials, and 4,140 aborigines. The latter include 1,912 Guilaks, 1,296 Ainos, 773 Onoks and 157 Tunguses. The Russians have used the island as a penal colony ever since it came into their possession, but the number of convicts has not increased in the last ten years. About a tenth of the convicts are women. During the present war the population have suffered extremely from famine, for the collapse of the Russian navy has cut off their supplies. The famine was so severe during the winter that the people ate their dogs. Very little can be raised on the island except potatoes and some root crops. The mean temperature for January is—6.1 degrees F.; for March, 16.3 degrees; for August, 64 degrees; for November,

25.2 degrees. The area of Sakhalin is about 29,000 square miles, mostly mountainous.—Meanwhile the strong division which the Japanese have sent up through Korea toward Vladivostok has been making good progress and at last accounts was near the Tumen River, which separates Korea from Russian territory. It must be remembered that Korea runs north along the coast far beyond the peninsula of Korea, and comes very close to Vladivostok, reaching to Possiet Bay. We may hear any day that this force has crossed the Tumen into Russian territory and has cut the railroad connecting Vladivostok with Harbin, thus giving Japan a claim to hold Vladivostok when peace conditions are considered. General Linievitch is quite unable to do anything to resist this advance, as he is held with his inferior force by Oyama, and any weakening of his defense would cause the loss of Harbin, which must be defended at all costs. It is believed that Russia has made certain advances to Japan with a view to an armistice, but with no success as yet, notwithstanding President Roosevelt's suggestion to both parties. Indeed, it seems to be impolitic for Japan to suspend operations when just about to reach most important results.



Revolutionary Poland

The revolt in Poland seems to have been mostly suppressed by the vigorous measures taken at Lodz by General Suttleworth, who is known as a Jew hater. His coming led to the flight of many thousand Jews, while over a thousand of the Socialist agitators were arrested. Polish patriots regard the efforts of the Polish and Jewish Socialistic parties to bring about a revolt in Russian Poland as useless. They are determined not to waste the energies of the Polish nation in a vain attempt. They understand that this moment is least suitable for an armed revolt against Russia, since neither the external nor the internal conditions are favorable. There is no suitable arrangement for international relations, nor has the whole of the Polish nation—in bondage for more than a century—sufficient national consciousness; nor, finally, have the Poles sufficient arms and funds. In this sense the Polish

National Democrats have consistently acted against the Socialists' instigation to an armed revolt. After much sacrifice of life in Polish cities, one of the Polish Socialist parties—the Polish Socialist Party—recognized its blunder and issued in May a manifesto declaring that “the time has not yet arrived to start a revolution.” Russia has enough troops of her own at home to suppress a rebellion in Poland, and in that task she can rely implicitly on the willing co-operation of Germany and Austria, her partners in the partition of the Polish Republic; but the Government, owing to the war with Japan, is in a mood to make concessions, of which condition the Poles should avail themselves in order to initiate a struggle for their rights. With the object, then, of turning Russia's plight to the advantage of the Polish nation the Polish National Democratic Party, or, as it is popularly called, the Pan-Polish Party, undertook, as the first step of a broad political action, the struggle for the Polish language in the commune. The political program of which this struggle is the first step aims at the broad autonomy of the “Kingdom of Poland,” formed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815—that is, the complete separateness of the political constitution, of legislation, of the system of administration, of the judiciary, of public education and finances—based on its recognition as a country absolutely Polish.—In November the National Democratic Party issued an address to all the communes in the Kingdom of Poland to remove the Russian language from communal administration by means of formal resolutions at their quarterly assemblies. The authorities used all endeavors to prevent such action being taken by the communal assemblies, but the peasants eagerly and earnestly heeded the signal of the National Democratic Party, and, according to the latest reports, resolutions demanding administration in the Polish language have been adopted by over 300 communes, which represent a population of almost 2,000,000. This movement of the Polish peasants proclaiming the rights of the Polish language in public life is probably the profoundest revolution in the history of Poland.

The Identification of John Paul Jones's Body

BY THE PROFESSORS OF THE PARIS ANTHROPOLOGICAL SCHOOL

[General Horace Porter, ably supported by the Second Secretary of the American Embassy in Paris, Colonel Bailly-Blanchard, succeeded last spring after a long search in discovering, in an abandoned Protestant cemetery in Paris, the body of John Paul Jones. There has been a tendency in some quarters, both in France and the United States, to question the authenticity of these remains. The proof of their genuineness rests almost wholly on the conclusions reached by the professors of the Paris Anthropological School, who were charged by General Porter to examine the body and to draw up a report. The three professors present at this important autopsy were Doctors Papillault, Capitan and Hervé, all scientists of first-class ability. Dr. Georges Hervé has devoted his whole life to the anthropological sciences, has been president of the Paris Anthropological Society, and has written numerous monographs and volumes on these subjects. Such a body of men speak with authority. They give below the gist of the report which they laid before the United States Embassy.—EDITOR.]

I.

AMONG the names signed at the bottom of the document disclosing the identity of the body of John Paul Jones, which document will be deposited, I understand, in the national archives at Washington, were those of three professors of the Paris School of Anthropology, Drs. Capitan, Papillault and the author of these lines.

Dr. Louis Capitan was born in Paris in 1854. An eminent archeologist and palæethnographer, he is also a distinguished physician. Professor Capitan has devoted many years to the study of primitive human industries, and hence it is that he fills to-day at the Anthropological School the chair formerly occupied by his teacher, Gabriel de Mortillet, one of the great creators of prehistoric science.

Dr. Capitan began his career in 1874 in the laboratory of the famous Dr. Claude Bernard, of the College of France. In 1878 he became house surgeon in one of the Paris hospitals and in 1880 he founded at the Paris Medical School, with Professor Bouchard, the laboratory of general pathology and therapeutics, where bacteriologic experiments were made for the first time in that institution. He was at the head of this laboratory from 1883 to 1888. In 1885 he became the head of the medical clinic in the Paris Hôtel Dieu Hospital and in 1892 lecturer on pathological anthropology at the Anthropological

School. From 1894 to 1897 he was professor of medical geography in that school, and in 1898 succeeded M. de Mortillet as professor of prehistoric anthropology.

In 1902 Professor Capitan was chosen vice-president of the French Biological Society, and in 1899 president of the Anthropological Society. He is, furthermore, officer or member of a number of other French or foreign learned and scientific societies.

Dr. Capitan is a most voluminous writer in various scientific fields, and if I were to give a list of his monographs, memoirs, etc., written during the past twenty-five years, the number would exceed 250, and even then the list would not include his many contributions to scientific and medical periodicals.

In bacteriology and experimental pathology Dr. Capitan has made several notable microbic discoveries, and in therapeutics he has also done much good work. He is the possessor of a rich prehistoric collection brought together by his own efforts, the result of numerous explorations and remarkable excavations. He stands to-day one of the first French authorities on palæethnography; has published more than 120 notes or memoirs on this science in different French scientific periodicals, and is, in a word, a scientist of the first order, whose activity embraces a large number of subjects.

Dr. Georges Papillault is a younger

man, having been born in 1863. While studying law he became interested in science and in 1896 took his medical degree, defending an anthropological thesis which received the highest praise from the Board of Examiners. In 1897 he was attached to the anthropological laboratory of the School of Superior Studies of the Paris University and the next year became its assistant director. He was called in 1899 to the Paris Anthropological School, where he became assistant professor in 1902 and full professor last year. His work and publications have been confined more particularly to the department of intellectual and social phenomena.

Professor Papillault is an officer or member of several learned and scientific societies both at home and abroad, and the author of numerous scientific articles. His most recent and most important work is entitled "The Average Parisian," and is a study of the proportions of the body and of their variations according to sex and stature of the inhabitants of the French capital. The work is based on the study of two hundred bodies and has been utilized, as will be seen in his article, which follows mine, in identifying the body of Admiral Jones.

To the many scientific honors so briefly enumerated above these two *savants* may now add another, that of having successfully determined, 113 years after death, the identity of the remains of a naval hero whose body was discovered by the activity of General Horace Porter and honored by the patriotism of President Roosevelt.

GEORGES HERVÉ.



II.

WHEN discovered no plate was found on the coffin containing the remains of John Paul Jones. It might have been stolen by the grave diggers at a later burial, or there may never have been any, as it was expected at the time of the interment that the body was to rest but a short time in French soil. Was it possible to substitute for this plate a scientific proof of identification? This was the question General Porter put to me, and my reply is found in the following article. My eminent colleague, Dr. Capitan, was good enough to aid me in this

delicate task, examining the internal organs and the viscera of the body, while I confined my attention to the morphological characteristics of the body and to the general examination.

The problem which we had to solve was especially difficult and complex. In the first place, it was necessary to study all the historical documents concerning the Admiral which it had been possible to bring together and to compare them with the data furnished by a careful examination of the body. A single well established discord between these two sets of facts would suffice to put an end to the demonstration. But in this respect, on the contrary, the results were perfectly satisfactory, as will be seen further on in this article. However, this was not enough to prove what we had in view. It had to be shown that these cases of agreement were not simple coincidents springing from mere chance. We had to establish the impossibility of such a conjunction by taking into account the large number of proofs and the quality and value of each one of them. It is this double demonstration which I am going to try and put before the reader as clearly as possible, so that he can judge for himself, with all the facts before him, just what we have proved.

There is very little exact information bearing on the physical characteristics of Paul Jones. But that which Colonel Bailly-Blanchard, Second Secretary of the American Embassy, was able to collect was of no slight importance. It enabled us to greatly limit the circle of our examination.

At the time of his death Jones was forty-five years old. The age of a person at the time of his decease cannot be exactly fixed by the examination of his corpse. But the teeth and hair can establish the period of life that had been attained. The Admiral's teeth are quite long and somewhat worn. His hair is very long and thick. It is thin above the temples and white hairs are beginning to appear here and there. It was evident, therefore, that the body before us had reached maturity and could have the age which Paul Jones had.

The Admiral is known to have been dark complexioned. I had some trouble

in freeing a few locks of his hair from the matter which the embalming liquid had deposited upon them. But I could in the end put beyond doubt that his hair was brown.

His height was known. This was a most important fact. Here were exact figures which immediately excluded a vast number of individuals. But let me

ured standing, when he had one meter and seventy centimeters. Now if I had before me the corpse of John Paul Jones, which was of course in a reclining position, it ought to measure a little more than the length just given. And such, in fact, was the case. The horizontal measuring instruments which I used in my laboratory for this purpose marked,



GEORGES HERVE

first call attention to the established fact that the height of a person is not always the same. It may vary a centimeter during a day, depending on the state of fatigue of the body. In a reclining position the body is apt to be longer than when measured in a standing position, as in the latter case the weight of the body is pressing on the articulations. It is evident that the Admiral was meas-

ured standing, when he had one meter and seventy centimeters.

Thus it happens that the description of the Admiral left us by his contemporaries tallies in a very satisfactory manner with the corpse which I was called upon to examine. In both cases it was a man in his maturity, with brown hair and 1 meter 70 tall.

Tho these first results were very encouraging, we could not stop there.

There exist two busts of the Admiral made by the well-known French sculptor of the period, Houdon. One of these belongs to the Marquis de Biron and the other is from a Philadelphia gallery. A replica of the latter is to be found in the collection of casts in the Trocadéro Museum here in Paris. Both of these were placed at my disposal. But, after a careful examination, I utilized only the Philadelphia bust, and for this reason: Tho both of the busts appeared to be authentic, one was evidently far more valuable for my purpose than the other. They were surely made at widely different periods, and the aim and method of the sculptor were not the same in both instances. The Philadelphia bust represents the Admiral in uniform. The head is energetic and the pose that of one commanding. It is plain that the artist is copying life. The modeling is very studied and precise. Every wrinkle of the skin is reproduced. You feel that this is a likeness.

A very different impression is made upon you by the terra cotta bust belonging to the Marquis de Biron. The rough sailor has become a courtier. The hair is not brushed smooth, as in the first bust, but is curled and done up in elegant braids. The face is made more refined. The artist has attenuated its energy and diminished its robustness. The protuberances of the forehead are effaced. It is a work full of grace and spirit, but rather conventional. Houdon wished to flatter the weakness of him who had become "so careful in his dress that it was remarked." There was but one detail in this bust that was worthy of note in connection with the matter in hand, and this detail was an important one: the hair was arranged exactly as in the corpse before me.

An explanatory remark is necessary in this connection. One must not expect to find the traits exactly the same in a bust and in the dead face. The former represents living tissues, filled out by the blood which animated them; whereas, in the second case, we have before us a skeleton covered with tissues, hardened in this instance by alcohol. Furthermore, a sculptor rarely takes many measures. When he has noted the principal guiding marks he generally lays aside

his compasses and devotes his attention to catching the expression of the face and getting a likeness. But it is essential that the height of the forehead, the length of the nose, upper lip, chin, etc., be exact, or there will be slight resemblance between the bust and the original. So I felt that this work of Houdon should aid greatly in solving the problem.

Again, it should be remembered that the variations of the human face and of its different parts are many and great. Each one of the parts of a head of a given size may vary proportionally at least a third. If, then, we find an agreement in the bust and the head under examination as regards general characteristics and dimensions we may be pretty sure that the first is a copy of the second, this probability increasing with the augmentation of the number of resemblances. Let us, in the first place, examine the purely descriptive characteristics and afterward we will take up the question of the measures.

The hair has the same implantation and the temples are bare, as has been already said. The forehead is quite straight, rounded and has pronounced frontal bumps. The superciliary arches are quite prominent, whereas the globella—the smooth prominence on the forehead just above the root of the nose—is, on the contrary, but slightly indicated. The cheek bones are high and quite large. The root of the nose does not turn in, as frequently happens, and the bridge is thin. The profile of the face is straight and does not present the protrusiveness of the jaws called prognathism. The chin is not protrusive, but rather retreating, and is solid and robust. Professor Hervé, who was present throughout the examination, pointed out resemblances also in the ears of the body and the bust. There is, therefore, a strong general likeness between bust and face.

The measures, taken in accordance with the most approved methods of anthropometry, as taught by me in the laboratory founded by Broca, produced still more conclusive results. Thus, the length of the face from the point where the roots of the hair began to the end of the chin was exactly the same in the

body and the bust—viz., 19.5. The distance from the roots of the hair to the lower end of the cartilage separating the nostrils is 12.7 in the bust and 12.9 in the corpse; from this latter point to the end of the chin, 7.5 and 7.4; the length of the upper lip, 2.4 and 2.5, and from the opening of the mouth to the bottom of the chin, 4.6 in both cases.

The measures of width are more difficult of comparison, for they were based, when taken for the bust, on the soft parts of the face, which have now been considerably modified by maceration. One only can be considered exact—viz., the width of the forehead, which I found to be 10.4 in the bust and 10.2 on the dead face.

I had not hoped for such extraordinary approximation. There are no precise limits to the parts of the face. They are rounded surfaces on which one always feels some hesitation in placing the points of the compasses. I allow my pupils variations of from two to three millimeters when they take measures, though they all practice the same method and employ the same instruments. I do not know what system Houdon employed, but I suppose he used those far from precise compasses which one still sees in sculptors' studios. It will, therefore, be easily understood how surprised I was when I found such striking similarity in these two sets of measures.

Some years ago I made some studies concerning the modifications and deformations which characterize the work of artists when they copy nature. I measured the models first and the statues afterward and tried to arrive at some rules governing the matter. I gave especial attention to the work of our

great sculptor Dalou, who was remarkable for veracity in art and whose excessive use of the compasses was even criticised by his fellow artists. I examined particularly the bust of the famous revolutionist Blanqui, the plaster cast of whose face was used for this bust and carefully followed. It is much easier to take measures from a plaster cast than from the living face, and yet I found that in this instance there were errors ranging from two to four millimeters. Houdon's exactness is notable and was

most valuable in this labor which I now had in hand.

Now let us consider the weight to be attached to the data which had so far been accumulated. The age, height, color of the hair and six dimensions of the face, which were known, were also found repeated in the corpse. The same is true of certain descriptive characteristics, as we have just seen. Now let us see how far these go to the identification of the body. With this end in view I utilized a series of



LOUIS CAPITAN

two hundred bodies on which I made, some years ago, a certain number of measures. I have carefully examined these measures to see if any of them correspond with those pertaining to John Paul Jones. I first threw out half of the subjects because they were women. This left one hundred male bodies. Of these only about ten had the right height, and only half of these ten had hair that could be said to be brown; nor had I eliminated from this little group those who were too young to have occasional gray hairs. But when the face measures were considered I found that not one had the same length as the Admiral's face. This experiment demonstrates the fact that

one hundred corpses, taken at hazard, were immediately eliminated on applying to them but three of the characteristics peculiar to the Admiral. Let us suppose that we had found among several thousand bodies five having the same height, the same colored hair and the same length of face as the Admiral; it is easy to imagine how quickly they would be pushed aside when tried by the five other face dimensions. It is evident, therefore, that an enormous number of subjects would have to be examined before we could hope to find one that would correspond, more or less exactly, with the figures before us; and, this subject found, the general resemblances of cheek bones, forehead, etc., would still be necessary before any useful conclusions could be drawn.

This almost complete material impossibility to find two subjects having the same anthropometric proportions is due to the enormous variations which these proportions present among different individuals, as has been already stated. It is for this that the Paris police can so rapidly recognize a criminal arrested for the second time. The system of anthropometric measurements makes it possible to eliminate in a moment thousands of individuals and to hit upon the only person who fits the measures and is trying to hide his identity.

It may be objected with some truth that we have not perfectly sure measures. But it should also be remembered that in the case before us we are not required to select from a thousand different subjects. The uncertainty could affect but a very small number of dead bodies, buried under certain conditions—in a lead coffin, for instance, which was the case with Paul Jones—and in a fixed place, which, in this instance, was a little abandoned Protestant cemetery. So from such a very small number, in order that my reasoning should break down, would have to be produced another body resembling the one before me, when experience shows that such a result cannot be produced in a vast series. Brought face to face with the impossibility of such a hypothesis, an impartial mind must accept the only reasonable view and admit that we had before us the other day at the Paris Medical School

the authentic remains of John Paul Jones.

Criminals are often condemned on proofs less concordant than those I have just given, and yet we have still further evidence in favor of the thesis I am sustaining. Dr. Capitan's autopsy is another strong voucher. The disease of which John Paul Jones died is known and Dr. Capitan found indisputable traces of it in the organs and viscera. Nor is this the last warrant.

At the very start we had carefully examined all the linen in the coffin, hoping to find some initials on it. But all our efforts in that direction had failed. The shroud was a sheet whose ends had been cut off in order that it should fit the coffin, so that the place where the mark would be was missing. The shirt, which was of fine linen, was discolored in parts by the embalming liquid, and notwithstanding all my efforts to clean it and remove extraneous matter I could discover no letters of any kind. But there remained one article which a long washing succeeded in cleansing. I refer to the linen bag which held the very long hair of the Admiral, neatly arranged and done up in accordance with the fashion of the time. I found here a mark, whose peculiar form was significant. Looked at in one position it was a P, the loop being very small. Turned upside down it became a J. We evidently had here a monogram representing the initials of the Admiral's name.

This discovery was made at the very moment when I presented my report in the presence of the members of the American Embassy, the Prefect of Police, the Prefect of the Seine and several scientific persons invited by General Porter to be present, all of whom signed the written document approving our conclusions. This discovery was a final and touching proof of the correctness of our demonstration. As the living advanced one by one to sign the official report of identification, the dead hero seemed to rise in his coffin and thus affix his own sign-manual to the document, as if eager to end all these long formalities and finally return to repose in that land which he served so well.

GEORGES PAPILLAUT.

III.

I GIVE below a brief account of the autopsy of the body of John Paul Jones and my anatomico-pathological remarks thereon.

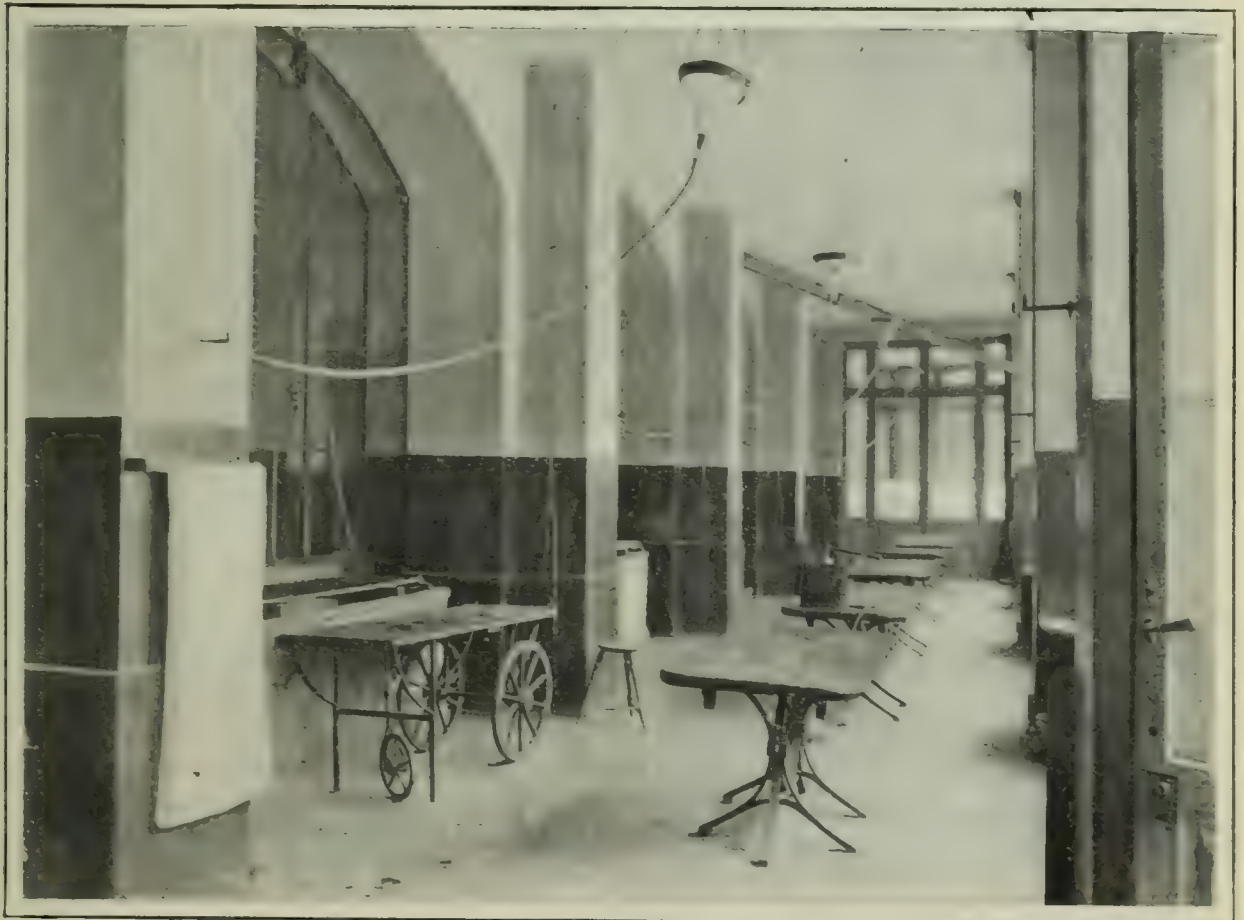
When the lead coffin was opened I found the body packed around with straw and hay and thoroughly soaked in an alcoholic liquid. An orifice, now closed, in the upper part of the coffin had evidently been used for the introduction of this liquid, which had escaped at a much later period through a break in the coffin. The body, whose color was a grayish brown, presents still a remarkable suppleness of the teguments. The skin, hair, muscles, every part, in a word, is in a wonderful state of preservation.

I immediately proceeded to an anatomico-pathological examination to discover if the viscera showed any traces of the diseases which Admiral Jones was known to have suffered from during his life. It is an established fact that he long had a bad cough before falling into the decline which carried him off and which produced a very noticeable swell-

ing of the lower limbs and pulmonary hydropsy.

So on April 13th last I made the autopsy, the first time, perhaps, that such a thing has been done 113 years after death. I found the heart and lungs strongly impregnated with the alcohol. I took out the liver and noticed that it still contained bile of a dark yellow color and thick. The spleen was rather shrunken. The kidneys were somewhat small. The lungs were filled with minute whitish bodies resembling tubercular nodules. The skin of the lower members also contained analogous granulations. The intestines were very much retracted in the lower part of the iliac region.

Professor Cornil, who fills with so much distinction the chair of pathological anatomy in our Paris Medical School, examined the viscera. We found the heart normal, the liver scarcely affected, and the lungs, to which particular attention was given, showing unquestionable evidence of a cured attack of bronchopneumonia. We concluded, therefore,



The Room at the Paris Medical School Where the Autopsy of Paul Jones Was Performed

that the body before us had suffered from serious pulmonary complications. It is known that such was the case with Paul Jones.

An examination of the kidneys made it possible for Professor Cornil to formulate, what we were sure would be the case, the diagnosis of chronic inflammation of those organs, frequently accompanied by the swelling of the lower limbs especially, and other related phenomena, all of which Jones was

known to be subjected to. Here was a fresh and curious proof of various pathological troubles corresponding exactly to the different morbid diseases from which he suffered through life. These facts, joined with those furnished from other sources, offer another irrefutable argument in favor of our contention that the body which we examined can be none other than that of John Paul Jones.

LOUIS CAPITAN.



Our Old Parliament and Our New Speaker

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

THE only event calling for much notice in the recent doings of our expiring Parliament has been the resignation of the late and the election of the present Speaker. The late Speaker

was Mr. Gully, or, to give him his full title, The Right Honorable William Court Gully, who has been a member of the House of Commons since 1886. Mr. Gully is a lawyer by profession and won some distinction as a pleader of the bar and as a Recorder. He resigned his high position as Speaker because of growing ill health and advancing years, altho in our days of long-living public men he would hardly be regarded as entirely past his working time, for he is only in his seventieth year. Mr. Gully is in appearance, in manner and in voice the very type of what we should look for in a Speaker of the House of Commons. He is tall, dignified and stately, has a manner at once impressive and yet winning, and he certainly made himself very popular with the House in general.

The speeches which were made on the occasion of his tendering his resignation came from all parties in the House and the majority of them did not assuredly fall short in words of adulation. I had a seat in the House of Commons for some years after Mr. Gully's election to the Speaker's chair and I always found him most courteous and agreeable, but I cannot help thinking that a stranger listening to some of the speeches delivered on the occasion which I am describing might have thought that the House had never known so marvelously perfect a



The Right Honorable James William Lawther,
Newly-Elected Speaker of the House of Commons

presiding officer before. My own impression was that Mr. Gully sometimes went a little out of his way to make himself agreeable to the ruling party in the House, and there were some occasions when I could not help believing that he exerted his authority with a certain harshness against the persevering members of a minority. Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Irish National Party, made reference very moderately and composedly but at the same time firmly to the occasion when the late Speaker created a new precedent in the forms of the House by calling in the aid of the police force to remove certain Irish National members who refused to leave their places at the word of command. I know that many English members who have no particular sympathy with the Home Rule cause were of opinion at the time that Mr. Gully had gone too far and needlessly in this assertion of his authority, and I feel well assured that there were some former occupants of the Speaker's Chair—Lord Peel for one—who could, while maintaining the full authority of the Chair, have found an easier way out of the difficulty and without the introduction of any novel precedent. I do not offer this opinion because of any desire to disparage Mr. Gully, who, on the whole, filled his position with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the House, but because I do not desire that American readers should accept unreservedly the eulogies which were poured out on the retiring Speaker when he announced his resignation. Mr. Gully will now be endowed by the Crown with a peerage and a pension, and we can all sincerely hope that his years of retirement may be many and happy.

The new Speaker is the Right Honorable James William Lowther, whose election took place without opposition on the day after Mr. Gully's retirement. Mr. Lowther has for some years held the



The Right Honorable William C. Gully, Retiring Speaker of the House of Commons

important office of Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker of the House, a position which of course gave him the right of presiding over the meetings of the House when the House was in Committee. He is twenty years younger than the late Speaker and is a man of marked ability, thoroughly acquainted with all the forms and manners of the House, and, altho a strong Conservative in politics, has not allowed the spirit of party to influence him in his decisions or with his dealings with members in general. He will not present to the House so stately a presence and so dignified a demeanor as did Mr. Gully, who might well have stood for a painter or sculptor as a living model of the ideal President of the House of Commons. But I do not suppose that under all the

conditions the present House could well have made a better choice. There will probably be some fierce Parliamentary struggles yet to come before the General Election, and I hope there is good reason to assume that Mr. Lowther will prove himself equal to such occasions and will maintain that resolute impartiality which the House, to do it justice, always desires to be the leading characteristic of its presiding officer.

Just now the members of both Parliamentary houses, Lords and Commons, are enjoying, or at least are supposed to be enjoying, their short interval of Whitsuntide holiday. The weather throughout England has certainly not smiled upon their brief interval of recreation. " 'Tis morn of merry June, I trow," is a line from Walter Scott's ballad, and English poets have habitually gone into raptures over the delights of our June days; but our present June has been little else than a succession of darksome skies, chill rains and stormy winds. Jean Paul Richter says of an early summer which came within his experience that "it is not summer, but only at the best a winter painted green." This is exactly the kind of summer in which we have been reveling thus far in these days of June.

Amid all the excitement caused by the short visit of King Alfonso, the youthful monarch of Spain, a visit which seems to have positively bewildered for the time the streets of London, and amid also the deep interest taken everywhere in the resolute and beneficent part adopted by President Roosevelt in the interests of peace, the intelligence of the country has yet been able to give a welcome to the new United States Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. There is a strong feeling of approval among Englishmen in general and among the whole of my own countrymen as to the policy so bravely and wisely adopted by President Roosevelt, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid begins his career as Ambassador under the happier auspices on that account.

Mr. Reid presented himself before this at the British Court in the character of Special Envoy on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, but his visit then was of short duration, had to do merely with ceremonial functions and did not carry with it any strictly

diplomatic mission. Now that he comes as Ambassador from the United States we must all wish for him a successful career. Many years have passed since I last saw Mr. Reid, but I was in friendly association with him at different periods. I well remember that during my first visit to the United States I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Reid in New York, and that was during the first year of his settlement in the city as one of the editorial staff of the *Daily Tribune*. My stay in the United States, of which New York made my headquarters, at that time lasted for two years, and as Mr. Reid and I had many friends in common we had frequent opportunities of meeting, and I formed a high and well justified estimate of his literary abilities, his winning manners and his great personal capacity. In two subsequent visits to the States, which took place at considerable intervals, I had again many opportunities of meeting Mr. Reid and received many kindly and welcome marks of friendship from him. Since the last of these visits we have not met, but I still retain the same warm regard for him and have followed with admiration his ever-rising and ever-brilliant career. I feel well convinced that the growing sentiment of friendliness and sympathy between these countries and the United States will grow closer and warmer because of the policy and the bearing of the new Ambassador from the great Republic.

I must turn now to a less genial topic: I must say something to my countrymen in the United States and to my American readers in general about the death of my dear old friend and for many late years political comrade James Francis Xavier O'Brien, one of the Irish National Party in the House of Commons, a man who devoted his whole life to the service of his country. O'Brien passed much of his early life in the Southern States of America and was, I believe, actually engaged in some of the once famous expeditions under William Walker, the leader of the "Lone Star" enterprise. O'Brien led for a time a life of "sturt and strife," to quote the words of a Scottish ballad; but after a while he returned to the arts of peace and constitutional agitation and came back to his

own country, where he devoted himself absolutely to the service of the National movement under Charles Stewart Parnell. He entered the House of Commons and for many years took an official and directing part in many National organizations for the promotion of the Home Rule movement and the reform of the land tenure system in Ireland. He was then and ever since continued to be a thoroughly constitutional agitator, and his influence was always on the side of peaceful and Parliamentary movements. He was a man of modest and entirely unobtrusive manners, was ever obedient to the word of command from his leaders, and indeed was in appearance a man of fragile frame and delicate nerves, with whom one who did not know him would never have associated any idea of that daring and revolutionary temperament which inspired his earlier career. I have never known a man more thoroughly devoted to the cause of his country, and his exalted principles of morality guided him in every work he undertook. His death is a great loss to the Irish people and has created a feeling of the deepest regret among Irish Nationalists all over the world. His name will ever be honorably and sympathetically remembered by the people for whom he worked during all his later life with such absolute unselfishness and devotion.

A work of much political and literary interest is to be given to the world in the biography of the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Mr. Lewis Harcourt, son of the late statesman and Parliamentary orator, is to be the author of the biography. I believe that Mr. Harcourt has already written to many friends of his late father in England and in other countries requesting them to give him an opportunity of reading any letters from Sir William V. Harcourt which might be of interest to the reading world and help to illustrate the statesman's habits, sentiments, sympathies and ways of thought. Mr. Harcourt has, I am told, resolved wisely to take his full time over the book and to make it as nearly as possible a perfect exposition of a most valuable life. Sir William V. Harcourt was a literary man as well as a politician and a member of the legal profession. During his early career he attracted much atten-

tion by his contributions to the *Saturday Review* and by the letters addressed to the *Times* on all manner of public topics, letters signed "Historicus," a title which soon became famous. These letters were afterward collected and published in a volume and were read everywhere. Sir William V. Harcourt proved himself one of the foremost debaters in the House of Commons and held office several times in Liberal Administrations. He was twice Chancellor of the Exchequer and proved himself indeed the most capable and successful holder of that office after the great master of finance, Gladstone. Harcourt was a man of keen observation, shrewd humor and a wit sometimes genial, sometimes sharp and sarcastic, but always genuine and spontaneous. I knew him well during many years, had the good fortune to meet him often in private life and in Parliament, and I look forward with the deepest interest to the completion and publication of the work about to be undertaken by his son. One of Sir William Harcourt's latest conspicuous appearances in Parliament was on the occasion when he introduced the son to the Speaker and the House of Commons on the occasion of his son's election for a Lancashire constituency. The ceremonial had a peculiarly touching effect on all who were present in the House at the time or who read of it in the newspapers afterward. Every one who takes interest in public affairs knew well that Sir William Harcourt had refused to become a candidate for the position of leader of the Liberal Party whenever the General Election should bring a Liberal Government into power. It was therefore clearly understood that Harcourt's active public career had reached its climax and was before long under whatever conditions to come to its close. The fact thus illustrated that the close was marked by this public introduction of the son to a place in that House of Commons which the father was soon to leave gave a touching and melancholy grace to the brief ceremonial. The world did not then know that the death of Sir William Harcourt was so soon to become an event in the history of the English Parliament.

Just as I am about to dispatch this letter I receive the news of what threat-

ens to be the revelation of a great public scandal in one of our Ministerial departments. The report of Sir William Butler's Committee, appointed to deal with the question of sales and refunds to contractors in South Africa during the war, has just been issued and is the one great subject dealt with by the morning news-

papers this day. The readers of THE INDEPENDENT will have the substance of the report before them almost as soon as I have had it, and I shall not discuss it just now. I shall merely say that it seems certain to create one of the greatest sensations this country has had for some time.

LONDON, ENGLAND



John Hay

BY SHELBY M. CULLOM

[As John Hay first began the study of law in Senator Cullom's office in Springfield, Ill., and was taken to Washington by President Lincoln as his private secretary through Senator Cullom's influence and later was appointed by President McKinley Secretary of State at Senator Cullom's solicitation, we are glad to be able to print this tribute from his oldest friend, who, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, has for the last seven years been brought into the closest relations with him.—EDITOR.]

THE world fully realizes that a power for good, armed with the best weapons and skilled in the noblest and wisest use of them, has passed from among us; while everywhere are others, filled with deeper grief, realizing the loss of a matchless friend.

If we would reach beyond this universal sentiment for something of the man we might reflect upon the result had John Hay died eight years ago instead of taking his place at the head of President McKinley's Cabinet—the result upon some of the most important events in the world's history and so much that is memorable, vital and permanent in the progress of the United States from comparative obscurity to a leader among the nations of the world. Whatever might have been, John Hay was distinctly responsible—very largely responsible—for what is. The magnitude of the man will only appear in the magnitude of his work when it reaches its colossal proportions in the proper perspective of the past, when it is fully appreciated that neither can American history nor the history of the world for the past eight years be written without generous tributes to the acumen, the courage and the profound influence for good of the late Secretary of State.

Better than many, while he lived the force and value of his work was recog-

nized. In diplomacy he created new ideals of honesty, integrity and efficiency, astonishing and reconstructing the world in its methods. It is claiming nothing not fully accorded him to say that at home he has long held a position beside John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and Seward, the greatest of our Secretaries of State. Encomiums from abroad have not waited for his death to proclaim him the consummate diplomatist of his day, tho Lansdowne, von Bulow, Delcassé and Lamsdorf are in the field. Parenthetically it is a fact well taken to heart for future reference that while Secretary Hay accomplished such inestimable good for this country and the world in his dealings with other nations, his most strenuous diplomatic struggles were not with able rivals abroad but with the United States Senate, and his bitterest defeats were in efforts that were combatted by that branch of the treaty-making power.

More than any single accomplishment will always remain his silent influence in turning the principles of diplomatic negotiation from methods of duplicity and complexity to simple sincerity and truth. For this the world owes him a debt of gratitude already appreciated and acknowledged in many ways. He not only advocated and practiced, but in his triumphs through it he established the

diplomacy of truth, as some one has aptly called it. No one was ever more patriotically jealous that every right of his country and countrymen should be recognized abroad, but he instructed all his Ministers and impressed upon them the necessity of exercising perfect honesty, truth and fairness in their dealings with foreign nations.

It is suggestively true that his genius for statecraft has gained fuller recognition in the Old World than among his own countrymen. His highest eulogies will come from his greatest contemporaries among the directors of the world's destinies, for they are the best judges of his transcendent qualities. His ability was given not alone to America, but to mankind. Under his administration of the State Department American interests in all parts of the world have been zealously upheld and maintained, but always with that peaceful, conciliatory spirit which strengthened and augmented the friendship of the other Governments

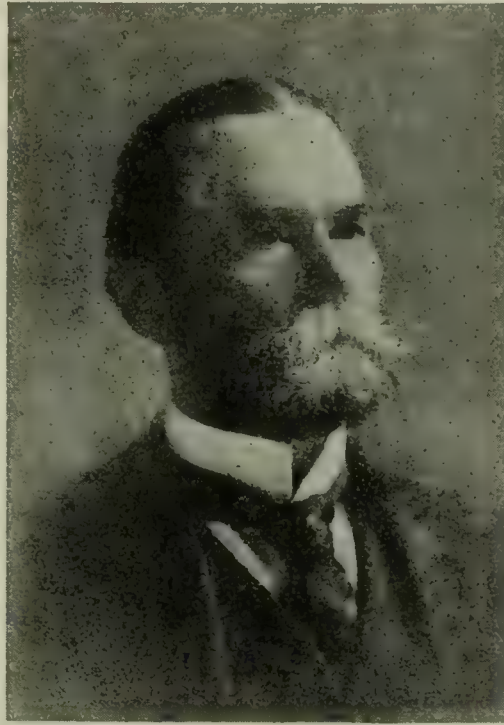
and peoples. His official labors have been prodigious, always elevating the United States. In great questions of world interest, where ten years ago we should hardly have been considered, his far-seeing diplomacy has given us a position to which the nations of the Old World are learning to look for light and guidance. His exalted personal character, conservative spirit and charming personality gave confidence both at home and abroad in the abiding purity of our foreign relations. He exalted the ideal of the public servant. He exalted the standard of his country in its relations with the world and gave tone to its diplomacy that will not be forgotten.

Reflecting on this, we may be glad in

our sorrow that John Hay has lived through these last eight years of critical international intercourse. I appreciate in it all a deep sense of personal gratitude, too, from the fact that when President McKinley was deliberating upon three names for the most important position of Secretary of State, I threw whatever influence I possessed into an earnest appeal to him that John Hay be the man, as I considered him best fitted of any American to fill the place. More than thirty years before I had advocated the

same man with President Lincoln, when he took young Hay, a student in my law office in Springfield, Ill., to be his private secretary and devoted aid in Washington.

Naturally, perhaps on this account my first deep thoughts of sorrow turn farther back than the last eight years, which have simply developed and utilized the might of the man I have known and loved so long. I think of him as a boy, when his uncle, one of the ablest lawyers in the country, was my law part-



JOHN HAY

ner, and he came to study in the office of Hay and Cullom. He may not have appeared a prodigy then, but he certainly was not lacking in the best qualities that make the man. He was more genial than precocious, but that exquisite and invariable courtesy and loyalty which marked every step of his later career were always obvious. I sometimes thought that he paid more attention to people and things than to law, which, after all, is not an unpromising trait even in a young lawyer. He was markedly honest with himself and with others from the very earliest memory I have of him. One felt that it was safe to rely upon him. The two principles of life signally apparent in the success of his later years were equally

his as a boy—the Golden Rule and “Honesty is the best policy.” He was never neglectful of work and doubtless paid better attention to it than appeared through his propensity for doing several things at once and doing them all well. We did not fully appreciate it then, and it seemed to me that the sphere in which he would eventually be at his best was more social than legal, more poetical than political. In those days he wrote a good deal of poetry, only a little of which ever reached the public eye. It might alone have made him famous. It might have been but the first fruits of immortality had not poesy been so completely overshadowed in his own mind with the magnitude of his later work and in the estimate of the world by his magnificent achievements in diplomacy.

These later, inestimable victories, benefiting humanity and elevating America, are so much more in my line of life that I better appreciate their value and his colossal proportions as a leader of men and instigator of great results, national and international. But thinking over that long ago I am tempted to wonder what the result and the victory and the immortality of John Hay might have been and how they might have compared with what they are had he remained in Springfield instead of coming to Washington with President Lincoln; had the rather dull routine of early, unspecialized law in the West failed to satisfy the longing of his great soul and his best and grandest thoughts turned, as they might, to literature and poetry. I confess that at the time of his going to Washington as private secretary to President Lincoln, the man whom above all others I honored and loved, in spite of the troubled times I considered it but a stepping stone in the development of proclivities that were to me most apparent. Instead it proved an open door through which he passed into a wholly different life, destined so thoroughly to obliterate those early tendencies that in later years Mr. Hay became morbidly sensitive to any reference to the poems which alone would have made his name famous in the world. Will posterity indorse him? A touch of Nature making the whole world kin is cherished in the heart where triumphs of statesmanship

are forgotten by the head. The songs of a nation are dearer to it than its hero. Great names go in clusters, but “Jim Bludso” lives alone.

When hardly more than twenty-two Mr. Hay entered upon a course of training such as has been granted to but few and, indeed, which very few could have turned to such profit as did Hay. The inherent qualities and capacities which he possessed fitted him in advance as few were ever fitted to absorb and make the best of the opportunities. His mind blended the practical and poetical in apparently incompatible *rôles*. His imperturbable poise, his alertness, his wit and his unfailing humor were purely American. His mind was a blade of perfectly tempered steel, but it was not fashioned for the hacking and slashing of war. He was, mentally, more sinewy than robust. The virility and fire of man were softened by the finest perceptions of woman. Such a man, cultivated and enriched by constant communion with the greatest minds of the age, could but have become of wonderful breadth of vision and accuracy of foresight. Called at last to a position where every quality had full play, he was ready to meet emergencies.

All the great events of the Civil War passed before him at close range as President Lincoln’s private secretary and friend. In the diplomatic service in the capitals of Europe he learned the intricacies of Old World methods and became a master of French, German and Spanish. He was brought into personal contact with the men who make and mold history and was so much the better able to deal with them when he became head of the State Department. But I have always felt that pre-eminent in his preparation was the five years he served as editorial writer on the *New York Tribune*, where Horace Greeley characterized him as the most brilliant man who had ever entered the office. The education was completed by his service as Ambassador to England, whence he was called to the State Department, equipped for the service as none had ever been before; for even the State Department was not new to him. He had served for eighteen months as Assistant Secretary under Evarts. He

carried to the office as well as experience and training all of the grand characteristics which had marked him from youth. In his diplomacy as well as in personal relations with men he was frank, truthful and loyal. It took some time for the nature^d of his methods to be fully realized in the Old World, but they are understood and appreciated to-day.

A peculiar feature of Mr. Hay's life as Secretary of State has been that most of the time he has stood next in line for the Presidency. From the death of Vice-President Hobart to the inauguration of McKinley and Roosevelt and from the death of President McKinley till the last inauguration the death of the President would have placed him at the head of the nation. One of Mr. Hay's temperament could but keenly dread the possibility of such accidental prominence.

Personally, with all his friends, I mourn the death of Secretary Hay more than any words can express. He was the soul and sentiment of those who knew him well. His home was the one place in Washington where President Roosevelt frequently and informally visited. He often stopped there when returning from church on Sunday. Being a warm friend of the father, he had known the President from boyhood. In private life, to all who knew him, Mr. Hay was the most companionable of men, of wonderful versatility and practical information, but so modest and unassuming as to be within the reach of all. He was a supreme master of English. His conversation overflowed with apt stories, always clean and always vital. He was an apostle of sweetness and light, with a nature as tender and affectionate as a woman's and a man's strong and hearty

approval for that which appealed to him. As a characteristic instance of the man, when "Pickett and His Men" appeared, the great story of the great Confederate, General Pickett; Secretary Hay wrote to the widow of General Pickett, the author of the book:

"I have read your wonderful and beautiful story. I notice that the first chapter of the book begins with the name of my friend, Abraham Lincoln, and that the last chapter of the book begins with Abraham Lincoln. I thank you."

Mr. Hay was sometimes jovial, but oftener, in later years, depressed. Sadness had come into his life, and, besides, there seemed a sense of incompleteness. Full and effective as his life had been, the possibilities in him were so much greater still that the encroachments of age found him feeling that there was much he longed for time to accomplish, which must be left undone. He was right. He had not begun to exhaust his possibilities. Only this fell to his lot which can never fall to the lot of another: as Lincoln's secretary and confidential friend he played his part in the tragedy which welded the States into a nation, and a generation later, when that nation moved from obscurity to be a great world Power among the greatest nations, he stood at the helm and piloted it among the treacherous rocks of international diplomacy. He guided it to a position which is to-day the pride of every true American.

Whatever more it might have been, and however much we mourn and miss him, we know, and all ages to come will know, that his was a grand life well lived and a great work well done.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



In Memoriam:—John Hay

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD

"PEACE hath her victories!" and such were
thine

O brave and constant friend of world-wide
peace.

And as to-day we mourn thy sad decease,
And for thy bier a fitting chaplet twine,
We choose no laurels, nor bright bays, to shine,

As oft in earlier years, above thy brow,—

Nor yet the civic oaken crown,—but now
The olive, only, shall thy locks confine.

Perchance it was from that great heart who
bore

The bitterest burdens of fraternal strife
That thou didst learn the paths of peace to
love;

And yet, methinks, thine eyes rose far above

All human forms to Him whose flawless life
Triumphed for peace the while hate's thorns

He wore.

EASTON, PA.

The Odd Money

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE MIST," "THE GOOD RED EARTH," ETC.

I F I don't know the feel of cold rain working to the skin an' slowly killing a man's proper heat of body, who should know it? I can always call home that cruel camp on Watchett Hill, up above Belstone village, under Dartmoor; and when I chance to be in rain them days come back so fresh that I can see my yellow khaki turning mud color again and feel the wet getting home even through my puttees.

'Twas like this: The Seventh Border Regiment had just come back from Africa, so the War Office, in its usual far-thinking and kindly fashion, put us under canvas from the first day of May, and chose Dartmoor—just to brace up our constitutions. A month of rain we had, and the ambulance wagon was up an' down to Okehampton Hospital pretty near every day from the first to the last.

I mind the march to camp as if 'twas yesterday, and, tho a Devonshire man myself, nobody cussed Belstone an' Watchett Hill an' the awful weather worse than me on the day I arrived there; for I'd got a blistered heel and had fallen out five miles from camp. There was not a donkey cart to give a chap a lift, and the rain came down like Noah's own deluge.

The village was in a muck when I limped through it, and the folk had naught but sour glances for us, because they didn't want us, owing to a very unpleasant recollection of a militia camp two years afore, and not understanding the difference between militia and regulars—poor twoads.

Belstone lies under Cosdon Beacon—a fine lump of dirt throwed up east of Taw River—and the village looked to me no more than a smudge of mud and reeking thatch and mildewed walls, under the fog and drizzle. Two decent waterproof houses they had, and only two—one being the church and t'other the "Hearty Welcome" inn.

I often call home that first sight of

Belstone and how I cussed it, little thinking as my fate laid there. Arscott's granite works stretched one side of the green; then come cottages and fields and farms round about. The roads were all rich and running with manure from the farmyards, and they shone, too, with all the colors of the rainbow where the traction engines that had brought up our camp furniture had spilt oil and coal tar in the wet.

A poor, bedraggled scatter of sojers crawled up the hill to camp. The ducks wagging their tails in the gutters weren't dirtier. Never did I see such a place for mud, even in Devonshire.

Up we went through great banks of gorse, that shone gray in the rain, and past hedges still nigh naked, tho the month was May. And then, before you come to the Belstone tors, in the eye of the west wind, without a stick of cover, the camp lay—drowned.

Dartmoor towered all around us, and every ten yards a stream 'peared to pour out of the heath and go splashing down to the rivers in the valley. The rain swept us, and the wind howled like a sky full of wolves. We all tried to be cheerful, but that night the officers' mess tent was half blowed down at dinner, and a few of 'em got their mess clothes spoiled, owing to the lamps coming on top of them; and a lot of lively things was said about it as might have interested the army authorities if they'd but got to hear about 'em.

Doctor ordered four chaps into the ambulance next morning, with their breathing works wrong. We envied the beggars. Talk about cold! To look out 'pon that place in the first iron-gray of dawn and see naught but fog-banks and soaking grass and naked rocks, and hear naught but water running and carrion crows croaking up aloft, and feel naught but the raw air gnawing at you like a dog! But, if you'll believe it, the officers made nothing of it. They had

their tubs outside their tents just as if it was the middle of summer. It seemed to please 'em there was such a lot of water. No doubt 'twas the great contrast after Africa.

The weather went from bad to worse, and our maneuvers were chiefly confined to trying how we could keep dry. We had a field day or two and done some good work. And Belstone took very fairly kind to us when it knowed us, especially the people at the public house. Only a man, by the name of Reynold Chastey, he didn't like us, because some Tommies robbed his hen-roost one night. 'Twas a tar-pitched shed on the hill and a few blackguards—I knowed their names very well—took a lot of eggs and a bird or two on their way back to camp after leave. They traced the eggshells, but no more.

Now I must tell you that I knowed Reynold Chastey's son. He'd falled at Paardeberg, and by chance him and me had worked there side by side for a week. We was both Devonshire men, you see, and got telling together. So, finding myself here—alongside the man's parents—I thought 'twould brighten 'em up a bit if I went and told 'em about their son and how he lost his life.

Of course they was very pleased to see me and made me welcome. I spent a good few hours to Chastey's farm, and Mary Chastey, the missis, took a lot o' tearful pleasure in hearing me tell; an' the master would listen, too; but he was a hard piece o' goods and never showed by look or sigh what he thought about it. Once, when I'd known 'em a week, I made bold to ask Henny Chastey, their darter, how 'twas he took the tragedy so easy; and she told me as her brother had gone for a soldier without his father's leave, and flinged over farming and broken loose.

"There's only me, now," she said. "They never had but us two, and 'tis my father's great grief in life that our place will go into other hands come he dies."

"Pike's" was the name of Chastey's farm—just "Pike's" an' no more. 'Twas a gert, rambling, two-storied house in the dip between Cosdon and the Belstone Tors. It stood a few furlongs from the river and had a nice bit of tilth around it, and beautiful common

land alongside, over which Chastey had grazing rights, like the rest of Belstone.

He did a lot of cattle-rearing and had good luck at it. A very upright, honest, hard man, church warden for the people.

I done what I could to pay them for their kindness to me, which was great, and the number of times I told poor Mrs. Chastey about her son's grave, and how it faced, and who were his neighbors underground, and what sort of a mound they'd made, and so on, you'd scarcely believe. But 'twas here that I falled in love for the first time in my life; and, of course, a man in love with a woman makes light of any trouble the parents may give him.

Henny was neither tall nor short, if you understand me. A very beautiful round shape she had, as first took my fancy in these flat days, for I do love a woman to *be* a woman, and not a pin-tail creature as ban't flesh, fowl or good red herring—like so many females nowadays. You could see she was a gal a mile off, and her voice was gentle as a bird, and her little hand was as cool and soft as butter, and her eyes were pale blue. Hair thick and brown; face beautifully round; teeth perfect, all but one dog-tooth as had got knocked out by a swinging gate when she was twelve year old. Her little feet was mere mice seen alongside mine. She was twenty then and I was twenty-four and had two stripes. Not that I liked the army. Being bred down Newton Abbot way and the son of a farm laborer, I'd had enough of soldiering long ago and much wanted to be back on the land. What I best liked was gamekeeper's work, and I knew a bit about it, having been rather a successful poacher in my youth. In fact, to be plain, 'twas a misunderstanding with some folk to Bradley Woods, nigh Newton, that first made me go as a soldier. Old General Hext had me up afore him over a plain question of partridges; and two other men on the bench, being of the same mind as him, it was proposed to me that I should enlist so as to settle the matter in a satisfactory manner. And so I did do, being very much at a loose end at the time.

But now I'd had enough and got a medal, and seen life and death, and knowed what the world was. Then at

this critical stage Miss Henny comed into my acquaintance. And no doubt little would have happened from it if she'd not been of the same mind, but she was, and when I offered myself one Sunday afternoon while we were taking a walk down along in Halstock Glen, if she didn't up and say "Yes!" Then us got kissing, and I felt almost frightened to see how deadly in earnest the maiden was. For I didn't take the girls so very serious in them days.

The camp was going to be struck two days afterward, so I had no time to lose; and, as it happened, that very night I seed Mr. Reynold Chastey and told him how much his darter and me wanted to keep company.

He didn't waste words about it, I will allow.

"'Tis out of the question, Jonathan Pierce," says he. "'Tis impossible. Henny will be mistress here come presently, and she must have a man as I can have under my own eye, and a man given to the land, and an understanding man equal to earning good money," he says. "A soldier's no use to Henny, nor yet to me," he says. "You'm a great hero, an' a good chap, I doubt not; but us don't pay our heroes enough to make 'em very inviting to the father of a darter. So there's an end of that, if you please."

However, I wasn't be to choked off at a word.

"As for soldiering, master," I said, "it don't come no pleasanter to me than you. I'm tired of it and I'm going out of it so soon as ever my time expires. I want to be back on the land, and I'm good for a pound a week or more to any man. And I know a bit, for that matter, having been born and bred down country at Newton Abbot."

He listened very patiently, but I could see he wasn't going to change his mind.

"You talk in an easy way about a pound a week. But even that takes earning. Time enough to go on with this when you be making the money and can look ahead for a rise."

Then Henny, as was listening to the talk with a good deal of interest, cut in:

"Where's the young man of twenty-four year old be earning better money?" she asked. "There's only Ted Adams, and, tho he says he's twenty-three, many

believe he'm ten years more. Them foxy-colored chaps might be any age. And, for that matter, the man's too busy with all the things he undertakes."

Now, Ted Adams was a very queer, pink-eyed, rabbit-faced, young fellow that old Chastey thought the world of. He read the lessons to church, and kept bees, and was postman to Belstone, and a few other things, including thatcher; but Henny couldn't abide him, and so her father's ideas in that matter seemed unlikely to come to anything.

"We love one another, I'm sure," I said, "an' perfect love casteth out fear, as parson told us last Sunday."

This was my artfulness to show I'd been to church. Then I went on:

"Give me a chance, master. I don't ax you for work, but I do say that I'm not talking off book. I've saved a little bit of money. I'm well thought of and I do believe that Captain Wigram will be so good as his word and get me a job when I leave the army. If I make fifty pounds in a year, will you think better of it?"

"Say twenty-one shillings a week," he said, relenting, to my surprise.

"So I will then; and first year's wages you shall have for Miss Henny to put in the bank."

"Make the money and come to me at the end of a year with it; then us can see how the land lies and the future looks," he says.

Well, Henny rejoiced and I took him.

It seemed to me that such money ought to be in reach of any tidy chap with brains in his head and experience behind him. Besides, there was Captain Wigram. By chance I'd done this gentleman a bit of a good turn at the front. There was talk of a V. C. for the job; but many earn that as don't see it, and the luck wasn't with me there. Yet 'twas a rich young man's life I'd saved, and he valued it, and he'd always said I was to go to him in case I wanted anything in the time to come.

So there it stood, and to cut a story short, in two months after my talk with Reynold Chastey I'd left the army and got work as under-keeper at two-and-twenty shillings a week. I liked the business well enough, but only meant to keep the job till I could get a better at farm-

ing. Then, on the quiet, I bought a book about agricultural affairs and read up a lot of learned stuff touching steam power for the land, and chemical manures, and rotation of crops—all to astonish Chastey. But the best luck is yet to tell, for the billet I got was with General Sir George Luxmoore, an old gunner, and a chap who was Squire of Okehampton, and a sportsman to the sole of his foot. No man ever had a better or kinder master, and 'twasn't his fault, nor yet mine, that we fell out at the most critical minute in my life.

You see 'twas like this: Chastey and me understood each other, and tho I can't say he ever took really kind to me, he respected me, especially when he heard about the chemical manures. He'd made up his mind to let me have Henny if I kept my word; yet he didn't want me to have her, because he'd always got a liking for young Ted Adams. He was no judge of character, you understand; but, be that as it may, it comed to be a clear bargain that if I could show vouchers for fifty-two guineas in the bank on the day year that I went into Sir George's service I was to be engaged to Henny afore the face of all men.

But so soon as Ted Adams heard tell about this he caballed against me, and, what I thought was a blessing—namely, having got work so near to Henny—turned out to be just the other thing. Because Adams had an uncle on his father's side, and that uncle was head keeper at the General's—a place called Okehampton Court, with wonderful woods lying for miles along the River Oke. This here man, who was called Saul Adams, understood all about the affair presently, and for reasons best knowed to himself he set to work against me and took sides with his nephew; and I jolly soon found that I'd got a bad enemy in him. Blood's thicker than water, no doubt; and 'tis also thicker than honesty sometimes, for you'll often see them in power doing a dirty trick and offering to their kin what justice would give to a better man.

Of course, 'twas easy for Saul Adams to queer my pitch. He went about it very cunning, too. First he complained against me to the men servants; then he lodged a complaint with his master,

and I was had up suddenly without warning. But I proved the trouble weren't none of my making, and cleared myself easily. Then, three months later there was another row, and it got to be a question between my word and the head keeper's. He was an old soldier-servant of the master's and had seen service with him. And Saul's character being very good, they believed him against me, and I got a flea in my ear and a warning to behave mighty careful in future.

The injustice burnt in me, and for two pins I'd have broken that bad old man's head; but I couldn't risk a quarrel. There was three months more to go to the year, and tho I'd tried very hard round about, I couldn't get another job at that money or near it. 'Twas a terrible time, and, of course, the old man won. I needn't go over all the ins and outs of it; but in the end Saul Adams had me up afore the master and laid a charge of poaching. Right well he done it, too.

He said as he'd long feared, it was so, because once a poacher always a poacher. This he said because, like a d— fool, when first I went to Okehampton Court I told the man of my wild young days, and now he brought the matter up against me. Then he turned to his nephew, Ted Adams, and Ted testified against me how that, to please his uncle, he'd watched for three nights running in the coverts, and how with his own eyes he'd seen me kill birds.

I fought so well as I could, but 'twas the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Sir George was very sorry and he seed a bit how the land lay, because in my defense I told him all about Henny Chastey, and how Ted Adams was after her so well as me. He didn't believe all the yarn, yet, taking one thing with another, he reckoned him and me had better part.

"I shan't prosecute," he said, "but you must go, Pierce. A character you need not ask for. It is enough that I dismiss you because you don't suit me."

Ted Adams was just wild. He thought I'd be locked up for a certainty, and fail of my undertaking with Henny's father. In fact, it came out afterward that Reynold Chastey had promised him he should be allowed to keep company

with his daughter if I didn't carry out my bargain. When I got the sack, of course, everybody was against me—except Henny. She seed me on the quiet once and I found her heart in the right place. Thanks to her I kept my hands off Ted, but badly I wanted to take forty shillings or a month out of the pink-eyed cur. And that tho there wasn't many shillings to spare just then.

"You've got to come to faither in three weeks with the money," said Henny. "Then naught can be said, and these lies don't signify one way or t'other."

So that was the puzzle. I wanted five pound yet, and I had a matter of over a month to get it in. I lodged with a laborer outside Belstone village, and now I wore out two pairs o' boots looking for work. But everything turned against me, until I grew desperate and did a terrible shocking thing, no doubt. The money had to be got, you see, or else 'twas "good-by" to Henny forever more. So in a dark, savage moment, after a pint or two, I says to myself, "They turned me off for taking pheasants. All right. Then I'll take 'em!"

Nobody knowed better than me what a shameful job 'twas; and nobody knowed better than me how to do it. A wicked and a desperate man was I, no doubt. But once I gived my mind to the matter and looked round for a market, all the rest came so easy as lying. I'd got to gather up best part of five pounds, and I took it out of Okehampton Court spinneys, for I knowed to a tree where the birds was by night and to a blanket where old Adams was. With a little air-gun, what I picked up cheap at a blacksmith's in Hatherleigh, I had no trouble whatsoever; and as for old Saul, he shirked his work shameful after dark—always did so, as I very well knew.

But mine was honest dishonesty, as you'll see. I got the money together in good time. Then, on a Sunday, I marched up to "Pike's" and walked afore all the Chasteys, where they sat in the parlor after dinner. A day it was in late November. Reynold sat dozing with his feet to the fire; his wife was looking at the picture of her son who died in Africa. She had a photograph of him, took at Woolwich, and 'twas her

delight of a Sunday afternoon to go to sleep over it. And my Henny sat at the harmonium and played very beautifully all the hymns as she'd heard to church in the morning.

Seeing me, farmer wakes up quick.

"What do you want here?" he says, getting very red about the chops.

"I want your darter," I says.

"Like your impudence," he says; "you—a chap turned off from Squire's for poaching!"

"That's neither here nor there, Mr. Chastey," I answers him. "A bargain's a bargain, an' nobody knows that better than you. I've got fifty-four pound and twelve shilling in this here pocketbook. That's the figure, and there's the money for Miss Henny. What follows you know. I ask your leave to keep company with her from to-day until we'm married."

"Where be you working now?" he asked, and my answer very much astonished him.

"Nowhere for the minute," I said; "but after to-morrow I shall be working to klink."

"'Klink!'" he says. "What be talking about, Jonathan Pierce?"

"I've earned six weeks," I answered. "'Tis a pity, but I couldn't get work worth naming, do what I would and seek where I would. Only ten bob a week have I scored up of late; and that weren't enough, so I had to—to borrow the rest."

"You've been stealin'!" he cried out. "That ends the matter. You hook it from here quick, else I'll set policemen upon 'e!"

"That won't do for me," I answered. "Best to listen afore you make such a noise. I was short of three pound and over, and I didn't see no other way to raise it, do what I would. So I borrowed some of Sir George's pheasants. I owe him three pound, three and ninepence, to be exact, and I've got all the particulars for him. I shall get six weeks without a doubt, and I shall pay him back his money to the last penny in course of time."

Reynold Chastey said he was d—if ever he'd heard such a disgraceful tale; and I admitted 't was a shocking job, but none the less I held him to his bargain. Then he forgot hissself and the

day, and cussed most furious, and rose up and grabbed his hat and went straight off over the common to Belstone for a policeman.

After he'd gone the air growed a thought cooler and Henny had her say. Then it was that I understood for the first time the sort of girl I'd got.

"You bide here a minute," she said, "while I put on my hat; then us'll go off."

"Go off! Where to?" cried out her mother, beginning to shake and shiver.

"To Sir George Luxmoore," she says. "There's a very easy way out of this here fix. No call to cry, mother. I'll be back after tea."

"Mend your crooked life, Jonathan, afore 'tis too late!" said Mrs. Chastey to me. "'Twas a bitter day for you when you left the army. Better far—better far as you'd falled in Africa along with my blessed boy, afore you lent your hand to this. Then you'd be in Heaven with my son this minute."

"I'd sooner be on earth with your darter," I said.

So me and Henny set off, and we went up along over the hill, and down along by Halstock Glen, because it wasn't the right minute to meet her father and agg him into a rage, as we should have done if we'd gone through Belstone.

Tramping along I told her the whole tale, and she jumped to it in a twinkling. Then us went to the cottage, where I was lodging, and I got the tickets for the pheasants; and then she told me how she'd broken into her money box while she was upstairs getting her hat, and how she had three pound three shilling and ninepence in her pocket that very moment for General Luxmoore.

She axed to see Sir George, and the old gentleman made no objection at all. And there he was in his study, sitting dozing afore the fire—just like Reynold Chastey had been; because lord or tinker be often equally hard put to for something to do of a Sunday afternoon.

Henny told the story from the beginning—from the moment the Seventh Borders pitched their camp 'pon Watchett Hill to the time I got the sack from Okehampton Court. Then she explained the bargain I'd made with her

father, and how Ted Adams and his uncle had plotted against me to ruin me, so as Ted might be taken on and have her instead of me. Then she comed to the odd money, and how I'd earned it, and with that she put down the cash on the table alongside my account of the birds and the money I'd got for 'em. She also told Sir George that I was ready to go to prison immediately; and I said so too.

Certainly the General seemed very much interested in the tale. He quite woke up—just the same as Reynold Chastey had done; but he took it in a loftier spirit, of course, tho they were his own pheasants.

He said that he should make inquiries and he ordered me to give myself up on the Wednesday following at twelve o'clock. I said:

"At the police station or here, your honor?"

And he said:

"Here."

I promised to do so and we went out.

Then Henny spoke to me afore she marched home.

"Come what may," she said, "I'll keep my word to you, Jonathan. You done this for me, and naught but the wickedness of them two men lost you your job and drove you into poaching. I'll tell dear father this night that if you get six weeks, or six years, 'tis all one. I'll keep company with you so soon as you'm free to keep company with me; and when you can marry me, I'm ready, if 'tis fifty year first."

That's the sort Henny Chastey was.

The upshot will surprise you, for Sir George—a Christian soul to the marrow in his bones, and one as had not forgot his love-time neither, tho now up seventy years—Sir George, he forgived me, seeing the sidelights on the case.

He'd made his inquiries and heard no good of Ted Adams from anybody except the parson at Belstone. But parson, you see, judged the man by his power of reading the lessons and not by his skill at acting up to 'em.

Thanks to luck, I found work a week later; and then came my bit of real good fortune, for six months after that the bailiff to Mr. Eve's died, and I got the job temporary at five-and-twenty shill-

ing a week, and ended by keeping it altogether.

The rest you can guess for yourself. Of course, Reynold Chastey had to come round, which he did do, reluctantly; and 'tis just a year ago now since me and my girl was married. We live in a cottage on Mr. Eve's farm, and presently, when Henny's father gets a bit fonder

of the fireside, we'll be at "Pike's," no doubt.

But I hope not yet awhile, for 'tis always well to have half a county between yourself and the best of relations when it can be done. A good stretch o' land between softens the judgment and makes for charity.

ELTHAM, TORQUAY, ENGLAND.



Herculaneum

BY RICHARD NORTON

DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ROME

THE interest that has been aroused during the past year by the suggestion of Professor Waldstein, of Cambridge, England, that an international committee be organized for arranging the exploration of Herculaneum has been widespread. In some quarters the idea was enthusiastically received, but in general the scholars best fitted to judge the value of the scheme have not thought well of it. The questions involved are not such as can be well answered by society people gathered in some friend's house to listen to an afternoon lecture, or by enthusiastic students of art hampered by a more or less accurate idea of the contents of the Naples museum. The chief points to consider are the engineering problems connected with the proposed excavation and the expense involved, and then the character of the works of art that may be found. No mere archeologist is fit to decide on the engineering question, but that the expense would be very large is indubitable, for the ancient city lies immediately under a suburb of Naples, the flourishing town of Resina. The expropriation of the land here, the carting and dumping of the refuse and finally the digging out of the deeply buried remains would foot up to a very large sum indeed. For the sake of comparison it is well to remember that the expropriation of the village of Delphi, a dirty, squalid little hill town with no business, cost, I believe, \$60,000, and the exploration of the Basilica Aemilia in the

Roman Forum has cost some \$40,000.

The archeologist's opinion, however, is important and necessary in estimating the character and value of the works likely to be found on the site. The exceptional results of the excavations carried out one hundred and fifty years ago, which provided most of the important bronzes in the Naples museum and a very large number of papyri, has thrown a glamour over the name of Herculaneum which very probably will not be justified by future excavation and which has led to many exaggerated statements getting into print.* It is frequently claimed that Herculaneum was at the time of its destruction by Vesuvius, in 79 A. D., a Greek settlement, and hence will be certain to provide beautiful works of art. This is a charming theory, but besides the fact that many a pure Greek town has given us very little in the way of art there is, as a matter of fact, no proof at all that Herculaneum ever was a Greek settlement. At first it was an Oscan town, later the Etruscans held it, and then the Samnites. Finally the Romans took it, about 290 B. C. The town is rarely mentioned in ancient literature; Martial sings of its wine and Pliny speaks of its natural charm; it was not a trading center like Pompeii,

* As for instance, in Mr. Sturges's article in *Scribner's Magazine* for April, p. 509. He says: "What is there in the way of bronze sculptures in all the museum world of Europe to set against these of Herculaneum? Of life size busts and statues there are not enough outside of the Naples collection to fill a small room." This is a misleading exaggeration.

but a favorite resort of rich Italians to pass their *villegiatura*.

The first recorded excavations were in 1709, but in 1711 the Neapolitan Government stopped the work, which was begun⁴ once more under Government supervision in 1738 and carried on intermittently for thirty years. Of the parts excavated only the theater has been left open. Two other campaigns, from 1827 to 1837 and from 1869 to 1875, complete the list of excavations on the site.

The construction of the buildings that were laid bare shows that the town as it existed when the eruption of Vesuvius took place was not an old one. Here and there in all the buildings were found statues and marble decorations, such as columns and fountains, but practically all the statues and busts that make Herculaneum famous come from one villa, called from the papyrus manuscripts found there the Villa of the Papyri, or, from its supposed owner, the Villa of Piso.

In estimating the value of the works found here one point must be clearly borne in mind: It is that while some of the bronzes are unquestionably original works by artists contemporary with the age of the house, and some are much earlier, others are in all probability merely ancient reproductions of works that pleased the owners' fancy and bear the same relation to the lost original that a copy made to-day of the Delphi

Charioteer or Cellini's Perseus would have. These are not original works.

The library is, so far as the rolls of papyrus have been unfolded and deciphered, disappointing, for the works are in the main by later and largely valueless philosophers.

This villa was without doubt an uncommonly rich one, but does it give any reason for supposing other villas still to be discovered there would be equally profitable to excavate? I think not. The public buildings, such as the theater and basilica, and the other houses that were cleared by the various diggers, showed no great luxury of decoration, nothing to imply that the people of Herculaneum as a whole cared in any special way for the fine arts. Furthermore, no one thinks of estimating the interest of all the houses in Pompeii by the standard offered by the House of the Vettii, or of all the country villas in the neighborhood by the famous one at Boseo Reale. Many other interesting things would doubtless be found, but there are many other sites where equally valuable results can be obtained at far less cost, and whether the work is done or not there is no call for the clumsy method of an international committee. It will be a good thing when Italy adopts a more intelligent attitude toward excavation undertaken by foreigners, but for the special work at Herculaneum she has men and means enough if it seems worth while to undertake it.

ROME, ITALY.



John Paul Jones

' SURRENDER? I HAVE ONLY BEGUN TO FIGHT '

BY C. ELLIS STEVENS

OLD viking of old strife,
Whose wave-tossed life
With stress and storm was rife—
Fresh blows the gale
Across a far-swept sea.
Set sail! Set sail
After one hundred years
Of conflict void of fears—
In which the Ship of State
Has faced its fate
And dauntless held for triumphs still to be.

The battle thou hast won
Is but begun—

The half-fought fight for freedom and the right.
Out from the dark of night
A new day lifts its sun;
And man wields more of might,
And stands for nobler deeds not yet full done.

Hail, son of the salt main!
Ho, for thy latest cruise! For, tho so late,
We, not ingrate,
Give deathless gage how we remember thee.
A people grown a nation call thy name,
Long on their roll of fame,
And bid the free winds waft thee home again.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



With the Bees in July

BY E. P. POWELL

AUTHOR OF "OLD FARM DAYS," "THE COUNTRY HOME," ETC.

ONE of the most wonderful things in the world is the bee, and the most remarkable bee is the common honey bee. When Nature finds that there is a lack of touch between important affairs that should co-operate she knows just how to bring about an adjustment. In our orchards it was necessary to keep some things, and very good things at that, from over-fruiting. There are two drifts going on everywhere: one of these is the old wild drift simply to multiply, and the other is the tendency to sacrifice fecundity to quality. In this sacrifice of fecundity some of the very noblest of our fruits were left without ability to produce any fruit at all. For instance, the Brighton grape will not bear a perfect bunch, and very few bunches at all, without pollen from some other grape. The wind is unable to do this work perfectly, but the bee just fits in the gap. Covered all over with fuzz, he goes for his honey, crawling in among the anthers, until he is covered with pollen. Then, pushing his way among the anthers of other flowers, he mixes the pollen, and he does it more perfectly

than any other conceivable agency. The farmer and country home-maker should keep a few hives of bees for this purpose alone—to pollenize his fruit. If he does not he runs a sharp risk of going without Anjou pears, some of the choicest grapes and even some of his noblest apples.

Country people should invariably keep bees also as an economic method of securing a family supply of concentrated and delicious food. I am able to take from about twenty hives five hundred to six hundred pounds per year. After selling about fifty dollars' worth per annum we have still all that a large family can consume—and we use it very freely. I would keep bees also for the fun of it and for what they can teach us. It is not simply the "little busy bee" whose industry we have to admire, but a social state, worked out somewhere in the past, and with some questions of political economy solved, where man remains a mere kindergartner.

To be understood honey must be tried with various dishes, altho I am satisfied it is never better than on light buckwheat cakes. My wife was one of those who

accompanied Professor Riley when he experimented with honey and locusts during the terrible locust plague of Kansas and Colorado. The locusts were roasted and then served up with honey, all agreeing that they made a very palatable food. Our prejudices gradually wear away about such things, and the time will probably come for utilizing as food a great many things that are now abhorred. It was a compulsory lesson at that time, for the grasshoppers left little else to eat. At least half of our present dietary has been somewhere, at some time, under the ban: pork, potatoes, tomatoes, mushrooms, oysters—even beans. I like honey on meat, as I eat lemon on my oysters and macaroni. One authority says that gingerbread made with honey is delightful and that the honey makes it light and spongy. I believe that housekeepers consider that honey goes a long way toward making hot biscuit digestible. I hope so. Then we have a long list of delicious drinks which owe their best qualities to honey. An old "Meade Song" tells us of

"The foaming, pure, and shining liquor
Which the bees provide but do not enjoy."

An old recipe reads: "One pint of honey to four of water, flavored with various herbs and spices, and when cold add a little yeast of beer. Wall flowers and strawberry leaves are used by some, as also violets, marigolds, orange and lemon peels. Others add Roman wormwood and thyme." Cowslip mead was made of honey, lemons, a handful of sweet briar and seven pecks of cowslip tips.

The art of beekeeping has greatly advanced of late. I remember sixty years ago burning the last of our old straw hives on our "sparrow grass bed." It was held to be a good thing to rake up all the old rubbish and burn a bonfire over asparagus every spring. Now there is not one left of those beautiful pyramids of straw, while our bees are kept in patent hives. I doubt if one of my readers has ever seen a straw hive. The bees liked them, however, and lived in them very comfortably. Our present day hive is a good deal more scientific than our own houses are. It provides for maximum results with minimum labor, gives good ventilation and is warm in winter. The honey box is a great invention, for

in old times the bees were left to hang their honey combs on the hive itself—only that sticks were run through to help them. There was no provision for separating what was called hive honey from white honey. A little later a simple box hive was used, with small boxes on top and a hole through for communication. The bees stored their finer honeys in the top boxes.

I look down from my window over my bee republic and know for a certainty that affairs there are as much involved as in our household state, but much more orderly, more unselfish, with less of crime, less of meanness—above all, ignorance and laziness and fraud—than in the most ideal human family, with its Ten Commandments and Golden Rule. These little peoples have reached the ideal of co-operation. They have exalted work to hold the highest place of honor. There is no drone tolerated beyond his specific value, for when no longer needed he is promptly put to death.

But you are very much mistaken if you think the queen is supreme mistress in the hive. She is absolutely submissive and obedient to the general welfare of the masses. The worker is the real lord, but the workers know that order cannot be had without love, and obedience to law and reverence for the mother. It is a curious political economy. The queen deliberately murders every young queen that she can. When the workers desire to raise a new queen they are compelled to defend it continuously. When swarming draws nigh it is the old mother who goes out with the colony, while a young queen is raised to the dignity of mother of the hive.

Where did the bee nation do all this thinking and evolution? They do very little that is new or novel. They do not think much; only act. They all do the same things, and all do them alike. Their social life is superbly arranged, yet it is completed. They hold no legislatures for making new laws nor do any parliaments cover bee life with a litter of annual statutes. No Gladstones or Bismarcks are generated, nor would even a John Bright be tolerated. I imagine that a Roosevelt would be made short work of. Progress is not desired. What place is there in bee life for

a Republican party with its tariff or a Democratic party to advocate free trade? Bees have no objection to taking possession of the Philippines, but they would immediately set up housekeeping, without interfering with local rights. Can you imagine a bee hustling for votes to get the office of town constable or county supervisor? I have heard of a man who had "a Presidential bee in his bonnet," but I have never heard any buzzing to that purpose in my hives.

Of all bee foods there is nothing to surpass that secured from linden or basswood flowers. These superb trees are as beautiful for shade as any tree in our American flora, but in their capacity for yielding a vast amount of honey they are unique. It would pay any town to replace a lot of maples, which are mostly diseased, with basswoods. The latter is a healthy tree, easily healing over wounds, and has few enemies. I was surprised, however, in 1903 to find the pear psylla as fond of the basswood as of the pear, and it worked great mischief to both. Apart from this I have only known the basswood to be injured by the forest worm and occasionally canker worms. I have secured the planting of one hundred of these trees in Clinton and shall get in another hundred as soon as possible. They are not simply shade trees, but town property. The bees will make thousands of pounds of honey along the street side. There is no reason why every foot of our highways should not be utilized in some such way. Every farmer should also have a bee grove of lindens or at least have a few of these trees about his house and barn. They make a good windbreak as well, especially with mountain ashes planted between. This latter is also a good bee tree, besides being loaded with bird food. There is nothing the robins like better than mountain ash berries.

Mints of all sorts, catnip, spearmint, horsemint, all give good crops of honey—altho they flavor it if largely used, but not disagreeably to most people. Our raspberries, where there are large fields of them, constitute a splendid bee garden. The honey made from this flower is excellent. But the most curious honey field that I have ever known is the honey dew of the aphidæ (including the related

psylla). From the pear psylla in 1903 the bees secured a great weight of honey, so that the invasion of this pest was not without alleviation. The pears and thorns and linden leaves were covered with sweet exudation from these insects, and the bees covered the trees from dawn till dark. Their buzzing all day was like that of swarming time and sometimes could be heard late into the night. Meanwhile the white-faced hornet was busy eating the young insects. Dandelion honey is greatly increasing of late, at least when other food is not abundant, but it is bitter. Some years the bees give us a large proportion of a strongly flavored and dark colored honey that is coarse and unmarketable. Very little honey is made from clover.

Where the stock of food is short bees do not hesitate to break the community law and rob their neighbors. This is generally the work of a strong swarm clearing out a weak one. The bees are attacked with astounding ferocity, and after they are all killed the contents of the hive are rapidly transferred by the conquerors. The sting of the bee is at this time unusually poisonous. I have heard it said that anger and ugliness make even the bite of a human being poisonous. Robbing is, however, a rare thing in a well ordered apiary. I have not had a case of it in twenty years. Weak swarms are doubled up, and when insufficient food has been stored we provide it until the bees can gather for themselves.

Honey is stored nowadays in pound boxes, that are set in "supers," which hold thirty-six boxes. These should be taken from the hive as fast as they are filled and new supers should be provided at once. Nothing should be done to disturb the continuous economies of the hive. A good strong colony will fill the supers twice in a season, or more. In the Mississippi Valley some apiarists move their swarms up the river as the season advances, keeping pace with the opening of honey-giving flowers.

The most characteristic habit of bees is going home before a storm. If a shower be approaching they hurry-scurry through the air, often only just over your head, sometimes striking trees or running into each other. I can never see

them in one of these races without a notion that they are getting considerable fun out of it. All animals, especially all insects, are very sensitive to atmospheric changes. They feel a storm quite a bit ahead of its striking them, generally a good deal quicker than we are conscious of its approach. Yet out they come again, at the least chance, and gather between showers. In this way they pollinize near-by trees and vines, even when May is exceedingly rainy.

Bee enemies are numerous and will destroy an apiary without watchful care on the part of the owner. Kingbirds will often spend considerable time darting through the busy workers, at each flight snapping up one or more of the bees. Burroughs thinks they take only the drones, which I am sure is not quite correct. A little mouse, too pretty a creature to be so mischievous, gets into the hives and makes sad havoc. The bee moth is most destructive of all, often entirely destroying bees and honey. A shiftless beekeeper is an impossibility, simply because his hives will be destroyed under his nose. The hive should always be set up a little way from the ground and a passage underneath be free for the house cat. (During the summer "Boxer" sits on top of the hives, frequently peeping down over the edges, and laying his hands very heavily on any intruder that shows himself.)

Home seeking is always beset with trials quite as much for bees as for human beings. The process has made it possible for us to secure new swarms. I do not know what we should do if the bees started directly from the hives for their prepared home. This is often miles away, in a hollow tree, or whatever other secret resort they have been able to find. Fortunately they hang out on a limb of some adjacent bush or tree while the queen can collect her forces and move off orderly. This swarming lasts for from one to three or four hours. One day while picking currants a swarm from somewhere suddenly lit on a bush near my head. I was at first afraid they were about to select my head itself. Something had happened in their flight which disturbed the queen. We gave them a good hive and they stayed with us cheerfully. A small swarm escaped

us, and, nearly two months later, I found them in a neighbor's orchard. It was clear in this case that they had not provided a home ahead of swarming. They had fastened themselves as well as possible to a limb of a pear tree, then had gone to work and hung a good many combs of wax to the limb. In this wax there was a small amount of honey. I did not find them until hard frosts and heavy winds had nearly ended their venture. What will be the plight of bees as bee trees decrease? The woods are already so cut away that many swarms cannot get hollow trees. They are betaking themselves to hollow places in our roofs and even getting into rock piles. A neighbor had a veranda roof populated between the ceilings. Bees positively refuse to remain in a dirty hive. They hate bad smelling folk and will drive some people out of their neighborhood.

It was a puzzle for Puritans to know what to do with a swarm that came out on Sunday. Most of them concluded that God directed the bees and that no harm could be done in hiving them. In this they did not hold to the same line of conduct as they did in the hay field, for their horses and cows ate many a ton of moldy fodder that might have been sweetly cured by Sunday labor. It was my father's habit to go to church invariably, but he took care to have his pew on that side of the church where by looking out of the window he could see his house, a mile away. If the bees swarmed a white blanket was hung out of a window over the red clapboards. As soon as he could leave the church he hastened home and made sure of his property.

Nowadays we often let late swarms go, especially if the branch is high up where they have settled. The old folk lore used to say:

"A swarm in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm in July
Is not worth a fly."

There is a good deal of truth in this, altho the late swarms may be doubled up and so made stronger. When I was a boy I remember that the mother of the

household was expected to keep a very close watch of the bees. If a swarm came out while the men folk were in some distant hay field she frequently undertook the hiving herself. This occasionally resulted in some unpleasant experiences, but it was a poor housewife that would let a swarm escape. If she could not reach it, and it began its flight for the woods, she followed with a terrible din on a milk pan. This was supposed to prevent the bees from hearing the orders of the queen and so compel them to settle on some tree. I am myself very fond of seeing other people hive a swarm.

The belief was formerly universal that bees would not long survive the death of their master. There was some basis for the legend, for the relation is very close between a good beekeeper and his little allies. They certainly tenderly regard him, for I have seen my father carry a swarm to a neighbor's home while it crawled all over his arm and up onto his neck. When he reached his destina-

tion he laughingly but gently brushed the bees into a hive. I never knew him to be stung but once, and that was when the bee got pinched. After his death the hundred hives rapidly dwindled. Whittier sings of the closely associated custom of draping beehives with crape: "Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence! Mistress May is dead and gone."

I confess that I was led to write this article by being ingloriously chased across my garden and clear around my house by one bee. It left me, as I darted through the door, with a Togo song. I never can tell that bee again if I see him a dozen times. I have only one consolation, that he could do the same for any of my readers, and I can write an article about him. It was not worse than some other interviews when the other fellow would tell the story. Always pinch a stung place and immediately rub it hard with wet soil. Still the honey bee is a problem. Diplomacy with him is better than fighting.

CLINTON, N. Y.



The Scandinavian Conflict

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

[We are very glad to be able to give our readers this week the following article by the great Norwegian playwright and statesman on the Scandinavian conflict. Björnson has been the acknowledged Norwegian leader in Scandinavian affairs for many years.—EDITOR.]

IT is possible that the way in which the Norwegians put an end to the union with Sweden may not meet with general approval. But this, it seems to me, is of secondary importance, for the dissolution of the union is a happy event, as well for Sweden as for Norway. It was the only means for bringing about a good understanding between the three Scandinavian peoples. It is true that for the moment the Swedes are decidedly opposed to such an understanding. But circumstances are stronger than men. What is happening in the Far East puts time on our side, and we can wait till the right moment comes for the consummation of this greater union.

We were united to Sweden in 1814.

The bond of union was a common sovereign. In 1827 began the quarrel which has been going on till this summer and which has eventuated in the disruption of the union. A fact in this connection should be noted. An unjust act of England was the starting point of this long struggle.

Nearly eighty years ago an English trader was engaged in smuggling at Bodö, on our northwest coast. By means of false documents and untrue statements he persuaded the British Minister of Foreign Affairs to demand damages from Norway for the seizure of his merchandise and the imprisonment of his employees. Thereupon the London Foreign Office took such a decided stand

that the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs was weak enough to yield and Norway had to pay. Never was perpetrated an unfairer act, and when the whole matter was unraveled the reprehensible conduct of the Swedish Foreign Office in caring, or rather in not caring, for our interests became so glaring and the comments thereon of the Norwegian officials were so full of indignation that an end was demanded of this Swedish tutelage. On every hand in Norway the question was now asked whether a free state should not conduct its own foreign affairs, especially as in this affair Sweden had assumed a degree of authority permitted neither by the Norwegian constitution nor the act of union.

Let me now enumerate some of the claims advanced by Norway, but disputed by Sweden. We asked that equal importance be given to the two kingdoms in the great seal of state; that Norway should have her own flag; that in Norway the name of that country should come first in all official documents; that the Governor of Norway should not be a Swede, for this post filled otherwise than by a Norwegian reduced our country to the rank of a province. One by one the Swedes yielded on all these points, but not without long resistance. While Norwegians were admitted to the diplomatic and consular services of the union, we could not secure what we had most at heart—viz., the conduct of our own foreign affairs. Finally, a mixed commission made up of Swedes and Norwegians was appointed to settle this and other matters in dispute between the two countries. This commission sat from 1839 to 1844, but accomplished nothing. Sweden refused to grant our demands. A second mixed commission sat from 1865 to 1869, but with no better results. The Swedes made it a condition before they would make any concessions on other points that Norway accept the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Norwegian Storting refused. In 1885 the Swedish Parliament regulated by law the conduct of our Norwegian foreign affairs, which up to then had been a royal prerogative and which now was put absolutely in the hands of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Stockholm. We saw in this act a direct viola-

tion of our rights. To our reiterated demand that we be allowed to participate in the conduct of the nation's foreign policy we were always given the same reply—viz., that we must recognize the Swedish Minister in these matters. In 1895 came together another mixed commission, which was divided into several factions and which accomplished no practical results. Finally, an abortive effort was made to give to each country a consular service of its own. This time the proposal came from Sweden. But at the last moment she imposed conditions which a free country could not accept. The patience of Norway was now worn out.

To these various causes of discontent should be added the embarrassing situation often occasioned in Norway by the intrusion of the King and Swedish Government into our home politics when not to the taste of Sweden. More than once our Government has had to complain of the King's interference, quite without our request, with the growth of the parliamentary *régime* in our country based on universal suffrage. From the moment when, in 1821, we abolished all titles of nobility, down to 1884, when we rejected the absolute veto power of the King, the governing classes of Sweden have tried to exert an uninvited influence in our nation.

The most natural explanation of the troubles born of the union is that the two peoples are very different and not suited to go hand in hand. The demand of the majority of the Norwegian people had long been as follows: Complete independence in the union, or separation. In the state to which things were come everybody was saying: We shall never obtain complete independence in the union, so the union must be dissolved. The means adopted to bring about this disruption may not have been the best, but since this was the system adopted, we are all one to defend it.

The Norwegian Storting decided to vote the bill concerning our having an independent consular service. Our constitution gave the Storting the perfect right to do so. The bill was carried unanimously and submitted to the King for his approval. The members of the Cabinet were unanimous in advising the

King to sign it. But he refused, adding that it would now be impossible for him to constitute a new Ministry in Norway, the former one having resigned. He also refused to go to Norway. Thereupon the Storthing declared that a constitutional sovereign without a Ministry was no longer a reigning monarch, and as the union was based on a common sovereign, it had now ceased to exist. Everybody in Norway accepted this view, and but one official refused to obey instructions emanating from the new order of things.

The spirit of the Norwegian nation is indubitably republican, and yet, in order to give the dynasty and the sister kingdom a proof of our esteem, we asked King Oscar to permit one of his family to become King of Norway. The aged monarch feels deeply hurt at what has happened and has used violent language about it; so it is very doubtful, as he is

in such a mood, that he will permit a son or grandson to reign in Norway. If he takes this course we will turn to the King of Denmark and ask him for one of his sons or we will declare for the republic. This last course will depend upon circumstances, but I think that public sentiment favors the republic.

Never was a revolution—for this was one—brought about more peacefully, and never has a revolution been based on a more noble motive. We do not desire war; on the contrary, we wish to remove an obstacle in the way of a good understanding between two peoples. Our effort is not to divide, but to unite. When the three northern nations—Denmark, Sweden and Norway—all enjoy perfect independence, then will they be in a condition to seek mutual support in a wider union and a brotherly solidarity.

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.



An Evening Walk

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

BEYOND the clash and clang of cars,
The clamorous rush of trade,
One night, at earliest peer of stars,
Apart alone I strayed.

Crossing a little square where Eve
Descended, pensive-eyed,
Lo! a soft touch upon my sleeve,—
A slim form at my side!

He bowed with old-time courtesy,
And words urbane on lip,
Craving, in gracious wise, of me
A twilight comradeship.

His hat was strange; his coat was strange;
His mien had subtle grace;
Emotions swept in restless change
Across his shadowed face.

He dwelt upon the lapse of years;
His voice, smooth-toned and low,
Compassed the ecstasies and tears
Of those dead long ago.

His speech with anecdote was fraught
Of bygone beau and dame,
And evermore the sound I caught
Of Blennerhasset's name.

At length I shrank as tho a-cold;
Methought I heard a moan,
And when I turned my eyes, behold!
I was once more alone.

My questioning heart within my side
Gave sudden startled stir;—
I had companioned, stride for stride,
The wraith of Aaron Burr!

CLINTON, N. Y.

Literature

Briggs's Routine and Ideals

Six papers, or addresses, read before various societies and one poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Association of Harvard University make up this cheery volume by the Dean of Harvard.* The keynote of all is given in the opening words in an address on the title subject, *Routine and Ideals*: "The older I grow, the more strongly I feel that the best thing in man or woman is being 'there.'" "Being there," he declares, "is the result of three things—intelligence, constant practice and something hard to define, but not too fancifully called an ideal." The necessity of "routine" in study and in all effort to accomplish anything worthy in the world is the constant theme. He says:

"The reaction against routine in modern education, the notion that children should be pleased with a variety of subjects made easy and interesting, rather than drilled in a few and roused to interest themselves in those few and in the thoroughness that drill demands, accounts, I believe, in large measure for the collapse of many a student's will before any subject that requires hard mathematical thinking."

The fact that the college let down the bars opening into a rather large pasture when it struck down in haste an old and perhaps outworn, or, at any rate, a much abused method and invited the newly liberated heifers to take their choice under an "elective system," the further fact that the heifers took the choice and for a long time grazed on the lawn among the flower beds, this Professor Briggs wisely ignores. It is an old story. The bars are down. It has been the task of the good dean and of many others for years past to chase the wild heifers in the "vague immense," and to reherd them, if that be possible. In this direction no man works harder or with a kindlier spirit.

The Dean of Harvard is, therefore, an

advocate of the stern routine of grammar and analysis, and finds in the lack of it his chief count in the charge against laxness of thought. Many a student, he says, will declare that he cannot understand Jevon's Elementary Lessons in Logic; many that they cannot learn geometry. These boys, he insists, "through the labor saving appliances of their schools, supplemented by their choice of lecture courses in college," have lost, or, what is almost as bad, think they have lost, the power of close logical application. Worst of all they have lost the stimulus of surmounting difficulties. How are they training themselves to be "there"?

He does not find that any particular "joy" is produced by this looseness—this inability to fix the mind. The joy of success is not to be found on "lines of least resistance." Accuracy in thought and expression is to be sought—the ability to understand precisely what is going on in the world of mind and matter is to be attained, if at all, only by a sort of work that to-day brings tears and sweat of the brow, tho to-morrow it shall bring smiles and the gladness of skies after storms. If also it brings sadness, impatience and disgust, it is, as Cardinal Newman puts it, "disgust at the random theories and imposing sophistries of dashing paradoxes which carry away half-formed and superficial intellects." By the easy method something else may come—namely, the condition of mind illustrated in the New York school girl, who, in her examination book, writing on the new ballot, says: "The Austrian ballet was introduced into this country by Cleveland to corrupt the people and keep it secret."

The dean finds a defense for the "elective system," altho he rightly attacks the abuse of the privileges of the system. In "athletics," he discovers a valuable factor of mind training, inasmuch as successful play requires close application, precision, the use of every power that bears toward a given desirable result.

* ROUTINE AND IDEALS. By Le Baron Russell Briggs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is a mighty inspiration in public interest. "Never again, unless he holds public office, will the searchlight be turned" on the ambitious youth, and "never again will so many persons see what he does or fails to do."

Perhaps the good dean overestimates the value of publicity and of the joy of it. Perhaps he forgets also that the larger number in the college fraternity are not under the limelight of the public press; and as they dip deeply into the paternal purse may possibly be considering the other question: "Are there to be no more cakes and ale?"

The dean is happy in his address at Commencement to the girl graduates of Wellesley College. He believes in the education of girls to the full college extent, having little fear of evil results from it, either in the direction of "pedantry" and unwomanly dogmatism, in "masculinity" or in what is dearer than anything else to so many women—"complexion." A few late "balls," he is ready to say, will knock out the bloom of a girl's cheeks more effectively than four years of Wellesley.



Harrison's Life of Chatham*

LAST year Mr. Frederic Harrison retired from active work in connection with the London Positivist Society and gave his last annual address as president to the little group of intellectuals which has assembled every Sunday evening for so many years at Newton Hall in Fetter Lane. About the same time we saw a statement in one of the London newspapers that Mr. Harrison had left Hampstead, and at the end of a long, full and busy life, with much literary and civic achievement behind him, was living in comparative retirement amid the beauties of Surrey. Whatever truth there may be in these statements concerning Mr. Harrison's departure from London his monograph on Chatham was from internal evidence written in 1904, and nowhere in these pages is there even the faintest suggestion that Mr. Harrison has lost any of his forcefulness or power or any of the discrimination that character-

ize his earlier monograph on Cromwell in the "Twelve English Statesmen" series. Mr. Harrison's study of Chatham is based on the widest reading. Nothing in print and little that is still in manuscript or as yet printed only in the volumes of the Historical Manuscripts Commission has escaped Mr. Harrison's attention. No writer of any standing who has written on Chatham, or on Chatham's place in the general history of England, has been ignored by Mr. Harrison. He is familiar with every judgment and every estimate of every phase of Chatham's great career, and in his monograph he goes carefully over every event or episode in Chatham's life which has any significance for a student of the reigns of George II and George III and of the era in which British Imperialism came fully into being.

Mr. Harrison has not of recent years grouped himself with present day English Imperialists. No writer either in the press or in the reviews, and no speaker from the public platform, has been more severe in his condemnation of Chamberlain and the present day Imperialism. The reason for this stand of Mr. Harrison's would seem to be that while he is a great admirer of real Imperialism—the Imperialism that made this country Anglo-Saxon in its law and its civilization, the eighteenth century Imperialism with which Chatham's name is associated—he has nothing but condemnation for spurious Imperialism; and by spurious Imperialism Mr. Harrison means "small colonies of white settlers holding in serfdom vast masses of some inferior race." Chatham, to Mr. Harrison, was a real and not a pinchbeck Imperialist; and it is for this reason that Mr. Harrison admires him, and writes so glowingly yet always so discriminatingly of his achievements as a Parliamentary orator and as the great founder of the British colonial system.

There have been many estimates of Chatham since Macaulay wrote his second study of him for the "Quarterly Review" sixty years ago, and since then has been written at least one fairly full and careful biography of the Great Commoner—that by Mr. Walford Davis Green, M. P., for Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nation" series. Mr.

* CHATHAM. By Frederic Harrison. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. Pp. vi, 239. \$1.25.

Frederic Harrison's monograph, however, is for the present the best study there is of Chatham; and both for those who like a clear, direct and masterly style and those who are interested in Chatham's great achievements Mr. Harrison's study must now take the place of the two long essays on Chatham which are to be found in Macaulay's collected works.

India

ABOUT one-half of this work* is devoted to the physical geography of India, the remainder to the people, the political divisions, agriculture and revenue, railways, minerals and climate. It is illustrated abundantly and the maps are large and plain. The author, late superintendent of the official survey of India, has probably no superior in point of special knowledge of his subject. The chapters on physical geography are designed for study with the open map at hand; the others lend themselves to ordinary reading, but they are all so full of interesting information and so ably written not only from a scientific, but from a literary, point of view that the book is singularly entertaining.

Note this description of the dust storm, which is the first sign of the regeneration of dead nature after the hot weather:

"No column of troops could have advanced with such a level front, with such apparently resistless action, or with one-fifth its velocity. There was not a break in the flat wall of dull, red sand which reached upward some 200 feet above the plain, presenting its red brown front to the mountains with purple wisps and streamers curling aloft like the banners of a Dervish army. So long as the plain was unbroken and its surface level, not an opening or an indentation could be marked, but as soon as it reached the slanting spurs of the lowest hills, rushes were made from flank and center. Small clouds of skirmishers steamed up the narrow gullies between the spurs, mounting high and falling backward, as the waves fall, ere they reached the summit of the hill. Soon the whole atmosphere thickened, and altho no great amount of dust reached upward to the 4,000 feet of elevation on which I stood, a smart shower of rain put an end to further observations." Then after

the rain, "in an almost incredibly short space of time the known surface of an uninteresting level of endless plain is changed into a sea of vegetation. Not only do the young crops spread in vivid green expanse against the gray background with startling rapidity; but ill gotten weeds appear in every crevice of the broken wall and pasture land and in every unoccupied space of the cultivated garden. The gardener rejoices in a new birth of flowers and resigns himself to philosophical contemplation of the weeds and watches both grow together under the magic influence of the rains in rank abundance. Life becomes endurable once more; birds begin to chatter (they never sing under any circumstances in the plains of India), and the cultivator turns to the consideration of his annual rotation of crops."

The last clause rather rapidly drops into prose, but there is poetry in what precedes. So there is in the descriptions of the highest of all mountain peaks, Everest, 29,000 feet above the sea level, or of the valleys into one of which "the whole of the Bernese Alps might be cast," or the word picture of Ceylon where "the yellow robed priest is always *en evidence*, and the bells of the temples and the chant of the scholar learning his monotonous incantations and prayers as he sits under a hedge of sun-flowers or the shade of the temple portico," and where "are sixteen square miles of ruins—grass-grown jungles in which the contemplative stone figures of Buddha stare solemnly through the ages; forests of l  ts and pillars surrounding the ruins of tanks; foundations of monasteries, temples, walls and edifices, which must once have been the glory of the Buddhist world."

Nor are marvels lacking; not the least the astonishing success of the Indian Government in stamping out disease and petty war with a resulting increase in population of 20,000,000 souls in ten years; or, on the other hand, its failure to check the mortality from snake bites and attacks of wild animals, the first killing 21,000 and the second some 5,000 people in a single year.

After Miss Scidmore's sarcastic girding at the Indian railways in her "Winter India" it is a little surprising to be told that "probably nowhere in the world can the traveler by rail move with more comfort than in India"—and this

* INDIA. By Col. Sir Thomas Hungerford Hol-
dich. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

is not the only instance of such differences of opinion. But the India of the tourist, as the author very plainly demonstrates, is never the India of the resident in any particular and due allowances must be made.

Altogether, as a representative volume on India for the library, this book is about the best to be had, and if the disturbance in the East should shift ground to the Indian frontier and lead to a trying out there of conclusions between England and Russia the geographical data here given will be invaluable in following the military developments.



The Mind of Whittier. A Study of Whittier's Fundamental Religious Ideas. By Chauncey J. Hawkins. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

Probably the readers of Whittier as a rule are content to find in him the poet—the choice interpreter of man's moods in relation to his brother man and to external nature. Mr. Hawkins, in his little book on *The Mind of Whittier*, prefers to trace one phase of the poet's thought—his mental attitude toward religious thought and creed. Brought out every Sunday to the Orthodox Quaker meeting-house, and sitting there from childhood to manhood, the shy boy poet from the shoemaker's bench in East Haverhill very naturally imbibed the clear, quiet spring waters of that faith, and got a liking for them which lasted through life. The fact that interests us most is that he was a full and splendid man, burning with hatred for wrongdoing and a generous love for the wrong-doer as soon as the mischief could be spanked out of him. His general creed is easily put. He states it himself in a poem to "a beautiful girl"—one of his sweetest, frankest reminiscential poems:

"And wider yet in thought and deed
Our still diverging paths incline,
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Yorkshire peasant's simple line;
For thee the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day and solemn psalm;
For me the silent reverence, where
My brethren gather, slow and calm."

Amplify this creed, as Mr. Hawkins very

earnestly and cleverly does, through a hundred instructive pages, build into it as much volcanic energy as a poet can have and not explode, brighten it with fancy, a ripening taste for color and music; pure, absolutely pure thoughts, and deepen it with a yearning love for his fellow man, and you have a creed that shall, as Mr. Hawkins shows, include the doctrine of The Inner Light, so dear to the Quaker, poetic Optimism, so easily mistaken for Universalism, and an abiding faith in humanity as inspired by the creative energy which no sane church in these days would be willing to think of as altogether eliminated from its own living articles of faith.



The Return. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cook. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

This is the first novel we have of Colonial life in Georgia. The scenes are laid in Savannah and on the sea islands off the coast of Georgia during 1739, where General Oglethorpe was establishing his colony of Irish, Scotch, German and Italian immigrants, protecting the southern coast of the State from the Spanish dons at Saint Augustine and making a sort of perpetual peace with the Creek Indians. And it is as good a story as Mary Johnston ever wrote of the Virginia Colonies, and more veracious. One can at least recognize the common earth in this tale, which no reader ever did in Miss Johnston's green velvet and rainbow descriptions of natural scenery in Virginia. The story is unique in the fact that the historical details have been so vitalized as to become the most interesting feature of the book. There is so much which is thrifty, cheerful, wholesome in the pioneer occupations described; and the love affairs of Mistress Diana Chaters, the fine airs of Lord Paris, the graver character of James Oglethorpe, all add the various personal elements of what is lovable, humorous or dramatic to the situation. The book is written in an excellent literary style, and it is to be regretted that it did not appear four years ago, when the authors first contemplated writing it and when the historical romance had not run its course as a fashion in fiction.

Beauty Through Hygiene. Common Sense Ways to Health for Girls. By Emma E. Walker, M.D., Member of the N. Y. Academy of Medicine, etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00.

This is the most practically straightforward book on this subject that we have seen. Dr. Walker has pointed out in easily intelligible detail just how beauty does depend on health and how health may be fostered and even regained when lost. All the importance of regular exercise is emphasized, and, what is more necessary in these days of the athletic girl, the proper limitations and even dangers of muscular activity in excess are pointed out. In general, the frequently repeated directions not to take up habits of any kind that are supposed to be for the benefit of health or personal appearance without consulting some one whose capability is undoubted and with regard to whom no possible hesitation as to the giving of interested advice can be entertained are likely to keep overzealous seekers after beauty from many mistakes that may prove harmful rather than helpful. The chapters on The Fat Girl, The Thin Girl, Corrective Exercises, Massage, Bathing and Care of the Hair are sure to prove of special service in this way. The chapter on Exercises in Housework is decidedly suggestive and will be read with interest by mothers at least, if not by daughters. There is, perhaps, one fault that should be pointed out in the book: While very careful, as a rule, with regard to drug suggestions, there are certain materials mentioned approvingly (mainly antiseptics for external use) that one does not like to think of young folks having round them, since accidents are so prone to happen and the young are thoughtless.



Studies in Ancient Furniture. Couches and Beds of the Greeks, Etruscans and Romans. By Caroline L. Ransom, Fellow in the University of Chicago. The University of Chicago Press. 4to, pp. 128, plates xxix. \$4.50.

Miss Ransom's work fairly earns her Ph.D. degree in archeology. She has been studying for two years, especially in the Berlin Museum, under Professor Erman, and others devoted to Egyptian and classical remains. If the general title of

this book indicates her intention to pursue other studies in ancient furniture she has a wide field before her, not too much pursued. This volume treats solely of couches and beds, and those only of Greek and Italian workmanship. It does not touch Egyptian, except as it is also Roman; nor the rich remains of Assyria and Babylonia, whose seats and couches are often figured. The plates and other illustrations in the text are many and well chosen, and the references and discussions in the notes show careful research and sound scholarship.



Out of Work. A Study of Employment Agencies, Their Treatment of the Unemployed and Their Influence Upon Homes and Business. By Frances A. Kellar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Miss Kellar and her associates, during their investigations, visited 732 "intelligence offices" and employment bureaus in several of the larger cities, now in the guise of employees and now in that of employers. Her volume records the information thus gained and proffers certain suggestions of remedial measures. The information recorded is exceptionally valuable. The vicious character of the majority of these agencies is plainly shown. They are unjust and often brutal in their treatment of applicants for work; many of them are in direct partnership with thievery and prostitution, and the moral tone of 75 per cent. of them is demoralizing to all persons who come in contact with them. Forty per cent. of the "intelligence offices" have neither equipment nor system. Another 35 per cent. are but little better, and in only 25 per cent. are the conditions good. These latter are the agencies "where there are no lodging places, where there is an adequate equipment and good system, and where some measure of courtesy is shown both employer and employee." The vicious treatment of the applicants is a subject to which the author frequently recurs.

"In some offices, even the best," she writes [it], "is so brutal and humiliating that our increasing wonder is that employees are as good as they are. We are absolutely sure we could not have continued the rounds of these offices, seriously looking for work, as these women do, year after year, without becoming

untruthful, dishonest, impertinent and perhaps intemperate and immoral."

It is to the establishment of State employment bureaus and the regulation and constant inspection of private bureaus by the State that the author looks for any adequate improvement. The volume is worthy of high praise and it should be widely read.

Literary Notes

THE L. R. Hamersly Company has issued a revised edition of "Who's Who in New York City and State." While the 1905 edition is by no means perfect, it is a fact that it is greatly superior to the first edition of the local "Who's Who."

....The first number of *Current Literature*, under the management of Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, resembles the *Review of Reviews* as it was before it drifted from its original purpose and fell into line with the conventional magazine. It contains over a hundred pages of abstracts and quotations from current magazines and books well selected and admirably edited, and an interesting narrative of current events.

....Now that the question of Government regulation of railroads has come to the front the appearance of a comprehensive work on "Interstate Commerce," by F. N. Judson (T. H. Flood & Co., Chicago, \$5.00), is of special importance. It includes all the federal legislation relating to common carriers and the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, together with a history of the development of Governmental control from the adoption of the Constitution to the most recent court decisions. In this connection may also be mentioned a little book published by Ginn & Co. (50 cents), containing a discussion of "President Roosevelt's Railroad Policy Before the Economic Club of Boston," by Charles A. Prouty, David Willcox, Judge Grosscup and Professor Parsons.

....A significant and gratifying indication of an awakening of civic pride is evinced by the demand for a second edition of Charles Mulford Robinson's "Modern Civic Art; or, The City Made Beautiful" (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.00 net), for as the author realizes a call for a new edition in this case may be understood as meaning the progress of the cause for the furtherance of which the book was prepared. This is the best, the most authoritative, the most useful book we have yet seen for the 1,200 local improvement societies and for all individuals seeking to advance the same cause. It provides a wealth

of information on the problems of municipal esthetics and points out the best known ways of solving those problems. By adding to the beautiful letterpress some thirty good illustrations of notable examples of civic art, the publishers have made a handsome volume worthy of the subject.

Pebbles

"THIS is a great blot on my life," said ex-Prexy White, as he spilled the ink bottle over his new autobiography.—*Cornell Widow*.

...."Our elevator fell down the other day." "Was anybody hurt?" "Not exactly, but four got the dropsy."—*Yale Record*.

....*Jess*: "I'm afraid that I'll never learn to swim." *Sue*: "Why not?" "Tom won't let go of me long enough."—*Cornell Widow*.

The window has three little panes,
But one have I;
The window's panes are in its sash,
I wonder why?

—*Gelett Burgess*.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer,
Eb for short she called her beau.
Talk of "tides of love." Great Cæsar!
You should see 'em Eb and Flo.

—*Cornell Widow*.

....An English servant of one of our great houses much astonished the family minister, who had called to make inquiries on the occasion of the birth of a child. "Is it a boy?" "No, sir." "Oh! a girl?" "No, sir." The inquirer gasped, and the servant continued, with dignity: "Madame has given birth to an heir."—*Smith's Magazine*.

....A teacher was trying to illustrate for a class of boys and girls the meaning of some long words. "What is polygamy?" The answer was, "When a man has several wives." "What do we call it when he has only one?" "Monotony," was the prompt reply.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

....Mrs. Ed. Raines, living five miles north of town came near bleeding to death from an accidental cut on her arm in trying to extricate a horse from being entangled in its harness, a friend had driven to their home and tied the horse in front of the house and in some way got so rapped in the harness that Mrs. Rains in endeavoring to the harness and extricate the animal in some unaccountable way, by the floundering of the horse the knife was forced into her arm slashing it to the bone and severing an artery which threatened for a time of their endeavors to stop it, but after the loss of much blood they were able to cease the flow and she getting along nicely.—*Fairfield, Ia., Weekly*.

Editorials

THE Semi-Annual Index of THE INDEPENDENT is now ready and will be sent free to any subscriber who will notify us that he wants a copy.



The New Secretary of State

WE have lost one great Secretary of State, but we are now to have another. If Mr. Hay himself could have chosen his successor, he would have named Elihu Root. When death so unexpectedly made the highest of Cabinet offices vacant, the President turned to Mr. Root, because he knew, as Mr. Hay had known, how complete was Mr. Root's equipment—in character, experience, poise, judgment, and administrative force—for the place from which Mr. Hay had been taken away. And the opinion of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay as to Mr. Root's extraordinary qualifications for the office which he has now accepted is the opinion of all thoughtful Americans who are familiar with public affairs and are not blinded by narrow partisan influences. This is to be seen in the comments of the press, not only of those journals which speak for the political party with which Mr. Root votes, but also of many that oppose his party and its policies.

He re-enters the Cabinet to take up that part of the Government's work for which he is best fitted, altho, when we think of what he has already done, we must admit that there is no other Cabinet office in which his special fitness for its duties would not be shown or in which he would not exhaust all possible opportunities for effective and enduring service. One would not have said that there was anything in his training or experience to qualify him for notable achievement in the office of Secretary of War, but memorable reforms and great improvements due to his genius and labor while he was at the head of the War Department will always be associated with his name. Still, it is true that his temperament, his sure judgment, his broad intellectual grasp and his ability to solve complicated problems of great mo-

ment point to the Department of State as the place in which his powers can best serve the public interest. And it happens that his previous Cabinet experience—in military affairs, in the government of the Philippines, and in his temporary control of the State Department itself at the time of the Boxer rebellion in China—has made him familiar with important phases of the work to which his entire attention is now to be given.

Not only on account of the influence he is to exert and the work he is to do in connection with the duties which are peculiarly his own, but also for the reason that his advice and influence concerning topics of general Cabinet discussion will be of very considerable value, are both the President and the country to be congratulated because he again takes a seat at the Cabinet table. Mr. Root has well-considered opinions of his own as to public policy, and can support them. Both for him and his judgment the President, during the last twenty years, has entertained the highest regard.

There has been much discussion as to the motives which led Mr. Root to accept the office. He withdrew from the Cabinet nearly a year and a half ago because he believed it to be his duty to seek the rewards which the practice of his profession offered to him. He has since been exceptionally successful and his professional income is said to exceed \$200,000 a year. This he has chosen to surrender for a salary of \$8,000 and an office in which an annual expenditure of three or four times that sum cannot well be avoided. It has been said by many, and not, as a rule, in a spirit of hostile criticism, that he could not have given up so much if his purpose had not been by re-entering the Cabinet to promote his nomination for the Presidency three years hence. This, it is asserted, must have been his controlling motive.

We do not think it was. It is true that he gives up what is probably the largest professional income now known to the American bar. But, because he is the man that he is, he does not seek an enormous fortune above all things else. He

is fond of his profession, in which he has attained the highest rank, and he would have continued happily to work in it and to earn, if this opportunity to serve elsewhere had not called him away. He has not taken us into his confidence as to his motives, but our knowledge of the man compels us to believe that he yielded to this call because he thought it was his duty to do so—because he thought he was needed in the place where he is to be. Already he has a considerable private fortune. For a man who has so much and whose conception of public duty is what we believe Mr. Root's to be, it is not a sacrifice to do what he is doing. It satisfies his conscience and is a pleasure.

Moreover, the office is very attractive to a man of his ability and character. There does not exist a more exalted one of its kind. Many problems of great international importance are to come before the American Secretary of State in the immediate future, and the reputation to be gained by Mr. Root in his treatment of them will be established throughout the civilized world. In his profession he has reached the top. There is enough in the duties and the opportunities of this public office to draw him away from the further pursuit of wealth.

Those who say that Mr. Root seeks to promote his nomination for the Presidency should remember that not for forty-five years has that office been reached by way of the Cabinet, and that the Secretary of State has almost no patronage that can be used for his political advancement. We believe that his controlling motive was a desire to serve his country in a place where he could be most useful, where the service itself would be enjoyable, and where success would have its due reward of good fame. The office itself which he has accepted has no power that could be exerted to promote his candidacy for the higher one, even if he should desire so to use it. Such power lies only in the man who holds the office, in his character, his ability, his achievements. It sometimes happens that faithful and admirable performance of duty in public office, with no ulterior purpose in view, wins from the people a reward that may have been desired but was not sought.

The Two Revolutions

THE twentieth century will reveal, far more clearly than the nineteenth century did, the profound difference between the Fourth of July and the Fourteenth, between the American Revolution and the French. Americans have never failed to proclaim a difference, with naïve self-satisfaction; but they have not often proclaimed the whole, or the exact, difference.

The American Revolution was a declaration and achievement of national independence, the birth of a national State. The French Revolution was the self-emancipation of a people, the birth of a new kind of human society; the first attainment of a certain stage of civilization, imperfectly imagined by the Greeks, but only as a dream, a Platonic Republic, yet destined to prevail throughout the world if not in the twentieth century perhaps in the twenty-first.

The French Revolution was more dramatic than ours, more terrible in its incidents, more unrestrained as an outburst of human passion, more radical in its program. These differences the American has seen or felt, with pride in his imperturbable Anglo-Saxon blood. He has not quite realized how radical the French Revolution was, how far-reaching; above all, how original, how creative, it was.

For while the American Revolution was in a measure economic, social, intellectual and moral, a stirring of all the waters of life, it was primarily and chiefly a war of separation, a struggle for independence of national life, and, therefore, essentially political. The French Revolution was incidentally political; it was primarily and essentially economic, social, intellectual. It left no idea, no belief in interest, no relation unchallenged. It was a merciless, all-searching judgment of human pretensions, achievements, laws and institutions. But it did not stop with destruction, as the superficial reader of history is too apt to imagine. It was marvelously creative.

The lapse of a century was necessary to throw into clear outline against the background of cruelty and desolation the positive work, the broad, substantial reconstruction of the whole intricate fabric

of human society that the titanic forces of the Revolution accomplished. We are beginning to discern it. Our children will see its proportions and details. They will realize, as we do not, that not only did the Revolution destroy medieval society as it destroyed medieval Paris, but that it created a new society as surely as it created the superb avenues and esplanades of the Paris of to-day.

What is the essential characteristic of that new society which the French Revolution created, wherein does it differ from the American society born of our own struggle for independence, and why must we say that the French creation rather than ours contains the promise and potency of the coming civilization?

The answer to these questions need not be long or difficult. The French Revolution, for the first time since civilization began, created a society based on the ideas of unity, liberty *and equality*. Early civilizations, the great Eastern civilizations, grasped the constructive, the imperial, ideal of unity. They welded heterogeneous hordes into homogeneous peoples. Greece grasped the idea of liberty; she set free the intellect and the creative spirit. The American Colonies, revolting against British oppression, grasped the idea of unity and liberty, balanced and combined. But they were far from believing in social or economic equality. On the contrary, the elements that became successively the Northern Federalist and the Southern slave owning Democrat were among the most intensely aristocratic social classes that ever played a part in the national life of our people. But for a certain kind of liberty Americans have had an insatiable lust—the liberty of the man of enterprise to explore, to invent, to assume risks, to organize, to control industry; this liberty we have almost fanatically defended against encroachment. And with what result? We have created in a single hundred years, in this land of the free, the most astounding economic inequality that has ever been seen among men. We have permitted to grow up in the Republic to which the men of the Revolution consecrated their lives a plutocratic oligarchy immeasurably more powerful than the Senate which trans-

formed the Rome of the Republic into the Rome of the Empire.

It is not then the American Revolutionary idea of a society combining liberty with unity that of itself is adequate to shape the ultimate type of human civilization. Circumstances conspired to evolve from the wild destruction of the French Revolution another idea, which must be combined with our American ideas for the salvation of the republican ideal of a scheme of social order of, for and by the people. Liberty must be tempered and restrained by a generous measure of objective equality. Many of the great resources of the earth and many of the dominant forms of capital must ultimately be owned by the public—that is, by all men equally—if we are to have the highest type of social organization and that gracious social equality among men without which the finest character and the truest happiness cannot exist.

Not all nations must go through a struggle for political independence; but one day or another they must all go through that social revolution—not necessarily with bloodshed, let us hope—of which the great spectacular French Revolution was the terrible but glorious beginning.



Thoreau's Journal

WHEN Emerson went on a lecturing tour through the West—it was during Civil War days—carrying his messages for the first time to the Prairies and the Lake States, he liked to talk about Boston men and things. He always spoke of Agassiz as “Our great man,” and of Quincy he spoke with special affection, but he invariably called Thoreau “Our Boy.” “Our Boy,” he said, “has left piles of manuscript, and we are looking for some one to edit it.” His Journal Emerson thought to be of special importance, and that it must be trusted only to some one who could comprehend Thoreau. A good deal of this old material to which Emerson referred has been edited in two previous volumes—not altogether acceptably.

The publication of the Journal, which is now undertaken by the *Atlantic*, under the editorship of Henry D. L. Thoreau,

is one of the literary events of the year. We are inclined to believe, with one of the Chicago journals, that Thoreau has only begun his career with the American people. He probably had a great deal to do with sustaining the natural taste for country life, which is inherent in the American people. But he did much more than this—he elevated that taste—infusing elements of a philosophic and religious sort, which recall the Greek spirit. As a literary production the Journal is more nearly to be compared with "Maine Woods." This last—the "Maine Woods"—has a wild flavor of its own and a simplicity that separates it from all the rest of the volumes previously published. The Journal will meet the mood of our times, which is flavored with a reviving love for the country.

Thoreau complains frequently that he cannot find interesting human neighbors—that he is obliged to go to the chipmunks and the beavers for rational companionship. He knows "only one" with whom he can walk and talk—he does not say that one is Emerson. He thinks he might as well sit in a barroom with most people as try to walk and talk with them. People are rarely "side by side" in their thoughts. He thinks most people are spoiled by civility.

"You can have no profitable conversation with them they are so conciliatory, determined to agree with you. They exhibit such long suffering and kindness in a short interview. . . . I would meet with some provoking strangeness, so that we may be guests and hosts and refresh one another. It is possible for man wholly to disappear, and be merged in his manners. A cross man, a coarse man, an eccentric man, a man who does not drill well—of him there is some hope. But your gentlemen, they are all alike."

He finds common laborers, fishers and hunters, and even loafers, more interesting than conventional gentlemen; for with the former he can spin yarns, and when they get through each one is still himself. But a gentleman who comes for an hour or a day, to be polite and to be treated politely—why, with him there is no living. He wishes his neighbors were wilder; but most people, after all, if robbed of the conventional would be only weeds.

It will, however, be a mistake to think

of Thoreau as lacking in social instincts. He was constantly hunting for companionship. He reproached himself because he could find nothing attractive in the employments of most people—skipping men and their affairs—the professions and the trades not elevating them, at least in his thoughts, or getting any poetry out of them. "It is narrow to be confined to woods and fields and grand aspects of Nature only." He allows that the greatest and wisest will still be related to men. Why not see a man standing up in the sunshine and casting a shadow even as a tree? He concludes that he

"will try to enjoy them as animals, at least. Do not neglect to speak of men's low life and affairs with sympathy; altho ever speak so as to suggest a contrast between them and the ideal and divine."

He says in another place that he has got to that pass with his friends that their words do not pass with each other for what they are worth. His friends find fault with him because he walks so much alone, while pining for a companion, and then puts down his thoughts in a diary, instead of seeking to share them generously with a friend. Then comes the apology that in our highest moods we are of necessity isolated.

"The mind that perceives clearly any natural beauty is in that instant withdrawn from human society. My desire for society is infinitely increased; my fitness for any actual society is diminished."

A nice comment on Emerson's definition of him as a boy is a passage that records his amusement at hearing "R. W. E." tell how he drove his own calf out of his yard into the street when it was trying to come in with his cow—not thinking of it as his own. Emerson at that moment was probably thinking over one of his essays on farming. But it is a curious fact that about those days Thoreau was feeling slighted by the world because he was not invited to lecture. He tells us that he had offered himself much more earnestly as a lecturer than a surveyor, yet he was not invited

"to lecture once last winter, and only once this winter; but I can get surveying enough—which a hundred others in this county can do

as well as I—tho it is not boasting much to say that a hundred others in New England cannot lecture as well as I.”

Really, why did we not invite Thoreau in those days instead of Emerson? We had not caught up with either. But Emerson we did not understand, and it fostered our high opinion of ourselves to pose as those who did. In these days Thoreau would be the man. He would have the crowd, but probably would not be glad, for as yet we are not sincere Nature lovers; we have not got by glorifying the city.

Like every true naturalist, Thoreau loved the morning—it was his boyishness again. He says:

“It is a test question affecting the youth of a person. Do you sympathize with the morning? Are you abroad early, brushing the dews aside? If the sun rises on you slumbering, if you do not hear the morning cock crow, what relation have you to wisdom and purity? You have forgotten your Creator and the days of your youth.”

But if he were to choose a time for a friend to make a passing visit, from some other to this world, for the first time, it would be at a moment when the sun was setting with splendor in the west; his light reflected far and wide through the clarified air; after a rain, and a brilliant rainbow overarching the eastern sky. Would he be likely to think this a vulgar place to live in—a place where one would be compelled to devote his life to dissipation and frivolity? He is quite sure that a man traveling from world to world, and reaching our world at such a moment, would wish to take up his abode here.

Summer is good because one can live out of doors.

“It behooves us to break up this custom of sitting in the house—for it is *only* a custom, and it does not have the sanction of common-sense.”

Fowls do not leave their perches in the morning and then go back to them every few minutes all day. One should walk and get into communion with just as much of Nature as possible; but you must walk so gently to hear the finest sounds, the faculties being in repose. “Your mind must not perspire.” He considers out of doors the place to constantly store up influences, and indoors a

place where expression can shape itself. He can go nowhere in the wide world without he finds the pressure of the intellectual atmosphere to be fifteen pounds to the square inch. A house is good for something only when he wants to get away from that pressure, relaxing himself.

In autumn he finds Nature in a mood even more enjoyable. “For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it.” He sometimes feels that he is rewarded merely for expecting better hours. He is rich in the autumn days, for he can smell the ripening apples, and the autumn flowers give themselves to him. Even the strong wormwood scent which belongs to the season feeds his spirit and endears him to the earth. At this period he gets a touch of mystical worship—loses Thoreau for once in the Puritan—exclaiming:

“I thank you, God. . . . I do not deserve anything; I am unworthy of the least regard; and yet I am made to rejoice. Ah! I would not tread on a cricket, in whose song is a revelation, soothing and cheerful to my ear. Oh, keep my senses pure! And why should I speak to my friends, since how rarely is it that I am I, and they also they.”

He loved the water.

“Full moon. Arose and went to the river and bathed, stepping carefully not to disturb the household, and still carefully in the street not to disturb the neighbors.”

He would lie down, he tells us, on the sandy bottom, but found it difficult to get wet through. “I would fain be the channel of a mountain brook.” All this ripens into a natural religion—still boyish, for all natural religion comes down to us from a boyish age of the world, and bubbles up once in a while in its old time simplicity. It ripens into the maxim of true evolution. “Not secret but sacred are all the forces of life.” He would treat himself as tenderly and purely as the most innocent child.

“Let me forever go in search of myself; never for a moment think I have found myself. What temple can there be but the innermost part of my own being? It is the love of virtue makes us young forever. I love and worship myself with a love which absorbs my love for the world. May I dream not that I shun vice; may I dream that I loved and practiced virtue.”

Plain Answers to Plain Questions

A CORRESPONDENT from the Gulf States requests answers to these direct questions, which he seems to imagine will be "posers":

In your editorial of June 29th, you say regarding a clipping from a Southern Church organ:

"But race antipathy is not ineradicable, as is abundantly proved the world over. It is a cultivated vice."

Now if by antipathy you mean objection to social equality, I would like to ask you a few questions:

First.—Do you really believe that the Southern people *should* mingle with the negroes on terms of social equality?

Second.—If you lived in the South, would you invite negroes to your home and receive them on terms of social equality?

Third.—Do you now mingle with them on terms of social equality?

Fourth.—Admitting for the sake of argument that a negro could be elevated mentally, morally and every other way until his smell and other physical differences formed the only distinction, would you then be willing for him to marry a female member of your own family?

These questions are asked for information. I simply want to know if there are people who really hold such views. I credit you with honesty in your opinion, and I have a curiosity to know whether or not you would be willing to apply the Golden Rule in this instance. Hoping to hear from you, I am, very respectfully,

WINONA, MISS.

WM. C. WARD.

In answer to these questions we reply,

1. That social equality does not concern us. We never discuss the matter nor urge the practice. Indeed, we do not believe in social equality, within any one race or between races. People are not equal, for social purposes. All of us find some people disagreeable; and with them no social relations are possible. Social relations go by favor and nobody has the right to complain if they are refused. All we demand is political and civil equality.

2. Therefore we do not believe that "Southern people," meaning, we suppose, Southern white people, "*should* mingle with the negroes on terms of social equality," unless they feel like it; nor with white people either. If the colored people are of their own intellectual and social grade, agreeable com-

panions, we see no reason why they should be blamed for mingling with them socially. Especially do we object to what we know has been a social relation, and the most intimate possible, but illicit, which has produced millions of offspring of mixed blood.

3. We are asked if we would "invite negroes" to our home, if we "lived in the South," and if we "now mingle with them on terms of social equality." That depends on the negro. In the South the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT has sat with negroes at their table in their home and enjoyed it; and he has entertained negroes at his own home, and no hurt done. But they were intelligent, cultivated people. What he would do if he lived in the South he cannot tell, but he hopes he would not mingle socially with ignorant and disagreeable people of any shade or tint.

4. Our correspondent wants to know whether, in the case of a negro mentally and morally satisfactory, we would be "willing for him to marry a female member" of the family. There are negroes and negroes. Some of them have been so bleached in the South that when they go West or come North they pass as white; indeed, they are negroes only in the Mississippi or Virginia patois. In the case of people having a distinct color, black, red, yellow or brown, we would prefer that there should be no such intermarriage, because the Editor prefers the color in which he was born to any other, but does not quarrel with the preference of other people for their own. Further, with the predominant white population, he thinks it would be more agreeable for such female member and for her children that she should marry with those of her own color. Equally we should prefer that a male member of our family should marry a white woman; but we know there are those who desire a darker shade, and we think the laws which in Mississippi forbid intermarriage of the races are wicked, and that they tend to create many illegitimate unions. Doubtless our correspondent has known many such. We know what sad difficulty teachers of the better colored schools have in preventing their educated and cultivated girls from being snapt up by white men in respectable

society and introduced into an irregular relation, which in New York would be a common law marriage, or which is a virtual polygamy. And with no visible sense of shame, indeed with a sense of duty, the fathers bring their children, still lighter than the mothers, to these best negro schools for education. We know of what we affirm, and can specify the instances.

Here is the amazing blindness of our critics. The section which is dead against social equality is the same that practices it most. Every small Southern city has its district where these permanent relations are carried on; for we are not talking of promiscuous immorality, but of unwedded wifedom—in not a few cases unwedded solely because the law forbids. And what is the result? The gradual and somewhat rapid bleaching out of the negro's color. Thousands have already passed the line. They have become pure Caucasians. The process will go on, and the farcical thing about it is that the section which most pretends to stand in terror of social relations is that which most supports them. Meanwhile the white race is not being darkened, and appears to be in no danger of it, while the black race is steadily whitening, and is likely to whiten more and more, by the preference of darker women for lighter men, until in time the black race will be eliminated on the continent. The present effort of the South to attract immigrants from Europe, and especially from Italy, will increase this effect, for they have not learned to pretend a "race antipathy." There never has been in the history of the world any race antipathy such as would prevent marital relations. White men have shown no such antipathy in the United States or in Latin America, whether with negroes or Indians; and equally in India, China, Japan or the Philippines do the multitude of mestizos and other half-castes support our casual remark that race antipathy is "a cultivated vice."



American Schools of Archeology

THERE are three American Schools of Archeology in the Old World, one at Athens, one at Rome and one at Jerusalem. They represent the methods and

the hopes of the best American scholarship in its study of classical and biblical history and art. There ought to be two more American Schools of Archeology, one in Baghdad, for Assyriology, and one in Cairo, for Egyptology. What university, or what man of wealth and scholarship, will found such a school? Why should we want England or Germany or France to set us the example, as they have done in the other cases? Now the teacher of Greek or Latin is hardly equipt if he has not studied his department in Rome or Athens; and the biblical teacher is equally lacking if he has not carefully traced the footsteps of David and Jesus in Palestine. The students may be few who attend these schools, but they will be the choice teachers of the next generation.

A letter just received from Prof. N. Schmidt, of Cornell, who is in charge for the year of the American School in Jerusalem, tells us that he and his pupils have completed the circumnavigation of the Dead Sea, so that it is now possible to supplement in various directions the results gained by the two previous expeditions, the American expedition of Lieutenant Lynch, in 1848, and the French of the Duc de Luynes, in 1863. Of course, the results of this exploration will be subsequently published in *The American Journal of Archaeology*. Since their return from the Dead Sea Professor Schmidt and his pupils have been exploring the Negeb, south of Palestine, and have had the good fortune to discover thirty unpublished Greek inscriptions, some of them dated, near Ruheibeh, the ancient Rehoboth. With scrupulous fidelity the stones were left *in situ*, the Turkish authorities were advised of the discovery, and squeezes were taken for publication. These are the first inscriptions found in this hitherto little known region.

The American School in Jerusalem has been put under the charge of a committee, of which Prof. J. Dyneley Prince, of Columbia University, is chairman. It greatly needs a building of its own for the residence of the Director and students, and the library, and with a room for a biblical museum. Of course the building will come when the right man sees the need.

But quite as much is such a school needed for Egyptology, and another for Assyriology, and in both of these America has as yet no rival. We are just beginning to make explorations with real success in Egypt, led by the University of California, under the charge of Professor Reisner, of the University of California, and by Professor W. Max Müller, of Philadelphia. Cairo would be the best place for such a school, for there is the splendid Khedivial Museum.

The proper place for an American School for Assyriology is at Baghdad, and it would be comfortable for six months in the year. There is no museum or School of Archeology in this, one of the two richest regions of the world for the historical student, a region where new finds are made all the time, and from which we must learn the earliest history of civilization; a region full of monuments from the beginning of human culture down to the period of the great Jewish glories of post-Talmudic times, not yet investigated where they flourished at Nehardea and Pumbeditha. Americans have taken part in three expeditions of exploration and excavation, of which that of the University of Pennsylvania, carried on by Dr. Peters and Dr. Haynes and concluded by Dr. Hilprecht at Nippur, is best known, while that now being carried on by the University of Chicago is full of promise. But a permanent school and home for American study at Baghdad is much to be desired, the Director of which might be the American Consul. Very likely a gift of \$200,000 would put such a school on a permanent foundation, and do much for American scholarship and for the opening of the buried history of Babylonia, Assyria, Persia and the neighboring regions.



The Wrongs and the Rights of Porto Rico

It is now some seven years since General Miles was welcomed with shouts of acclamation when he raised the American flag on the soil of Porto Rico. There were flowers and processions. On the 28th of July, 1898, General Miles issued a proclamation declaring that the army of the United States had come to occupy the island and to bring to its in-

habitants "the fostering arm of a nation of free people, whose greatest power is in justice and humanity to all those living within its fold." He promised that in exchange for their former subjection to Spanish rule he had come to "bestow upon the people of Porto Rico the immunities and blessings of the liberal institutions of our Government."

That event was seven years ago. The other day the public press printed a short dispatch that strike riots had broken out among the bread winners of the island and that the American flag was trampled upon by certain of the angry people. What does it mean?

Beyond question the people of Porto Rico are discontented, and they have the right to be so. Congress has not treated them with proper consideration. They imagined they were to receive the rights of American citizens, but these have been denied them.

Take the case of Miss Isabel Gonzales some time ago, a lady of position and culture. She arrived at the port of New York on an American vessel, direct from San Juan, and was detained at Ellis Island as a "foreigner" liable to become a public charge. When she was in danger of deportation to her native island her uncle enlisted legal services and by a writ of habeas corpus got her on the mainland. She had been treated like a foreigner from Turkey or China. Then she was taken before the United States Circuit Court and Judge Lacombe decided that she was an "alien." The case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which decided that she could land, but that Porto Ricans are neither Americans nor foreigners. They are like Mohammed's coffin.

A recent instance makes the condition even more ridiculous. A number of Porto Ricans went to the United States Commissioner and asked if they might be naturalized. They were told that they must first forswear their allegiance. They asked, "What allegiance?" The only allegiance they already had was to the United States, and it was not their desire to forswear allegiance to it but to declare it. Is it right that an Italian or a Turk can become a citizen of the United States and not one of our own Porto Ricans?

What is needed is that Congress

should pay some attention to its near colony. It should govern Porto Rico for the Porto Ricans, just as New Mexico is governed for its people. It should be raised to the rank of a Territory, with the promise of being later made a full fledged State. Nothing less is just and right.



**Nature
Studies**

In a lecture by Prof. E. Ray Lankester, lately published in London, the distinguished naturalist defends a somewhat new argument for giving the pre-eminence in the university curriculum to nature studies. He says that by his interference with natural laws of heredity and variation civilized man has proceeded so far in his interference with extra-human nature, as to produce for himself and the living organisms associated with him such a special state of things by his rebellion against natural selection and his defiance of nature's pre-human dispositions, that he must either go on and acquire firmer control of the conditions or perish miserably by the vengeance certain to fall on the half-hearted meddler in great affairs. It is, he says, practically certain that all epidemic disease could be abolished within a period so short as fifty years if the State cared to take the matter in hand and employ the means at the command of science. He would then have legislators educated in the sciences of nature, so that they will understand and appreciate the dangers and the remedies, rather than in the old studies. Professor Lankester seems to think that the highest study of mankind is nature; he hardly accepts Pope's notion that "The proper study of mankind is man," much less that of Plato, who said: "Trees and fields teach me nothing; men are my teachers." Plato was half wrong, but was he not right in thinking that, however valuable the study of nature, that of man, his history, his experience, his achievements, is the best and most profitable of all studies? Man has a brain of five or six times the bulk, in proportion to size, of any other surviving simian. The work of that brain is more valuable for study than

the anatomy of simian brains, and the culture of that big brain is more to be considered than all Pasteur's cultures of bacteria in sterilized soup. We do not join in Professor Lankester's fear that man is liable to be exterminated by his development out of ignorance and savagery. Indeed, thus far, the greater his interference with nature the greater the human population, and the bigger and finer the men.



**A Kansas
Disappointment**

Governor Hoch, of Kansas, is much disappointed over the decision of the Supreme Court of the State that the law for establishing a State refinery is unconstitutional. He says that if it is not constitutional to build it it ought to be. We think he is right; but the Constitution stands clearly in the way, as the Court decides unanimously. But a constitution can be changed. It takes only a very few years. It is a serious question whether the elaborate prohibitions of constitutions do not too much disturb the people. Governments get along very well without any written constitutions. It is not clear why a State should forbid itself to own or run a railroad or a refinery, as well as a school, or a hospital, or a penitentiary. To be sure, the plan of the Kansas reformers was a fraud on the Constitution, as the Court easily saw. The pretense was too flimsy. There was to be an unnecessary penitentiary established, to be a cover for the industry of the inmates in refining oil, the object being not the penitentiary, but the refinery. Under the Constitution the State could establish the penitentiary for penitentiary purposes; not a penitentiary for refinery purposes.



**A "Slump of
Conscience"**

In reply to those who have made Dr. Gladden's attack on "tainted money" an argument against the policy of the Congregationalists in giving *ad interim* duties to the Moderator of their National Council, Dr. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, says that not only has it given public attention

to the denomination, but Dr. Gladden has been calling needed attention to the disgrace of ill-gotten wealth. While neither Dr. Jefferson nor ourselves agree with Dr. Gladden as to the refusal of "tainted" money for benevolent purposes, we find much to approve in his late address to the Christian Endeavorers in Baltimore last Saturday. He said:

"The one thing this country needs to-day is a clearing and toning up of the consciences of its citizens. The phenomenon known as graft is a widespread and deadly disregard of the primary rights of property, and the essence of it is the appropriation for personal uses of public property or of private property held in trust."

Very true, but we are not so sure that he is right when he speaks of "a general slump of conscience in financial circles and in political circles, in society and in the Church itself." We should not call it a "slump," but a clearer recognition of evils which have long existed, but which were not clearly seen. There is rather an awakening of conscience than a slump of conscience. We see things to be wrong that we did not see to be wrong before. The faculty of seeing right and wrong becomes more and more developed. It may be that one of these days we shall come to hold that the exclusion of immigrants, or the wall of a protective tariff, is selfish and sinful.



The Sick Sultan The Sultan is reported sick in the Yildiz Kiosk, and we do not wonder. He has suffered and done enough to shatter the strongest man's health. We should think that after all the massacres of his subjects he would feel that he was attacked by as many bat-winged ministers of justice as were those who, as Hood tells us, avenged the crime of the Eisenhutte. Just now Russia does not disturb the Sultan as much as she did, and he can dally about the proposals for a railroad and irrigation works in Mesopotamia, and he can still set Germany and Great Britain against each other; but nothing can he do in the much more important trou-

bles that beset him in Arabia. It is essential to his position that he hold control of Mecca. That makes him the head of the great Moslem world. But the Arab hates the Turk, or despises him. Both are building-stones in the grand temples of the Moslem faith, but Arab is precious marble, while he calls the Turk brick of crumbling clay. Now the disturbance has risen to the level of a real revolt. A large part of Southern Arabia has thrown off its allegiance, and Sana'a is captured, and Mecca will next be threatened. The Moslems the world over prefer Arabs to Turks, and so do Christians. There is more hope for civilization in the Arabs than in the Turks. There is a certain danger that Germany may offer her aid to Turkey, but until the Herreros of West Africa are subdued Germany is likely to avoid war with other wild tribes, and it would be foolish for England to interfere.



A curious story, which we may suppose true, for it is copied from the *Rouskoïé Bogatsvo* for April by the *Paris Temps*, tells how Russian honor was once saved by Japan. It was in 1887 that at Korsakof, the capital of Sakhalin, it was decided by the "high society" to hold a celebration of Pushkin's fiftieth anniversary, making it a national and literary jubilee. Everything was prepared, vodka, oration, prayers, amusements, when at the last moment it was found that one essential was lacking—not a copy of the complete works of the poet could be found on the island. The organizers were in despair, but the providence which cares for idiots, drunkards and fools did not fail them. The Secretary of the Japanese Legation, M. Suzuki, came to their aid and kindly consented, at their request, to loan them his beautiful and rare edition of the works of the author of "Eugène Oréguine."



Those who have been fearing or hoping that Professor Briggs will pass through the Protestant Episcopal to the Roman Catholic Church need feel no anxiety on the subject. He is not, we know, in the least danger of doing so. It is wild talk.

Insurance

Women as Life Risks

THE attitude of the Home Life toward women as life risks is indicative of the modern tendency to accept them freely by the best life insurance companies. Formerly they were regarded as undesirable risks, as an extra hazard was considered to attach itself to them. A recent review of comparative statistics of male and female mortality has been considered by experts to show that the extra hazard assigned to women is more than offset by the fact that as a class they are less inclined to excesses. They are also freer from exposure, strain and pressure than are their masculine fellows. In the insurance of women, however, social position and general surroundings are, generally speaking, carefully considered not only by the Home Life but by all conservative companies. The insurable interest is for the most part vigorously insisted upon. If a married woman has an income of her own, either from her vested estate or from her own industry, which income is devoted either in whole or in part to the general family fund, it is clear that the husband as a recipient of a portion of such income has a vested insurable interest in her life. Widows with dependent children clearly have undisputed insurable interest, but the placing of insurance upon women of advanced age, whose policies are made payable to adult children of either sex, is not regarded with the smallest favor. In point of fact such policies are rarely if ever made binding.

The Weakening of Credit by Personal Surety

IN becoming surety, business men were formerly accustomed to regard the bond as merely a matter of form. They lightly assumed liability of this kind as a very remote contingency, even when the amount involved was a considerable sum. The custom of acting as personal surety came into existence before the advent of the surety companies now organized to undertake risks of this character. The

assuming of liability as a personal surety still lingers in some sections. There has lately been a pronounced reaction against this, however, in view of the fact that the existence of such liability curtails credit. The modern credit man is forced to scrutinize all conditions weighing for or against a debtor, and if a liability for personal surety hangs over a customer seeking credit of him he is bound to take cognizance of this, just as he would anything else affecting the finances of his customer that would be. Dispatches from Columbus, O., specifically mention a case where a merchant of that city sought to be relieved as surety on a bond because he found that the obligation thus resting upon him, perhaps thoughtlessly assumed, had tended to weaken his credit. The case is typical as showing the modern trend in commercialism. If a business man seeking credit found it impossible to obtain it because he had become surety on a bond the penalty of which was equal to or in excess of his total assets, he could not escape the knowledge of an assumption on his part of a real obligation, which might at some future time reduce him to bankruptcy if not to actual want. The sooner a sentiment in favor of corporate surety is created the better it will be.

SENATOR FREAR, of Wisconsin, is the author of a bill requiring the State to provide life insurance for all persons residing therein.

...The recently published experience of a certain casualty company sets forth the fact that the cost to the company of insuring a man between the ages of fifty and sixty years is a trifle over 15 per cent. greater than for carrying him before the age of fifty. Age thus becomes an important factor in accident insurance for the reason that when the half century is passed a man's power of physical resistance is weakened and as a rule his mental powers are rather more sluggish in action, all of which tends toward increasing the cost of covering the man of advanced years as a risk.

Financial

Devlin's Broken Banks

THE failure of the First National Bank of Topeka and of two allied banks in Illinois points once more to the risk incurred by those who deposit in a bank absolutely controlled by one man, especially if he is engaged in large ventures of a speculative character. It also directs attention to violations of the law which the Government is unable to prevent and for which the statutory penalties are inadequate. C. J. Devlin virtually owned these national banks. The one in Topeka was wrecked because he had borrowed from it about \$1,200,000, a sum nearly equal to its deposits. As the bank's capital was only \$300,000, it was forbidden by law to loan more than \$30,000 to one person. As Devlin was on the State Treasurer's bond for \$500,000, it was natural to expect to find the Treasurer depositing largely with his friend. It appears that Devlin thus had the use of \$547,000 of the State's money. The three banks seem to have been used by their owner as convenient reservoirs from which he could draw funds for carrying on his business in mines and railroads. Such a misuse of depositors' money cannot always be prevented or detected by the official examinations. The penalties provided are not sufficient for restraint. Depositors should not rely exclusively upon the law and the Comptroller of the Currency. They should be guided by their knowledge of the character and the projects of the men who control the institutions to which they intrust their funds.

A New Japanese Loan

ENGLAND, Germany and the United States are to take in equal parts the forthcoming Japanese loan of \$150,000,000 at 4½ per cent. As in the case of the preceding loan of the same amount, the underwriters here will be Kuhn, Loeb & Co., assisted by the National City Bank and the National Bank of Commerce. Berlin bankers asked for a share of that loan, but could not get it; this time they are admitted. They have learned since the beginning of the war not to place Japan's borrowings below Russia's. The

loan of last Spring (\$150,000,000) was secured by a lien upon the Tobacco Monopoly; the specific security for this new loan is to be a second lien of the same kind. The annual income of the Monopoly is about \$16,000,000, and the interest upon the two loans will be \$13,500,000. But the main security, of course, will be Japanese credit, which continues to be of a high character and is sustained by the excellent economic condition of the country.

It is proposed that cars shall run every 15 minutes on the electric line now under construction between Washington and Baltimore.

....The bank note circulation of the country amounted to \$495,719,000 at the end of the fiscal year, and the increase in twelve months had been \$46,484,000.

....In the statement of the Bankers' Trust Company published in our advertising pages last week a typographical error made the deposits appear as \$248,899,785.18. The correct amount is \$24,899,785.18.

....By a vote of 105 to 99, the Connecticut House has sustained the monopoly of the Southern New England Telephone Company in that State and rejected a bill allowing competition. The company recently reduced its rates.

....Our exports of automobiles have grown from \$948,000 in the fiscal year 1902 to \$1,895,000 in 1904 and \$1,876,000 in ten months of the current fiscal year. Imports, mainly from France, were \$1,446,000 in 1904. The tariff duty is 45 per cent.

....The list of railway companies that became insolvent in 1904 was very small. There were only eight short roads (744 miles in all), capitalized at \$36,069,000 in stock and bonds. In the first half of 1905, five small companies, operating only 270 miles of road, have been placed in the hands of receivers.

....Dividends announced:

U. S. Rubber Co., Preferred, quarterly, 2 per cent., payable August 15th.

Rock Island Co., Preferred, quarterly, \$1.00 per share, payable August 1st.

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Survey of the World

National Topics

Dispatches from well-known correspondents in Washington say that the President intends to call Congress for a special session beginning on November 10th in order that it may take up the railway rate question, and that his views as to the great need of legislation on this subject have undergone no change.—In the course of an address at the annual meeting of the physicians of Long Island, on the 12th, the President spoke of the importance of good medical work as the basis of success in the construction of the Panama Canal. Of the work now in progress on the Isthmus he was “glad to say” that it was “being admirably done.” It would “not be a failure.” Referring to the sanitary work done by our Government in Cuba, he said that better work had never been done for this country. The man who above all others was responsible for doing that work so well was a doctor who had gone “to the field as a soldier, the present Major General Leonard Wood”:

“Leonard Wood did in Cuba just the kind of work that, for instance, Lord Cromer has done in Egypt. We have not been able to reward Wood in anything like the proportion in which for services such as his he would have been rewarded in any other country of the first rank, and there have been no meaner and more unpleasant manifestations in all our public history than the feelings of envy and jealousy manifested toward Wood. And the foul assaults and attacks made upon him were largely because they grudged the fact that this admirable military officer should have been a doctor.”

General Wood is now in this country, having returned from the Philippines

to undergo a surgical operation.—Just before Secretary Root consented to re-enter the Cabinet, a friend in Cincinnati, J. H. Woodard, sent him a telegram asking whether it would “not be better to wait three years for the substance than to take the shadow now.” To which Mr. Root replied:

“My feeling is that the things one has an opportunity to do are substance and the things one tries to get are shadow.”

It is reported that Lloyd Griscom, now Minister to Japan, will be made First Assistant Secretary of State.—The Chamber of Commerce of Portland, Ore., in a long letter prepared by its President, William D. Wheelwright, urges President Roosevelt to take steps for negotiating a new treaty with China that shall provide not only for the removal of all annoying conditions attending the entrance of Chinese merchants, students and professional men at our ports, but also for “the admission during the next ten years of a number of male Chinese laborers that in any one year shall not exceed one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the population of this country.” It is asserted in this letter that there is much less opposition on the Pacific Coast to Chinese immigration than there was a few years ago, and that public opinion there as to this question is changing rapidly.

Mr. Bristow's Report on the Panama Road

After an investigation which has consumed several months, Joseph L. Bristow, formerly Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, has submitted a report upon the Panama Railroad. It appears that the rail-

road company, now controlled by our Government, practically owns all the land on which Colon is built, together with extensive wharves at that port and at Panama. It operates a line of steamers between Colon and New York, using six ships, three owned and three chartered. Having considered the complaints as to high local rates, monopolistic traffic contracts with the Pacific Mail Company and two South American steamship lines, Mr. Bristow makes the following recommendations: that the road be continued as a commercial line, with an additional track, modern rolling stock, additional wharves and other improvements; that the rates for through business be made as low as the cost of the service and a fair dividend will permit; that the steamship line between Colon and New York be retained by the Government; that the exclusive contracts with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the two South American west coast lines be canceled "and the ports of Colon and Panama be opened to the use of all steamship lines on equal terms"; that the company establish a new line between Colon and the Gulf ports if this be not done within a reasonable time by private capital; that if the Pacific Mail Company withdraws its line between Panama and San Francisco some other company be asked to take its place, and that, if no other company desires to do so, the railroad company establish a line between Panama and our Pacific ports. A line to Gulf ports is needed because it is cheaper to move Mississippi Valley supplies for the canal by way of those ports than by way of New York. In traffic connections American ships should be favored so far as this can be done consistently with treaty obligations, but, upon the theory that the railroad is performing the functions of a canal, Mr. Bristow cannot see that it is practicable to discriminate in favor of American ships at the ports of Panama and Colon. The exclusive contract with the Pacific Mail Company was canceled on the 12th inst., after this report was completed. It was in the interest of the transcontinental rail-

roads.—Contractors will be invited by the Canal Commission to supply 2,000 Japanese, 2,000 Chinese and 2,000 Italian laborers before December 1st and for a term of 500 days. Thus the merits and capacity of each race will be tested. Service on the Isthmus will be made more attractive. A competent man has been employed to provide means for recreation, such as reading rooms, clubs, amusement halls and grounds for athletic sports.

The Stolen Crop Report

Owing to the disclosures which caused the dismissal of Assistant Statistician Holmes, of the Agricultural Department, all the official crop reports have fallen under suspicion. Many believe that information as to the wheat reports was sold to speculators. Tobacco growers express the opinion that the tobacco reports have been manipulated in the interest of the Trust's buyers. Holmes, who sold the cotton reports, has disappeared. It now appears that a complete statement of the evidence was not placed in the District Attorney's hands, and that his opinion, that there was not sufficient ground for the prosecution of Holmes, was based only upon what had been laid before him. The President desires that a most searching investigation be made, and he has placed the case in the hands of Attorney-General Moody, to whom, on the 12th, he sent the following letter:

"I most earnestly hope that every effort will be made to bring Holmes to justice in connection with the cotton report scandal. Please go over the papers yourself. The man is in my judgment a far greater scoundrel than if he had stolen money from the Government, as he used the Government to deceive outsiders and to make money for himself and for others."

A prominent cotton broker of New York, who was mentioned in the published report as having been interested in the purchase of Holmes's information, but mentioned without the support of trustworthy evidence, has demanded from Secretary Wilson a retraction. The Secretary says: "This is a quarrel among gamblers. I have nothing to take back." Regret is expressed in Washington official circles that the Secretary did not have Holmes arrested.

Philadelphia's District Attorney Mayor Weaver and those who are assisting him in the war upon Philadelphia's ring have discovered that District Attorney John C. Bell does not agree with them as to the course to be pursued. This will cause some delay. It was shown in court some weeks ago that Boss Durham and Senator James P. McNichol had been and were silent partners in the contracting firm of Daniel J. McNichol & Co., owning an interest amounting to eleven-twelfths. This is the firm to which were given the great ring contracts. Mr. Bell now admits that for two years past he has been counsel for Senator McNichol; that up to a very recent date he was preparing to defend McNichol in the civil suits which seemed to be impending; that he has also been acting as counsel for the Durham-McNichol firm; that he has large holdings of the United Gas Improvement Company's stock, and that he is associated in a law office with Joseph L. Caven, an uncle of the Caven who was recently arrested and indicted for his connection with the ring contracts. It is also asserted, and not denied, that he and his relatives were interested largely in real estate favorably affected by the ring's Torresdale Boulevard. After the arrest of Councilman Caven and Engineer Hill, and the preliminary hearing which disclosed the evidence against them, he assisted in procuring the indictment of both, for offenses which were not clearly connected with what is regarded as a conspiracy in which Durham, McNichol and others were the chief actors; but when he was asked by the Mayor, with the approval of the latter's advisers (Elihu Root, Wayne MacVeagh and Judge Gordon), to procure the indictment of Caven and Hill and "certain other persons" (Durham and McNichol) for conspiracy to defraud the city, upon evidence in the Mayor's possession, he declined to do so, saying that the other persons must first be arrested on a charge of conspiracy, be heard, and be held for the grand jury by a magistrate. His attitude has been the subject of much correspondence between him and Judge Gordon. This has been published. Judge Gordon very severely criticises Mr. Bell, pointing out how

favorably his policy affects "the real and potent criminals." Some suggest that a special District Attorney should be appointed to do the work which Bell avoids. The Mayor attended a meeting of his advisers in New York on the 14th, and it is predicted that the leaders of the ring will soon be arrested. John W. Hill, recently Chief Engineer of the filtration works, has been indicted twice for forgery and falsification of records. Robert C. Hill, chief of the Bureau of Building Inspection, has been removed because he used the power of his office to "favor some [the members and friends of the ring] and to oppress others." Two members of one of the ward committees go to prison for nine months because they padded the voting lists. It is said that 50,000 votes have already been accounted for by the detection of fraudulent registration from cheap lodging houses.

Judge Calhoun's Mission to Venezuela Judge William J. Calhoun, of Chicago, has been appointed by the President a Special Commissioner to make a thorough investigation in Venezuela as to all questions affecting the interests of the United States. In April, 1897, Mr. Calhoun, who had been practicing law in Danville, Ill., was sent to Cuba as the special representative of President McKinley, to inquire as to the death in prison of Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, a naturalized citizen of this country, and also concerning Spanish rule and the condition of the people. His first report was received on May 15th. Two days later Mr. McKinley sent to Congress a message asking for an appropriation of \$50,000 to be used in Cuba for the relief of destitute Americans there. It is said that the information given by him to Mr. McKinley upon his return was very influential in shaping the latter's policy with respect to Spain and the island. Afterward Mr. Calhoun was for two years an Interstate Commerce Commissioner. It is understood that he goes to Venezuela with the knowledge and consent of President Castro. He will inquire as to the complaints of American companies concerning the conduct of the Venezuelan Government toward them, and undoubtedly will report

as to the seizure of the asphalt properties, the character of the courts and the agreement with certain European Powers relating to the payment of the country's foreign debt.

Charleston Naval Inspectors Reinstated

The new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Bonaparte, has revoked the order by which his predecessor, Mr. Paul Morton, at the request of a contractor, transferred Civil Engineers J. C. S. Walker and F. R. Harris from the Charleston Navy Yard to other stations. They were inspectors of work in progress at Charleston, and the contractor asserted that they were too exacting. There was much gossip about Secretary Morton's order, because it was reported that it was due in part to political influence after Admiral Endicott, Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, had, as the official statement now says, rejected the contractors' application and complimented the two officers "on their vigilance and zeal." In his report to the President, Secretary Bonaparte, referring to an investigation made by Assistant Secretary Darling, shows that the contractor's work (he was building a dry dock) was in need of "vigorous inspection." The two engineers were "vigilant and conscientious in the discharge of their duties," and they "held the contractor up to the specifications." He had repeatedly tried to get rid of them. At last he was successful. Of Secretary Morton's order Mr. Bonaparte says:

"Whatever might have been the merits of such action if taken spontaneously or under other circumstances, I am compelled to look upon it as unfortunate when thus induced and under the circumstances actually existing. In my opinion its moral effect would be probably undesirable upon contractors for Government work and supervising officers, and, on the whole, unsatisfactory both within and without the service."

In the present instance, he continues, it is liable to serious misconstruction. He then refers to evidence, "corroborated rather strongly by undisputed facts," that the contracting company's officers sought, some weeks before going to Secretary Morton, to secure the removal of the two inspectors by "political influ-

ence." There is not "a scintilla of proof" that if such an attempt was made it was successful, he adds, but the Secretary's order "unluckily appeared to verify the boastful talk of some of the company's officers."

Decision Against a Publishers' Association

An interesting decision has been announced by Judge Ray, of the United States Circuit Court, at New York, in the action of the publishing houses of Charles Scribner's Sons and the Bobbs-Merrill Company for an injunction to restrain the department store of Macy & Co. from selling copyright books at less than the retail price fixed by the American Publishers' Association. The court dismisses the complaint and severely criticises the association, holding that it exists in violation of the Anti-Trust law. The "declared object and purpose of this combination," Judge Ray says, is to "fix and maintain the retail price of books; to refuse to furnish or sell any books to any dealer who does not maintain such prices; to compel all publishers and dealers in books, in practical effect at least, to come into the combination and enforce and maintain these prices, or be blacklisted and driven from the business, and to drive out of the business of general publishing and book selling all who refuse or neglect to maintain these prices":

"When all publishers of and dealers in copyright books—and nearly all new books are now copyrighted—combine to exact a fixed arbitrary price, etc., the readers of books become powerless, if they would read at all, not because of the monopoly granted or sanctioned by the Government in granting the copyright, but because of the new monopoly (the conspiracy of monopolists) created by the agreement and combination of these monopolists; one that is forbidden and denounced by the act of July 2d, 1890."

If the decisions in the Northern Securities and kindred cases are to be respected, he adds, this combination is illegal; it is seeking to enforce against the defendants "an unlawful agreement to which they are not parties and by which they have not consented to be bound in the selling of books of which they are the absolute owners."

**Progress
in Cuba**

Contracts have been awarded for the construction of an extensive system of interurban electric railways, radiating from Havana. One line will cross the island, to Rosario. At the beginning about 125 miles of road will be built. The lines will be used for freight as well as for passenger traffic.—A remarkable review of Cuba's recent progress, with a comparison of conditions under Spanish rule with those to be observed under the present Government, has been published in *Espana Economica y Financiera* at Madrid. Cuba's budget, it is pointed out, is now \$23,370,000 and exceeds but slightly the average from 1888 to 1893, but in those days it included \$7,000,000 for the army and the navy and \$11,000,000 for interest on the debt. The number of primary public schools is now 3,605, against only 904 under the colonial *régime*, in 1894, and the number of pupils in attendance has increased from 36,306 to 120,000. For wagón roads \$2,000,000 is appropriated; "the Spanish administration left that work to the producer's machete." Independence has given the island 435 miles of the Central Railway, for which the Spanish administration planned for a quarter of a century. "During the last period of our dismal rule the trade balance was regularly against the island;" now it is largely in favor of it. The sugar output is rapidly increasing:

"Yellow fever was a chronic reproach to our colonial administration. A few months of hygiene and sanitation during the American intervention did more for the island than the power of Spain had done in four centuries. In 1880, under colonial *régime*, there were in Habana 7,942 deaths, or 39.94 per thousand; 645 deaths were from yellow fever, 446 from smallpox. In 1901, under Yankee intervention, the mortality had been reduced to 5,720, or 22.09 per thousand. There were only 18 deaths from yellow fever and none from smallpox. These comparisons are far from flattering to our colonizing methods and to our public men. In order that Cuba might liken herself to the great modern nations in hygiene, instruction, Governmental mechanism, industrial development, etc., she had to escape from our sway. Had she continued subject to Spain, she would still be afflicted with the troubles from which she suffered before the revolution."

—Governor Nuñez has publicly an-

nounced his departure from the Liberal Fusion party, from which he has really been separated since Governor José Miguel Gomez was nominated by it for the Presidency. He returns to the Nationalist party, which, he says, will probably make no nomination, but will support President Palma, thus insuring his re-election. The Governor has suspended from office Mayor O'Farrill, of Havana, owing to the results of an investigation concerning expenditures, and will recommend to the President that he be removed.

**Various
Items**

Mr. Balfour's promised bill for the equalization of the Parliamentary districts especially excites the Irish members. The English Liberals are ready to oppose any measure of redistribution of seats now at the tail end of the session, because they have no faith in the honesty of the measure. Mr. Balfour proposes that the number of seats remain as at present at 670, the standard unit of population, being raised from 54,000 to 65,000, which gives a much larger House of Commons than is our national House of Representatives and a much smaller unit of representation. But the scheme does not propose a uniform basis of population, but retains boroughs with a population as low as 18,500. The result will reduce the Irish representation by 22, while England will gain 17 seats, Wales 1, and Scotland 4, thus balancing the 22 lost by the reduced population of Ireland. The Irish, of course, object bitterly, claiming that their membership does not depend on population, but was fixed at 100 by the Act of Union. It may be this proposition which has called forth a flag of truce from the Belfast Orangemen addressed to the Irish Catholics. It declares that the people of Ireland have a common interest, whatever their faith, and that the Castle Government is self-condemned, and that both English parties are untrustworthy, whether Tories or Liberals, and that it is time for all patriotic Irishmen to join forces in self-protection. This manifesto is signed by a Member of Parliament for Belfast and the President of the Independent Orange order.—The King of Sweden

having refused to allow one of his sons to take the throne of Norway, the crown has been offered to Prince Charles, of Denmark, who married a daughter of King Edward of England, and the plan is favorably considered. The Emperor William, on an excursion on his yacht, received a visit from King Oscar of Sweden, but no developments have transpired, except that the Emperor has bestowed on the King of Sweden an honorary rank in the army.—The French Royalist exiles, in whose behalf the Amnesty bill was passed by the Senate, and would have been passed by the Deputies but for an insulting speech by one of its friends, will return to France, having been pardoned by President Loubet. They had been condemned for the revolutionary conspiracy of 1899. The most noted of them is Paul D  lour  de.—The difficulty between France and Germany over the Morocco situation, which led to the retirement of M. Delcass  , has been settled by the agreement by France to enter the international conference on Morocco, with conditions first agreed upon with Germany, but not yet published. It is expected that Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Austria and the United States will join in the conference.—An extraordinary petition, signed by 33,000 natives of South Africa, has been sent to King Edward. It protests against the unjust treatment of natives and instances discriminating and injurious legislation, such as the Morality act, which does not protect native women; the infliction of the lash on natives in all cases of assault on whites; the infliction of the death penalty on natives in all cases of attempted assault on white women, while brief terms of imprisonment are provided in case of white men making similar assault on native women; prohibition of natives using the sidewalk of streets; the exclusion of respectable natives from first and second class compartments on railways, and the prohibition of natives purchasing land or holding public meetings in the Transvaal Colony.—The refusal of Japan to allow China to take part in the peace conference was expected, and it is said was suggested by Russia to create ill feeling.—The Pope has suffered very much from the exceptional heat, and the report is revived that

he will leave the Vatican for a summer retreat at Castel Gandolfo.



Witte as Peace Envoy

Count Muravief has declined the position of peace envoy, and his place has been taken by M. Witte, President of the Council of Ministers. The explanation given is that Muravief's health will not permit him to go, but the real reason seems to be that the faction which desires peace had got the ear of the Czar, and persuaded him that Muravief would be impracticable and offensive, partly on account of the untimely language uttered by him at The Hague, when, as presiding over The Hague Court, he made a bitter attack on the Japanese. M. Witte is an advocate of peace, and opposed the war from the beginning. He is the ablest statesman in Russia, but has been devoted to internal progress rather than to military extension. He is 56 years old and sprung from the humblest rank, by native ability and success. His first success was in railroad management, and it was he that in the last war with Turkey saved the Russian army before Plevna by breaking up the railway congestion. Then his advance was rapid. He was put in charge of the railroads, secured the ownership of those in European Russia by the Government, and built the Siberian Railway. He was made Minister of Finance, and doubled the revenue due to indirect taxes. He made alcoholic liquors a Government monopoly. He has been the wisest counselor in all internal improvements, being careful for the interests of the people, and is regarded as with the Liberal party, altho it is not clear that he believes Russia ready for representative government. He has been bitterly opposed by the military and Ducal party, who know him to be honest; and they succeeded at last in shelving him into the harmless position of President of the Committee of Ministers. But when intelligent action is required it is necessary to call him, altho it is not probable that the Czar is much inclined to him. It seems that his enemies have been quite willing to have him go as peace envoy, partly because it will remove him for some months from aiding the Liberal movements, and partly because it is believed that the humiliating conditions of

peace which he may be obliged to accept will destroy his influence on his return. But he is an able politician, and seems able to care for himself. There is absolutely no trustworthy knowledge as to terms to be demanded by Japan, or those that will be accepted by Russia. Russian journals are placing great hopes that Germany and France will support her in resisting excessive Japanese claims.



Position of the Armies

The position of the armies is thus given by the *Paris Européen*: The left wing of the Japanese army is under General Nogi, the hero of the capture of Fort Arthur, whose soldiers made such an extraordinary rush around the west of the Russian army in the battle of Mukden. It occupies the valley of the Liao and its affluents, the Taliao and Chaosi, and its advance guard appears to be about Kintsiatun. The center army is under General Nodzu, with General Oku in reserve, and holds the railroad and the Mandarin Road, and its advance extends to the towns Sunchan, Chantufu and Kai-yuen. The right wing holds the route from Kai-yuen to Kirin, and is under the command of General Kuroki, while General Kawamura holds a force further to the east in the mountains, in the valley of the Sungari and its upper affluents. These five armies are under General Oyama, and they include not less than 400,000 men; and to them may be added bands of Chinese Chunchuses, in the pay of Japan, which keep in contact with the Russian advance posts. There is a sixth army of 100,000 men, under General Hasegawa, which landed at Gensan, and was at last accounts moving in the north of Korea, where its narrow line extends along the sea nearly to Vladivostok. The purpose of this army is to invest that port by land, while the Japanese navy invests it by sea, and to cut the railroad connections with Harbin, and the route to Ninguta.—The location of the Russian army is less certain. The main center seems to be in the region of Gunshulin and Kotsiatien. To the west the Second Army of General Kaulbars blocks the route from Sinminting.

In the center the Third Army, under General Batianof, holds the railroad to the south of Kotsiatien, and protects the route from Chantufu to Harbin. To the east General Kuropatkin protects the route from Kai-yuen to Kirin. Further south is a sort of semicircular advance line, held by General Mitchenko in the west along the valley of the Taliao, and on the east by Generals Rennenkampf and Samsonof, with Cossacks and infantry. General Linievitch, in command of the entire forces, probably has one or two army corps in reserve, as in the battle of Mukden. The entire force can hardly exceed 250,000 men. Since the threatening skirmishes of two or three weeks ago there have been no special conflicts, and it is likely that the rainy season, which has come on early, may delay movements until the peace negotiations begin in August, and there may then be an armistice. But the serious advance likely is in the extreme east, with General Hasegawa's army threatening Vladivostok and Ninguta, and they may be aided by the Fifth Army under General Kawamura, which has made serious advance in the mountain region from Kirin to Omoso. Already we know that Hasegawa's army has pushed the Russian force of 16,000 men under General Andref across the bordering Tumen River. The Russian situation seems desperate, as Linievitch, with his inferior, if not dispirited, force, cannot detach any army to meet the advance of Hasegawa. The purpose of the Japanese seems to be to obtain a foothold in Russian territory on the mainland, investing Vladivostok, while seizing the island of Sakhalin, with a view to favorable conclusions when the peace envoys meet at Portsmouth. Indeed it is reported that far north the mouth of the Amûr River is threatened by a Japanese force.



Disturbances in Russia

The most tragic event of the week has been the assassination of Count Shuvalof, Prefect of Police at Moscow. While a number of persons were presenting petitions the assassin entered the audience hall and deliberately shot

him and was arrested. He was one of the better class of Russian officials. There has been a manifesto published stating that he was executed by central orders because of his repressive measures at Odessa, and because he came to Moscow to carry out the orders of Trepoff.—The ruin at Odessa is said to be irreparable, and the losses have been estimated at 40,000,000 rubles, while 500,000 people have lost their livelihood by the destruction of factories, etc.—A multitude of statements are made as to revolts of peasants and even of troops. Near Lodz some soldiers complained of their food, and a captain shot their spokesman dead, which resulted in the calling of other troops to restrain the malcontents. Part of a regiment stationed at Lodz mutinied on Monday and killed an officer, and the mutineers were arrested. The city is in a state of siege, and has to contribute \$1,500 a day to support the soldiers quartered there. In Warsaw there were three bloody encounters with striking shoemakers, and twenty persons were killed or wounded. It is anticipated that the German Emperor may give more aid to the Czar by stationing troops on the Polish border. At Minsk many persons have been wounded by Cossacks in a general strike. Martial law has been proclaimed in Tiflis. Many have been arrested and bombs have been found. At Batûm business is at a standstill, and banks and shops are closed. From Odessa it is reported that severe measures have been taken to repress the unruly peasants in the Government of Kherson, and 1,060 arrests have been made, and the prisoners were terribly beaten by Cossacks. Disorders are reported from Kharkoff and Kursk. It is said 100 kilograms of dynamite were found in the

cellar beneath the imperial apartments in the castle near Moscow which the Czar was expected to occupy. Indeed such plots are frequent, and disturbances are so general as to be very alarming. There is likelihood of severe famine in Northern, Central and Eastern Russia, as crops have failed, and the misfortune is increased by the call to all able bodied men to join the army. In many villages the women have marched in bodies to the police stations, which are the temporary quarters of the Reservists, and demanded that their husbands be restored to them. The Government is doing nothing to relieve the distress, despite the repeated representations of the zemstvos.—Notwithstanding that the police authorities have caused announcements to be proclaimed everywhere that the meeting of the delegates from the zemstvos will not be held, it is determined that it shall be held in Moscow and represent all Russia. There was a meeting of the Executive Committee of the joint bodies in Moscow last week. An officer was sent to demand the dispersal of the committee, but the delegates refused to obey, regarding the order as illegal, whereon the delegates retired. Delegates are beginning to arrive in Moscow, and the Executive Committee has drawn up a program for approval, which condemns the scheme of political reform drawn up by M. Boulyguine as unsatisfactory, and considers what measures are necessary to realize the unanimous aspiration for a free form of popular representation. It is believed that the authorities will not venture to interfere with the proceedings in which many of the wealthiest and most influential Russians will take part.

Is It Paul Jones's Body?

BY PARK BENJAMIN

I.

PARTLY, I suppose, because for a long time past I have been making a close study of the voluminous memoirs, letters, etc., left by John Paul Jones, in order to reach an appreciation of his real place in our naval history, and partly because my professional work requires constant criticism of investigations in physical science, THE INDEPENDENT has asked me for comment on the article of Dr. Papillault published in its columns last week, concerning his identification of the body lately exhumed by Ambassador Porter. Until the publication in full of the official document upon which the Government has acted in according recognition to the remains, and which Professor Hervé says is to be "deposited in the national archives at Washington," any final expression of opinion would be obviously premature; but, inasmuch as Dr. Papillault himself invites judgment ("I am going to try and put before the reader as clearly as possible so that he can judge for himself, *with all the facts before him*, just what we have proved"), I venture the following provisional criticism, and as a present conclusion simply submit the desirability of the speedy publication of the complete detailed report.

II.

Commodore John Paul Jones, of the United States Navy, or Vice-Admiral John Paul Jones, of the Imperial Russian Navy (not Rear-Admiral in either navy), died suddenly in Paris on July 18th, 1792. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery, inclosed in a lead coffin, for the reason, as stated in a letter by his personal friend, Colonel Blackden, dated a few days later, "that in case the United States . . . should claim his remains they might be more easily removed." His funeral was a public one. It was attended by a committee of twelve from the National Assembly then sitting, which went into mourning, and a eulogy was pronounced over his grave.

An abortive attempt to reclaim the body on the part of the United States appears to have been made in 1851 by Col. John H. Sherburne, who was authorized by the Secretary of the Navy to go to France in the frigate "St. Lawrence" for that purpose. Rear-Admiral Erben, then a midshipman on that vessel, says that it was the understanding at the time that Sherburne's failure was due to the interposition of Jones's relatives, then living in Scotland, who threatened prohibitive legal proceedings. There was subsequently a rumor that these people had found the body, removed it to Jones's birthplace and there buried it in an unmarked grave, to prevent repetition of the effort to remove it.

To the knowledge of the place of interment and of the lead coffin are to be added the further facts that Jones was 45 years of age, 170 centimeters in height and had dark hair. No other physical data useful for present identification of the body without extraneous and inferential aid appear.

Nothing in this inquiry is more remarkable than the total absence of identifying marks or objects in or upon the coffin. There was no plate, not a written word, no recognizable garment and not a trinket. It is necessary to believe, therefore, at the outset, that this man whose celebrity was notorious, who was the friend of many of the leaders of the French Revolution, who was honored by national mourning, and whose body it was supposed the United States would soon exhume, was nevertheless interred with no more certain marks whereby it could be known than a pauper's corpse thrust into the Potter's Field. It must further be believed that altho Jones's sister, Mrs. Taylor, one of the two beneficiaries under his will, came to Paris within three months after his death to settle his affairs, no record which can now be discovered was made or transmitted by her to her descendants of the actual location of his grave. The later

building over of the cemetery ground might have destroyed his headstone—if he had any—but ignorance and absence of record in the premises, if such be the fact, is noteworthy when it is remembered that Mrs. Taylor, her sister and their posterity were claimants against us for Jones's prize money for fifty-six years, and finally got \$50,000 in full of all demands only in 1848.

The reference to the mark like a J found on the bag containing the hair, which, like J's in general, especially the script character, looked like a P when turned upside down, seems inconclusive. That any one should select so cryptic a symbol for the specific purpose of identifying the body is hardly conceivable. That Jones ever used it (as suggested) as a monogram, there is no evidence, and a monogram which has to be turned upside down to reveal its constituent letters is not only phenomenal, but in the present instance seems to prove too much. There is no mark easier to make accidentally or, as the school copy books show, with the minimum of skill or intention than the simple J hook, and besides there is nothing to prove that the fabric having the supposed mark ever belonged to Jones or formed any part of his apparel.

It is not the presence of such a mark as this on a scrap of cloth, but the absence of marks on Jones's actual body (for Dr. Papillault records none and apparently found none), which of all direct facts is here the most significant. Jones was wounded. In the draft of an angry and bitterly complaining letter to the French Minister of Marine written four months before his death, he says:

"M. de Sartine . . . did not say to me a single word nor ask me if my health *had suffered from my wounds* and the uncommon fatigue I had undergone."

The writer of the authoritative biography published in 1830, for which Jones's niece then living had furnished the material, says:

"It is known as I am assured that he was once severely wounded in the head and he underwent great suffering at several times from violent injuries received in discharging his duty . . . but . . . he never incised his wounds in any letter or journal"

save in the draft above quoted. Surely it is nothing surprising and even to be expected that one who, as a boy, lived the hard life of a merchant sailor, and who, as a man, took part in two most bloody fights, besides countless small frays afloat, should, as he says himself, have wounds; but is it not singular that upon his body, of which, to quote Dr. Capitan, the "skin, hair, muscles, every part, in a word, is in a wonderful state of preservation," no trace of any wound should be found?

Of course, under existing conditions, recourse follows to contemporary portraits. The living man depicted cannot necessarily be now recognized in the ancient body and so science invades the field with compass and calipers.

In 1787, not long before his unhappy connection with the Russian Navy, a bust of Jones was made by Houdon. It became well known, as Jones distributed eight casts of it among his friends. It appears to be the only bust referred to by him in his letters. Upon a reproduction of it Dr. Papillault's six measurements have been made. Five of these are vertical from forehead to chin, and while as between body and bust none vary more than two or three millimeters, two (from line of hair demarcation on the forehead to chin-point, and from mouth-opening to chin-point) are precisely the same! All this, to say the least, is amazing and suggests questions.

(a.) If a bust which gives only the contour of a living face has two dimensions identical with a face which has become reduced (to quote Dr. Papillault) to "a skeleton covered with tissues, in this instance hardened with alcohol," why does not the coincidence logically prove not identity, but non-identity? For, if the hard, woody integument now measures the same as the bust, manifestly if it were changed to living tissue its measurements should be different from those of the bust. Measurements which are the same when two objects are in different physical conditions may well prove to be entirely different when the objects are in like physical condition. Jones had not been dead 113 years when Houdon's bust was made, and if, as Dr. Papillault thinks, Houdon made exact measurements from his subject, he cer-

tainly did not take them from his mummy.

(b.) The Houdon bust was made some five years before Jones died. Do not facial changes frequently occur in men passing from 40 to 45; and does not the line of demarcation of hair and forehead commonly recede? Yet this line is here taken as a datum. It seems necessary to believe (despite that the hair of the body is "thin above the temples") that the line remained fixed for the whole five years, since the distance from it to chin-point on the body (age 45 years) and bust (age 40 years) is identical.

(c.) So also of the chin, which most people imagine shortens from one cause or another (say teeth "somewhat worn," as those of the body are reported to be) as age creeps on. This also, we must believe, had the same length at 40 to 45 years, and retains it even now after a century's entombment.

(d.) The Houdon bust is of course an artist's medium for conveying to others his impression of the appearance of the living subject. As Dr. Papillault well says, "he devotes his attention to catching the expression of the face and getting a likeness." Therefore he modifies—heightening or lowering—depicted features as his artistic instinct dictates. Why then should a portrait bust made by an artist be deemed a trustworthy standard to prove exact physical measurements—as if it were a death mask even? Is nothing to be allowed for idealization? Five of Dr. Papillault's measurements could as well have been made on a profile portrait of Jones by Mr. Sargent, if one existed, but Mr. Sargent might reasonably be astonished if he found his marvelous mirroring of the "human face divine" subjected to the millimeter rule in order to establish somebody's identity.

(e.) No proof is submitted that Houdon habitually measured his subject and reproduced facial dimensions exactly. He made many busts of persons—of Washington for instance (see the old postage stamps)—whose countenances are much better known than that of Jones. It is not shown that the bust and life measurements of these others always coincide. It is easy to see that they do not. People familiar with Houdon's work classify him

as an idealist strongly devoted to the antique.

Another bust of Jones is alluded to by Dr. Papillault as also made by Houdon, but as to the measurements of this he is wholly silent. He does not, as in the case of the bust already noted, "feel that this is a likeness." The omission of all metrical data derivable from this second and apparently earlier bust—of which I have so far been unable to find any record in Jones's papers—is sure to excite question. Did Houdon make precise measurements of Jones in producing bust No. 2 and not in producing bust No. 1? Was he not seeking a likeness in bust No. 1 as well as in bust No. 2, and if certain exact measurements, as Dr. Papillault maintains, are necessary to likeness, why, if such is the case, did he not make them in one instance as well as in the other? If these two busts were "surely made at widely different periods," would not their measurements, if different, indicate change in the subject? Are their measurements the same or not? Would it be remarkable if the measurements of both and of the body all coincided—and what deduction follows? Perhaps after all everything is sufficiently answered in Dr. Papillault's naïve remark, "one was evidently far more valuable for my purpose than the other." When an investigator hunts for facts "in favor of the thesis I am sustaining" he usually gets them, or convinces himself to that effect; but, alas for the inductive method and the questioning of nature when undertaken in this spirit!

The Houdon bust is, of course, not the only authentic likeness of Jones. In 1787 Congress awarded him a medal, the dies for which Jefferson seems to have had cut in Paris, but for the striking of it Jones apparently paid. The execution of the portrait thereon is admirable. It is in profile, like yet unlike that of the bust. It does not appear that any measurements were made by Dr. Papillault of this portrait or any comparisons drawn with it.

Earlier still another medal of Jones was made in wax by a French artist, Renoud, which Benoit André (who prints a picture of it in apparently the first published autobiography of Jones

(1798), says was produced under Jones's own eyes. No measurements of that portrait seem to have been made and no deductions reached.

Whether a *corpus delicti* can be proved as a fact—assuming this for the moment to be a case of homicide—by six measurements of a Houdon bust I leave to the legal fraternity, as also the question of whether such evidence is probably competent, in that it certainly excludes the possibility of any other body existing having sufficiently near dimensions also to be considered that of the subject copied. Dr. Papillault essays to fortify himself by pointing out that of one hundred bodies of Parisians measured by himself several years ago none had the same face length as the Jones bust, or present body. Of what possible relevancy is all that? *Non constat* that he might not have examined a thousand bodies or more out of the possible millions and said the same—or calipered the physiognomies of all the loungers from the Madeleine to the Grand Opera House with like result. Something perhaps—though little—might have been argued if he had measured the faces of a hundred Scotchmen from the vicinity of Jones's birthplace—but why Jones's plainly North British visage should be compared with that of a random lot of Parisians, 95 per cent. of which did not have brown (and hence did have probably black) hair, passes any ordinary intelligence.

Dr. Capitan's report is for the physician and not for the physicist, therefore in lieu of criticism I can only offer what may aid others better qualified to do so.

In his letter to Mrs. Taylor of August 9, 1792, Jones's intimate friend Blackden gives the details of his last illness. He says that Jones "was not in good health for about a year, but had not been so unwell as to keep house. For two months past he began to lose his appetite, to grow yellow and show signs of the jaundice for this he took medicine, and seemed to grow better; but about ten days before his death his legs began to swell, which increased upwards, so that two days before his exit he could not button his waistcoat, and had great difficulty in breathing."

At this time Jones's troubles, grievances and anxieties were rapidly accu-

mulating. He was without employment—Russia had dismissed him with promises never fulfilled. Sweden had not welcomed him to her service. The *ancien régime* in France was being swept away, and his hope of wearing an admiral's flag on a French war ship seemed ever fainter as Citizen Sans-Culotte rose to the quarter-deck. The American war had long since ended.

The Russian scandal had embittered him—France and the United States were in arrears in his prize money. His business ventures had been unfruitful. His pride had been lacerated by the repellent treatment he had encountered from politicians—and his wounds were adding their misery to that of his progressing disease.

To him sitting alone in the second story parlor of Dobecque, bailiff, in the Rue de Tournon comes Blackden to tell him in his blunt British way that his condition is perilous and that he should make his will. The notaries arrived at about eight o'clock of the July evening. He dictated his brief testament in formal legal terms, and then a schedule of all that he had. There was tragedy in the seemingly dry enumeration, for it summed up all his claims and grievances, bringing them one after another in close succession to his mind. It was an epitome of his woes.

After the notaries left him he walked into his bedroom, and a few minutes later—when his physician came—he was found as he had fallen, lying dead, face downward on the bed, with his swollen feet on the floor.

Dr. Capitan in the body which he examined finds "the heart normal and the liver scarcely affected."

III.

Concerning identification by bust measurements in general: A book has recently appeared in which are collected all known portraits of Julius Cæsar, including the busts generally regarded as authentic. While all exhibit the keen, hawklike visage of the Roman, it needs but little examination to see how each ancient sculptor modified the features to heighten resemblance. If, despite the historic incineration, a body were to-day found and claimed to be that of the con-

queror, it would, I fancy, puzzle the student to say which bust should be measured as a standard—or, on Dr. Papillault's theory that likeness depends on exact measurements, to account for the obvious variations in face measurements which they all show.

And concerning another and recent identification: A large piece of linen preserved in a church in Europe has for centuries been venerated as a sacred relic of the Saviour. It has not long since been subjected to thorough scientific examination by French physicians, who have published an elaborate and detailed report. The fabric exhibited discolorations having the plain shape of a human body, which showed marks of scourging and, as alleged, prints of even the peculiar leaden slugs on the Roman whips. Other stains were pointed out as corresponding to effusions from the crown of thorns and from the bodily wounds of crucifixion. Chemical theories are evolved to account for the shadowlike figure actinically reproducing itself on the fabric, and experiments were made to show that, in fact, a body by its exhalations acting on the embalming spices wherewith a similar sheet was saturated could in a sense photograph itself. The physical and chemical facts developed were far more numerous, far more scientifically deduced and far more impressive than the data given by Dr. Papillault.

Any one accepting the premises that

this sheet was actually removed from the empty sepulchre and has maintained its identity ever since will, I fancy, willingly regard this latter day inquiry as establishing for it a new claim to veneration. And it seems to me that those who implicitly accept as proof the deductions which Dr. Papillault has made concerning the remains which a squadron of United States war ships now brings to these shores, and to which we are paying honor greater than has been accorded many of the founders of this Republic, will now find little trouble in reaching not merely the conclusion but the conviction that the world still holds the shroud wherefrom the Body rose to resurrection.

IV.

The reader may answer for himself the following questions:

1. If you were a juror in a case of wilful murder would you bring in a verdict of guilty solely on the proof of the *corpus delicti* here advanced and thereby send the prisoner to execution?

2. If you learned that a relative long since dead, whom no one living could recognize, was interred in a European cemetery, would you solely on the proof of identity here advanced accept an otherwise unknown body, go to the expense of transporting it to this country and bury it in your family plot?

NEW YORK CITY.



In an Italian Garden

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON McGIFFERT

A SHINING hour, a shining sea,
White villas glistening daintily
Hung high 'mid silver olive trees;
The foolish fauns on the gay parterre,
The conscious palms, and here and there
Rose woven crumbling balconies.

The shabby fountains, the vista'd ways,
The sunken dial of vanished days
And the phantom pomp of chivalry;
A scented hour, a scented breeze,
The sunset mantle on the seas
And everywhere—a thought of Thee.
NICE, FRANCE.

The Truth About Hungary

BY COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

[Count Apponyi is a member of the Hague Court, was President of the Hungarian delegation to the Interparliamentary Union at St. Louis, this delegation being the largest one at that memorable conference. He has represented the same constituency in the Hungarian House for a quarter of a century and has been Speaker of the House. But most of his parliamentary life has been spent in opposition, advocating stricter construction and observance of the laws which guarantee Hungarian national independence and democratic reforms in all branches of the law. He has devoted years to the analysis of the laws which define the rights of Hungary, and there is no man in the world better qualified to speak on this subject. Count Apponyi and Francis Kossuth are the leaders of what promises to be a problem for the kings of Hungary.—EDITOR.]

MY visit to the United States to attend the twelfth session of the Interparliamentary Union is among the brightest memories of my life. I found myself in profound sympathy with the people and the nation, and no other three weeks of my life have been so full of useful and lasting impressions.

It was a joy to me to assist at the Conference which resulted in the United States taking its proper place at the head of the movement for the application to international affairs of those political principles on which the United States is founded and of which the United States is the great representative.

It was a joy to take part in this movement, as a man, for it promotes the welfare of all men, and as a member of the Hungarian Parliament, because for centuries Hungary has been an island of political and civil liberty in a sea of oppression and deserves to take part in the establishment of civil and political liberty among nations.

I rejoiced also at the opportunity afforded me to do something while in America toward removing certain false impressions which have gotten abroad about Hungary by speaking to the Congress of Arts and Sciences on the Relation of Austria and Hungary, and I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to put before the readers of *THE INDEPENDENT* the essence of this, my address.

The prevalent misconception in regard to Hungary is to consider her as a member of the Austrian Empire. The truth is that there is no Austrian Empire of which Hungary is a part. There is an Austrian Empire of which Hungary is no part and then there is Hungary, a country larger in area than the Austrian Em-

pire. Hungary is not a part of the Austrian Empire any more than Canada or Mexico are parts of the United States. The Empire of Austria contains seventeen States, as you would call them, each having a Legislature of its own and Representatives in the Imperial Parliament, which sits at Vienna; Hungary is not one of these States. Hungary has its own Parliament at Budapest, in which citizens of Austria have no voice, and Hungary has no Representatives in the Austrian Parliament at Vienna. I am a citizen of Hungary and a member of the Hungarian Parliament, but I am not a citizen of the Austrian Empire. The area of Austria is 115,905 square miles, nearly the same as that of Arizona. The area of Hungary is 125,039 square miles, nearly the same as that of New Mexico. The population of Austria is 26,150,597; that of Hungary is 19,207,103 (census of 1900); so that Austria is larger in population and Hungary in territory. These two great countries have grown up side by side with a very varying history. In a short magazine article I can touch only on the most vital points in Hungarian history.

Hungary has had a representative Parliament since the thirteenth century. The right to vote for members of this Parliament was vested in a class called "Nobiles," which is better translated as "freemen" or "franchisemen" than as "noblemen." The suffrage was more general than in France under Louis Philippe or probably even in England prior to the Reform bill of 1830. At the time of the French Revolution there were 26,000,000 people in France, but only 28,000 families were in possession of the franchise. At that time there

were 6,000,000 people in Hungary and 75,000 families (equivalent to 325,000 individuals) were "Nobles or Franchisemen." Access to this class was easy. In many instances the peasantry of whole counties were admitted to it by a single act of legislation.

The executive power of Hungary is vested in a King. Prior to 1686 the crown was not hereditary. And always the power of the King has been recognized as derived by grant from the people and as limited by the law and constitution of Hungary. On the other hand the privileges of the people of Austria are derived by grant from the crown.

Furthermore, the people of Hungary have safeguarded their rights in many political crises by the declaration of these rights against attempted violation, just as has been done by the people of other nations where civil and political liberty have been preserved. The *great* Hungarian charter, the "Golden Bull," was almost simultaneous with the English Magna Charta, the latter being in 1215 and the former in 1222. They were both spontaneous outcomes of local conditions. Both were a definition and a declaration of resolution to maintain *pre-existing* rights, not the *assertion* of new rights.

Having grown up side by side, in perfect legal independence, tho ruled in fact by the same person since 1526, Austria and Hungary joined each other for certain purposes and within clearly defined limits.

It was decided in 1723 by the Hungarian Parliament that the *descendants* of Leopold I, Joseph I and Charles III, Emperors, should thereafter be Kings of Hungary, according to the rule of succession already established in the Austrian domain.

After this act the rulers of Austria, without losing any of the powers to be exercised by them in Austria and toward the Austrian people, became entitled to exercise in Hungary and toward the Hungarian people those powers which the Parliament and people of Hungary had conferred upon their King. These powers are not only to be exercised in a different territory and toward a different people, but the powers themselves are

different, tho exercised by the same person.

Franz Joseph acts, therefore, in two capacities, as Emperor of Austria according to the laws of Austria, and as King of Hungary according to the laws of Hungary. If you imagine that Mexico should pass a law making the present President of the United States and his successors President of Mexico, and fixing his powers, as President of Mexico, you can understand the relation between Austria and Hungary and how your President would act as President of the United States according to the Constitution and laws of the United States and as President of Mexico according to the Constitution and laws of Mexico.

The instrument which in 1723 provided for the same person to be King of Hungary who is ruler (since 1804 Emperor) of Austria is known as the "Pragmatic Sanction." It contained several other provisions; for instance (1) that the independence of the Hungarian Crown and the liberties of Hungary should remain unimpaired; (2) that when the lineage becomes extinct (direct descendants of the persons named) Hungary will use again her ancient right of free election to the throne; (3) as long as the lineage lasts Hungary and Austria are bound to assist each other against foreign aggression.

The forms of this their first joint action against foreign aggression were settled by the celebrated compromise of 1807, which closed an era of newly arisen difficulties. In the terms of that compromise foreign and war affairs are made common to a certain extent between the two countries; there is a common Ministry of War and a common Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In passing war appropriations and appropriations for common affairs both nations must concur. To facilitate this the bills for these appropriations are at first laid before conference committees of both Parliaments, consisting of sixty members each, sitting one year at Vienna and the next at Budapest. These committees are called "delegations," because they have no power of their own but only powers delegated to them by the respective Parliaments. The Austrian and the Hun-

garian delegation sit separately; they settle disagreements by correspondence and only if this prove absolutely impossible do they meet in order to vote together; but no discussion can take place in joint session. When the delegation agrees on an appropriation it cannot become law in Hungary unless ratified by the Hungarian Parliament.

Legislation concerning foreign and military affairs belongs to the sphere of independent action in both Parliaments. But even in the executive domain foreign affairs are common between the two nations only as far as they affect the interests of mutual defense against foreign aggression; in these both nations act jointly, but they can exercise separately the rights of sovereignty in all other international matters; for instance, treaties of extradition, copyright, railways, etc., with other nations. Each nation can erect a tariff wall on its own frontier even against the other. At present a customs union exists by special treaty between Hungary and Austria, but it is probable that a commercial battle will soon rise between them.

The machinery of common affairs of which I have given here a brief sketch, is entirely dependent on the sovereign free will of Hungary, who may abolish it any moment by a single act of her legislative power. There is no public power superior to her own public powers, entitled or able to control her to any extent. Nothing has been done by Hungary since the original arrangement was made which in any way impairs her freedom to act as an independent nation, or which removes her from her place among independent nations which was reserved and guaranteed by the pragmatic sanction.

The rights of Hungary for which her sons have made sacrifices in the past must be respected. These rights and the ways they are menaced and many other things of grave concern to our people it would delight me to unfold more fully to the American people, for I have an intense desire that they know the truth about Hungary and have spent many years of my life in preparing myself truthfully to relate these things. I must content myself, however, with reiterating

the essential truth and in destroying the prevalent error. There is no Austrian Empire which includes Hungary. There is no Emperor of any Empire which includes Hungary. Such an Emperor and such an Empire exist only in false supposition and to an extent in oppressive practice contrary to law. The truth is there is an Austrian Empire which does not include Hungary and an Austrian Emperor who has no power as such in Hungary. There is a Kingdom of Hungary as separate from the Empire of Austria as Mexico is from the United States, except in so far as Hungary has united with Austria, as above explained.

There is a territory of Hungary, there is a territory of Austria; there is no territory of an Austro-Hungarian Empire, there is no such Empire, there is no law for such an Empire, there are no instruments for the execution of such a law. And yet my nation is suffering from the fact that this false notion is in the minds of people of other lands, and is acted upon to some extent by persons whose duties require them to act otherwise.

My country's strong insistence on her national independence does not imply a wish to break away from Austria. We mean to keep faith with the reigning dynasty; we will loyally fulfill our compact of mutual defense with Austria. But equal faith must be kept with us; those enactments of the Pragmatic Sanction which make Hungary secure of her independence as a sovereign nation must be fulfilled with equal loyalty by the other party to that compact.

To complete national existence we have as good a right as any nation. We have creditably fulfilled our mission as a bulwark of civilization and liberty. This mission is not ended. It cannot be fulfilled if the organic force of our peculiar national mentality and constitution be missing—if that force which stands unshaken after trials before which stronger empires have fallen into dust should give way to artificial combinations and contrivances.

Faithful to the supreme law of our destinies, we uphold the banner of national independence with unflinching firmness of resolve.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

A Martyred Wife

[The following communication tells what we believe to be the true story of the silent martyrdom of a preacher's wife. We have asked another preacher's wife to tell our readers where lies the mistake and how such unhappiness might have been escaped. As to henpecked husbands, we have something to say about them in our editorial columns.—EDITOR.]

Rev. A. B. C. is a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ (I will not tell to what denomination he belongs). His family consists of a wife (who is my sister), three beautiful children and a widowed mother. I have been in their home a great deal and thought they were the happiest family imaginable. My sister always spoke of her husband's mother in highest terms of praise, and I never saw a cross look exchanged between my sister and her husband, but on the evening after his departure for a trip to Europe and the Holy Land, and knowing his mother was away, I went over to chat a few minutes before retiring.

Fearing to disturb the children, I did not ring the bell but opened the door and went in. There was no light and my first thought was that she had gone to bed, as it was about nine o'clock. The hall door was open, and after tiptoeing into it I heard voices in the study, and wondering if she might have callers I paused at the door. It was slightly ajar and through the opening a view of the room could be plainly seen as the moonlight poured like a flood through the uncurtained windows.

My sister was upon her knees, pouring out her soul to God, as tho for the first time in years, and yet she spoke as tho she knew him well, but had been keeping back her complaints because they were too trivial to bring to him.

She said that ever since they were married it had been one long self denial (planned by her husband and his mother), that he might have typewriters, books and trips. She had worked harder than he, and now he was spending the fruit of her labor, as well as his, with no thought of her.

She longed to have an old school friend spend a week with her, but knowing her mother C.'s ideas in regard to the expense of entertaining she should not enjoy a moment of it should she come.

The children had come so close together that her nervous system was all worn out, and she was expectant again. Here she broke down and, burying her face in the couch pillows, sobbed until she was relieved. She then compared her lot with the wives of the poor laboring men, some of whom had not the comforts of life. Her husband was kind and good and did not intend to be selfish. Her mother C. was a good Christian, she knew, and she prayed for grace to live with her and to be kind to her. She asked for wisdom to guide her darling children aright. She implored pity for her own weakness and shortcomings. Here I came to myself and stole quietly out of the house, ashamed for having heard what was only intended for her heavenly Father, yet glad that I was not a wife of a selfish preacher.

IN the first place, we must clear the skirts of this poor woman whose prayer was heard by the wrong party. There is a highly moral difference between taking one's husband's sins to the Lord in prayer and in cataloguing them in an anonymous article. Besides, if a wife cannot talk about her husband to her "heavenly Father," to whom may she discuss him, especially if he is a preacher? For the wife of a preacher is under peculiar obligations to idealize him to every one else. She cannot afford to look even comprehendingly intelligent when other members of the "Woman's Missionary Sewing Circle" begin a sympathetic exchange of confidences about how irritable or exacting their "Mr. Smiths" and "Mr. Browns" are, altho

she knows that her "Mr. C." is as crabbed when he is interrupted in the preparation of a sermon as the most secular man in town and that he is even more exacting from having been "pampered" by every woman in his congregation. But she must not admit these perversities, lest she should injure "Mr. C.'s influence." The foolish notion that a preacher is in some particular sense "a man of God" leads unavoidably to some acting on his part and very often to much concealment on the part of his long suffering family. As a matter of fact, he has no more legitimate claim to that title than any other respectable sinner. He does not differ very much from the average man except in his dress, his manner, the honorable distinction of his calling

and in the pietistic aspect of his transgressions. For a preacher cannot be honest and aboveboard about his shortcomings as other men are, lest he "lose his influence." He is obliged to justify them according to the Scriptures in some way, and it is astonishing how many of them succeed in doing it. Thus he is not alone in the class of selfish husbands who have typewriters, buy books and "take trips" at the expense of their feeble, overworked wives. Nothing is more common among doctors, lawyers and other professional men. But he is the only one of them who makes a sort of moral excellence of his brutality and lays it as a Christian obligation upon his self-sacrificing wife's tender conscience. The average preacher's wife will cheerfully turn her last year's dress hind part before and wear it after a compulsory fashion of the seams in order that her husband may buy a new commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews and thus save himself the mental exertion of doing some original Gospel thinking of his own. And in her heart of hearts she knows that something is wrong. But women are curious products morally when they set their heads to be good. They are rarely disposed to give their man-mates the opportunities they are entitled to have for developing reciprocal virtues. Their idea is to give *all* that is needed. This is the basis upon which "Mr. C." gets everything and a trip to the Holy Land, while "Mrs. C." degenerates into a secret martyr burning at the stake before just her "heavenly Father."

Now no woman should become a martyr unless she is incapable of being anything more effective. It is no longer a commendable form of virtue as it was in the Middle Ages. We have passed that stage now. And one intelligent, self-sustaining woman is more than a match for a husband and a mother-in-law. It is not so difficult to teach them that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is as natural in a man to give as it is to receive, only his giving faculty is dormant and his taking one is active from the hour of his birth. It must therefore be cultivated, like his talent for music or his genius for poetry. In any case, if a woman has her natural share of feminine

shrewdness and humor and coquetry it is as much a sin for her to allow her husband to impose upon her as it is for him to do it. As for the mother-in-law, she is like the husband and the other children in the house; she should be properly managed to get the best results, and neither she nor her son should be taken to heart too seriously during the disciplining process.

Left to their own inclinations men are always going to be more or less brutal in their relations to women, not because they are brutal, but because they do not know any better. They preach better, of course. It is not uncommon for a minister who is nagging in his family about so sacred a business as their family prayers to preach with the tongue of men and angels about domestic virtues. But living and preaching belong to two different realms; one is reality and the other is the mere poetry of reality. And it is not fair to hold the preacher to any higher standard in his domestic relations than we do other men. They are just as purblind, just as dependent upon their wives for proper conditions to grow in husbandly grace as other men. And if they are permitted to cultivate the peculiar forms of pastorate selfishness so common among them there are very few preachers in the rank and file of the ministry who would not take a trip around the world, luxuriate in Holy Land sensations and even take a God-fearing peep at Monte Carlo while their foolish wives stayed at home and economized.

All of which means that there is a great need of reform among preachers' wives. We know how matters stand at present. Their husbands are the best dressed men in the country according to their income, and they are often the most dingily gowned women. Any observing person can "pick out" the pastor's wife in almost any congregation by the age, the unfashionableness and the ludicrous sobriety of her clothes. And her appearance is more creditable to her good intentions than it is to her good sense. She is a perpetual appeal to the charity of her husband's congregation, while he in his handsome broadcloth and white vests is the ideal of their hearts. He is better liked because of his assured manners

and hearty good fellowship. They mistake the well clothed, well loved expression of mortal satisfaction in his face for heavenly mindedness. Meanwhile poor "Mrs. C." is—a "little difficult, so hard to break through her reserve!" If they only knew it, "Mrs. C.'s" timidity is founded upon her consciousness of looking "tacky." If some heathen god-mother of common sense would clothe her in a summer silk with a plenty of lace and ribbon on it "Mr. C.'s" people would be surprised at the sparkling change in her personality. And it is just as foolish to wonder why pretty clothes emancipate the souls of women as it is to wonder why birds have wings. But the fact is incontestable.

Not long ago the pastor of a certain church traveled three thousand miles to attend a missionary convention.

"My wife and I have been saving up for this trip two years," he said; but she did not come with him. "Oh, she's all enthusiasm for the Church," he continued; "wanted me to get out of my ruts, come over here and get some new ideas." Then he showed her picture, a wan-faced little creature, with her thin hair slicked back, buttoned up in a sagging old dress.

"Oh, she's a hustler!" he giggled, as he passed the cheap card around; "does all her own work and keeps the five children in school."

"That's the kind of wife a preacher needs!" commented a fat old deacon. As a matter of fact, she is the kind of wife no man ought to have unless he wishes to be developed into a pig.

When a preacher on a small salary feels that he can afford a typewriter his wife should encourage him to buy it, and she should look amazed rather than aggrieved when he objects to her spending a like sum upon what she needs for herself. It will not require long for him to learn how to put that kind of two and two together, nor to cower beneath the illustrating shrewdness of her logic. It does not matter whether she thinks he can afford it or not, if she wishes to continue to love and honor him she should not fail to cost him the sum of his typewriter at this juncture. It is better to be in debt for a time than to lay the foundation for contempt toward one's own hus-

band. Besides, he will become more definite, more personal, in his plans for economy. And he will grow in grace, which is harder for a preacher to do in some ways than it is for most men. His path is beset by a very piety of temptations to self-indulgence that would often deceive a guardian angel. On this account his wife is under the more urgent obligation to make it impossible for him to yield to them.

Nor is this a matter for prayer so much as it is one for the intelligent exercise of those faculties with which Providence has already endowed "Mrs. C." She may pour out her soul to her "heavenly Father" about the way "Mr. C." and his mother carry on until she cannot lift one foot before the other in her daily tasks, and her mother-in-law will remain exacting and "Mr. C." will go on taking European tours every time she helps him save enough money to pay expenses. And he will take them conscientiously, too, because she has aided and abetted him in becoming a selfish, pious egotist who can see nothing but his "duty to the Church" and the necessity of harvesting "fresh material" for his sermons in the most agreeable way possible. What she should have done when she packed him off to Europe was not to retire to her closet in a martyrdom of prayer. She should have kissed him a tender farewell with some such announcement as this: "Have a good time! and while you are gone I shall leave the children with your mother and pay some visits to my old schoolmates. It will do me good, and your mother will need something to occupy her mind and time while you are away!"

It will be all the better if "Mr. C." flies into a righteous tantrum and refuses to go to Europe. Then she can leave both of them with the children. The point is to decide and achieve it all gracefully, cheerfully, nervily. There is nothing that takes the fury out of such a man so quickly as to find a straight stretch of steel nerves in his gentle, long suffering wife. In many instances it brings him to his senses for good and always.

The trouble is that such a wife as "Mrs. C." usually lacks the will power. She has given up so often and so much that she has no longer the strength to

withhold what she ought not to concede. Also, she is afraid of "talk." It would be so injurious to "Mr. C.'s" work if his wife were criticised. And of course the mother-in-law would talk. But preachers' congregations are not nearly so simple as some preachers think they are. And while few of them have thought very definitely on the subject of vacations for preachers' wives, since such a thing is so nearly unprecedented, they would rally with a tickling enthusiasm to the adventure that would disconcert any ministerial mothers-in-law.

The one thing absolutely necessary to emancipation of such a woman is a good temper and an active sense of humor. She should never argue, she should cheerfully turn the other cheek to her mother-in-law; she should learn the art of being prettily complimentary to her husband and of attributing to him openly, naïvely, all the virtues she wants him to have. And if he protests grumpily she should be all the more ardent in her

defense of him to himself. If he recalls incidents to prove the contrary, she should put her hand prettily over his mouth and say that she will have no one abuse her hero. And she should be morbidly sensitive with her mother-in-law on this point, passing over no speech that could be construed as reflecting upon "Mr. C.," and thus assuming a nearness and a dearness to him which his own mother cannot accomplish. Meanwhile she must pursue the even tenor of her own way with a childlike simplicity which refuses to be enlightened. It is because wives make unwarranted sacrifices for their husbands so graciously in the open and cry over having to do it only in secret to their "heavenly Father" that they get left at home so often when their husbands go abroad. In short, the whole trouble is the wife's fault and the husband's rudeness. And the fault and the rudeness arise from the fact that neither uses his wit in dealing with one another.



The Canada Underground Railway

BY WILLIAM E. S. FALES

[Dr. Fales entered the consular service of the United States in 1890 as vice-consul at Amoy, China. In his recent volume, entitled "Bits of Broken China," he has demonstrated that he has an intimate knowledge of Chinese life in this country. In view of the present boycott of American imports to China because of our disgraceful treatment of the Chinese entering this country, the following article is particularly timely.

—EDITOR.]

WHEN Congress passed the Chinese Exclusion act it unconsciously created two new industries. One was the Canada Underground Railway, which transports excluded aliens from Southern China to any place in the United States at about three times the rates paid by ordinary travelers. The other was the San Francisco Ring, which levies tribute on smugglers and smuggled, conducts a moderate traffic in contraband opium, and, most profitable of all, imports aliens at five or ten times market rates. Incidentally, it arrests and deports unlucky men who have entered America by the Underground, and thus obtains an enviable

reputation for patriotism and good citizenship. Its watchword is, "Down with the Yellow Peril!"

When Wong Lee, a merchant in New York, decided to have his betrothed come to him from her home near Canton he realized the difficulty and expense of the undertaking. With the wisdom born of experience, he consulted a prominent lawyer, who, after explaining that a Chinaman is not legally a human being, that the law presumed him to be a pauper or criminal until the opposite was conclusively shown, and that the spirit of the law was to shut out all persons with yellow skins, irrespective of character or worth, advised his client to go to Canton,

marry there in European as well as native fashion, and return with his bride. By doing this the happy couple would have no trouble except at San Francisco, where they would probably be arrested and thrown into jail for a few days.

Wong Lee paid the lawyer's fee and thought involuntarily of his native land, where all men are treated alike and lawyers and lawyers' bills are unknown. The advice did not simplify matters. Being a pagan, he did not relish the idea of marrying in European style, much less of having his young wife arrested and incarcerated. Neither did he like the prospect of going to China and back. He had spent six years in building up a remunerative commission business, and his absence would undo much of what he had accomplished.

Through a correspondent in the California metropolis he next applied to the San Francisco Ring, asking what they would charge to bring his fiancée and her brother from Canton to New York.

The application was considered by the Ring in the office of their lawyer.

"This," said the manager, "is what I call gilt-edged business. The applicant is a merchant, rated at \$40,000 by the Sam Tong. It will cost us \$600 to send the girl and her brother to New York, provided there are no obstacles. How about the law, Counselor?"

"Clear as can be," answered the attorney. "They are both entitled to admission under the treaty as well as the Exclusion act."

"I fancied as much," returned the manager. "We will have no trouble at all. Now what shall we charge the fellow for the job?"

"Five thousand would not be too much under the circumstances," suggested the disciple of Blackstone.

"Five thousand!" sneered the manager. "We are in this business for cash and we'll make it *ten* thousand or nothing."

"Supposing he won't pay it?"

"Suppose nothing! You don't know a Chinaman. No matter how clever he is in business, in love affairs he is an absolute ass."

The other members agreed, and Wong Lee was duly notified of their decision. He knew the greed of the Ring, but this

demand staggered him. He declined the offer and broke off all negotiations. Within a month he received a letter from San Francisco, which ran as follows:

"Wong Lee,

"Sir: Our society has learned with deep sorrow that you are arranging to smuggle a young girl into this country from Canton. The contemplated action wounds every Christian heart. We are determined to fight such traffic to the bitter end. If, disregarding this notice, you bring the girl over, we will have her arrested and sent back, and will institute criminal proceedings against yourself and any agent or accomplice you may employ.

"Your obedient servant,

"JABEZ MORTON,

"Secretary Law and Order League."

Wong recognized the menace and put the letter carefully away. Had the Ring understood the man it would not have made this transparent move. It aroused all the combative elements of his nature and he determined to fight fire with fire. Accordingly he visited the New York manager of the Canada Underground Railway and had a brief but satisfactory call.

The official was Charles A. Wing, better known as Charley Wing. He was a half-breed, born in Oakland of a Chinese father and an Irish mother. Mentally, he was a mixture of both parents; physically, he took after his mother. Speaking English and Cantonese perfectly, he had worked his way up in the Canada Underground until he was the second in command. Like a true son of Erin, he was "agin the Government"; yet the joy he felt in breaking the law was small compared with that experienced in fighting the San Francisco Ring.

The Underground began its work the same day. A cipher message from New York started the Canton correspondent in action and astonished the bride-to-be and her family. Preparations were made and by the time the great mails had brought full advices the girl was ready to depart.

The party took the river boat at Canton and sailed down the Pearl River to Hong Kong, where they were transferred to the Canadian mail steamer, which left on the following day. The Pacific Ocean greyhound had scarcely cleared the harbor when a half-breed filed, in the Eastern Extension Cable office, a mes-

sage to the Ring's lawyer in San Francisco, which read:

"Sailed 'Empress India.'"

A similar message went out at the same time addressed to "Charles A. Wing, New York."

In due season the travelers reached Vancouver, where they were met, before they went ashore, by a cousin of the bride and also by an agent of Charley Wing. After their luggage was cleared by the customs they drove to the cousin's house, where dinner was served. The meal was just concluded when a police officer and an interpreter entered the house and arrested bride, brother and cousin. The warrant had been issued on an affidavit which charged that the woman had been abducted and that the brother and cousin were the tools of one John Doe. The accused were too frightened to do more than expostulate, but the agent of Charley Wing took it so coolly that it was evident he had expected some such occurrence. With a few words he reassured them, and escorted them and the police to his carriage, which conveyed them to court. On entering the judge's presence they were gratified to find that the agent had arrived before them, bringing with him a wealthy Chinaman, who was ready to go bail in any amount.

The proceedings were very brief. The complainant's counsel stated that he had just been retained in the case and that he would ask for a week's adjournment, the accused to remain in jail *ad interim*. The defendants' lawyer protested vigorously and the judge ordered the case to proceed.

The complainant took the stand. He was a shabby, red-faced individual, on whom liquor and vice had left indelible marks. He knew nothing about the matter of his own knowledge. His information had come from a friend. The friend lived in San Francisco. He preferred not to give the friend's name. If the court ordered him to he would disclose it. He finally stated that the friend's name was Thomas Doolittle, which was that of the manager of the Ring.

On cross-examination he admitted that he had no regular employment and that he had several times been arrested for

intoxication, fighting and petty larceny; that he had been paid for his trouble in coming into court, and that he had no means to prove his charge against the prisoners.

This was the evidence for the prosecution. The defendants' counsel submitted to the judge duly authenticated certificates from the Chinese authorities and the British Consul at Canton, verified statements from the captain and Hong Kong agent of the "Empress of India," and affidavits from Wong Lee and the manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank in New York. There was still other evidence, but the judge interrupted the proceedings:

"You need go no further, Counsel. I am convinced that this prosecution is an attempt at blackmail or something worse. The complainant is utterly irresponsible, and the defendants are of excellent standing. The complaint is dismissed and the defendants honorably discharged."

This defeat did not discourage the San Francisco Ring. That night the wires of the Associated Press carried the following news item, which appeared in a thousand newspapers during the next forty-eight hours:

SACRIFICES TO MOLOCH.

"Vancouver, May 2d.—A beautiful Chinese girl named Ah Ho, and a low-browed Chinaman, claiming to be her brother, were arrested to-day on leaving the steamship 'Empress of India,' and arraigned before Justice Hawken on the complaint of John Alexis Smith, a prominent citizen, that the woman had been abducted in China and brought here a slave. The prisoners interposed the usual defense, that the girl was going to New York to marry an alleged Wong Lee. The magistrate declared that this infamous traffic must be suppressed, but as the complainant was unable to adduce sufficient evidence, he felt compelled to release the prisoners."

The Associated Press did *not* transmit an item which appeared in a Vancouver paper two days later:

"John A. Smith, a barroom loafer who has repeatedly been an inmate of the jail, had a windfall day before yesterday and celebrated his good fortune by getting fighting drunk. It took three policemen to arrest him and two to bring him into court this morning. Justice Jackson sentenced him to ninety days with hard labor."

The unsuccessful movement of the Ring produced results in several directions.

Wong Lee, furious at the outrage, called on Charley Wing and had a long consultation. That night Wing and a slender young Chinaman left for Montreal.

The Treasury Department at Washington sent out a circular notice to the Immigration Inspectors on the Northern border, in which special attention was called to Ah Ho and Tai Sing, her brother.

Thomas Doolittle, the San Francisco man who had instigated the arrest, was attacked one night when entering his home and beaten nearly to death.

Ah Ho and her brother remained in Vancouver nearly a week and then, accompanied by an interpreter, came East on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Among the passengers in their car were two men, who watched them closely. One of these was a Secret Service man and the other was an agent of the Ring. Nothing occurred until Winnipeg was reached, where the train stops half an hour. Here the interpreter went out, followed by the Ring's agent, and returned promptly with a pot of tea. Again he went out, carrying the emptied pot, but this time he did not return. As the train started a young Chinaman entered the car, sat down beside Ah Ho and started a conversation. A second later the agent of the Ring was seen on the platform, running for the moving train. Fortune favored him. He caught the last car, but lost his hat and badly bruised his ankle. At Montreal, where there is another half-hour wait, the party sat quiet for some minutes, Ah Ho appearing to expect some one. Then they rose, walked quickly through car and station, and, entering a closed carriage, were immediately driven off. The agent of the Ring ran hurriedly about, engaged a second coach and tried to follow them, but without success.

The Secret Service man was joined on the platform by three associates. They chatted a few minutes and then separated, he repairing to the Queen's Hotel, his headquarters when in Montreal. In passing the parlor he caught a glimpse of a handsome middle-aged

woman playing the piano. That evening he saw her in the dining room, where she made so attractive a picture that when the meal was over he asked the hotel clerk who she was.

"A wealthy widow, Mrs. Van Duyne, who is stopping here while her daughter is being treated by our best oculist."

Alston obtained an introduction and found his new acquaintance as charming mentally as she was physically. The attraction proved reciprocal, as the Secret Service man was bright, witty and good-looking. She told him how her daughter's eye had been injured in a game of tennis, three weeks before, so that the sight had been despaired of at one time. The skill of the oculist had saved the girl's vision, but it would be several months before she could remove the bandages. Alston sympathized, and, in turn, told her about Ah Ho. The widow was deeply interested and made a number of ingenious suggestions. He laughed and complimenting her on her detective ability, said he had already done nearly everything she had proposed. There was little indeed that he had not provided for. He had run Ah Ho down so closely that he knew she was in one of two houses, both of which were under surveillance night and day. When the widow heard this, she laughed and exclaimed:

"Look out, Mr. Alston. If she's a true woman, she'll get away despite all your precautions!"

In the meantime the agent of the Ring had been in a condition of mingled fury and despair. Dispatches from San Francisco had hinted at indolence and carelessness on his part. In desperation he called upon the police, from whom he obtained Alston's name and address.

That evening he visited the Queen's Hotel, passing, as he walked down the entrance hall, Alston and Mrs. Van Duyne, who were sitting in the parlor. They happened to look up as he went by.

"What a cruel face that man has!" exclaimed the widow. "I'm positive he's a card sharper or a runaway cashier from New York."

"Hardly," laughed Alston. "He looks more like a crushed tragedian. I've seen him before somewhere. Oh, yes! I remember him now. He crossed the

continent with me, but never spoke to anybody on the train. By jove, perhaps he is helping Ah Ho!"

Alston paused as a waiter came forward and handed him a visiting card. He glanced at it, then rose and bowed to the widow.

"Please excuse me for a few minutes. Here's a card from a man who wishes to see me on business. I suspect it's the fellow who just passed us, and that it concerns Ah Ho. I'll return as quickly as possible."

He handed her the card and left the room. Upon it she saw in plain type:

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,

2995 Market Street,

Private Detective. San Francisco.

Mrs. Van Duyne smiled and remarked to herself, "This is what Charley expected. Williams has lost the trail and now as a forlorn hope appeals to Alston."

The Secret Service man went to the clerk's desk and there met Williams.

"Can I see you a moment in private, Mr. Alston?"

"Certainly. There's a smoking room down the hall which is usually empty at this hour. We'll go there."

They entered the room, which was deserted.

"I came to see you in regard to a Chinese case, one Ah Ho, who came from Vancouver and is hiding here before going to New York. I suppose you are out for money, like all of us?" Williams began, insinuatingly. The Secret Service man bowed as if in assent.

"It's worth nothing to arrest that woman and send her back to China. It's worth three thousand dollars to arrest her and then let her off to go through to New York."

"How's that?" queried Alston. "Isn't she a poor slave girl that's going to some den in New York?"

"Not on your life!" sneered Williams. "That's what our society always publishes in the papers. Besides which there *ain't* any dens in New York. The girl's going to marry a rich pigtail, who'll gladly cough up three thou. to secure her release. If you'll arrest her on the border, I'll go on to New York and get the cash. Then we'll divide and let her go."

"There's too much risk for the money."

"I'll make it five thousand, then."

"But who will square me with the Government in case of trouble?"

"Why, our society, of course. We are making a fine thing out of the business and we stand by one another through thick and thin."

Alston rose from his chair. "I've heard enough, Mr. Williams, of you and your 'society.' I shall arrest this Ah Ho, and if I catch you around interfering with justice, I'll shoot you. Good evening."

He rejoined the widow and told her about the interview. She listened attentively and said after a moment's pause:

"You are a better man than I thought. Most people would have taken the bribe he offered."

* * * * *

The next day was very busy. Alston was called to the telephone by one of his men, who reported that a carriage had driven up to the house he was watching and taken away a Chinese man and woman to a house eight streets distant. The message had scarcely been received when the telephone rang again. It was the man watching the second house, who reported a similar occurrence there.

The Secret Service man gave what orders he thought necessary and started toward his room. In the hall he encountered the fair widow.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Alston. I was looking for you to beg a favor. The oculist here has ordered my daughter to go to the Eye and Ear Infirmary at New York, and has had a physician sent up from there to escort us. We wish to take the express which leaves in an hour and a half. I have telephoned for berths and a private compartment on the Pullman, and am now on my way to get my daughter and the physician and drive with them to the train. Will it be too much trouble to go to the station, pay for the tickets with this bill, and explain to the porter and conductor the necessity for quiet? If it will not be imposing *too* heavily upon your good nature, you might also order some flowers to cheer our poor little invalid."

Alston gladly assented and carried out the program as requested. The little

chamber on the car was made fragrant with roses and carnations. The carriage arrived in due course. The young girl, veiled and bandaged, was lifted out by a brawny Canadian and laid in the bed prepared for her. The New York physician won Alston's heart by his courtesy and brilliancy. Thanks to Alston the invalid was not disturbed upon the journey.

Ten days afterward he received a note from the widow, which he never showed. It contained the following lines:

"My 'daughter,' Ah Ho, was formally married to Wong Lee yesterday, so that your conscience may be clear in regard to the aid you unwittingly rendered Charley Wing and myself in evading Uncle Sam's foolish laws. Sorry you did not have a chance to shoot Williams."

NEW YORK CITY.



The Cheerful Life in the South

BY MRS. L. H. HARRIS

THE South has always been missionary ground, not because we are more wicked than other people, but because we are so self-possessed. Some think this assurance is neither moral nor intellectual, and it is not, it is temperamental. We are not open to foreign convictions, because we have an awful personal integrity in such matters. We are determined to remain true to ourselves, whether we ever advance an octave in the scale of things or not. This is not an enlightened virtue, but it is a virtue, and with a better moral ancestry than many more enlightened ones.

We are also charged with a lack of energy and of enterprise. But this is not a fault. It is a philosophy, founded upon climate and a gift we have for irresponsible cheerfulness under the most adverse circumstances. Besides, it makes a difference where one is born. And most of us have been so well born we have not the same self-making impulse which spurs less fortunate people on to deeds of glory. This is why we resent with peculiar indignation the presumption which lies back of so much exhortation to be "up and doing." We have less to do than most people, in the very nature of things, and it is a matter of irritation to us that so few recognize the reason why.

It is worthy of note that there are no

disciples among us of the more recent cults in living. The reason is we have a cult of our own. "The Simple Life," for instance, requires too much discipline, too much self-restraint, and it leads too easily toward certain affectations that we could never tolerate. Disciples of simplicity are apt to be skeptical of their less abstemious neighbors. Thus, no one approves Thoreau in the South, altho so far as the simple life is concerned he had the root of the matter in him. But he became an insufferable cad in his relations to Nature, in his effort to follow out the logic of his position. The spirit which could lead him to sit astride a respectable pumpkin and patronize everything in sight would not be popular here. We do not even buy what Mr. Wagner has to say on this subject, because we are already engaged to live the merely "cheerful life." This is a less expensive adjustment to the general situation. It is not so serious or so self-cultivating as the "simple life," nor so drastic as the "strenuous life." It takes in one's neighbor genially without becoming a missionary or a taskmaster to him. It is a radiance, not an energy, except in its opposition to the "strenuous life." And it is not really immoral to be opposed to such a high working tension. Some must be strenuous, of course, because they are the tool-people

who make and keep the world together. But we of the South resigned from that business forty years ago, and now, barring a few infected souls, we prefer the merely cheerful life which curtails ambitions and does not found self-respect upon the realization of great ambitions. Besides, if we all become strenuous, there will no longer be "room at the top." And what is "the top," anyhow? A very stingily constructed and precarious elevation above the narrow brow of public opinion, from which many disciples of fame and strenuosity topple back into their original dust! It is easier to walk into the grave than to climb into it, and quite as decent a way of being dead. For, once we are buried, no Mark Antony funeral oration or memorial tablet will resurrect us till God calls. Then the cheerful Southerner who lived gayly upon a level with his common kind is as sure to rise as the most strenuous hero that ever lived. Immortality is likely to prove disconcerting to some very able, intelligent, effective people. The peace and harmony of it will not rime with their distractedly energetic spirits. But it will be an experience peculiarly suited to some of us in this region who have had the opportunities of a pleasant lifetime to cultivate the cheerful, indigent, peaceful mind.

When I was a child we went to an "old field" school. On account of a certain cheerful limitation in wit and intellectual energy I was dedicated to the "foot" of the "third reader" class, while Minnie Lee, a very freckled faced, conscientious little girl, who wore absurdly long pantalets, maintained the head of it with commendable effort. We were accustomed to reading Longfellow's poem "Excelsior" in concert. That is, Minnie Lee and the other pupils read it, while I wept for the brave young man who died at the top,

Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device.

I do not know if it was because I had never moved onward, or upward in any direction, and felt in my too tender imagination the poignant agony of the long climb, or if I was moved by the marching melody of the words; but they appealed to me so strangely that I was

always obliged to retire from the class in tearful enjoyment of my emotions, while Minnie Lee carried the "Excelsior" chorus to a thrilling close in her thin, high voice.

During the twenty years that have elapsed since I have often wondered what could have been her conception of the poet's meaning. She is a good woman to know, but not because she has ever showed the least inclination to emulate the unfortunate youth with the Excelsior motto. She married a poor but cheerful man, is the mother of five children, and lives in sight of the little old school house. She has never tired of the scenery, never showed any aspiring dissatisfaction with her lot in life. She is ample and gracious, like a feather pillow that has been long in the sun. She wears flowered calico gowns which suggest a sort of colossal kinship between her and the roses in her garden. She recalls with charming appreciation every incident of our school days, and she has the biography of all her babies on the tip of her tongue. "Do you remember the blue birds that used to nest in our old gate post?" she asked me the other day, and I recalled a spring time of happy mornings when we tripped through the dewy grass to watch the young fledglings.

"They have had their nest there every year since," she said, and I knew that she still had the same Maytime interest in the pretty sight.

"Do you remember the time Johnny Kicklighter stepped on the honey bee in the spelling class?" she laughed merrily, and there flashed before me in pantomime the victim of that tragedy, a picture lost until then twenty years deep in the past. "He married one of the Bilby girls. You remember her, the little one who used to ink her toes. They have three children. Doesn't it seem strange the way we grow up and get old and can't stop, and have children coming after us who find the same bird nests and get stung the same way by the bees!" And indeed it did seem strange just then. We were so near the sun rim of an eternal childhood, out of which Minnie Lee seemed never to have wandered.

Some will call this a case of arrested development. But to my mind it was arrested nearer the gates of Paradise than

many of us will ever come. She filled the day with her precious annals. I felt that she could fill every one the same way, and that it would be like listening to a long poem with epic stanzas here and there. She knew so much that was good and natural and innocent. She loved so much with peaceful tenderness. She hoped so cheerfully from day to day for the sunshine and the rain, looked forward to her Sabbaths, and believed more in God than any modern interpretation of life or Scriptures would warrant.

The South is full of such women. They are the granddaughters of the old war dames who wore silks and counted their slaves by the hundreds. And if anybody thinks they have come down in the world it is because they do not know where up is. If we ever do see clearly, one of the first things we shall discover is that some of the best people are not where we think they are and that some of the wise ones are not where they ought to be.

NASHVILLE, TENN



Race Prejudice in a Northern Town

BY FRANKLIN U. QUILLIN

[Nothing about this town, we believe, has ever appeared in print, as no one knowing the circumstances has appreciated their uniqueness. The town has produced but one college man besides the author, who as a post-graduate at Harvard received his M. A. degree last month. He is making a special study of the negro question in connection with his course in economics.—EDITOR.]

IN the town of Syracuse, Ohio, on the Ohio River, four miles above Pomeroy, a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, no negro is permitted to live. No negro is permitted to stay in the town over night under any consideration. This is an absolute rule in this year, 1905, and it has existed for several generations. The enforcement of this unwritten law for keeping the negro from staying in the town over a single night is in the hands of the boys from twelve to twenty years of age, while the attempt of a negro to become a resident of the town is resisted by the town *en masse*.

When the colored man is seen in the town during the day he is generally told of these traditions, if he is so ignorant as not to know them already, and is warned to leave before sundown. If he fails to take heed, he is surrounded at about the time that darkness begins, and is addressed by the leaders of the gang in about this language: "No nigger is allowed to stay in this town over night. We don't care what you are here for. Get out of here now, and get out quick." He sees from twenty-five to fifty boys around him talking in subdued voices and waiting to see whether he obeys. If

he hesitates, little stones begin to reach him from unseen quarters, and soon persuade him to begin his hegira. He is not allowed to walk, but is told to "get on his little dog trot." The command is always effective, for it is backed by stones in the ready hands of boys none too friendly. So long as he keeps up a good gait, the crowd, which follows just at his heels, and which keeps growing until it sometimes numbers seventy-five to one hundred boys, is good-natured and contents itself with yelling, laughing and hurling gibes at its victim. But let him stop his "trot" for one moment, from any cause whatever, and the stones immediately take effect as their chief persuader. Thus they follow him to the farthest limits of the town, where they send him on his way rejoicing (?), while they return to the city with triumph and tell their fathers all about the function, how fast the victim ran, how scared he was, how he pleaded and promised that he would go and never return if they would only go back and leave him, how Johnnie Jones hit him with such a big rock that it knocked him down. Then the fathers tell how they used to do the same thing, and thus the heroes of two

wars spend the rest of the evening by the old camp-fire, recounting their several campaigns.

In my youth I participated in several of these chases, and must own that I always enjoyed them, with the exception of one evening, when the poor victim was so fagged out that he could not maintain the "dog trot" on the last few hundred yards of his "dash," but fell off to a walk. The poor fellow pleaded for mercy with all the despair of a doomed soul, until a few of us stepped forward and defended him, notwithstanding the gibes and threats of the worst of the mob, some of whom would not have felt remorse had they taken the life of the poor wretch.

This was an exceptional case; in general the boys know that they can make the "nigger" (I never heard a colored man called anything else in the town) run without injuring him; they liked the fun of the chase and the terror of the victim, incidentally using a few stones to enliven the situation.

The conditions and circumstances in this town of Syracuse are unique in many ways; for all the surrounding towns have a considerable negro population. Just three miles below is the small town of Kerr's Run, which has more black residents than white. Most of them are afraid to go up to Syracuse even during the daytime, for the reputation of that town is known by almost every negro that works upon the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Syracuse is the eastern terminal of the White Collas Line Steamboat system from Cincinnati. Many of the negro hands on this line are afraid to go up into the town to load salt and to get freight, unless the steamboat officers are with them. When they want anything from the stores they usually try to hire some little boy to be their messenger.

One colored family lives in the country on a small farm, just beyond the town limits. The father, whose name is Rush Johnson, came there during the Civil War, and he tells many stories of how he was brutally stoned and in other ways warned to leave the country. He was a courageous, industrious, and honest negro, and in a few years so won his way that he was permitted to stay without

being molested. However, he and his children have never dared to come into the town after night.

The oldest son of this family, in resentment at an insult one day, struck a white schoolmate. He was pounced upon immediately by a mob of white boys, brutally beaten, and rolled over a steep embankment, sustaining many injuries. He left school, went West, worked his way through college and is now an eloquent minister of the Gospel in an African church in Illinois.

A daughter of this family attended the High School in the class before that of the writer of this article. Living within the limits of the High School Special District she could not be debarred, but was practically sent to "Coventry." None of her schoolmates ever talked with her, and they objected so much to sitting near her that the principal had to arrange a desk for her completely removed from the rest of the school. She was scarcely if ever called on to recite, while all her classmates were reciting continually. For weeks it seemed the poor girl never spoke a word from the time she got on the school grounds until she left. Through all these and many more discouraging circumstances the brave girl struggled on through her four years' course, passed her examinations, and was within two months of graduation when she was attacked by consumption and compelled to give up her school work. Then for the first time the heart of the town was touched by the sufferings of a colored person. All knew her case, had seen her struggle, most had opposed her; but at last sympathy sprang up. The Board of Education suspended their rule requiring the passing of final examinations, voted Miss Margaret Johnson her diploma, complimented her upon her unusual pluck and perseverance, and wished her a return to health.

During these two months of illness before Commencement she was not idle. For four long years she had gone to her school regularly, had studied her lessons, had attended her classes, like the rest of her classmates, and during those years she, too, had thought of the night when she should stand before her friends (her family, of course, for none others of her race dared come into the village)

and should receive the diploma that would crown for her so many hours of weariness and of longing.

So during these days of sickness she produced her essay and prayed that she might be permitted to read it, along with her classmates, for she was always eager to do as they did, altho she knew that she was among them but not of them. Whatever her bitter thoughts, she never expressed them; never once had she complained of her treatment or shown resentment.

On the day when the long looked for Commencement Exercises were to be held in June, 1896, she appeared in a carriage and was assisted to the front seats, where she sat by the side of her father and two brothers, but her mother had recently died of the same disease that had seized upon her. She was too weak and ill to sit upon the platform with her twelve classmates, and so with sad but triumphant eyes, sat facing them. Were they proud of her achievements? Far from it. Several of them until the last minute strenuously objected to graduation with a colored person, as tho it were a disgrace that would be visited upon their children to the third and fourth generation.

Finally the name, Margaret Johnson, was reached upon the program. Tho aware that she would not be required to read her essay, she insisted upon doing her part. Rising from her seat, she took a few steps forward, but was unable to mount the platform; so she turned where she was and in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper, read her essay on the threadbare topic, "Perseverance," but it was a theme that burned with life for her, the first and last of her race to stand before a Syracuse audience.

Thus she triumphed, the diploma was hers, won on just the same grounds as those of her classmates. She had done her part in winning respect for her race, but the sacrifice had to be paid. Two weeks after her triumph her course was run. Consumption, the disease so destructive to her people, claimed one of the fairest "flowers of the race."

While this girl showed to the white people of the town the possibility that the negro might amount to something, that he might possess some qualities that

they admired but did not always show themselves, yet she could not dispossess them of the prejudice that had been nourished by them for so many years. After nine years still no negro lives within this Northern town, no negro works alongside of the white man during the day, and no negro so much as breathes the night air within its gates.

The cause of this extraordinary race prejudice is hard to discern. The majority of the inhabitants are not from the South, but, strange to say, are of New England stock. In the early days of the town many Irish lived there who were so bitterly hostile to the negro that some people attribute the subsequent treatment of the colored man to their influence. The population is mixed, including many Welsh and Germans. Most of the people are day laborers working in the coal mines and in salt manufacture, and perhaps they feel the danger of negro competition. Certainly they would as readily associate with a snake as permit a black man to work by their side. They almost feel that he defiles anything that he touches. To the women he is an object to be dreaded and feared, even in the day time. The little children are taught to fear the "Black Man" with all the horrors associated with that name. The writer has seen many a child frightened almost into hysterics at the mere sight of a colored man, and he was himself imbued with the terror. What has caused this fear? No crime has ever been committed by a negro within the town, altho many have occurred nearby, which perhaps serve to maintain the prejudice in spite of many things that might have worked toward undermining it.

Since the town was founded, about 1815, not a single negro family has lived in it. About the year 1855 two negroes were employed as domestics by a family in the extreme lower end of the town, practically in the country, but they did not stay long. Since the Civil War two attempts have been made by negro families to settle in the town, but both were summarily driven out. The following incident will reveal the mode of dealing with such cases and the temper of the people:

About the year 1886 a colored man said

that he was going to live in Syracuse; he had a right there and he was going to show them that he was just as good as they were. So with his wife he brought his few household goods and put them into a small house which was only four or five doors from the writer's home. In the afternoon he was called upon and told the rule of the town and that he too must leave before night. He replied that he would live there as long as he wished, but he was clearly told what would happen. The town was not incorporated and hence he could obtain no police protection. The word went over the town with wonderful rapidity, and the people immediately prepared to resent this affront to the town's dignity and pride. As soon as darkness had fallen upon the scene an immense crowd

of boys and men assembled before the house. They called for the occupant to come out. Growing impatient the crowd went through the door with a rush. The negro was quickly overpowered, taken from his wife and marched into the street. There he received the direction to march. He marched to the edge of the town, where he was left with the information that he might sleep anywhere that he wished, so long as he was out of the town limits; his wife would be guarded in the house over night, and if he were caught sneaking back before daylight he would be hanged to the nearest tree. The next day he was allowed to return to the house and reload his wife and goods.

So ended the last attempt of a colored man to live in this Northern town.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



The Ministry and Social Reform

[The following letters in reply to the two recent articles in *THE INDEPENDENT* which described the motives of one who left Socialism for the Church and another the Church for Socialism have called forth many replies, of which we are sorry that space only permits us to publish the following. Singularly enough, most of the writers confine themselves to the question of the Church versus Socialism, whereas we had hoped that the larger question of whether the Church is now the most efficient organization for the promotion of the brotherhood of man would have been more fully discussed.—EDITOR.]

Why I Stay in the Ministry

In some of the great European cathedrals the traveler is arrested by the startling announcement, "Confessions heard in all languages." It appears that *THE INDEPENDENT* has assumed that rôle for America, and Bachelor Maids and modern Socialists here tell out to all the world the story of their blighted hopes and realized dreams. May I dare to hope that here, too, one who has kept the beaten track may tell the story "Why I Stay in the Ministry?"

One who has tasted of the joys of the Christian ministry will not readily haste to other labor. One morning, before I had my breakfast, a professional man called at my home. His was a short and sad story. He wished his name dropped from the Church roll. He was a hypocrite, he said, and wished to be such no longer. His years had been filled with struggle and failure and discomfiture with the demon drink. He was ready to give up the fight. We talked and prayed together, and he

went forth a new man, stronger to endure and pledged to stand true. *And he stands.* Why should I quit a job that gives me work to do like that?

I sat in a little country hotel out on the Western prairie not long since. A man sat opposite whom I took to be a railroad man. He entered into conversation and, when he learned my business in life, said somewhat cynically, "I'd like to be a preacher and be petted and get twenty dollars an hour and do all my work in one day." He urged his case against the ministry quite bitterly, as it would seem, and a friend of the cloth who was with me left the table in disgust. I felt that the man was speaking not his own thoughts and that his bark was worse than his bite. The conversation drifted to daily toil and then to home and family. He was a widower. His wife had died six months ago and he was alone with four little children. Strong man as he was, as he told the story of the parting the tears came into his eyes and he said: "Brother, I've been fooling you a bit. I am

trying to be a Christian. I run an engine on the Limited across these plains, but when my wife died the first man who stood beside me ready to help was the preacher who was my wife's pastor. I've joined the Church, but I find it hard to live a Christian life on the road. If it were not for the fact that I can get to church occasionally I think I'd have to give it up." I stay in the ministry because I want to be at my post when he and his countless brethren come for help.

(REV.) HUGH T. KERR.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HUTCHINSON,
KANSAS.

Why I Left Professional Propagandism

I have not only left the ministry; I have left all professional propagandism. One's soul may be troubled not only with the alternative of the Church or Socialism; it may also be tormented in rebelling against the life of a propagandist, and that is one reason why I left the ministry.

It is quite true that I had come to disbelieve the Christian doctrines. Indeed, I went through three distinct tho somewhat overlapping stages in my intellectual life. I may call them the theological, the ethical and the social, and it will be plain what I mean as I go on.

In the theological period of my thinking I connected all phenomena with a divine being. What does God do with dead heathen? What is his purpose in causing pain to multitudes and in giving a few men great comforts and much power? All duties I looked at as ordained by God. This is right and that wrong because God says so. In a word a person above and outside of myself was the center of all my thinking. My theology was largely teleology and the purpose was a divine purpose. Doing right was pleasing God and doing wrong was displeasing him. In a personal God I lived and moved and had my being. My difficulties in this first stage began to arise when I was in the theological seminary, and when the mission board, to whom I had applied for appointment, tried to insist on my believing certain things about the fate of dead heathen. This made me wonder what became of dead Bostonians, for it was a theological inquisitor in Boston who insisted that different psychological processes took place at the time of death in pagan Hindoos and in Americans. The inquisitor and I were both agreed in not raising the question whether there could be anything that could properly be called life after death had taken place, but we could not agree as to what took place in this unknown sphere of existence. He thought the heathen in Boston as well as in Canton were surely damned, but I was inclined to give them the benefit of the doubt, just as much

as I did the heathen Chinese. And so I was kept on the rack for a year or more, and then there were some good people who thought the principle at stake important enough to raise a sum of money sufficient to support me for a few years in the foreign mission field. The principle at stake was whether or not one might be free to believe that men who were out of hearing of church bells were to have a fair probation before the judgment day. As soon as I was out of hearing of church bells myself I laid this question of future probation on the shelf and thought no more of it. But having begun to entertain doubts, I could not stop, and for six or eight years I wrestled with the question of miracles and the supernatural. What really happened, I asked, when there was an alleged miracle? Of course, like all good Christians, I did not believe in Buddhistic miracles, but soon I also disbelieved in the Old Testament miracles and later in apostolic miracles, and later yet in Jesus' virgin birth, and still later in his reported wonders; but I did cling to his resurrection for a long time and took the general position that we do not believe in Jesus because of the miracles, but we believe in the miracles because of Jesus, who was the culmination of a special revelation and the example and proof of a special providence. But before long I saw the absurdity of believing in one miracle and no more. Because Jesus' body was raised from the dead it did not follow that my soul would be. His so-called resurrection did not prove immortality; and just as true the other way around, my immortality did not prove his resurrection.

The last hope to which I clung was the belief in Jesus as the ideal man. I let everything else go that involved the supernatural in his life. The healthiness of a skeptical frame of mind appealed to me, and I accepted without flinching Paul's alternative: "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain; your faith is also vain." My faith had become vain. But still for a long time I refused to doubt that God is good. I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday going home one evening from a native prayer meeting, my very attendance at which had begun to seem to me an untruth, that as I passed through the darkness of a bamboo grove I said to myself: "Well, whatever else is true, I believe that God is good." But before long my fine new weapon of doubt had to be turned against this belief too.

More and more there arose to my mind insuperable difficulties in adjusting the Christian theology to any rational view of evolution. So with the evolutionary philosophy as a clue, I started on an entirely new path. I abandoned the attempt to account for events by referring them to a plan, divine if you please, according

to which they took place. Instead of trying to find out causes by searching for ideas in themselves I tried to find out the processes by which things have come to be. Instead of asking why God did thus and so, I began to ask how it came about that this or that is so. Instead of querying, "Why must I suffer?" I began to ask for the steps of evolution that made me a sensitive being. Under this method I soon abandoned the idea that I and other Christians were favorites of heaven, and equally that any one was in special danger of calling down divine wrath on his head for irreverent inquisitiveness. In the upheaval that followed I was driven to cast about for a new ethical standpoint. If I could no longer explain the world by referring everything to God's inscrutable goodness, then I must have a new standard by which to measure moral values. Duty seemed to be the one thing sure. If I could no longer sing "And Right Is Right Since God Is God," I began to preach that it is right to do right because it is right. Not reward now or hereafter, not the pleasure of God, but simple duty must be one's guide and inspiration. Such mottoes as "Not religion as a duty, but duty as a religion," found in me a responsive chord. The absolute theory of morals, with its dictum of "natural rights" and "eternal principles of morality," possessed me strongly enough to carry me through what seemed a very important crisis in my life. I had come out of what I have called my theological frame of mind and I found myself in a new atmosphere. I had gone through a revolution in my thinking in dethroning dogmatism and enthroning doubt, but I was still in the process of adjustment in working over my metaphysics to fit the facts of evolutionary science. At the same time I was confronted with the very practical problem of how to fit my everyday practices to my new ideas. I worried more over the question how to be a consistent agnostic in the Christian environment in which I had grown up than I did over the whole intellectual adjustment. It took some courage to think away from the old mental moorings, but in anxious anguish that was nothing compared to deciding what to do about it. I was too cautious to make a leap in the dark. I had come to my conclusions all by myself and knew no one who could sympathize with me. So I consumed much time trying to think through the problem how to be both true and honest. In the process I did some timid, not to say cowardly, things. I went to church like a true "pillar of society" setting a good example. I actually baptized some people after I had repudiated a belief in the Trinity. I conducted a communion service when I thought it was the relic of a superstition. I "gave thanks" at table even after it seemed only my good luck that I, instead of the beggar

on the street, had something to eat. Such are the constraints of custom and habit.

Nor was I idle. I carried on my school work, and since preaching had come to mean a means of converting people to an accepted philosophy of life rather than an opportunity for shedding light on facts scientific and social, I lectured rather than preached. But of course I could not long remain a missionary of orthodox churches while harboring disbelief in their professed creed; common honesty forbade. So I found myself face to face with the problem of conformity. It was not enough that I privately rejected the old creed and the theological philosophy; my very profession belied this. Actions speak louder than words, and hence my active identification with a certain group of thinkers must be interpreted, I said, as an expression of my own views. In a word, "Shall I," I asked myself, "pretend to subscribe to a creed in which I do not believe? Shall I work in a church which believes in its own ultimate supremacy when I do not believe in it? Shall I accept the name Christian when Jesus is not my only or chief ideal?" Just at that time the editor of the *Outlook* wrote that if Jesus were here to-day "He would remain a member of whatever church He happened to be born in." I did not agree with the editor, but in any case such a course meant to me to be intellectually conscienceless. To be an ordained minister of an orthodox mission board meant, if it meant anything at all, an implied, if not an avowed, assent to the beliefs held in common by its churches. Those were not my beliefs and the sooner I left my position the better. "Duty" was my watchword and my comfort during this trying time, yet in the name of duty I had done some questionable acts.

On my return to America I looked with longing eyes to liberal bodies, some of which called themselves churches and some not, in my hope of finding an audience for my "message" and a field for my activity. The cordiality of my reception convinced me for a while that my aversion to professional propagandism was mistaken. I went to work in a charity organization and in a social settlement in a Western city with the avowed purpose of training myself for ethical leadership. It was not long, however, before I realized that to work in harmony with the organization meant the commitment of myself to a particular set of views which, tho "liberal," were not one whit less dogmatic than the Christian philosophy from which, with great pain to myself and friends, I had parted. Clearer and clearer to me it became that to make one's living by preaching meant the stultification of the preacher. It was absolutely necessary to preach about such things and to reach such conclusions as the organization wanted to

hear, be it "church" or "society," or whatever.

But now new difficulties began to arise. I began to ask, "What is duty, after all? What are the bounds of morality and what are its sanctions? Is there such a thing as an absolute standard of morals? What is the origin and the nature of the sense of right and wrong, of conscience and remorse?" I began to strain out the moral quality of things, to surmise that morality and immorality were largely relative terms and that the universe was mostly unmoral. Virtue, I conceived, was an attainment, and morality an acquisition. Actions were not right because of conformity to some abstract law thought out by some being apart from things. There are not two worlds, one God's world and the other the real world. There is, I thought, only one world, and if there is any God in it he is finding out as he goes along what is right and what is wrong. It seemed to me that the only way in which the extra human world had evolved at all was by the method of trial and occasional success. Nature's so-called plan is like the firing of a load of shot into an open field a million times until you hit a rabbit and then doing it over again. Make a million organs of a million shapes and a million colors and one of them may fit the environment nearly enough to survive. Then do it again. Do it a million times and finally you get a species. That seemed to be nature's way. Not much Providence about that! Not much "eternal beneficence" about that! It seemed to be the same in human history, except where man was reasonable enough to adapt means to an end. Nature or "God" did not adapt means to ends except as "she" or "he" did it in man. "The only intelligence in the universe worthy of the name is the intelligence of the organized beings which have been evolved, and the highest manifestation of the psychic power known to the occupants of this planet is that which emanates from the human brain. Thus does science invert the pantheistic pyramid." This, in the words of Lester F. Ward, had come to be my belief. So, I concluded, it is no use to try to find out what is right by going back to an authority in earth or in heaven. There are no natural rights. We invent rights and after a while they become wrongs, and then we try again and invent new rights.

But of course I was not stewing this broth out of pure ethical abstractions. Long before this I had begun to have an interest in social problems, which grew to be an absorbing interest. This brings me to the third stage of my mental conflict. I had wrestled with the unknowable and learned that that of which theology is surest is what needs most to be called in question. I had struggled to speak out and to act out my disbelief—i. e., I had

wrestled with the ethical question of conformity—and now I tried to find out the real causes of human unhappiness. In other words, I became interested in the social problem. First I became a shallow Utopian Socialist; then I puzzled over the land problem until I "saw the cat" and became an ardent single taxer. Then I learned that the law of rent pertains to other objects as well as to land, and I became a more thorough Socialist. Then I found that the social problem is greater than the economic problem; that side by side with the great elemental social force of self preservation is that of race perpetuation, and following close alongside them both appeared the impulse to social betterment. The desire to live, to multiply and to improve, these seemed to be the great social forces. To understand them, to help make new institutions fit for their expression, these became my aims. But I soon found that "unsound" economic and social views were distasteful in all organizations in which wealth was invested or whose success depended upon the good will of the wealthy. This was inevitable. No congregation or club or society will support one who questions or opposes its point of view. And, on the other hand, a man who accepts support from a society for proclaiming its views is bound to be orthodox to them. So evermore the idea of a paid propagandist became obnoxious to me. To sell my time to a church or to any other organization of propaganda meant to sell to it my freedom.

And no less true is this of a political organization. To become a paid Socialist propagandist would mean to sell one's freedom to the Socialist party. This I could not do. What then should I do? All my training had been for preaching. But I was convinced that to preach truly a man must preach freely, and that meant that he must have a means of support independent of his preaching. Therefore I left professional propaganda to earn my living in another way, so that when I taught or lectured I could do so freely.

That socialism had much to do with my leaving the ministry I do not deny. With honorable exceptions I may say that the religious, semi-religious and quasi-religious bodies with which I had to do were supported by men whose chief interests were vested interests. Economic justice was not one of the doctrines of their creed or their life. On the other hand, I was a Socialist chiefly because socialism seemed to me to be the only way in which economic justice could be realized. Therefore I parted company with these organizations. Had they been more truly the champions of the wronged, instead of lining up on the side of wealth and privilege, my scruples about freedom of thought and speech might never have troubled me. But when I

realized that they were apologists for economic injustice, then it became clear to me that to make my living by preaching views acceptable to them was impossible. In other words, the frame of mind which propagandist organizations cultivate is not the scientific, but the dogmatic. Therefore I left them.

AN EX-MISSIONARY.

Why I Did Not Leave the Ministry

My father was a village carpenter. There were nine mouths to feed by days' work during eight or nine months in each year. He was an industrious, sober, gentle man, but there was no margin above roof, and food and bodily covering. My mother worked hard all day long, and part of the night, to keep her brood respectable and clean. I went to school until fourteen. Then I went to work on a farm "by the month," beginning at five dollars. I worked five summers thus, going home in winter for a few months of school. At nineteen I began to learn my father's trade. I married at twenty-one. For five years I worked at my trade, saving and scrimping to get ahead a little. Then the flood came and carried me away.

From my childhood I loved books. I squandered much time on the cheap stories within my reach. Then I formed a taste for Scott, Dickens and Charles Kingsley. At twenty-one chance brought my way a small library of choice literature—books of history, science, biography and philosophy—into which I dug through long winter days and nights, until at twenty-six I was filled with general knowledge. From my childhood I attended church in a little Methodist meeting house. During my youth I passed through many "revivals" there. I had been taught that I must get "converted" in order to save my soul. I believed this. I tried over and over again to "experience" religion. I failed. I remember now with sensitive nerves the horror of that failure. How all night long I would lie afraid to go to sleep for fear I would wake up in hell. All this when I was only sixteen, a crude, coarse boy. I had dreamed of being a preacher, but the vision vanished and for years the reaction unsteadied me intellectually and morally. Then I married; the little child came; I grew anxious to earn and save money, and my mind turned from religion with indifference. I grew more and more interested in social and political questions; threw myself earnestly into temperance and industrial reforms, and became known as a radical, if not a "crank."

Then at twenty-six one of those mysterious psychical waves shook me through and through. I could not eat. I could not sleep. I could not work. I became broken in courage and nerve. I would leave my work and crawl away and cry. I would get out of my bed at

midnight and walk the room or the street. That period is a nightmare to me now. The sorrow of the world was on me. The old dream came back—the dream of my youth—that I was to be a preacher of the Gospel. My friends discouraged it. Those who loved me thought me beside myself. But there is no help for God's fool. I sold my beautiful house, turned my little belongings into cash, sent my wife and baby to her parents for a little time and went away to learn to be a minister. One year and my money was gone. Then life began over again in a little village far away from the home of my youth. I do not know how those people put up with me, but they did. One woman thought enough of me to mention me to friends a hundred miles away, whose pastor had resigned. Thus a committee came to hear me, and as the result I went to a community of culture and wealth to be pastor of a beautiful church and a well to do congregation. Four years I remained there. It was a neighborhood of factories and mills, a vortex of social and industrial problems. There I slowly came to myself and gradually came to a self-consciousness of my real interest in the Gospel. Long ago, in that flood-tide of misery, where in the dark I had wept my heart's desire out in anguish, there had gone out of me forever the anxiety that had crushed me. I had been obliged to turn my soul over to God to do with me as he willed. Out of the ashes of that defeat rose an absolute faith that the Judge of all the earth would do right with me. From that day I have trusted in a good God and have not agonized over my personal salvation. But the sorrow of the world got deeper hold in me. The call of the deep was in me. My comfortable congregation did not satisfy me. I was unutterably wretched at times. My path was all flowers and friends, but my soul was vexed. I had not found rest. I wanted to be at work where people toiled and bore the heavy burdens of life.

Two doors opened to me: From a beautiful New England city came a rich old man. He invited me to his home and laid before me his plan to build a beautiful memorial church. If I would come as pastor he would guarantee double my present salary and provide me with a pleasant home. The other call was to a poor congregation of a large city, where the church was divided, discouraged and in debt, and where my salary would not be increased, but rent would be added to my expenses. I accepted the latter, and after all these years I am not sorry that I did. It was hard lines at first. They almost broke my heart a dozen times. I had yet to learn that when one makes great sacrifices he must not expect people to understand it. They were cold, penurious, without faith in me or in my work. How I tried to win that people and get a hearing in

that city! How full my soul was with longing to help toward a better day and life! Perhaps I did overdo it. Perhaps my zeal was too hot. God knows I was sincere and in dead earnest. But about the only external reward I got for a long time was the warning of friends and the severe criticism of the community. My church trustees took me aside and scolded me. They told me that if I went on I would kill what was left of the society. All this time I was speaking to all sorts of groups of working people. I visited jails, reformatories and prisons that I might know human misery and help it.

One day the situation became unbearable. I walked the city streets at night, discouraged and heart broken. I went to the door of the home of the chairman of my trustees, determined to resign, leave the ministry and join the army of socialism. To my death I shall remember that hour. I stood there in the dark, all alone, and if ever man prayed I did. I do not know how the decision was made, but I turned away for one more trial of strength with my miserable situation. Among my most intimate personal friends were two men outside my church. One was an old doctor who never went to church. He was a free-thinker, a social radical, and an old saint who worshiped a dead wife in place of God. The other was a college professor. He was a gentle, quiet speaking person, but as brave a man as I ever knew. He, too, was a social radical, as we classify men, but a true, noble, farsighted student of human life. He lost his job at the wink of a trust magnate. To-day he is at the head of the department of political economy in one of our great State universities. These men I took into my confidence. Thus began a closer fellowship between us three, which was broken only by the death of one and the removal of the other. This professor and I went to labor lyceums together. We visited many gatherings of Socialists, labor unionists, municipal reformers, etc. We carried the discussion of social questions into our city ministers' meeting. We became involved in a number of strikes, all but one on the side of labor. For three or four years, with my sympathies all alive and my mind and heart bent on finding out the best place to work for social and industrial righteousness, I tried to understand socialism and the Gospel and compare them. It is twelve years now since the close of that period of storm and stress. My sympathy is still with the overburdened workers of the world. I have no taste for dwelling with the idle, well-fed rich. Time after time I have refused to "move up" among people of wealth and social power. Three times I have turned away from the offer of a pulpit that carried with it a large salary and an open door to an exclusive social group. I love plain folks. I prefer to spend my life with

those who toil. I hate the social and industrial injustice that is all around. If I could I would establish a novitiate of service—of personal, consecrated service—as a condition of full membership in the Christian Church. I am absolutely certain that the wage system and competition as now operated are but one remove from barbarism. I know that they must go the way of all the earth, to give place to some nobler economic system. I am still one of the social radicals of my city and church and sect.

All this, and yet I came out of that struggle convinced that we will never win what we are after through that movement of many phases which we loosely call socialism. I have known personally many of the leaders of this movement. I have invited them to my home and gone with them many times to some corner or gathering where we could thresh out the whole subject. Among the men I have intimately known for years is Charles H. Corrigan, the candidate of the Socialist party for President in 1904. What grew in me out of this contact and study was the conviction that socialism as a movement for social progress is based upon a fundamentally wrong interpretation of history. Socialism insists that history is economic at heart; that progress is the result of changing forms of industry. Selfishness is the dynamic power. Men are never disinterested. Pleasure, self-gratification, in some form is the end. "The man who goes to a saloon for a glass of beer, and you, if you go out to-night to rescue a child whose cry comes to you out of the storm, are both actuated by selfish motives. There is no such thing as unselfishness," is the way Mr. Corrigan stated the case to me one winter's night in my own study. He argued, and as I get it socialism insists, that the difference is simply a difference in culture or development. I grew to see, and still grow to see, that there is unselfishness in the world; that some Socialists are the living example of a philosophy which discredits every theory of selfishness. My study, my experience, led me quickly to discover two classes of Socialists. One class was made up of as disinterested a set of individuals as I ever met. But I have heard these men cheered by a shouting crowd when they uttered sentiments which, if put into operation, would have looted the city where they were uttered. I have now in my desk slips on which a hundred different persons wrote for me, in a meeting of Socialists, answers to this question: "If socialism could be inaugurated, what would be the first and the second laws you would have it pass?" It was in commenting on these answers and this gathering that Prof. John R. Commons, now of Wisconsin University, said to me: "Mr. —, we must moralize this movement, or it will be brutalized."

Here lies that deeper truth which I grew

to see that socialism neglects. Selfishness can never undo selfishness. The spirit that built up social wrong cannot tear it down. Untempered by great elemental moral ideals self may be writ greed, and greed is anarchy in rich or poor. Justice is the larger interpretation of the world's need. How could we invade the realm of capital and reach society as a whole with this human cry for help? Through the moral sense. Through the sleeping idealism of all. I could never get away from then, I cannot get away from now, the conviction that justice, judgment, righteousness, the kingdom of God on earth, is the true battle cry of those who want a better world. And when I came to ask myself where to look for this great hope and how to work it out I found my face turned toward Jesus and my feet going straight to the Church. I thought of St. Francis and the Poor Priests, and read from the pen of Frederick Harrison, agnostic and positivist, that these men were the social regenerators of Europe. I saw in them the reproduction of a nobler personality. The longer I brooded the clearer it came to me that of all the lovers of men and all the social reformers this world has seen Jesus was the greatest of all. I came to see in him the solution of my problem. I turned to him simply as a holy, gracious man, with a passion for individual and social righteousness. Since then he has become more to me. I care nothing for all the speculative theological definitions of him. I simply believe that in some marvelous way he fathomed the secrets of the heart of man, and his way lies the hope of the world. Gradually, how I know not, my preaching grew toward him. I went back to my church humble, trustful, hopeful. There is a long story this side of that day. Slowly, painfully, with many a disappointment, I have led my little flock to the feet of my Good Shepherd. We have transformed one little corner of the world. We have learned to love each other. I have discussed every moral problem between the dawn and sunset, in my pulpit. I believe I can honestly say that I have spoken the truth as I saw it at every step. My pulpit has been as free as any spot on earth. I have had only one set of convictions for private and public utterance. I still meet rebuff. Sometimes some friend is very sore. Often the wish has come to me that I might never again accept money for preaching. I would rather go to my trade than hold my tongue when I feel that I am right. I am more radical, more tenacious, more determined than twenty years ago concerning the necessity for turning some things in this world upside down. Often as these great issues stir me, often as the echo of the world's wo and want sweeps through my soul like the sob of the pine trees that makes me sad, I go down deep in my soul

and lift up from there the spirit of my Lord. I can never get away from him. I must preach his gospel to sinful and sorrowing men. I see no hope except as we grow up into his spirit. Justice will never come, truth will never be done, love will never destroy greed faster than humanity grows up into the life and character of Christ. We must quicken the conscience, stir the will, increase the sympathy of men. The dream of socialism attracts me. I almost see the invisible. In moments of exaltation I almost see that new earth in which dwelleth righteousness. My head is sometimes hot with grief at the slow pace of man, but I know that we must toil and trust and wait. And so I jump no fences, seek no other fairer spot, but here in my place, where I thank God that my lot is cast, I try to win men as my Master did—by love.

A UNIVERSALIST MINISTER.

Why I Left Both the Church and the Socialist Party

Having been for three years a Protestant minister, and for five years a socialist lecturer, I find myself to-day entirely out of touch with both organized Christianity and organized socialism. For the past seven years I have said "A plague on both your houses," and have found no reason as yet to change this opinion.

More than this, I discovered that the same objections apply to both Church members and Socialists. In the following particulars, at least, there is nothing to choose between them:

(1) Both are mere matters of creed. To pass from one to the other is to exchange nothing but phrases. Socialism has its definite plan of salvation, without which there is nothing to be expected but damnation. It has its Marxian Bible and its heresy trials of all who refuse to believe in the verbal inspiration of every chapter. It replaces the Church doctrine of holiness with its theory of "class consciousness." To vote for the Socialist party has been exalted to the dignity of a sacrament. It is the supreme test of faith and fellowship. Socialism is regarded as a fixed and finished revelation, which is to be interpreted and believed, but not improved. The word "renegade" or "traitor" conveys just as terrible a meaning to the devout Socialist as the word "heretic" or "atheist" does to the orthodox Christian.

(2) Both ignore character. My quarrel with the Church began when I discovered that a nonmember who was living a clean and useful life was rated lower than a member who was neither clean nor useful. And when in the Socialist party I found that in this respect I had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. A large proportion of Socialist leaders and candidates for office were drunkards or dead-

beats. While in the Church I objected to the conferring of an honor upon a notorious political corruptionist. "But he is a church member and a liberal contributor," said an older minister. And while in the Socialist party I objected when a worthless sot was nominated for the position of Alderman. "But he has been a member of our party and a faithful comrade for ten years," said the chairman. In both cases my objection was regarded as trivial and out of place.

(3) Both oppose practical progress. While a minister it was supposed to be "none of my business" that one of my church members employed little nine-year-old boys to do dangerous and unhealthy work, and while I was a Socialist lecturer I was expected not only to keep away from all organizations that were trying to improve social conditions, but to denounce them as "unscientific" and "reactionary." I found that the real work of making the world better was being carried on in spite of both Church and Socialism. Ministers and Socialists, generally speaking, are to be found among the enemies of such leaders of social progress as Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland; Governors Folk and La Follette, of Missouri and Wisconsin, and the late Mayor Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo.

(4) Both are based upon enthusiasm, not intelligence. In neither the Church nor the Socialist party did I find any sincere desire for information upon religious or industrial questions. Both abhorred new ideas; both loved best the old phrases in the old way. A "good meeting" was one in which the audience had heard nothing which it did not know before. A "discussion," in the Socialist sense of the word, never means more than a general onslaught upon any unorthodox outsider who ventures to give a frank opinion. The minister or Socialist lecturer to be popular and influential among his fellows must ignore all the really difficult problems and strive only to produce the psychological rapture which comes from drifting along the old and easy lines of thought. As soon as he becomes an investigator he is a heretic.

(5) Both pursue futile methods of propaganda. Granted that the minister and the Socialist have each a message to the world, the simple fact remains that both are unable to

reach the average man. The Church and the Socialist hall are high and dry on the bank, while the current of the nation's life flows past their doors. The Socialist flings many a sneer at the Church because of its clumsy inability to "reach the masses." But after twenty years of frantic effort the American Socialist has failed to win more than three per cent. of the voters. Regularly, every year, his creed is voted down and treated as a nuisance by the American Federation of Labor. The vote of his little party zigzags up and down from year to year. In the entire country there are probably not more than twenty thousand dues-paying members of the Socialist organization.

(6) Both have brought their own principles into popular disfavor. I have no fault whatever to find with the central precept of Christianity—"Love one another"—nor with the exhortation of Marx—"Workingmen of all countries, unite." But I have found that the Church promotes sectarian hatreds and that the Socialist party has again and again divided workingmen and disrupted their trade unions. Both talk unity and promote strife. If they would practice what they preach we would all become Socialists and go to Church. But when we see in both disunion and endless wrangling over trifles, we are obliged to "throw out the child with the bath," as the Germans say. We turn our backs on both the organizations and on the principles they claim to represent.

As for my own present position, I am hoping for a reinterpretation of the wonderful story of Jesus and for a banding together of all patriotic Americans against the present lawless concentration of wealth in the hands of a few multimillionaires. Like thousands of others, I am waiting and working for a new Christianity and a new social system.

A RADICAL OPPORTUNIST.

NEW YORK CITY.

Sickening

We have taken THE INDEPENDENT a good many years, but we have to say that such articles as Gladden's and the "Socialists" are so sickening that we are disgusted with the paper.

J. R. SHELDON.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.



Literature

Mrs. Wharton's Latest Novel

MRS. WHARTON'S new novel* is a story of society life, its refined ferocities, its sensual extravagances, its delicate immoralities and, above all, the tragedies which underlie its outward appearance of mirth and prosperity. Society, indeed, is the coming field in fiction for the author who knows how to reap his literary wheat from the tares that are sowed there. And we ought not to complain: These books are missionary efforts of a sensational kind, made in behalf of what is the most corrupt class of people in the world, if we are to take seriously the representations of writers like Mrs. Wharton and Robert Grant.

But there is one curious thing about the dogma upon which these stories are founded. It is that old-fashioned one, "the soul that sinneth it shall die." Now ministers have been obliged to abandon the rigors of this doctrine in the pulpit, or, at least, to emphasize it less; but these novelists dramatize it with all the terrors of their imagination, and they demonstrate it by the life of every character in the story. Thus the men and women in this novel who go about showing their ghastly mirth give the impression of being "hair hung and breeze shaken," as the old preachers would say, over the ancient lake of fire and brimstone. This same class of writers find their ethics by what may be called the dredging process. Formerly we all got our morals and golden texts from the lives of saints and from the Holy Scriptures, whether we were writing or actually living them. But now it is the fashion to get them out of the cesspools of vice. The author who can portray the most sins in the best style is the most popular literary preacher now.

And, according to this standard, Mrs. Wharton should stand very high. She has selected a situation in that circle of society where conditions make for the destruction rather than the development

of honor and virtue. The heroine, a capable, well poised woman, is inmeshed in it. And this is the tragedy—that a creature so morally sane should be subjected to a process sure to prove disintegrating. Her acting, her subterfuges, her pitiful treacheries are simply the threads of a common web which entangles with her every person in her set. She is surrounded by men and women whose esthetic sensibilities are so highly developed that they have become emasculated. Their pleasures are self-indulgences founded upon some social form of almost every vice. Meanwhile beauty is her own spirit's art of expression, just as religion might be a nun's. The need of money, the petty intrigues and delicately veiled temptations which follow, sully conscience and damage self-respect, even if they do not betray the woman to her moral death. And the whole picture is the more distressing than if the victim were a man, because the destroying of a woman means the passing of a finer spiritual nature. The thing must be accomplished with a frightful delicacy which is not so essential in the destruction of a man's character.

We all have the diathesis of iniquity in us, to be sure; but the question is how far right are these authors who prove that the development of the disease depends upon environment? And since it is such an excusing doctrine, it will be easy to inculcate. Then what will be the effect when these people accept it and resign themselves to being the inane creatures of circumstances? If Mrs. Wharton could write a story dramatizing a means of escape for her victims she would do a better business. As it is we would not be convinced even if the heroine marries for love instead of money. That depends upon the author's conception of what the sequel should be in order to make a good story. We know that in real life the woman could not hold out against such terrible odds. The trouble is our literary exponents have a spell cast over their imaginations. Their eyes are

* THE HOUSE OF MIRTH. By Edith Wharton
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

holden. And never since the old days in Greece, when men accepted fate with pagan cheerfulness, has fatalism been so emphasized as it is now, particularly in fiction. The difference is that we lack the pagan cheerfulness.

Some writers have a permanent literary style, others have merely a fleeting fashion of expression, which is not founded upon art and which is meant to appeal to the passing fancy of the public mind. Now some years ago, when Mrs. Wharton's stories first began to attract attention, it was claimed that she had that rare thing, distinction in literary style. And she still has a fine manner, but it is like the fine gowns of her heroines, a fashion of the times for interpreting decadent symptoms in human nature. What she says will not last, because it is simply the fashionable drawing of ephemeral types and still more ephemeral sentiments.



Studies in the Life of Christ

THERE has come about a change in recent years in the method of treating the life of Christ. Farrar, Geikie and Edersheim, Strauss and Renan, B. Weiss, Beyschlag and Keim grappled with the entire subject and sought to set forth in detail explanations of all things connected with Jesus's life and teachings. But in more recent times the subject has not been thus handled *en bloc*. Except for Holtzmann, whose life of Christ, translated by Mrs. Ward, has not received the attention it deserves, the newer lives of Christ have been short sketches or outlines, of which Stalker's is the best example. The problems of the history and personality of Jesus have been left to the writers of monographs, and there have appeared a large number of able discussions of single questions connected with Christ's life, as, for example, on his teaching of the Kingdom of God, his use of the term Son of Man, his relation to the Mosaic law. The work done on these particular questions has made out of date, from the point of view of New Testament science, every life of Christ hitherto written. The thorough student of this greatest of Biblical subjects finds the latest and best work in

small volumes on comparatively small sections of the theme, rather than in elaborate treatises covering the whole ground.

Such a monograph, on a question hitherto not adequately treated, is Dr. Macfarland's *Jesus and the Prophets*.¹ The author examines every direct quotation of Jesus from the Prophets and the Psalms, and every allusion and reference, with a view of determining Jesus's feeling toward the prophets and his conception of prophecy. He distinguishes with good critical skill between Christ's own use of the prophets and that of the Gospel writers, and finds alongside the profoundly spiritual conception which Jesus held a literalistic and rabbinic idea of prediction and fulfilment, above which, despite Jesus's example, his first biographers did not rise. Jesus was vastly greater than his interpreters. Our Gospels are interpretations, and we must go back of them and inquire what manner of man he was whom they were endeavoring to describe if we would know the real Jesus. Dr. Macfarland does this, and, therefore, his study of Jesus's view of prophecy is not only an enlightening explanation of important New Testament passages, but also a contribution to the understanding of the inner life and thought of Jesus. His work is scholarly, thorough, careful and sane and is a good example of what criticism can do in vitalizing scripture. No one should hereafter use Dr. Briggs's or any of the older works on Messianic Prophecy as authorities without parallel reference to this newer treatise.

Mr. Hale's study in the life of Christ,² while also the work of a student, is more popular in manner of presenting results. In some twenty-eight chapters, not without attractiveness from a literary point of view, the author seeks to portray as best he can the personality of Jesus, the "man behind the form." He is certainly right in two important statements, that in large measure the lives of Jesus have been "concerned with the outward events

¹ JESUS AND THE PROPHETS. *An Historical, Exegetical and Interpretative Discussion of the Use of Old Testament Prophecy by Jesus and of His Attitude Towards It.* By Charles S. Macfarland, Ph.D. With an Introduction by Frank K. Sanders, Ph.D., D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² WHO, THEN, IS THIS? *A Study of the Personality of Jesus.* By Harris G. Hale. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.25 net.

of his career," and that the Christian world has idealized Jesus with real knowledge of him whom it was idealizing. Mr. Hale has nothing to say of chronology or geography, of feasts or cities, but on the basis of careful study of the Synoptic Gospels he endeavors to set forth the mind and spirit of Jesus. Any attempt at such a task must be tentative and not fully satisfactory, but Mr. Hale deserves respect for serious work and few will read his reverent pages without new insights into the character of Christ.

The Noble Lectures at Harvard,³ by the learned and versatile Bishop of Ripon, are upon the influence of Christ, his work in the world since his death, rather than upon his life and teaching. Dr. Carpenter finds that Jesus has exerted his marvelous influence through his exhibition of the perfect type of religious consciousness as the embodiment of the "law of the soul," and he declares that Jesus has been "verified in experience," and in that verification rests his authority. The thought is worthy and is set forth with exceptional literary skill, with recurring pregnant expressions of much suggestiveness.

Mr. Peyton, a Scotch Presbyterian, holds that the three imperial forces which have made Western civilization are the Incarnation, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection of Christ.⁴ The present volume is on the Incarnation, and while the author is a man of considerable originality and independence of thought he is too much lacking in critical judgment and too fond of large sounding generalities to make his work of value. His philosophical argument for the Virgin Birth, which he explains as non-miraculous, is interesting if not profitable.

Rosadi's work on *The Trial of Jesus*⁵ is rich in information of court procedure among Jews and Romans in the days of Pontius Pilate, but the total absence of

criticism in the use of the Gospels renders it unsafe as a guide in historical study.

The same literalistic use of Scripture disfigures the work of Dr. Andrews,⁶ who regards the present Christian world as almost wholly given over to unbelief and fast slipping into pantheism, which as the culminating sin is hastening the end of the world. The words on the pages look familiar, but the premises and presuppositions are those of another age, an age which even saintly character and pathetic pleading cannot call back from its tomb.



Buell's Andrew Jackson

THE world of books has had many a Hamlet with the Hamlet left out, but here we have a more pathetic case—a life of Hamlet with the major part of Hamlet's testimony left out. Mr. Buell must have devoted years of careful research to his new life of Jackson,* but, while he has gathered hundreds of out of the way records, reminiscences, letters and literature, he gives nowhere any evidence of having used the great Blair collection of Jackson's letters and papers, left by the famous old man himself as an authentic source for the story of his life. That mass of four or five thousand letters was transferred two years ago by the Blair family to the Library of Congress, and several historical students have already had free access to the treasure. Nowhere can the old political autocrat be so intimately studied as in these letters. His own letters and papers with their original bad grammar, bad spelling and testy comments can alone give the real spirit and temper of Andrew Jackson. It is a pity that Mr. Buell has missed them.

In spite of Parton's exhaustive life of Jackson, the new biography contains much new material, tho by far the larger portion of it consists of reminiscences of doubtful value, solicited by the author from old friends and acquaintances of Jackson. How worthless is the attempted

³ THE WITNESS TO THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST. Being the William Belden Noble Lectures for 1904. By the Right Reverend William Boyd Carpenter. D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

⁴ THE THREE GREATEST FORCES IN THE WORLD AND THE MAKING OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. Part I: The Incarnation. By William Wynne Peyton. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.40.

⁵ THE TRIAL OF JESUS. By Giovanni Rosadi. Edited, with a Preface, by Dr. Emil Reich. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

⁶ MAN AND THE INCARNATION; OR, MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE AS DETERMINED BY HIS RELATIONS TO THE INCARNATE SON. By Samuel J. Andrews. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

* HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON. By Augustus O. Buell. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

recollection of events that happened thirty years back has been signally shown in the famous instance of the testimony of Adams and Jefferson that the Declaration of Independence was signed by the members of Congress on July 4th, tho we now know beyond the possibility of a doubt that it was not signed until August 2d. Mr. Buell seems to give quite as much weight to such questionable testimony as to a contemporary document. This very confidence in the garrulous reminiscence of old age gives to the book a charm and an interest denied to more critical works. There is hardly a dull page in the two volumes, and while there is little dramatic interest, the mere human details found in every paragraph hold the eye and heart to the end of the book.

The author has very strongly expressed prejudices, especially in all that concerns Clay—"a man who always played for the stake in sight, and who never let a trick pass him, no matter how high the card he might have to play to take it." That, Mr. Buell says, exhausts his ability to fathom Mr. Clay. Calhoun also gets little justice. These prejudices are not alone in proving that the author has made a more careful study of his hero than of the historical setting, the events in which Jackson took part. Much poor history is mixed with some very good biography. The myth of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is still in good standing in Mr. Buell's book. The "Booty and Beauty" accusation against General Pakenham at New Orleans is given full faith. Much that is mere contemporary gossip is treated as well established historical fact. Nevertheless, as a mass of biographical material, pleasantly and honestly presented, these volumes have a real value, especially to the student who can remove the chaff.

One could almost believe that there was a grim humor in dedicating the work "to the embodiment in our times of the Jacksonian spirit, Theodore Roosevelt." Hath an enemy done this? Accepting the popular conception of Jackson, the hot headed, stormy, grimly determined, self-willed and warlike autocrat, one might see malice in the dedication; but, viewed as the author sees Jack-

son, "a plain man of the people and for the people, first, last and all the time," a compliment is intended. In general Mr. Buell's attitude toward Jackson is favorable, tho he is not blind to the mistakes which Jackson made in his treatment of the Bank of the United States and in his unreasoning charges against John Quincy Adams. The author evidently took up this subject at a time when he was a Democrat in politics, and after his transfer of allegiance to the Republican party in 1896 he retained enough of the Democratic spirit to remain an admirer of Jackson.



Freckles. By Gene Strattan Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Although he married the author's fancy, the hero of this story is really the kind of character in fiction which bright, innocent-minded country girls are most likely to appreciate. He is a crippled lad who guards a large tract of timber for a lumber firm. In his loneliness he turns to the birds and creatures for companionship, and we are charmed with many pages of bird courtships and bird bickering, while "Freckles" takes notes. Everything happy comes to pass in the most unexpected and romantic manner. "Freckles" feathers forth first into an ornithologist, then into a lover, and finally into an Irish gentleman of enviable pedigree. But the story is not so ingenious nor so well written as "The Song of the Cardinal," by the same author. She has carried sentiment a trifle too far this time and made it ridiculous.



Beverly of Graustark. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The Lord has been very merciful in providing enough natural scenery on this earth to suit the changing phases of human imagination from the time the first author laid his scene in the Garden of Eden to the present time, when he lays them in the moon or some other place where it is equally impossible to verify his topographical representations. And the latter is a sort of literary ingratitude to providence which is practiced with more and more impunity. Here, for example, is George Barr McCutcheon's new

story. We easily recognize "Beverly," the Southern girl, by her provincialisms, by her charming insolence, and her masterly way of managing situations foreign to her experience by ignoring the laws that would naturally govern them. The princess "Yetive" is, we confess, absurdly artificial, considered as a princess, but singularly like other society women whom we have met in fiction in every other respect. And we have long been familiar with the "goat hunter" type that swaggers and wears a patch over his eye. But where is the principality of Graustark? "East of the setting sun," says the author; and later he says it is "this side of Vienna" and five days' journey the other side of St. Petersburg. Of course, much depends upon the precise longitude and latitude of the place the author occupied when he wrote the story. But not even if he had set his literary compass of directions from Greenland's icy mountains would this location of Graustark seem rational to the average reader. Plainly, he fashioned the whole country out of the hills and valleys of his own imagination; and while he was about it, he fitted every sylvan cove and roadway to the fairy ending of his own story. The "goat hunter" is a Crown Prince masquerading as a beggar. Beverly has no difficulty in becoming a Crown Princess on his behalf; and one feels that the only reason why she did not become a Queen was because the author would not spoil the tale by introducing a character so dull and unenterprising. The book is written in a delightful literary style, and is especially refreshing because the interest is objective.

Off the High Way. By Alice Prescott Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.20.

This is a California story. The author paints her characters in with the air of an artist who hurries from one canvas to another, concerned merely to produce the facial expression under a variety of circumstances. It is a curious fact that nearly all writers of fiction in the West see clearly, with a kind of emotional high light, whatever they attempt to portray. And what is more to the point, they cause the reader to see clearly. Thus the characters and scenes in this book are

fixed in the mind, altho the story is of no consequence. When it comes to developing the plot, the author's dramatic instinct is about as coherent as that of a woman shut into a room with a mouse. She whispers mysteriously, and dashes wildly up and down the mountain with her skirts tucked up for action as if the very devil was after everybody in her story. As a matter of fact, this is not the case. The most thrilling thing that happens is where each heroine, in turn, discovering herself to be in love with a man, makes a break for the nearest railway station. They are impelled presumably by a morbid instinct to escape. But why? Would it not be braver to stand firm and flirt the thing out conventionally to a matrimonial finish? And in real life the "man" would not have had the gallantry or tact to head her off in time at the railway station. A man never acts in this melodramatic manner except when some lady novelist is his stage manager. No writer of the year has produced a more absurdly artificial story, and not one surpasses her in literary portraiture and in descriptions of natural scenery.

The Phase Rule and Its Applications. By Alex. Findlay. With an Introduction to the Study of Physical Chemistry by Sir William Ramsay. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

The phase rule of chemical equilibrium discovered by Professor Gibbs, of Yale, altho it is probably the most original contribution that America has made to science, is not as well known even to chemists as it should be, while the outside world knows it not at all. Except Bancroft's volume there has hitherto been no consecutive account of the phase rule and its numerous applications. Dr. Findlay is more successful than Bancroft in making things clear by abundant illustration and repetition, but the subject is not one which is susceptible of much simplification, so we cannot say that the book is easy reading, but it is accurate and up-to-date, and that is the important thing. If the other volumes of Ramsay's series of text-books on physical chemistry are as good as this they will serve a useful purpose in summarizing a branch of science whose progress during recent years has been so rapid that only specialists could keep track of it.

A History of English Furniture. By Percy Macquoid. London: Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00 per part.

This work is to be published in twenty folio parts. The first number contains 44 illustrations and 3 plates in color after Shirley Slocombe. Good paper, broad margins, artistic illustrations, and instructive reading matter in large type make this a most attractive book. We have had Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture of America" and Lyon's "Colonial Furniture of New England," but this work goes further back and covers a broader ground. It begins with "The Age of Oak" from 1500 A. D. to 1660. The second period from 1660 to 1720 A. D., is "The Age of Walnut." The next period of fifty years is called "The Age of Mahogany." The fourth period of fifty years is considered as "The Composite Age." This brings the history from the beginning of the Tudor times down to the last of the Georges. The first number is especially attractive, covering as it covers the Gothic period, and is rich with specimens of oak carving. The three colored plates of notable pieces of old oak furniture include a credence, a hutch and a buffet. We might think the color in the plate too red for oak, but we are told that old furniture was treated with a varnish mixed with oil, which in time gave it the color of a ripe chestnut. The other illustrations are all of oak furniture except one, French walnut credence. These old names are most interesting, and the reader will take pleasure in seeing for himself the difference between a hutch and a chest, a credence and a buffet, an armoire, a cupboard and a court cupboard, a coffer and a coffret. These are all simple, almost rude in construction, but dignified by Gothic perforated windows or by hand carving. These half-tones are remarkably well done, and one feels as if the old dust in the corners could be touched with the hand. Chairs were used only by kings and queens, lords and ladies. Common folk sat on chests, hutches, benches or forms. The dossier and canopied chair is represented by twelve illustrations from Westminster Abbey, Christ Church, Hampshire and Kings College, Cambridge. The choir

stalls at Westminster give the flamboyant Gothic and perpendicular design. Christ Church, Hampshire, represents the transition period, being part Gothic, part Renaissance. King's College Chapel, Cambridge, gives the best example in England of Renaissance wood-carving. The provost's seat represents the high-backed seats in Italian palaces. The fixed provost's seat and the miserere seats of the Cathedral give the best examples England has of the free canopied chairs of the sixteenth century, none of which now remain. Detail carved work from English cathedrals is not easily found in our libraries. "Choir Stalls and Their Carvings" from drawings by Emma Phipson, is a very full collection, but only the lower portion of the seat is given. These illustrations are in full and taken directly from the wood. The many examples of linen-fold carving in the old furniture are extremely interesting. Among the old oak panels one is evidently not Gothic, but the design was suggested by old Eastern embroideries, having the leaf and flower forms used in embroidery. This seems to be simply a line drawing with a gouge tool. This book will be valuable, not only to lovers of old furniture, but to art students interested in wood-carving.



The Value of the Bible and Other Sermons (1902-1904). With a Letter to the Lord Bishop of London. By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Canon Henson has been much in the public eye because of his plea from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey for the recognition of non-conformists by the Established Church, and also from his frank admission of the rights and the results of the higher criticism. In this volume his views on biblical criticism come to the fore. In sermons which were given the widest publicity he maintains that "there is much in the primitive accounts of the Resurrection which is demonstrably unhistorical," p. 208; that "in all the appearances there was nothing of the nature of a resuscitated body, which could be touched, held, handled, and could certify its frankly physical character by eating and drink-

ing," p. 204; that "the materialistic details were gradually built up into the narratives," p. 205. These sermons and similar views advanced in articles in the *Hibbert Journal* and the *Contemporary Review*, stirred much popular opposition and provoked the Bishop of London to a public attack upon their author. Fairness to Canon Henson demands that besides the sentences quoted above others should be placed, such as "The reality of the appearances of the Risen Christ to the Apostles remains unshaken by the searching criticism of the documents," p. 207; "we can still say with St. Paul, 'Now hath Christ been raised from the dead,'" p. 210; "the case for the Resurrection grows stronger with every Easter," p. 210. The sermons, as a whole, should be read, and their author will be found to be by no means an unbeliever or a disparager of faith, but a devout and scholarly Christian man, familiar with recent biblical criticism, who believes in confiding to the public just exactly what he thinks.



The Second Wooing of Salina Sue. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: Harper Bros. \$1.50.

Ruth McEnery Stuart's last book is a collection of "darker" love stories. She very wisely locates the scenes on a Southern plantation and chooses for her characters negroes in actual slavery or those who are removed from it by only a few years. The white has no artistic conception of any other class of negroes, and if the modern representative of the race ever figures in romantic literature, he must interpret himself. So long as he was merely an obsequious, picturesque figure we had no difficulty in portraying him, as Mrs. Stuart has done in these stories, but when he becomes more like us in his sense of things the whites best able to depict his character lose sympathy with him and are no longer generous enough to dramatize his finer emotions and aspirations. With this need for expression so apparent, it is a curious commentary upon the negro imagination that writers like Dunbar choose white characters for the heroes and heroines of their stories. A fortune, besides fame, awaits the first negro novelist who

writes a great story of his own people. Meanwhile, in this series of sketches, love is a sort of burlesque sentimentality. The dusky heroes and heroines are very much in earnest, but their points of view, their tender passions, even their moral obliquities, are set down so as to appeal to the white reader's sense of humor rather than to his respect. And of course Mrs. Stuart shows one side of the truth. The plantation negro is very different from the educated negro. He is gently primitive, like "cross-eyed Steve," "Salina Sue's" husband; he is a creature of affections and hopes rather than of intelligence or achievement. Many will think that the author has gone too far with her fancy in the story, "Milady," but the accommodating notion of piety upon which it is based is also characteristic of the rural negro. And all the sketches are written in her touching, witty style.



The Holy Spirit Then and Now. By E. H. Johnson, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press. \$1.00.

The writer's thesis appears to be this: 1. If thought of as the Paraclete, the Spirit is thought of as a person and should be called He. 2. If thought of as divine energy or influence, the Spirit is thought of as impersonal and should be called It. 3. If thought of as the divine essence, the inmost reality in God, the Spirit is then thought of as indeed personal, but also as sexless, or as he elsewhere expresses it, "impersonal personal." The book gives evidence of much study, yet, as might be feared from the nature of the case, it raises more questions than it answers satisfactorily.



Before the Crisis. By Frederick B. Mott. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

Apparently it is the plague spots, scamps and fanatics in American history which attract our novelists more particularly. A few years ago Aaron Burr figured in nearly every historical novel of the season, and in such a romantic confusion of villainies as would have turned the head of Satan himself. Now it is John Brown, that diabolical saint and hero of abolition fame. He

has raged like an inspired firebrand of righteousness and destruction in no less than six novels this year. The scene of this story is laid in Kansas during the fierce contest there between the abolitionists and Southern slave holders for political supremacy. "Brown's Raiders" carry on one part of the fierce drama, while mobs of desperate men from Missouri are equally active in opposition. There is an attractive girl, of course, caught up among the difficulties of the situation, who chooses her lover from the wrong political party, and is often obliged to turn pale with fear for his life and her own safety in consequence. It is a thrilling story, however, and well enough told for those readers living too far North to detect the author's egregious errors in representing negro character and negro dialect.



Gainsborough and His Place in English Art.
By Sir Walter Armstrong. Popular Edition. 45 plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Few biographies in the space of nine short chapters include so much delightful analysis of the work of a man as Sir Walter Armstrong gives us in his book on Gainsborough. Best of all parts of the book for public guidance is the introduction, in which much of the best modern thought on esthetics is presented in a concise and clear form. There is discussion of the idea that "art is the use for subjective expression of a power which displays itself objectively in what we call beauty," and we are reminded that "mere correctness of imitation holds no higher place in a picture than grammar does in a poem. It is an antecedent condition to enjoyment on the part of audience or spectator, but no amount of it will constitute art." An interesting chapter on the precursors of Gainsborough traces some characteristics of British art back through the seventeenth century to miniaturists of a time even before Hölbein, and considers the possibility of an influence on Van Dyck himself of the English expression of elegance noticeable in the works of Samuel Cooper and others. The English school work is said to show always moderation, or the absence of mere virtuosity; simple

ideas expressed with a single pictorial impulse and a breath of sincere esthetic emotion (and possessing emotion the English painter had to be a colorist) and, third, a kind of objective reproduction which understood feminine charm in all phases as it has never elsewhere been understood. The landscapes and portraits are, properly, treated together, for Gainsborough's art was always that of the impressionist who paints hotly under the stimulus of any vision fitted to appeal, whether in the shape of a lovely scene in nature or a beautiful woman. Armstrong considers Gainsborough one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of *painters* technically. He admits that Rembrandt was greater in the seriousness of his subjects, but claims that Velasquez only "rendered" where Gainsborough "expressed." In a catalog of works at the end of the book out of several hundreds only twenty-five are listed as belonging to Americans. That seems a small number considering how often Gainsboroughs are seen in New York. The list may not have been revised since the first edition.



Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic. By James Douglas. New York: John Lane. \$3.50.

This book has the twofold interest of revealing the personality of Theodore Watts-Dunton himself and throwing most valuable side lights on the personalities of such men as the Rossetti, William Morris, William Black, Burne-Jones, Tennyson, George Meredith and George Borrow. About the unique and lovely life of Mr. Dunton and Mr. Swinburne at "The Pines" we do not learn so much, for privacy is part of their code. Many readers of fiction have read Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," but very few readers of modern day criticism—except those of the most serious cast of mind—are aware of the great bulk and range of his critical writing. Rossetti said of Mr. Dunton that he "sought obscurity as other folks seek fame;" and certainly the writing of fugitive criticism, buried in the columns of *The Athenæum* and similar periodicals, is a process that might seem to be a safe one to secure obscurity unto oneself. But

there is a certain eternal adjustment which Mr. Dunton could not escape. His personality was evident behind his anonymous writings; and altho few of his admirers would exert themselves to the extent of unearthing all his critiques, they have resurrected many of them, and now Mr. Douglas' record completes the enlightenment of those who want to know more about this interesting man. To Theodore Watts-Dunton praise is due for the origin of the philosophical generalization, "The Renaissance of Wonder," and all that is meant by it in the great romantic revival following the wave of materialism that set in after the publication of Darwin's great book. Indeed, the story of "Aylwin" seems originally to have been named "The Renaissance of Wonder," but this name was abandoned in favor of the less suggestive title.



The Winged Helmet. By Harold Steele Mackaye. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

The author of that clever book of last year, "The Panchronicon," has again called on his tricky imagination for an improbable tale, convincing as we read. There was a Stocktonian flavor about "The Panchronicon" which is missing in *The Winged Helmet*. Perhaps it would be out of place in an historical novel. The nervous, vigorous style is here and things happen with amazing frequency and rapidity. Like most historical novels, it leaves us with a profound thankfulness that we live in another age with other customs than those of the cruel and brutal centuries of chivalry.



Pebbles

Van X.: "What made Blank blush when I asked him if he was making any money these days? That's a natural question." *De G.*: "Yes; but he's a reformed counterfeiter."—*The Paris Temps*.

LADY CLAIRE.

Lord Ronald bought a diamond ring
To give his Cousin Lady Claire;
He had it charged to his account,
It was a splendid solitaire.

In came Alice the nurse, who said:

"Land sakes, my lady, that's a beaut!
How sad it is my lord is broke—
Say, really, ain't that just too cute?"

"For shame! For shame!" said Lady Claire;
"Oh! what care I, if you must know,
That he is on the hog train since
It happens that I love him so!

"We'll let you come and wash and scrub
And mend his socks and wait on me,
And run the house and cook the grub
To show your loving loyalty.

"Then, hid from all the world, my lord
And I will love day after day
And let his London creditors—
The coarse louts—whistle for their pay."

Back came Lord Ronald on the run
And snatched his ring from Lady Claire;
He'd met a girl from Washington
Whose daddy was a millionaire.

"What means this now?" the lady cried.
"Why have you yanked from me yon gem?
If it's your creditors we'll hide
While Alice empties slops on them."

"Nay now, nay now," Lord Ronald said,
"I've met another who is fair
And has the wish to shine at court
And wants a coronet to wear.

"Her father used to deal in lard
And other products of the pig;
I hate to throw you down so hard,
But, oh, his wad! It is so big!

"My creditors are after me,
My castles are in poor repair;
You're up against it, as you see—
Good-by, good-by, sweet Lady Claire."

They watched him as he loped away
And with him took his flashing ring;
The nurse, at last was moved to say:
"The nawsty, vulgar little thing!"

"Hush! Hush!" said Lady Claire, "it's
tough
To get turned down this way, I trow;
I hope they'll fight like cats and dogs,
And break loose in a year or so.

"My lord was on the hog train ere
He met this beaut from o'er the sea;
When he has made his deal in pork,
Upon the hog train still he'll be."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Alice the nurse; "he, he!
I do declare you gentle folk
Just cawn't hold in when there's a chawnce
To be a-crackin' of a joke."

That day Lord Ronald took to wed
The daughter of the millionaire;
The nurse scared up a loaf of bread
And boiled an egg for Lady Claire.

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Editorials

Governor Higgins and the Equitable

IT is difficult to account for the curious disinclination of Governor Higgins to satisfy the popular and entirely reasonable demand for a legislative investigation of the affairs of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He alone is now responsible for the failure thus far to provide, by thorough legislative inquiry and by the legislation which such an inquiry would suggest, a remedy for the evils that have been brought to light. The Legislature is in session, but for a special purpose, and it cannot take up other subjects unless requested to do so by the Governor. He admits that evils of a very serious character and of great magnitude have been disclosed, but his excuse for refusing to direct the attention of the Legislature to them is that the Legislature of the greatest of our States is not competent to devise a remedy!

It may be that Governor Higgins does not realize how great is the iniquity that has already been revealed. We must go away from New York to learn how deeply the American people are impressed by the record of what Equitable officers, directors and financiers have been doing—to learn that this Equitable case, with its remarkable variety of offenses, has come to be regarded, and justly regarded, as the greatest American financial scandal of recent times. Here in New York the continuous din of shameful reports, of repeated disclosures pointing to one breach of trust after another, of witness after witness confessing to wrongful acts with a callous indifference that excites the disgust of honest men, has dulled the perceptive powers of some of us and so tried the patience of others that they are unwilling to hear more about the foul mess. But the people at a distance see more clearly; they

measure more correctly the size and the significance of the great scandal. They are asking what steps the people of New York are to take for the enforcement of the laws, the protection of hundreds of thousands of policyholders, and the preservation of their State's honor. If Governor Higgins has his way, they will do nothing.

Publication of the testimony taken by Superintendent Hendricks, or of those parts of it that he was willing to give in confidence to another State officer, has, by the disclosure of offenses hitherto unknown to the public, sharply emphasized the need of an impartial and complete investigation. At the same time it has destroyed such public confidence in the impartiality and righteous zeal of the State's Insurance Department as may still have existed. It was not intended that this testimony should be published before the adjournment of the Legislature. Now it is the subject of amazed and indignant comment from one ocean to the other, and experienced legislators of the Governor's party are saying that the Legislature should take up the question at once. Even ex-Governor Odell, chairman of the Republican Committee, whom the public believed to be an advocate of silence and whitewash, because of his relations with prominent men affected by the testimony, now argues earnestly for immediate legislative action. But the Governor stands in the way. He declines to yield because, he thinks, if his thoughts are faithfully represented by what he says, that the Legislature is incompetent.

This testimony relates to shameful transactions that were not mentioned in the report which the Superintendent made and published after the witnesses had been heard; to the diversion of millions from the Equitable's treasury by dealings in banks, trust companies and stocks; to syndicate promotions of great issues of new securities by direc-

tors who were at the same time officers of the companies issuing them; to the purchase of securities from directors and the following sale of the same securities to the same directors at lower prices; to the sale of trust company stock to directors at \$500 a share at the very time when the Equitable was buying it at \$1,000; to similar sales of other shares at \$500 when the Equitable was paying \$815 for them. These are merely samples of the contents of a transcript of testimony that fills five closely printed pages of a newspaper. There is also the repeated assertion of so prominent a director as Mr. Schiff that the company's official record of dealings with his banking house has been falsified.

No part of these new chapters of the Equitable story is more interesting to the average reader than that which touches upon the annual salary of Senator Depew (for many years a director) and a loan granted to a corporation in which he was interested. For the Senator's long explanation of the reasons which led him to accept \$20,000 a year from the company for some thirty years we must refer our readers to the published verbatim report of it. To us it is not satisfactory.

Concerning the loan of \$250,000 by the Society to a corporation, the Depew Improvement Company, in which the Senator was largely interested, there is room for only one opinion in the minds of good men. Upon property appraised by the Insurance Department at only \$150,000 this loan of \$250,000 was granted. The Senator remarked that as a member of the Executive Committee he voted for making the loan, altho as counsel he had given no advice about it. He wrote to the Department for a new appraisal, because the first one was "ridiculously below the real value," and a new valuation of \$393,000 was made. The company got in a bad way, and the Equitable had to foreclose, realizing only \$54,000 upon its claim of about \$275,000. It appears, therefore, that the original valuation of \$150,000 was neither low nor ridiculous. Mr. Depew admitted, and others testified, that he had given the Equitable a promise that he would protect it against loss in this transaction,

and at the same time he added that his promise was not legally binding!

He was receiving \$20,000 for acting as counsel, he says, for the funds upon which widows and orphans relied. As a director, also, it was his duty to guard those funds carefully. But, being both counsel and director, he voted for this loan of \$250,000 to a corporation whose property had been officially appraised at only \$150,000 (a corporation bearing his name and in which he owned a large interest), and then, having guaranteed the loan by his own promise, he repudiated his guarantee when great loss was at hand and (as counsel, we presume) informed the Society, his client, that the guarantee was not legally binding! Mr. Depew must have a very elastic conscience if he can make it approve his conduct in this case. It is partly on account of this loan that we find his explanation about his annual salary unsatisfactory.

Public confidence in the Equitable and in the life insurance business in New York can be re-established only by thorough official investigation and by legislation. A searching inquiry would show clearly what new laws are needed, and it should precede the making of them. In the case of the Equitable a just mutualization must depend in part upon action of the Legislature. There should also be a legal standard for investments and some restrictions as to connections with subsidiary companies. Investigation would disclose the persons who ought to be prosecuted, if such there be. If any director or officer has defrauded the Society, he should have no more consideration than was given last week by Judge Foster to Neumer, the young clerk of the same Society, who was sentenced to be imprisoned for assisting in robbing it of \$52,000. The inquiry should begin at once.

We cannot understand why Governor Higgins has so stubbornly refused to take the action to which he should have been guided by a clear perception of his duty. Some have thought and said that he is restrained by fear of new testimony that would affect persons not touched by the evidence now known. Can this be true? We do not believe it is. And yet, if he persists in his strange course, this

will be the explanation accepted by many to account for obstruction that now promises to end his political career in the near future.



The Business Freebooter

HAVE we reason to suppose that the moral conditions disclosed in the directorate of the Equitable Life Assurance Society are exceptional? In paying themselves enormous salaries, fees and "rake-offs" for nominal services, out of money which thousands of men without fortune toiled to earn that they might provide for wives and children, were the Equitable officers worse than a multitude of American business men in this generation?

We hate to say that they were not, because, the longer one thinks of the real quality of their conduct, the baser it appears. And yet, looking over the field of corporate business in a cold-blooded way, is it likely that these gentlemen of the Equitable Society were greatly different in character and conduct from men of their class that might be found in the offices of any big corporation between New York and San Francisco? As a proposition in sociology it does not appeal to the mind as scientifically improbable. Moreover, whenever the lid has been lifted, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in Milwaukee, similar conditions of dishonor, corruption, heartless extortion, have been disclosed.

And what unspeakably shameful conditions they are! Men of wealth and economic adventurers; men of education and men of the coarsest vulgarity; smug, praying hypocrites of every denomination and blaspheming scoffers of every argot—all tumbling over one another to rob their fellows, to betray trust, to defy public decency, and all for what? For money! For money in dimes and in dollars; money by thousands, or money by millions; money more or less; money in any form, so long as it is—money! It is not a pleasant picture. If it is a true picture it means that a part, at least, of the American people has become as rotten as any people that has lived and spawned since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

What is the cause of it all? Americans

are supposed to be the offspring of men that cared rather more for morality than their licentious contemporaries did. An astonishingly large proportion of American business men are of Puritan ancestry. Possibly three-quarters of them have had a religious bringing up. Their fathers, on the whole, were honest men in their day and generation. Their mothers were respectable, church-going women, who believed in the elementary virtues. Why have the offspring of such forbears become the ruthless economic freebooters of to-day—worse than pirates, because greedier and meaner?

The American business freebooter is probably not at heart worse than the common run of embezzlers, forgers, incendiaries and murderers. Indeed, within a narrow range, he is capable of sympathy and generosity. Like the professional thief he is often "good to his family," and he often treats his man servants and his maid servants with liberality. He provides swept and garnished stables for his horses and hygienic kennels for his dogs. The lack, therefore, does not seem to be on the side of elementary softness of heart. Apparently it is almost wholly on the side of the moral intelligence. Altho he can sneer finely at the economic theorist, and likes to ask with cool cynicism if the socialistic reformer supposes that the State can legislate wealth into existence, the business freebooter himself seems to believe that his own wealth has been created out of nothing, by the word of his power. His imagination does not picture the toil, the struggle, the anxiety, the heart-break of the unnumbered thousands of plain men and women, whose savings for a rainy day are flipped over into his bank account by a clever deal, or are extorted in prices, or in insurance premiums, two to ten times as large as they would be if he were an approximately honest man. He has intelligence of a certain kind, but not of the kind to grasp the facts of social relationship, of the right and natural claims of his fellow men.

If now we ask the further question why the business freebooter's intelligence remains on this side so embryonic, we suspect that the answer is, because he has not as yet developed the social, or communal, or public sense. The idea is not

new. Aristotle, it will be remembered, was of opinion that the business classes are unfit for citizenship, because their minds are too much absorbed in their own precious—pecuniary—affairs. Landowning gentlemen, often holding office as magistrates or otherwise, may learn to see things from a public viewpoint. The military class, accustomed to hold itself in readiness for any sacrifice in the public defense, acquires disinterested public spirit. The professional classes, too, by virtue of intellectual training, develop an interest in large affairs and in the social welfare. These classes are fit for citizenship; not because as mere human beings they are intrinsically better than business men, but because, from the character of their pursuits, they have acquired a social or public sense.

Two milleniums have fled since Aristotle wrote and in that period, short as the evolutionist measures time, large numbers of business men have acquired social sense and have become exemplary citizens. It would be unnecessarily pessimistic, therefore, to conclude that the business freebooters will never change for the better, that they will never learn to picture in imagination the struggles and feelings of the fellow creatures whom they exploit. Optimistic, even when we contemplate the morals and the manners of the American business freebooter, we hold it possible that he may one day develop honor and common honesty, and so, in the long, slow course of evolution, become, in spite of Aristotle, fit for the privileges and the responsibilities of American citizenship.



The Escape from Responsibility

OF the apologies given in this issue of THE INDEPENDENT by those who remain in or who have left the ministry we think it important to discuss but one, that of the man most radical of them all, who has rejected all forms of "professional propagandism." He has such an apprehension that he will be put under obligation if he takes a salary for service in behalf of any cause, religious

or social, to defend and support it, as will interfere with his liberty to change his views, that he remains a free lance.

We are not surprised at his fear, for he is in much more danger than are most men. A Congressman representing a party can have, generally, the assurance that he will not suffer any serious change of political faith, and so he can continue to take his annual salary until he serves as long as did Senator Hoar. So John Mitchell can feel that his doctrine of capital and labor is settled, and he has no difficulty in taking his salary. And equally there are many thousands of others, in the churches and in political and social life, who are not troubled by the anxiety which affects our correspondent. Why should they? Perhaps they have ceased to raise old questions; perhaps they raise them to answer them still in the same way.

But our correspondent is of a different temperament. He has suffered many evolutions. He began with a heterodox orthodoxy, which faithful reading of Jonathan Edwards would have cured him of, or, rather, would have saved him from, that God's will is the basis of virtue, duty, of right and wrong, and that, accordingly, as God is the center of all things, all life is to be centered about God. Then he changed his view and accepted the doctrine of essential right and wrong, independent of God's will. Then he changed again and concluded that duty is not essential, but relative, conditional, developed with the evolution of things, and dependent on use and custom. Equally he changed his doctrine of Theism. He began with the great All in All, the supreme creative God. Then he gave up the divine activity and control, then gave up the miracles of the Old Testament, then those of the New; then gave up, necessarily, Jesus as a peculiar expression of the character and will of God, and finally reached the position in which he lingers at present, that we know nothing of God, know not that there is any God; only know that the men we see think and feel and will. He believes in Man, the Father of all the might he knows of. Equally he has been changing his sociological views. From the belief that man's chief end is to

glorify God he passed to the thought that it was God's duty to glorify man, and so not to condemn him to future suffering. Then, as God receded and man advanced, he went through the succession of socialistic progress, single taxing and common ownership, and now he has outgrown socialism with its economic panacea, and he is resting—or roosting—with those who resent legal restrictions as to how to “live, to multiply and to improve.” If we can gather his present position, or, we should say, drift, it is in or toward absolute anarchism. But it is liable to change and develop or recede. We think that such a man does well not to put himself again under fetters of conformity. He has already been an evangelical minister, a foreign missionary, a Unitarian preacher and an advocate of Henry Georgeism and of various schemes of socialism, if not of anarchism; and he is not yet an old man. He should remain his own master.

What a pity that a man should begin as he did with the philosophy, “All duties I looked at as ordained by God,” a notion which destroys the goodness of God by identifying God's goodness with his wilfulness. If so, God might damn whom he pleased, for whatever he might will would therein be right. It is not strange that with such a starting point he passed over to the strange conclusion that God is not good. How unnecessary was his conclusion that evolution eliminates God; that if there was suffering there was not a good God. Most of us, men of science as well as theologians, see no contradiction, and indeed they ask whence came this order of existence and nature which is subject to law and evolution.

But what most concerns us is his lack of any sort of anchor to which he can hold. God or no God, is there not *Man*, the great Humanity, with its suffering, with its tasks, with its advancement? Are there not human duties and human rights? Are there not obligations of man to man and man to woman and child? Does not ethics rest solid yet? And even so, does there not remain the duty to make the world better, and so the force of that spirit which led him to the foreign mission field and which ought to make a propagandist of every

one of us? Take away Christianity, take away Theism, and you have taken away tremendous influences for altruism, but you have not removed the basic principles of duty, of love, which Jesus preached and which, well understood, would make missionaries of love and civilization and righteousness and character out of the veriest Agnostic or Atheist. They do sometimes; we hope they still do and will in our correspondent.



The Henpecked Husband

FROM time to time we have opened our columns to the feelings, opinions and woes of women in regard to the marital relation. And there has been no dearth of material. The “Bachelor Maid” has told why she did not marry, the “Childless Wife” has explained why she did not have children, and the mother who had so many has made it perfectly clear that she did not regret what she had done. The down-trodden Illinois Farmer's Wife has given a complete exposition of her husband's cruelties, and in this issue the sorrows of a preacher's wife are set forth in a way to harrow the feelings. That is to say, the women have done the talking, and it is hard to tell which class have been the most voluble, the self-protecting ones in their explanation of why they will not suffer and endure the ways of men, or those who have evidently endured them too much, or those serener ones who rejoice in their trials and blessings. Meanwhile the slandered man has preserved a silence which is either dolorous or discreet.

Naturally no one expects the childless husband to say anything, because there is nothing proper for him to say. But what of the “henpecked” husband? Far be it from us to invite his confidence on so delicate a subject, but as a matter of psychological speculation why is it such a man so rarely unfolds his tale of woe? Indeed, we should like to hear from him. There are such husbands. We recognize them in every circle of society, but did any one ever hear a husband *admit* that he was “henpecked”? Some women take a mournful pleasure in retailing their marital grievances, because they are sure of a measure of sympathy, but the “henpecked” husband

never tells; first, because he is ashamed of his condition; second, because he knows that his complaints are apt to excite mirth rather than compassion. Thus his "cock of the walk" manner in society, assumed to conceal his pitiable state, is one of the most patent symptoms of his case. How often have we seen some little Jupiter man hurling his thunderbolts into the conversation with a Dominique fierceness grow suddenly and feebly silent at the entrance of his Mrs. Juno! She may be thoroughly unconscious of him, and he may not confess her presence by so much as a glance, but her very aura stifles him. And every one with comprehension may see him creep down and cower within his hiding place of a body.

Then, again, it is some little sparrow wife who openly hectors her big husband. How she manages it no one knows, but we have seen her lead a man around by the nose who would charge into a cannon's mouth, lead a rebellion, or browbeat a Senate chamber full of opponents. She is not pretty and there is no coquetry in her methods. She comes straight to the point, with a level eye and a quickening tongue, and the man, however intelligent, distinguished or successful in the world outside, flinches, turns tail and *runs*.

And there are other husbands who have troubles of their own. They do not take European tours, for the same reason that "Mrs. C." does not. They are not asked. They are not wanted by their better bred (?) families. Often this kind of husband cannot afford the expense except for his wife and daughters. He is the money-making machine upon which the realization of their social ambitions depends. He is not simply hen-pecked, he is "plucked." But no one will see an anonymous article from him rendering a scale of his household's extravagances, and his sister-in-law will never run upon him pouring out his sorrows to his "heavenly Father." He has such a God-forsakenly hard time that he has forgotten to recall a heavenly Father. He has materialized into gold, and he only keeps his spirit for the profane purpose of swearing. Nothing is harder, colder or more pathetic than such a man—an old, furious, grubbing fowl,

plucked to death by his engagingly pretty wife and daughters.



School Gardens

THE school garden has grown up as an adjunct of the common school without any preconception of its relations to a system—hardly with a thought of its industrial tendencies. It has been a spontaneity of the age—an emotion of the times. It is now beginning to appear in its proper place as closely related to a general industrial movement in education. The world is coming to a conviction that education must take in the whole being; that the hands especially must be trained to enter into full accord with the brain. At the same time a reaction has appeared against muscular uselessness and a mere acquisition of learning in storage, without power to apply or utilize it. Labor is more in honor. Mere work is the best thing in the universe that we have yet found out. "My Father worketh hitherto; and I work." The school garden, employing the hands, has done a full share in bringing about a great social evolution.

We owe the first impulse in the way of associating the school and the garden to Arbor Day. The idea came to us from Nebraska; but garden schools are now common in the East and the South, and even in our insular possessions. They are maintained in connection with every grade of schools. The most important fact is that they are no longer considered as pleasant accessories, but as closely associated with the fundamental ideas of instruction. Not less than a dozen of our agricultural colleges have prepared school garden plans; while they are actually in operation in connection with fifteen or twenty normal schools. Young people preparing to enter upon teaching as a profession are expected to prepare themselves to go into our rural schools not only with a sympathy for nature study, but with a capacity for leading the boys and girls on our farms in the primary sciences. These sciences, such as entomology and botany, underly modern farming. Minnesota has led the way, requiring of the incipient teachers work in the garden and orchard, while careful

notes are taken. Two of the normal schools of Massachusetts have also incorporated school garden work in their training, and it is made the basis for exercises in mathematics and drawing. Connecticut has a School of Horticulture at Hartford, and there are school gardens in connection with the normal school at Willimantic. One of the Vermont normal schools maintains an experimental school garden, with co-operative flower and vegetable growing. Instruction is given in the use and effect of fertilizers. The normal schools in California and Utah are also working in the same direction. This is a very important feature of the movement, because if we cannot have our teachers trained both in the practice and in the love of nature studies our schools will lack at the top while we are trying to infuse the true spirit at the bottom.

The association of flower and vegetable gardens with the common school began in Massachusetts twelve years ago or more in connection with the George Putnam Grammar School. The work started with wild flowers and ferns, but for the last four years vegetable gardens are prominent features. At present not only the Boston schools, but the New York schools and St. Louis schools, in fact those of nearly all the larger cities, are engaged in cultivating vacant lots. East Dedham, Massachusetts, employs a landscape artist, whose business it is to direct the boys and girls in planting shade trees, shrubbery and playgrounds. They will go so far as to create a botanic garden. Here, as in many other schools, each pupil has his individual plot. The School of Horticulture at Hartford apportions for each boy and girl a garden ten by twenty-five feet for first year pupils; others, ten by thirty feet, for second year pupils, and ten by forty for third year pupils. The teachers also have their own gardens. It is understood in this sort of education that the teachers are at school as well as the pupils. They are at work together—to find out, discover and learn the truths that have heretofore been considered out of the sphere of school life. The report is almost universal that the children work in these gardens like Trojans and are learning with immense rapidity. They

do not forget, nor do they show signs of tedium. In the toughest neighborhoods of the large cities just as much zeal is shown by the pupils and women teachers are as safe as in their own parlors. The ethical result is fully equal to the intellectual.

The Home Gardening Association of Cleveland is leading the work in that State, while the work is spreading from the schools to many private institutions that employ boys and girls. The National Cash Register Company at Dayton, Ohio, furnishes gardens and instruction for seventy boys. In St. Louis the work is at fever heat, under the direction of the Civic Improvement League. This league is permitted to use all the land it needs from a one hundred and sixty acre tract. Nearly one hundred gardens are already laid out, in size eleven by one hundred and sixty-five feet. Any boy in the city can have a plot, free of charge, on application. They must come, in classes of fifteen, one morning of each week, to receive instruction. The citizens are taking a deep interest in the movement and providing funds for as many as will apply.

In Yonkers we have a fair example of the zeal which is awakened among our smaller cities. A block, one acre and a half in extent, was secured, surrounded with a fence and furnished with a tool-house. Two hundred and forty gardens were laid out, and the boys were invited to take hold. Three hundred immediately responded. The gates are unlocked at eight in the morning, and a host of boys are always ready. From that time until the garden is locked up, at six o'clock, there is a scene of unremitted activity. The rule requires that work be done at least two days in the week; but the majority of the boys work every day, and do their work well. Blank books are furnished and every boy must keep record of his work and the consequences. A large amount of freedom can be exercised in all such gardens, altho a superintendent or teacher must not only direct the work but have restraint on the digging of plants. A curious fact is reported that, whereas depredations on fine gardens were formerly common, now the owners can rest in peace; the robbing has entirely ceased.

The ethical result can be stated in the words of the superintendent: "Not once during the summer did a boy have to be rebuked for any cause whatever." And there was no vandalism from outside either! A perfectly democratic spirit prevails. The rich assume no airs; but the barefoot boys, who are most successful with vegetables, take on a slightly superior manner. There is so much fun in this sort of work that other plays are neglected, especially the mischievous.

We must be blind not to apprehend the fact that we are entering on a new age of school enterprise. Education is being industrialized. The agricultural college is to be the center of a State system which educates the hand together with the brain. The physical result will be very important, and, as we have seen, the moral consequences will be quite as marked. It seems specially important that the drift shall be understood as soon as possible. Our high schools or town schools, which are rapidly absorbing the old district schools, should not be built on the street side, but in large plots of land. These are easily obtainable everywhere outside of large cities. Our school authorities must also be prepared to see a part of each day set apart to garden work—that is, to applied studies. We are nearing the day when there will be no longer any complaint that our farm boys are educated away from the farm and out of love with plant life and animal life.

By making speeches,
 Mr. Lawson's Mr. Lawson has lost a
 Advice part of the popular
 strength which he gained by writing. Much that he has said to Western audiences has been entertaining, and a part of it was true, but the intelligent Western farmer's opinion of his remedies for the evils of "the system" will not differ widely from the Eastern merchant's or the Eastern broker's. Municipal or Government ownership is not in any sense a remedy, he says, because "the system" and the "frenzied financiers" would like nothing better. But Western farmers and the people everywhere know that this is not true. The capitalists whom Mr.

Lawson is attacking are notoriously hostile to every movement for Government ownership of public utilities. His remedy is the sale by the American people of every share of stock and every bond they now possess "back to the frenzied financiers at present inflated prices." This is the advice he has been giving for a long time past, and those who were induced by it to sell some months ago are now sorry. If the suggestion of such action as a remedy for all the evils of which he speaks really deserved serious consideration, it might be pointed out that those whom Mr. Lawson was addressing have few shares or bonds to sell (altho they are not poor); that if there should be such a general sale, the "present inflated prices" would melt away so rapidly that only the early sellers would know much about them; that "the system" would get at bottom prices such shares as it desired to have; and that the fall would yield a rich harvest to a certain class of speculators, especially to any one who could foresee or start it, if he should "go short of the market." Even Mr. Lawson, an expert trader for either the rise or the decline, might yield to temptation and capitalize his advice. There will be no universal selling when he "gives the word"; but if there should be, both the guilty and the innocent would suffer in a widespread and disastrous panic. There are some old-fashioned remedies which Mr. Lawson should think about, such as the enforcement of the laws and the election of honest men to legislative and executive offices.

Miss Margaret A. Haley,
 "Terrorized" who represents Chicago
 Teachers teachers and has organized
 them into a sort of labor union, and has done good work in city reforms, sends out a circular severely opposing the plan to centralize the National Educational Association. She concludes with this remarkable assertion:

"There has been afoot for several years a powerful, persistent, silent and largely successful conspiracy to make a despotism of our entire public school system. State boards of

education have demanded, and in some States have obtained, almost absolute control of the public school system. Local boards of education, themselves appointed and not elected, are made corporations with powers superior to the city government. Superintendents generally are demanding, and have frequently been conceded, autocratic powers over school boards, courses of study, selection of text-books, and the appointment, promotion, transfer and dismissal of teachers. The result is that teachers fear to protest against 'fads and frills,' against what they believe to be wrong and injurious educational methods, or even against 'graft,' for they know that any such protest is certain to result in forfeiting all chance of promotion, if it does not result in persecution and professional ruin, as is often the case. It is safe to say that with the exception of a few specially enlightened communities there exists to-day in America no such thoroughly terrorized and oppressed body of men and women as our public school teachers. . . .

"The whole tendency of school administration in the United States is toward 'centralization,' and this is the policy that is now being forced upon the National Educational Association. Who is responsible for this policy of centralization, and what is its purpose? From every quarter comes the suggestion that great commercial interests are at the bottom of the movement, while many calm thinkers believe that it is actively promoted, also, by certain institutions of learning which are interested in propagating doctrines agreeable to their founders and in strangling the propagation of disagreeable doctrines.

"Our public school system has become a veritable 'Golconda!' a 'mine' to be 'worked for all it is worth!' and the interests that would exploit, and are exploiting, it find it far easier to handle a well organized, central, despotic machine than to manage the great body of principals and teachers and the people at large. The latest move in the game is the scheme to obtain control of the National Educational Association."

This is startling enough; but we presume Miss Haley has found something of a mare's nest. If things are in this way teachers not from Chicago will find it out and not consent to be terrorized and victimized.



Union for
Christian Endeavorers

A Methodist editor of THE INDEPENDENT, Edward Eggleston, organized in Brooklyn a church which he called "The Church of the Christian Endeavor," later called, we believe, the Elm Place Congregational

Church. But the name did not perish. It was taken up by a humble young people's society which the Rev. Francis E. Clark organized in his mission church in Portland, Me. Other churches took up the plan and the name, until now it has spread all over the world, and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has four million members, tho but twenty-four years old. It is now proposed to celebrate its quarter century, during the lifetime of its founder, by raising a fund for a central building and headquarters, which should bring in the few thousand dollars of income necessary for the expenses of travel and management. Unlike the Young Men's Christian Association, the Y. P. S. C. E. has no buildings, no funds and no money backings. All that is proposed now is that each active member should contribute twenty-five cents for this fund. It ought to be done, and it would be a great relief to Dr. Clark, who has no princely salary, but has paid the most of his expenses by writing articles and books. If the energy which he put into the Christian Endeavor had been put into a life insurance company, one can guess what his salary would have been. But the best monument to him is the Society itself and the other societies which evolved, or, rather, seceded from it, the Methodist Epworth League and the Baptist Young People's Union, the Luther League and other societies. Dr. Huckel said, at the great Convention in Baltimore, that they all ought to come together, and last week the Baptist *Examiner* said that many Baptists think so too. Nothing but denominational pride—and publishing business—stands in the way. Why should not the hymn John Hay wrote for the Christian Endeavor suggest the reunion? It begins:

"Lord, from far-severed climes we come
To meet at last in Thee, our Home.
Thou, who hast been our guide and guard,
Be still our hope, our rich reward."



Georgia
Justice

That was a great day for lynching in Georgia last week when a mob took nine men out of a prison, eight black and one white, tied them up against fence-posts and shot eight of them dead. One of them was only wounded and feigned death. And

this is a civilized country! But if Georgia marksmanship is failing, the sense of social privilege is yet maintained. In a small South Georgia town it is the rule that at a public trough a horse or mule owned by a negro can drink only on the left hand side. Lately a negro bought a spirited horse, paying all but a dollar, and let it drink at the right hand side, which was all right, as it was supposed it still belonged to the white owner. But when it was found that the negro had bought it he was arrested and taken to the Mayor, who declared that as the price was so nearly paid the negro was the owner and must pay a fine of forty dollars or go to jail. He said that then he would go to jail, but the Mayor-judge then refused to allow it and ordered the horse sold at auction for the fine, and pocketed what was over for costs. Thus in one way or another can dignity and justice be maintained.



Exactly what is the meaning of the first decision made by the Papal Biblical Commission it would not be easy to say. This is the question put to it:

"Is it lawful for the Catholic exegetist to solve the difficulties occurring in certain texts of sacred Scripture, which appear to relate historical facts, by asserting that in these we have to deal with a tacit or implicit quotation of a document written by an uninspired author, and that the inspired author did not at all intend to approve or adopt all of these assertions, which cannot, therefore, be held as free from error?"

And this is the beautiful answer which the Commission has given in sounding Latin:

"In the negative, except in the case when, due regard being paid to the senses and judgment of the Church, it is proved by solid arguments—(1) that the sacred writer has really quoted the sayings or documents of another; and (2) that he has neither approved nor adopted them, so that he may be properly considered not to be speaking in his own name."

That is, let there be "solid arguments" that documents were really quoted from "J" and "E," and that the compiler does not say that they are true, and then No may become Yes. There is liberty enough for any higher critic—only it does not sound so.

Until the Perdicaris matter we had not for a hundred years had any particular interest in Morocco; and in our vigorous demand for Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead we treated with Morocco through France as intermediary. Now it may be that in the international conference the United States will have part. At present ours is a waiting attitude until France and Germany have settled their preliminaries. The explanation of Germany's insistence is, that it is well known there that the Socialist faction of the Bloc will under no circumstance countenance any military action in Morocco, or preserve French interests there, except in the case of war with Germany. Accordingly the Kaiser can press the subject as otherwise he could not have done. Again we are likely to take part in an international conference of the sort that prepares the way for the later permanent international Parliament sure to come by and by.



A quotation from Laurence Hutton's "Talks in a Library" is timely:

"Mr. John Hay once told me that while listening to a somewhat dull sermon from a preacher with whose views and doctrines he was not altogether in sympathy it suddenly occurred to him, *apropos* of something he had heard in the discourse, that, after all, perhaps 'Saving a little child, and bringing him to his own,

Is a derved sight better business than loafing 'round the Throne.'

"And out of this fragment of cloth was cut the 'Little Breeches' which are not soon to wear out! In the same way, he added that some sentence in a long, impromptu prayer gave him the impression that, maybe, in the end,

'Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.'

"And on this pedestal was erected the statue of the famous 'Jim Bludso' of the steamer 'Prairie Belle,' who gave his own life to save the lives of the passengers entrusted to his charge."



The American Consul at Newcastle, New South Wales, reports that the old age pension act has been in operation there for five years and that it is not working well. The Federal Parliament has appointed a commission to consider whether such a law should be enacted

for the whole of Australia, but it finds the evidence hardly favorable. The director of the Government asylums for the infirm testified that on the passage of the act in six months 600 old people secured pensions and left the benevolent asylums, but that the majority returned and surrendered their pensions; so that now there are almost as many inmates as before, with no increase of population, while \$2,500,000 is expended annually for old age pensions.



The Pacific Coast is not all for Chinese exclusion. The Portland, Ore., Chamber of Commerce has, through its President, sent a letter to President Roosevelt asking for a modification of the present law. They say that the fear which thirty years ago led to the drastic legislation has now passed away, and experience has shown that it was without warrant. They would allow free entrance, with no exacting conditions to students, merchants and professional men, with perfect freedom to visit their native country and return, and the free admission of Chinese laborers, who are much needed, to the limit of 70,000 a year. This shows that light is breaking in the West.



The proposed bill for the settlement of the difficulty in the Scotch Churches allows any Church to modify its creeds without such change being submitted to Parliament. But this was not made to apply simply to the United Free Church of Scotland, but also to the Established Churches in both Scotland and England. One would think that the Nonconformists would rejoice to have such liberty allowed, but, somewhat selfishly, as it would seem, they protest that a Church established by law should have no such freedom. They seem to wish to make the position of the Established Churches as disagreeable as possible, so as to hasten disestablishment; not a generous attitude, and hardly wise in the long run.



It seems clear that the present Pope is ready to break from the intransigent attitude of his predecessors and find a basis for friendly relations with the

House of Savoy. It may be that the Papal States were seized by violence; but in a course of years possession becomes fixed and restoration is a new wrong. It is of no use to fight the inevitable. The people of Rome want civil and not Papal rule, and so the Pope must submit, and all the world will approve. Already he allows good Catholics to vote, so that as a lesser evil they may support the Italian Government against Socialism. The new policy will make friends for the Church.



At last Commander Peary has sailed for the North Pole, and America wishes him good luck. He takes the best known route, goes immediately to the north of Greenland, and then will sledge it, if possible, to the Pole. Generous contributions have been made, and it is for a most worthy and most useless project. He promised once that he would never go again, after his fourth or fifth voyage, but how could he help it?—he had the Arctic fever. "*Mox reficit rates Quassas.*"



Our readers remember the recent article we printed by Professor Dennis, of Smith College, in regard to the unique municipal theater in Northampton, Mass. We have since learned that Red Wing, Minn., also has a municipal theater. It was donated by Mr. T. B. Sheldon, and is controlled by a Board of Managers, consisting of five men recommended by the Mayor and approved by the City Council. Thus municipal ownership and operation are moving on.



Syracuse, O., is not the only town in which not a negro is allowed to live. We have heard of such towns in Florida, Texas and Oklahoma. But such tyranny is most detestable and inexcusable in such a State as Ohio. The story we tell in this issue is pitiful and disgraceful.



Dr. Huckel, of Baltimore, pleads for the reunion of the Methodist and Baptist young people with the Christian Endeavor Society. Does he not know that what stands in the way is the interests of publishing societies? It is the love of money, the source of most evils.

Financial

The Growing Crops

A VERY favorable report concerning the growing crops was issued on the 11th by the Department of Agriculture. This was the Department's first statement as to this year's crop of corn. Last year's yield was very large (2,467,480,000 bushels), but there is a prospect now of even a more abundant harvest, the condition of the plants being higher than on the corresponding date in 1904, while the area planted is larger by 2,000,000 acres. The condition of both winter and spring wheat considerably exceeds the average for ten years. Increased crops of oats, rye and barley are indicated by the figures for condition and acreage, but last year's exceptional crop of potatoes will not be equaled. As interpreted by the Statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, the report indicates crop yields as follows, and we add the harvest figures of last year:

	Indicated, 1905.	Harvest, 1904.
Corn	2,651,110,000	2,467,480,934
Winter wheat.....	413,150,000	332,935,436
Spring wheat.....	292,376,000	219,464,171
Wheat, total.....	705,526,000	552,399,517
Oats	949,698,000	894,595,552
Rye	30,676,000	27,234,565
Barley	141,262,000	139,748,958
Potatoes	318,581,000	332,830,300

A Year's Agricultural Exports

OUR exports of cotton during the fiscal year which ended on the 30th ult. had never been exceeded in quantity or in value. There were 8,333,793 bales shipped, valued at \$379,747,454, against 6,004,595 bales, worth \$370,505,583, in 1904, when the price was so much higher. In only two previous years had the value exceeded \$300,000,000. On the other hand, exports of wheat and of wheat flour (in terms of wheat) showed a great decline, being only 43,797,000 bushels, against 120,241,000 in 1904 and an average of 213,000,000 for the six years immediately preceding. This decline is accounted for in part by last year's short crop, but the demand for consumption at home has, of course, been increasing. Corn exports rose from 55,000,000 bushels (in 1904) to 88,500,000, but the average for five

years preceding 1902 was 188,000,000. The value of all our agricultural exports for the year was \$751,755,057, against \$790,211,051 in 1904. In wheat and wheat flour alone there was a loss of nearly \$60,000,000. The net decrease for all breadstuffs, provisions, cattle and hogs was a little less than \$48,000,000.

THE Lawyers' Title Insurance and Trust Company, of which Edwin W. Coggeshall is president and general manager, announce that their sales of mortgages for the six months ending June 30 have aggregated \$35,938,000, which is in excess of the sales for the entire year 1904. The surplus of the company amounts to \$5,000,000; the undivided profits are \$869,700, and the total assets \$25,420,133.

....The Franklin Society for Home Building and Savings, of this city, announces its thirty-third consecutive semi-annual dividend, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, to more than three thousand share holders. The Society's investments, which are exclusively in first mortgages upon small homes, are especially exempted from the operation of the Mortgage Tax Law. Its officers report that the demand for its funds from responsible home-seekers is far in excess of its resources.

....Dividends announced:

Phenix Ins. Co., Brooklyn, 5 per cent., payable on demand.

United Copper Co., Common, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. and extra $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent., payable July 31st.

Louisville & Nashville R'way, 3 per cent., payable August 10th.

Greene Consol. Gold Co., 2 per cent., payable July 15th.

N. Y., Ont & West. R.R., Common, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable July 21st.

THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The Home Insurance Company, of which Elbridge G. Snow is President, has just issued its one hundred and fourth semi-annual statement. This statement shows that on the first of July, 1905, the total assets were \$19,961,447, being a gain of more than two and one-half million dollars during the past year. The reserves for premiums, losses, reinsurance and all other contingencies amount to \$9,254,470. The capital stock is \$3,000,000, leaving a surplus as regards policyholders of \$10,706,976, an increase since July, 1904, of \$689,169.

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Survey of the World

National Topics

The President has decided to issue a call for an extra session of Congress beginning on November 11th. It is understood that he will ask for legislation concerning the Panama Canal as well as for action upon the railway rate question. After a conference between the President and Secretary Root last week it was announced that the administration of Canal affairs would remain for the present under the supervision of the War Department. On the 19th Mr. Root took the oath of office as Secretary of State.—Owing in part to the recent disclosures about the sale of the cotton reports, John Hyde, Chief Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, has resigned. The office has been abolished. Mr. Hyde says in a long letter that for four years he has been constantly under fire from one side of the market or the other, that his administration has been investigated five times and that he has always been vindicated. But physicians tell him that the attacks upon him have shortened his life. As "a powerful combination" is now bent upon causing his retirement, he does not think the office worth fighting for. It does not appear that he had any knowledge of the sale of the reports. These will be prepared hereafter by a board of officers under the direction of Assistant Secretary Hays. It is admitted that recent charges concerning the June tobacco report were well founded. The explanation is made that clerical errors caused the announcement of a large increase of acreage. Complainants say that the errors were in favor of the Trust and against producers.—It is reported that the investigation of the Government Printing Office, now in progress, will be followed by the appoint-

ment of a new Public Printer to succeed Mr. Palmer.—The trial of Congressman Williamson and his partner, in Oregon, for obtaining public land by fraud, resulted in a disagreement of the jury. The final vote was 10 to 2 for conviction.—Dispatches from Washington to Kansas newspapers predict that Senator Burton will not be tried again, altho it has been expected that his second trial would take place in September.—John McMackin, until recently Labor Commissioner for the State of New York, has been appointed United States Consul at Georgetown, British Guiana. The reappointment of Mr. McMackin as Labor Commissioner was prevented by the protests of the Child Labor Committee and other philanthropic organizations, which asserted that he had neglected to enforce the laws.

Mr. Root's Advice to Mayor Weaver

After Mr. Bell, the District Attorney of Philadelphia, had refused either to ask the grand jury for the indictment of the leaders of the municipal ring or to take steps for the arrest of them, Mayor Weaver sought the advice of Elihu Root, and the situation was considered at a conference in which Judge Gordon and Wayne MacVeagh took part. Having reviewed the evidence, Mr. Root, on the 17th, sent to the Mayor a letter setting forth his opinion as to the Mayor's duty "in regard to further criminal prosecution for the frauds clearly indicated by the testimony already taken and by the further evidence which your counsel have collected." Altho "the evidence of grave crimes by a number of powerful and important persons," he went on to say, had been

laid before Mr. Bell, the latter had declined to "proceed with proper prosecutions for such crimes either before the grand jury or before a committing magistrate," and had suggested that the Mayor himself should "proceed before a magistrate as a private prosecutor:"

"It is your duty as Mayor of the city to see that the laws are enforced, and when you find that they are set at naught by criminal combinations, it is your duty to bring the facts to the knowledge of the officer who is elected by the people to prosecute crime, and it then becomes his duty to prosecute, and not yours."

The Mayor had done what the law required, he continued, and he could not justly be blamed if the prosecutions "so clearly indicated by the evidence in the possession of the prosecuting officer should fail for want of further action." He showed, however, that while the law did not require the Mayor to prosecute, it permitted him to do so, up to a certain point. It was his opinion that now it was the Mayor's duty to go before a magistrate and carry these prosecutions as far as the law would permit him to go, inviting the co-operation of Mr. Bell and giving him "every possible opportunity to perform the duty for which he was elected:"

"Crimes committed by men who have political power are often sheltered behind official indifference and inactivity, and then some one has to do more than his duty to secure justice; and you will not be the first public officer who has done a great public service against the resistance of those from whom the service ought to come. There is more at stake here than the mere punishment of isolated offenses. There is the question whether your city shall continue to be governed by criminals or shall take its place on the list of American cities capable of honest self-government. To secure the right solution of this question you cannot omit any proper and lawful efforts."

If the prosecutions should fail after coming within the exclusive power of Mr. Bell—having been carried through the first stage with or without his aid—then the responsibility for failure could be easily placed. Mr. Root expressed regret that he was unable to proceed further with the Mayor in these cases, owing to his new official duties:

"I have taken very great interest in the cases, because I have acquired absolute con-

fidence in the sincerity of your purpose and in your pluck and persistency; and I have a strong desire that the city of Philadelphia, whose history and good name are so dear to every American, shall be relieved from the stain which a corrupt and criminal combination, masquerading under the name of Republicans, has put upon her."

On the same day, one of Mr. Bell's legs was broken by the fall of an elevator in the building where his office is situated. Therefore it was decided that the arrest of Boss Durham, State Senator McNichol and others should be delayed for a time. Mr. Root's letter is regarded in Philadelphia as having much weight and significance in a political sense, owing to his prominence in the Cabinet and as a Republican. The press points out that it must indicate the attitude of the Administration, especially toward Senator Penrose, who from the beginning of the revolt has been associated intimately with the ring leaders whom Mayor Weaver is advised to prosecute. We showed last week the admitted relation of District Attorney Bell, as counsel, to these men. The city newspapers have since published evidence as to the large interest of his relatives in the lands whose value was affected by the ring's Torresdale Boulevard. Among the election officers arrested last week for fraud was a ward politician who held office as inspector of elevators. It appears to have been owing to the inefficiency of this officer or of other similar inspectors that the District Attorney's leg was broken.



Terrible Explosion on a Naval Vessel A shocking accident occurred last Friday on the United States gunboat "Bennington," which was lying in the harbor of San Diego, Cal., having recently arrived from the Hawaiian Islands. Two of the gunboat's main boilers burst and more than 60 men were killed. It was a little after ten o'clock in the morning. All hands were at their stations, and steam was up, for the gunboat was about to leave port. The bay was dotted with pleasure craft and ferry boats. Thousands were looking at the "Bennington." They saw a cloud of steam suddenly issuing from the ship at a point just forward of the smokestack. Then there was the roar of a

great explosion and bodies of men were thrown upward through the steam cloud, some of them rising to the height of a hundred feet. On the shattered deck were dead men and in the water were other victims, some of them struggling for life. These were picked up by the small craft. The gunboat was quickly beached. Water was pouring in through a great hole in her side. At last reports it was known that 60 men had been killed, but 17 of the crew were still missing, and it was foreseen that several of the 55 wounded could not recover. The only officer killed was Ensign N. K. Perry, who, as officer of the deck, had been standing directly over the boilers. Commander Lucien Young, the commanding officer, was on shore at the time. His report says that the top of the lower furnace of one of the boilers exploded, causing the explosion of another, and that the gunboat is almost a total wreck. The first of these boilers had shown signs of weakness during the voyage from Honolulu, and for this reason the pressure upon it had been reduced. Some of the injured men say there had been talk for six months that one of the boilers was defective. They were of an old type and had been in use for fifteen years. Probably they were not in good order. They were under a pressure of only 120 pounds. Just before the explosion one was found to be leaking, and a boiler-maker was on his way to make repairs. The "Bennington" was one of the first vessels of the new navy. She was launched in 1890, was 230 feet long and drew 14 feet of water. Her cost was \$490,000. For ten years she had been in the Pacific squadron and she was with Dewey at Manila.



Railway Rebate Cases In addition to the legal proceedings against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé railroad company with respect to the coal rebates mentioned in the correspondence published when Mr. Morton retired from the Cabinet, Assistant Attorney-General Purdy will take action against the eight railroad companies enjoined by Judge Phillips, asking that they be required to show cause why they should not be punished for

contempt for continuing to grant rebates to the International Harvester Company. This company owns terminals or switching tracks and has obtained rebates by means of a division of freight charges, or a large allowance for its two or three miles of track—from \$12 to \$21 per car-load for service for which, the Interstate Commerce Commission said, a fair price would not exceed \$3½. It was said some time ago that the company and the roads had obeyed the Commission and reduced the allowance to \$3½; but it is now asserted that the division alleged to be unlawful has been continued. Similar action will be taken, it is reported, against the Steel Corporation and certain railroads on account of an allowance or division of the same kind, which is in effect the payment of a rebate.—Mr. Morton, now Chairman of the Board of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has removed the Comptroller of that Society, Mr. Jordan, for refusing to give him information concerning the work of his office, and has induced W. A. Day, an Assistant Attorney-General, to take, at a large salary, the place thus vacated. Mr. Day has for three or four years been engaged in the proceedings of the Department of Justice against the railroads, the Beef Trust, etc., and has recently had charge of the prosecution of violations of the law against rebates and the like. Owing to his familiarity with the cases and his long connection with them, the prosecution may be delayed, it is said, by his withdrawal from the Government service. Dispatches from Washington say that since January, 1904, the case concerning rebates paid by the Atchison road to Mr. Morton's brothers in the salt business (which was referred to the Department by the Commission) has been in his hands. His departure to take office under Mr. Morton, it is asserted, will tend to delay action in this case, which resembles the one against the Harvester Trust.—Having completed its pipe line to Whiting, Ind., the Standard Oil Company has resumed the purchase of oil of all grades in the Kansas field, where, owing to a recent decision of the courts, the State is restrained from erecting the refinery for which an appropriation was made by the

Legislature.—In a public address at Boston, on the 22d, Attorney-General Moody (with the approval of the President, as he said) reviewed the history of the Government's proceedings against the Beef Trust, and declared it to be his hope and belief that the indictments recently returned, for unlawful combination and for the taking of rebates, would be brought to trial this year. The public should suspend judgment, he added, because the accused had not yet been heard.



End of the Chicago Strike

By the action of the labor unions involved, the teamsters' strike in Chicago was ended on the 21st, and the strikers were directed to seek employment in their old places. This was a complete victory for the employers. It is said that not more than half of the strikers will be taken back. Not one of them will be re-employed by the express companies, with whom the strikers had contracts. Wages will be the same as before, but the employers will insist upon an "open shop." The strike continued for three months; violence caused the loss of 19 lives and nearly 500 persons were injured. Many indicted men are yet to be tried. One was convicted last week and sent to prison for a year. His offense was the beating of a non-union man, and there were seven union men on the jury that found him guilty.—For some time before the recent annual election of the Chicago Federation of Labor (on the 16th) there had been a factional contest in the organization. Chicago newspapers say that the advocates of violent methods sought to prevent the re-election of President Dold, who represents those who oppose the use of "wrecking crews." At noon on the day of the election the hall, in which there were very few persons, was invaded by a party of "wreckers," who attacked the election judges with revolvers and compelled them to give up the ballots already deposited, which they destroyed. They then beat Michael Donnelly (president of the meat cutters' union, who conducted the beef workers' strike) with a slung shot and other weapons, leaving him for dead on the floor. Donnelly is recovering, but will lose one eye.

Political Quarrels in Cuba

The approaching presidential campaign in Cuba has caused political quarrels of a serious character. José Miguel Gomez, nominated by the fusionists for the presidency, is Governor of Santa Clara province. An examination of the municipal affairs of Vueltas, in that province, was recently ordered by the insular Government—or by President Palma, who will be nominated for another term. Gomez gave orders that the Commission sent by the President should not be permitted to make the examination. The Commission, protected by Rural Guards, was to begin the inquiry on the 22d. But at 5 o'clock on the morning of that day, the Vueltas city hall, with all the municipal records, was destroyed by fire. Upon the charge that this fire was in some way caused by them, the Mayor and Chief of Police have been arrested. It is said that if the Commissioners had sought to obtain possession of the records, they and the Rural Guards would have been attacked by the people of Vueltas. On the day preceding the fire, a resolution censuring the Government for action at Vueltas, as tending unnecessarily to disturb the peace, was passed in the House at Havana. The hostility of the fusionists has also been excited by the recent suspension of the Mayor of Havana, and the following decision of Governor Nunez that the suspension must be permanent.—A strike of stevedores at San Juan, Porto Rico, has been followed by sympathetic strikes of the teamsters, butchers and bakers. The unloading of freight in the harbor has been greatly delayed. Strike-breakers are lodged on steamships at anchor.—In the Philippines, the campaign against ladrones in the provinces of Cavité and Batangas is ended. Troops and the constabulary, working together, captured 511 rifles and killed seven leaders. There were about 700 of the bandits. Half of them are dead, and many of the survivors have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.



The Chinese Boycott

The State Department was informed by Consuls on the 19th that the boycott against American goods, organized by

the trade guilds of the ports of Shanghai, Canton, Tien-Tsin, Hankow and Niu-chwang, was in force, altho discouraged by the Chinese Government. At Amoy the native agent of the Standard Oil Company was ordered to leave the service of that corporation. At a mass meeting in Shanghai, attended by heads of all the principal guilds and by delegates from several provinces, on the 20th, it was said that the boycott was not an expression of hostility toward the American Government, but was designed to affect the labor unions of our Pacific Coast. At Shanghai all Chinese shops were refusing to sell American goods, and all schools and colleges in that part of China had decided to use no American books. The movement has been assisted by the circulation of reports that there is poison in American flour. Our Consul at Amoy says that a considerable quantity of flour did contain poison, owing probably to an attempt to smuggle morphia in it. Copies of a boycott circular have been distributed throughout a large part of the country. It contains reports of the meeting of the guilds in May, with an agreement signed by all present. This provides for an investigation as to all imported American goods, and for securing the support of impartial editors in the United States. Workmen and servants are urged to discriminate against Americans in the wages demanded. Natives who persist in selling American goods are to be socially ostracised.



Preparations for the Peace Conference

The Navy General Store, a handsome new brick building in the navy yard at Kittery, Maine, is being fitted up by the United States Government for the use of the peace plenipotentiaries, who are expected to have their first meeting there August 5th. They will be lodged in opposite wings of the Wentworth, and will be conveyed each day across the Piscataqua River in launches or by automobiles through Portsmouth. They will be brought from Oyster Bay to Portsmouth by the Government yachts the "Dolphin" and the "Mayflower." Baron Komura, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs and chief plenipotentiary,

landed at Seattle from the steamship "Minnesota," and came rapidly across the continent to New York City. He was warmly greeted by Japanese residents of Seattle and at many points along the route he was received with cheers. All invitations to formal dinners and social events have been declined. Twenty rooms have been engaged at the Waldorf-Astoria for Baron Komura and his staff. The Russian delegation will stay at the St. Regis. Mr. Witte, the chief Russian plenipotentiary, arrived in Paris from St. Petersburg on July 21st and spent a long time in conferences with President Loubet and Premier Rouvier, supposably discussing peace terms and the changed relations between the allied nations. Before leaving Russia he gave an interview to the Associated Press, in which he expressed the opinion that the peace negotiations would not be prolonged or successful, and stated that he should return immediately if the Japanese proposals were not satisfactory:

"The Emperor is the friend of peace, and desires peace, but I very much fear that the Japanese terms will be such that we will be unable to reach an accord.

"Secondly, the world should disabuse its mind of the idea that Russia wants peace at any price. There are two parties in Russia. One favors the continuance of the war *à outrance*—this is a large and influential party. The other, to which I belong, favors peace. I avow it frankly, because telling the truth has always been my rule in politics. I was for peace before hostilities broke out. When the war began, the situation changed.

"I am sure if I report that the conditions of Japan cannot be accepted Russia will accept the verdict and the Russian people will be ready to continue the war for years if necessary.

"Thirdly, Russia is not crushed, as the foreign press has led the world to believe. The interior situation is very serious, I do not deny; but in Europe and America the true significance of what is happening is not understood.

"Russia is not on the verge of dissolution as a great Power, and is not obliged to accept any conditions offered, in spite of the military reverses she has sustained.

"We are passing through an internal crisis which has been marked by many grave events, and which may have others still in store, but the crisis will pass, and in a few years Russia will again take her place as a preponderant Power in the European concert."

On the other hand, Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, on being told that it was expected that the terms offered by Japan would be moderate, replied: "I cannot see where people get such an idea. The public evidently mistakes the Japanese for angels."



**Balfour
Defeated**

The bill for the redistribution of seats which would cut down the Irish representation by 24, and add 17 to the English, four to the Scotch and one to the Welsh, was withdrawn by Premier Balfour, who stated that there was not time enough to give to it at the present session, but that it would be brought up at the next session after certain details had been more fully worked out. The Alien bill imposing restrictions on immigration similar to those of our country was passed by its third reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 90. On the night of July 20th the Liberals and Irish members took advantage of the absence of a number of supporters of the Government to defeat the Government by a majority of three on a motion to reduce the membership of the Irish Land Commission. There was great excitement; the Irish members yelled "Resign!" and the Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, demanded that the Government take immediate action. On the following day Premier Balfour had consultations with the King and with the Cabinet, and it was decided that the Government would not resign so long as it could obtain a majority. It is contended by the Conservatives that it would be very dangerous to change the administration just now when the peace negotiations place the Anglo-Japanese alliance in such a critical state. The bill providing for the settlement of the difficulty between the Scottish United Free Church and the Free Church passed the House of Commons.



**Czar and
Kaiser**

Emperor

The Kaiser's yacht again surprises the world by steaming into troubled waters. The William of Germany tele-

graphed the Emperor Nicholas of Russia that he wanted a personal interview with him. In accordance with this request the Russian Emperor left Peterhof suddenly and almost secretly on board the imperial yacht the "Polar Star" to meet the "Hohenzollern" in Swedish waters off the island of Broerkoe. The Grand Duke Michael and a number of Russian naval and army officers and courtiers accompanied the Czar, but no representative of the Russian Foreign Office. Whether the conference of the two Emperors deals with the conditions of peace, the Morocco situation or the Scandinavian question is purely a matter of speculation.—An attempt was made to assassinate Constantine Pobiedonostseff, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, July 20th, in the railroad station of Tsarkoe-Selo. The assailant passed close in front of him and drew a revolver, but was seized by another passenger in the train. The aged and infirm Procurator was not perturbed by the attack, but drove to the Holy Synod and presided over a session without mentioning the matter to his colleagues. He afterward gave his views of the occurrence and of the present crisis in the following language:

"The causes for the attacks on me lie in ignorance and dishonesty—ignorance of the fact that for ten years I have had no influence in legislation, and dishonesty of the most dastardly sort because of unpopular measures and policies with which I had absolutely nothing to do being intentionally credited to me. The attacks are also due to unprincipled and irresponsible Russian papers printed abroad, which ignorantly fire the imagination and inspired the attempt on me last year.

"There is no doubt that only such reforms and institutions will take root as have foundations of a national character. Only a nation capable of local self-government can work out and preserve free institutions and guarantee civil freedom. Otherwise a new Government would be bound to produce as unsatisfactory bureaucrats as those whom it seeks to replace. The present reform movement has on its banner the familiar falsehoods, 'Universal Suffrage' and 'The Will of the People.'

"It is no secret that freedom and national government are mere theories to our reformers—not sufficiently studied and not at all understood. It takes men to create institutions. The men in demand here must come. They are not yet in sight."

The Zemstvo Congress

The Congress of representatives of the zemstvos and dumas, the provincial and municipal legislative municipal bodies, met in Moscow, July 19th, at the palace of Prince Paul Dolgorukov, Marshal of the Moscow nobility and son of the Grand Chamberlain of the imperial court. There were 284 delegates and many other leaders in the reform movement. Soon after the meeting opened the Chief of Police appeared with a posse of officers, and, acting under the orders of General Trepov, whom the Czar has placed at the head of the police system of the empire, notified them that the meeting was forbidden on the ground that it was calculated to promote disorder. This announcement was greeted with laughter and jibes. The president, Count Heyden, informed him that the Czar had on June 19th authorized the meeting. The Chief of Police then said he would seize the papers and take the names of the delegates, whereupon copies of the proposed constitution under discussion were given to him and each delegate handed him his visiting card. Many of those present who were not delegates insisted upon their names being included. After completing their official report many of the police returned and listened to the debates. The plan of Minister of the Interior Bulygin for a National Assembly based upon the principles of representation by classes and strict property qualifications was denounced as unsatisfactory and insufficient, but it was not considered wise for the zemstvoists to refuse to have anything to do with such an assembly, as was at first proposed. It was decided better to secure as many seats as possible in any assembly the Czar may call, and use that as a vantage ground for securing additional reforms. The form of government for Russia approved by the Congress is modeled after that of England and consists of a responsible Cabinet with a Prime Minister appointed by the Czar and a National Assembly of two houses, the lower elected by universal suffrage and the upper by the zemstvos and dumas. Finances, foreign treaties and the succession to the throne are to be in the hands of this assembly. The Czar is to remain Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and there is no express re-

striction of his right of veto. In case of a persistent conflict between the two houses as to any bill it will be voted upon in joint session. There are to be no distinctions made between individuals on account of race or religion. The sanctity of the courts is insured, and the Czar is to have no power arbitrarily to dissolve Parliament. The passport system, the scrutiny of correspondence and the censorship of the press are to be abolished. There is to be one representative for about 150,000 of the population. This plan for a constitution was adopted by a vote of 220 to 7, and it was resolved to give it the widest possible publicity for discussion by the zemstvos and dumas and by the people. A resolution was adopted declaring that in view of the arbitrary acts of the administration and the constant violation of the rights of the public the Congress deems it incumbent on all to defend the natural rights of man by peaceable means, including resistance to acts of the authorities violating these rights, even tho such acts be based upon the letter of the law. Mr. Petrunkevich expressed the feeling of the majority in the words: "We counted on reforms from above. We appealed to the Emperor in vain. We now appeal to the people." This was declared to be a direct incitement to revolution by Prince Rostkovsky and he and some of the more moderate members of the Congress withdrew. The Congress will meet again in August, or will be called together by telegraph in case the Bulygin constitution is promulgated by the Czar. It is rumored that if they are pushed to extremities the zemstvoists will proclaim the deposition of the Emperor Nicholas and the establishment of a regency of four Grand Dukes for the infant Czarevitch. The Russian newspapers were forbidden by the censor to make any mention of the Congress, but the *Slovo* published the proceedings in full. For this it was suppressed by the Government and the other papers which published partial accounts were given official warnings. Three such warnings result in suspension of publication. At the next Congress those portions of the empire where there are no zemstvos will be represented. The zemstvoists are preparing an educational campaign among the people, including

the peasants, to organize a great reform party.



An Attempt to Assassinate the Sultan

As the Sultan of Turkey was leaving the mosque at the conclusion of the ceremony of the Selamlık on July 21st a bomb exploded in the courtyard of the mosque, killing 24 persons and wounding 57. The Sultan was on the top step of the flight leading from the mosque about 30 yards from the bomb and was not injured by the explosion. In the words of the official report:

"Divine Providence miraculously preserved His Majesty, who displayed his usual self-possession and courage. Himself driving the phaeton, His Majesty returned to the palace, graciously bowing as if nothing had happened. A few persons were killed or injured. The whole population is indignant at the infamous and dastardly deed."

The bomb exploded in the midst of the waiting carriages, destroying 27 of them and wounding 55 horses. Most of the victims were coachmen and guards, but Beba Bey, tutor to the Sultan's sons, Teherkess Mehmed Pasha, Kenan Pasha and others of the imperial household were killed. The windows of the pavilion reserved for the diplomatic corps, in which were U. Grant Smith, second secretary of the American Legation, and Captain Smiley, of the United States Army, were broken by the force of the explosion. The Sultan has always been afraid of assassination and every precaution is taken to prevent the access of suspicious persons. When going to the mosque troops guard the whole route, so it is a mystery how he would be regicide secured his opportunity. No clew has been found to his identity and it is thought that he perished in the explosion. A mine exploded by clockwork may have been used. The heir apparent to the Turkish throne is Rechad Effendi, brother of the Sultan, now more than 60 years old and said to be dying of cancer. Next in succession is Prince Issedine, eldest son of the late Sultan, Abdul Assiz, who is thought to have been murdered by the present Sultan. The Sultan Abdul Hamid II is now 53 years old and is desirous of being succeeded by his son,

Burhan-Eddine Effendi, a bright young man, well educated and devoted to the Emperor William of Germany.



The Morocco Agreement

The result of the conferences between Prince Radolin, German Ambassador in Paris, and M. Rouvier, Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, is that France agrees to the international conference on the Moroccan situation as desired by Germany, and Germany agrees that she

"will pursue at the conference no course compromising the legitimate interests of France in Morocco or contrary to the rights of France resulting from her treaties or arrangements, and in harmony with the following principles: Sovereignty and independence of the Sultan, integrity of his Empire, economic liberty without any inequality, utility of police reforms and financial reforms, the introduction of which would be settled for a short period by international agreement, recognition of the situation created for France in Morocco by the contiguity of a vast extent of territory of Algeria and the Shereefian Empire and by the special relations resulting therefrom between the two adjacent countries, as well as by the special interest for France, due to this fact, that order should reign in the Shereefian Empire."

It is generally admitted that M. Rouvier has extricated France from a difficult and dangerous situation without any serious sacrifice of national honor, since the treaties of last year with England and Spain in regard to Morocco are inferentially sustained and the special interest which France has in Morocco is to a certain extent acknowledged. On the other hand the Kaiser has manifestly scored a distinct diplomatic triumph by compelling the resignation of such a popular and successful Minister of Foreign Affairs as M. Delcassé, and the recognition of her right to interfere in a matter which France regarded as her own affair. The conference will probably be held on Spanish soil, at Madrid or San Sebastian. Both the German and French delegations at the Moroccan capital will be withdrawn pending the conference. There has been severe fighting in the neighborhood of Ujda between the Sultan's troops and the insurgents, in which the latter were defeated.

The Battle of the Sea of Japan

BY TWO PARTICIPATING JAPANESE OFFICERS

[The two following articles are the first, we believe, that have appeared in this country by officers of the Japanese Navy who took part in the destruction of the Russian fleet. They have just come from Japan and are translated and edited by Mr. Adachi Kinnosuké.—EDITOR.]

The Battle of the Sea of Japan

By a Japanese officer aboard Admiral Togo's flagship, the "Mikasa."

I was looking into the southwest. The sky there was quite as uncertain as prophecy; the wind coming out from that direction was rapidly freshening into a gale. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th of May, 1905. Through our scouting squadron we were aware of the enemy's movement, and His Majesty's fleet, which was made up of almost every ship of consequence in the Nippon Navy, rode at anchor at the rendezvous. We knew that a great day was about to pass into history and the "Mikasa" once again was to have the distinction of flying upon her halyard the pennant of Admiral Togo. Out of the gray sky gradually the shades of evening fell upon us and it seemed very much as if a storm were to ride the Korean Straits all night long.

A little before the East began to open its eyes on the following day—at about half past five in the morning, to be precise—the "Mikasa" received a wireless message. It said: "Hostile ships are sighted." Brief, and indeed that was a message we had expected every moment. All the same, I doubt if the message of the sudden death of my mother falling out of the sky could cause so great an emotional storm as I felt at this announcement from our scout.

And the "Mikasa" unfurled the battle flag. At the same time she signaled to the vessels of the fleet: "Wagakuni no som mo kono ikkyo ni ari; sho shi sore doryuku seyo!" (The existence or death of our country hangs upon this action; both officers and men, do your utmost!)

We were busy for about one hour following the signal. Our ships were about to start upon their red bridal; we were

about to play a game with no less a stake than the life of the lands of the gods and the honor of the Hinomaru flag. Although we had spent many months in preparation for the day which seemed to be upon us at last, we wished to add a few finishing touches. About half past six, standing out to sea a little over five knots, the "Mikasa" signaled to the rest of the fleet, "Steam forth at half speed." The "Shikishima" led the principal squadron, the "Fuji," the "Asahi," the "Nisshin" and the "Kasuga" following in the order mentioned. Heeling the main squadron, the "Izumo" led the second squadron, with the pennant of Vice-Admiral Kamamura floating upon her. The fourth squadron followed, with the "Naniwa" at the head. Both the destroyer and torpedo boat flotillas accompanied us. Another message came to us from our scouting squadron; it read: "It seems that the enemy is making for the east channel." It was about nine o'clock; the "Mikasa" had joined the fleet and was leading the first squadron.

The day was clearing but foggy, and the wind was stronger than ever, and more than once the waves washed the foredeck of the "Mikasa." From portholes also water and spray dashed in. At times so great was the inrush of the sea that in a certain section of the ship there was more than a foot of water, through which men had to wade with shells before they could feed the guns. One sailor stumbled and fell in the water.

"Are you hurt—seriously?" asked a lieutenant.

"The shell is dry, sir," was the answer of the sailor.

And this aboard the "Mikasa," which is, as you know, a ship of fifteen thousand tons. Far astern the cruiser squadron we saw from where we stood tor-

pedo boat flotillas. One can imagine their plight. To us they appeared like a string of autumnal leaves flirting with something which seemed to be much more dangerous than fire—the anger of the sea.

“Only the mad would venture upon this sea on a torpedo boat,” I heard one of my comrades say.

“We are capable of a greater madness even than that,” some one retorted. “That is to say, under some circumstances—when the life and honor of the imperial land call us out to sea, for example.”

We had no prophets aboard the “Mikasa,” and none of us knew what fate had in store for us on that her own parade day. We had with us a worker of miracles called Admiral Togo. And that made most of us quite content. We knew that only a rather unexpected good humor on the part of luck would afford us time for lunch, and in the service of His Majesty’s navy we were expected to learn a few things besides putting our entire trust on that happy god called chance. So it came to pass that we found an unusual plenty of rice in our morning meal.

All was ready; the men were at their stations; to them only a signal was wanting. We steamed leisurely in the direction of Okinoshima. Meanwhile permission was given to men to take their rest after their own fashion—at their posts. And I look upon this rest as one of the most effective preparations made for the battle. In my round of inspection I had the pleasure of seeing those men—they had worked hard since five that morning—taking their ease according to their sweet pleasure. At every gun a few shells were gathered ready for an immediate call. And a number of our good sailors mistook the shells for pillows. The sight might have scandalized the arms factories all over the world, and if they could only listen to the “music of sleep” upon those shells, they would have been overwhelmed with compliments on their success in making soft pillows. As for me, who was not a manufacturer of ammunitions, the high snoring of our men had another message. In their sleep, profound as that of babes, I thought I heard a prophecy that was

quite pleasing to us. Moving about amid the all-absorbing rest of our men, I felt sure that the day was to be ours. At any rate you know, quite as well as I, that nothing could have told the tale of the iron nerve of those men better than their childlike sleep within the hour or two of what they all knew to be the greatest naval battle since the birth of sober-minded history, and upon which hung the destiny of their beloved land.

We steered east-southeast, then shifted to southwest. The fog began to kidnap the horizon. Very soon the Tsushima rose before us in her robe of silken fog, looking for all the world like a vision of the blessed Arabian memory.

All this while our scouting squadron had kept in touch with the enemy, steaming, in fact, almost parallel to their course and always out of range of their guns and always trying their prettiest to keep out of their vision as well. And on the “Mikasa” we received from time to time messages of the enemy’s approach through the wireless telegraphy. The enemy could have disturbed and interrupted our communications, but they seemed quite indifferent. They must have despised our strength at the Tsushima Straits heartily, for on that ground alone can one explain their carelessness in this respect, as in many others. Steadily they came, and it is impossible to restrain our admiration for this desperate courage of the Russian, for this lordly arrogance which seemed to say to us, “After all, you are Asiatics, are you not?” It was about one in the afternoon that we were thrilled at the first sight of our long-expected guest. There was about thirteen or fourteen thousand meters between us, and the hostile ships penciled their silhouettes against the dream-like curtain of fogs like the skeletons of phantom ships. I made out four battleships and in addition to them cruisers, coast defense ships, to the number of twelve, and there seemed to be a number of other ships—lighter cruisers and transports, perhaps—trailing to the rear. They seemed to be heading northeast in double column line ahead, and steaming at the speed of about twelve knots. At the first sight of our main squadrons the enemy seemed to falter a little. Soon, however, I saw them head boldly toward

us. Now we were already within ten knots of the Russians. We saw Okino-shima to southeast; we were about to enter into the effective range of fire. The wind, which was blowing fiercely out of the southwest, smote us full in the face, and naturally the same wind gave wings to the Russians, who were coming from almost opposite direction. Not wishing that the Russians have all the natural advantages on their side on the ground of our own choice, we ported the helm sharply. We were now steaming almost due west and our course made an acute angle with that of our enemy; steadily, without saying a single word, with the even tread which cowards do not know in the hour of battle, we closed in. It was at this time that I noticed from the "Mikasa," a change in the formation of the hostile ships. Their cruiser squadrons, which had been steaming to the port of the Russian battleship squadron as if to shield the heavier ships from our fire, standing as they did between our fleet and their own battleships, began now to drop to the rear and take their stations in a formation which was line ahead. And to the starboard shelter of this line of battle the Russian admiral wisely placed the still lighter ships of war and transports.

We saw with no small delight that we commanded a decided advantage in speed, just as we had expected. We could therefore determine at what point we should fight and in what manner. At high speed the flagship led the fleet across the path of the Russians. And the two contending fleets described the letter T with a curved roof.

It was about five minutes after two and the distance between the fleets was about thirteen or fourteen thousand meters. I saw a dainty ball of cotton belch from the barbette of the flagship of the enemy. Like the Chinese in the Battle of the Yellow Sea of ten years ago, the Russians opened the "ball." We did not reply. The Russian shells fell far short. Always the "Mikasa" led the fleet athwart the path of the Russians. Our gunners were ready; it is not strictly correct to say that they were impatient. They knew that their officers knew better than they the time when to fire. Moreover, there were before the

eyes of all of us objects which were very interesting and which had been carrying all the eyes of the world now for many months, and had brought and centered them to the Korean Straits over half the world. None might gainsay the splendor of that stately array of the Russians. Looking upon them, I for one could see very well how it was that Russia dreamed of a day when through them she should once again be the mistress of the Far Eastern waters.

Then the fitting word was spoken; our gunners received the order.

In an instant a thousand thunders fell upon the pallor of the sea.

Our superior speed carried us across the front of the advancing Russian line of battle, and as we steamed we concentrated our fire upon the Russian leader. As soon as we found ourselves across the front of the Russians and over to the starboard of the hostile line the "Mikasa" signaled to form the line in reverse order, and every ship turned sharply to port through 180 degrees, and so completely reversing the order of ships and the direction of the fleet. This brought the guns of our larboard broadside to the enemy. It was not altogether an unkindly turn, this maneuver. To our gunners in the starboard quarters who had kept open the floodgate of hell upon the devoted and heroic head of the Russians for some time it brought a few moments of grateful rest. And once again we rode back the way we came, across the path of Russian progress. The movement was repeated a number of times. At one time something made me turn my eyes to the ships of our fleet. They were keeping the stations beautifully. With their trains of smoke trailing far to the lee, curling here and there, and describing without a shadow of effort a thousand curves of grace and then finally vanishing away, they composed a picture at which I could not suppress the heavings of my breast. I could not see how on earth the Russians could find it in their hearts to deny them the merited title of the Mistress of the Three Seas.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the battle was waxing to its climax; our steel seed which we had sown with lavish generosity began to bring forth the fruits.

It was just about this time that two squadrons of our fleet detached themselves from the main line and disappeared in the fog which was closing in. They were not lost from view very long. When they reappeared they were upon the rear of the hostile ships. The enemy was bagged—bagged as a helpless rat in a trap. And looking back—for although I have little of foresight, I am always proud of my hindsight—I am inclined to think that fate, whom some of us in our black moments mistake for a football, and who is unquestionably wise, began to strike the hour which was to settle many things, among others the future of Asia, the doom of Russia's sea power upon the Pacific and a new day for the peace of the Far East. The confusion among the Russian ships increased; so also the rigor of the savage fire we maintained upon them. After three hours of fighting—that is to say, a little past five o'clock in the evening—I saw a Russian ship with one smokestack lose the freedom of motion and stagger drunkenly to the rear. She was vomiting a huge column of white smoke, evidently disabled. The constant pressure upon the head of the Russian line was telling upon the hostile ships and the enemy changed their course, heading west, leaving the unhappy ship to the mercy of our concentrated fire.

One of the heavy shots struck her mast, and you will be surprised how light a heavy military mast is sometimes. Like a feather in a storm it flew into the sea. Soon the fire mantled her completely; the sounds of many explosions reached us even above the din of our own guns. Gradually and finally wrapt in her funeral sheet of smoke and fire, the hapless ship began to list. The first victim of the battle. And it was the pitiful sight of her that brought the shout of *Banzai* which broke the human silence aboard the "Mikasa." We left the duty of *coup de grace* to the "Chitose" and destroyers. About thirty minutes after that we saw the ship disappear with one final explosion. Even as the sea which floats the cross of St. George and the Sun-round flag with equal amiableness was adding another skeleton in her closet we saw drop to the rear two other Russian ships, both in a sad plight. And they found

themselves within two thousand meters of the "Mikasa" as we steamed away from the last victim. And the prompt manner in which the heavy guns of our battleship squadron turned their fire upon the two ships made you think of a snow covered plain of the north and a pack of wolves on a horse which had lost his way. I noticed especially the fearful work which our twelve-inch guns and the ten-inch shells from the "Nisshin" wrought upon the two Russians. Within less than ten minutes one of them was on fire, fore and aft. Without even so much as a groan she took all we could give her, but not for very long. Like a man shot through the heart, I saw her pitch forward and dive rapidly, bow first. Very soon her stern was high out in the air. I shall never forget the ghastly pose it struck against the gray of the fog and the white of the angry sea, with her propeller marking a sort of funeral cross. Turning almost completely over, she went down.

Once more we headed off the main squadron of Russia and once again we centered our fire upon the "Kniaz Suvaroff." Fire broke out upon her; white columns of smoke towered into the sky and I saw vivid tongues of fire stalking upon her upper decks. From the way her guns were served, and judging from the courage with which she fought, you would have said that the hail of shots in which she was wrapped and all the fires caused thereby were too trifling an incident for the Russians to call for serious attention. If it were the courage of desperation, theirs was certainly splendid. The "Kniaz Suvaroff" and her comrades seemed to have centered their fire on the second ships in our squadrons even more than upon the flagships themselves. Not only with our first squadron, but the same was the case with the second squadron. It may be that the enemy thought the admirals were aboard the second ship in each squadron instead of upon the ships which carried their flags. The "Azuma" suffered a good deal from the concentration of hostile shots; she was second in our armored cruiser squadron. One of the shots struck one of her guns and destroyed it completely. Another struck the casemate of a gun which was placed below

her aft conning tower. The shell pierced it and on entering it exploded. The excessive violence of the explosion dismounted a twelve-pounder which was on the deck above and wounded Commander Togo, who at the time was in the conning tower.

All through the action the fog prevented our seeing even with the assistance of a binocular a distance of more than six knots. In outmaneuvering the enemy we steamed out of their sight often. Five times we disappeared from the enemy's sight and five times we returned into the effective range of fire. And each time we met we spent about thirty minutes in the actual exchange of fire. From a little after two, when the Russians wasted a couple of trial shots, to about seven, which saw the conclusion of the fleet action of the day, there were three solid hours of fighting.

At about six o'clock, when the dusk was beginning to fall, we noticed a singular behavior on the part of the Russians. To our eyes they seemed to disperse. In their apparent disorder they had, nevertheless, one thing common to them all: All were trying to head northward. As we had done before, the main strength of our fleet threw itself across their path and brought the guns to bear upon the head of the Russian line.

It was about 6.50 p. m. that a heavy shell shattered the main mast of the "Borodino." She was on fire. Like a strong man whom you see in tears, the last hour of a battleship touches you to the heart. Ten minutes later she turned turtle. Seven strokes from a clock tolled her knell; lying on her side she went down. And the night, which had covered many a historic wreck of human strife, rung down the curtain once more upon the blood and fire of this perhaps the greatest naval action in history.

Our principal squadrons drew away to the north; it was the hour for the torpedo boats. It was about 7.20 that I saw through the twilight, which was darkening over the sea more and more, the flotillas steaming away from the protection of our heavier vessels, headed for the profiles of the Russian ships melting away into the night. The Russians were expecting them, and a sudden deluge of shots spoke their greet-

ing to the frail craft, which seemed to live on that sea through a miracle. We covered the reckless advance of the torpedo flotillas with a steady fire, and so the belligerent fleets passed into the darkness. At about eight o'clock we began to hear the tunes of the torpedoes which had gone home. A little later, out of the night and from the direction in which our torpedo flotillas had disappeared, a strange sound reached us. It was weird in the extreme; shrieks of human voices they undoubtedly were; nevertheless the distance had mellowed the sharper notes and translated them into a ghostly melody. You would have said that the restless and unhappy souls, escaped from the nirvana, storm tossed and heartbroken, with the black memories of the sins of yore, were calling out of an angry sea for a honey drop or two of sympathy from their brothers in the flesh. There seemed to us more than six hundred voices in the chorus. It was impossible to tell whether the shrieks were from our men or from the throats of the drowning enemies—perhaps both.

We shaped our course to the northwest; we were certain that the Russians would make for Vladivostok. With the exception of the ships detailed on special duties we made for the rendezvous north of the Liancourt Rocks. The communications among the vessels of the fleet were maintained throughout the night—not without difficulty, however. The Russians, so indifferent at first about the communications among the vessels of our fleet through wireless telegraphy, were now very active in disturbing it. A little before the break of day, on the 28th of May, we received a message from our scout; it confirmed our belief and read: "The remnant of the hostile fleet is making for Vladivostok."

About twelve miles to the east of Takebe Bay, a little before ten o'clock in the morning, we sighted five ships of the enemy—the "Orel," the "Emperor Nicholas I.," the "Admiral Seniavin" and the "General Admiral Apraxine" and a cruiser. And the cruiser was the "Izumrud," as we came to find out later. Almost as soon as we hove into view she detached herself from the squadron and, shaping her course straight for Vladivostok, steamed away at full

speed. We opened fire upon the four Russians; at first they showed a half hearted sign of resistance. Presently their fire ceased. There was something abrupt and sudden in this silence of the hostile guns. Outwardly they did not seem as if their fighting power were gone. Naturally our glasses wandered over them in search after the reason. They rested for a moment upon the halyard of the "Orel."

Above the cross of St. George another color was flying.

It was the Sun-flag of Nippon.

The Capture of Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky

By a Japanese Officer Aboard the "Sasanami."

In the night of the 27th of May, three Nippon destroyers found themselves together, the "Sasanami," the "Usukumo" and the "Kasumi." The hour was far gone; the sea was black, smothered with fog, stormy. All of a sudden we bumped literally into a line of Russian cruisers. Upon the "Sasanami" we felt that the last hour for the ship and the men was upon us. The Russians must have discovered us at about the same time as we saw them, and they opened fire all the more terrific because the stormy night and the short distance emphasized the savageness of it all. The "Kasumi," which was leading, ported the helm sharply and raced across the line of the Russian advance and both the "Sasanami" and "Usukumo" were forced to steam through the hostile line and escape to the rear of the cruisers. As we succeeded in steaming out of the danger zone we felt as a man who had just walked through a dream and a miracle. We were safe and sound—without a scratch. Doubtless the reason was because we were too close for the enemy's guns to do us harm. Soon after that, in the dense darkness of the night, the "Sasanami" lost the company of her sisters.

On the morning of the following day, the 28th of May, at about ten o'clock, we saw from the "Sasanami" two columns of smoke floating above the horizon. Whether they were friends or foe we had not the slightest clue to determine. We were sent to hunt for the remnants of the Russian fleet and if possible to destroy or capture the vessels which had

been crippled in the action of the 27th. We were therefore tempted to find out a little more of those telltale columns of smoke. At thirty knots an hour we steamed straight in the direction of the strangers. As we approached, two pairs of masts began to emerge above the horizon, supporting the two leisurely plumes of smoke. Very soon, through the glasses, we saw that they were two destroyers. They were flying the Russian flag. We were now within range of guns and we lost no time in opening fire upon them. Almost with the first flash from our guns one of the Russian destroyers cut and ran. The other, however, to all appearances, looked as if nothing was happening; she stood still, hardly less indifferent than one of the stray rocks in the Sea of Nippon. Moreover, we noted that she did not return our fire. For a moment therefore we suspended our fire and searched her with our glasses. Atop of her foremast a white flag was waving and instead of the cross of St. George the red cross flag was floating from her stern halyard. The "Sasanami" signaled her to explain herself. The Russian signaled back: "Our engine is damaged; coal has given out and we are in need of water," and the signal went on to say that there were two admirals aboard her. There was no frantic shouts of the *banzai* at this unexpected news aboard the "Sasanami" and the chief reason of our soberness was unquestionably because the news seemed to us altogether too good to be true. Moreover, did not we hear so much of the cleverness of the Russian at a ruse? It is a simple paragraph of history, however, that we did not lose a single moment to board the Russian destroyer. The officers of the boarding party carried the Nippon swords and the men were armed with pistols. And we were quite ready for whatever might happen. The destroyer was the "Biedovy"; she had a complement of eighty men and officers aboard her. Besides them we found aboard her Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, the head of his staff and eight other officers under them. The day before, it seems, the flagship of the Russian admiral had been sunk and the admiral, severely wounded, had been transferred with some of his staff officers to the "Bie-

dovy" upon which, as the strange entangling of human paths would have it, we fell so unwittingly. The capture of the commanding admiral of the Russian fleet is certainly the climax, and a rather dramatic one too, of the Battle of the Sea of Nippon—that at least is what you would be likely to say and the rest of the world with you. All the same we were not in the least happy over the capture of the hapless admiral. Neither would you have been had you seen his sad condition—bleeding there, in the narrow room of the destroyer. To us the surgical attention tendered him seemed decidedly inadequate. What an ending of that famous trip of his and his fleet over half the globe! One thing touched us all more than I could tell you. It was the respectful attitude of the officers and men under him toward their commander. And both officers and men of the "Biedovy" begged us to leave their admiral at peace there where he lay. We could not find it in our hearts to refuse this request, and as a matter of fact we did not insist on removing the admiral to our ship. We escorted only nine officers of the "Biedovy" to the "Sasanami" and through them we accepted the surrender of their destroyer. All this took a great deal of time—the detail of the surrender and the examination aboard the Russian ship and so on, and already the night was upon us. The "Biedovy" was disabled; it was necessary to tow her. We made in the direction of the Liancourt Rocks; we could only make ten knots. The night was black and none of us could tell when we might come, as indeed we did in the night before, upon the remnant of the Russian fleet, against whom we would not like to pitch our frail strength. Ah, well, said we to ourselves, when it comes to that there is only one thing for us—we shall find a common grave, both the Russians and ourselves, in the knightly Sea of Nippon. We were sure that on our journey through the shadow world we would not be without companions. It was a heavy load for the "Sasanami." Knowing how quickly she can race when she is herself, she was impatient, creaked, groaned and swayed. Not so long after

we started on perhaps the most historic journey that will likely be given in the life of the "Sasanami." There was a sharp sound of something snapping. Our ship shot ahead like a bird out of a cage. It was the tow-rope that broke. Whether it were our impatience which lengthened the time I do not know. It seemed an eternity before we could get under way. And the rough sea which washed our deck all the while added not a little to our embarrassment. After having fastened the "Biedovy" on that dark night we are fairly qualified to attempt the work of threading a needle while you are jolting along a Korean road.

Once upon a time there was a countryman of ours who jolted along the Korean road upon the springless cart of the native. For some reason he saw the necessity of threading a needle as he rode. When he came home to Nippon his friends did not recognize him; in him they only saw a curio—a man with his temper completely wrecked. All that I have to say is that he ought to have worked upon the "Sasanami" on the night of the 29th; we who have, can only find a light entertainment in his trials on a Korean road. The work done at last and we were about to heave a sigh of relief, when—and no number of exclamations would do justice to our feeling of the hour—once again the rope was in twain. Another eternity of trials in the dark; and it is well that the men of the Nippon Navy are permitted to shake hands with that refined state of mind called despair only on the pages of romance. When we made good the rope once again we had a distance to steam before we met the new day coming out of the eastern horizon.

And it was in the virgin light of the 30th of May, 1905, that we were permitted to behold the face of the Buddha in the distant form of our cruiser "Akashi," which bore down upon us.

Our troubles were over, and every one of us swore that we would not take ten lives in Paradise for the trials of the pitiless night in which we made the acquaintance of Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky.

The Fooling of the Mongrels

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD," "THE KINDRED OF THE WILD," ETC.

THE season of the early spring thaws was a time of anxiety and discomfort for the great Red Fox of the Ridge. He hated the wet and the slumping snows, and the hunt became a toil rather than a joy. His mate, moreover, being heavy with young, was not inclined to play and wrestle and run races as she had been. She hunted near home, but back among the rocks, of course, and never down toward the valley, and Red Fox brought home to her the larger share of his own captures. For his own part he now became particularly cautious, never going down into the Settlement at all. But he got into the habit of making a long, toilsome journey over the ridge and down into the next valley, and compensating himself for the extra hardships by taking easy toll of the farmyards at the foot of Ringwaak. He calculated that these depredations would never be laid to the charge of a fox living so far away as he.

But in this, as it proved, he was reckoning without allowance for his reputation. He wronged his own renown. When the folk under Ringwaak began to feel the attacks of a particularly daring and clever enemy they immediately thought of the big fox of the neighboring valley, of whose exploits they had heard such tales. Inquiry in the neighboring valley revealed the fact that of late nothing had been seen or heard of the notable marauder. From this it was readily inferred that he had shifted his field of operations. Thereupon there were many efforts made to trail the audacious raider back to his lair. But the trail invariably lost itself among rocks and ravines and tumbled thickets before it reached the summit of the ridge. Of traps and snares, of course, scores were set; but these were always treated with contumelious scorn or else given a wide berth. So it came about at last that a message was sent over to the next valley asking the farmers to hunt down their

troublesome furry outlaw, or at least to keep him at home.

Not without a certain pride did the Settlement accept this tribute to their famous fox's prowess. But at the same time it was agreed that something had to be done. The Boy, who had a personal interest in the great fox's achievements, smiled wisely and said that whatever was done Red Fox would not be the one to regret it. But Jabe Smith, the woodsman and trapper, undertook to lead a hunt, with his two dogs, that should end in Red Fox's final discomfiture or he'd know the reason why.

For some inexplicable reason, just at this juncture Red Fox's anxiety and apprehension increased amazingly. It was as if the stir of hostility down in the valley were conveyed to him by some subtle telepathic force, or as if some inquisitive blue jay, having overheard Jabe Smith's plans, had brought word in some occult way to Red Fox of the mischief brewing against him. Let the scientist, if he will, take the one explanation and the lover of fairy tale and fable the other. Or perhaps the responsibility of approaching fatherhood sharpened his memory, and he recalled certain tragic events which had forced his mother to flee from her old lair in the sunny bank. However that may be, one evening, after a fit of aimless restlessness, he ran and sniffed inquiringly about the entrance to that old den under the juniper bush. Something which he saw there stirred remembrance and decided him. Returning to his own lair, half by force and half by coaxing, he succeeded in ejecting his reluctant mate, who was now very near her time and much averse to quitting such snug quarters. This feat accomplished, he resolutely led her away up to the crest of the ridge to a sort of rude little cave which he had found in the side of a rocky ravine. This done, and his mate—because she could not help herself or make head against his

dominance—apparently reconciled, his restless solicitude vanished. He went back alone to the den in the bank and waited to see what was going to happen. He was now less careful about his hunting grounds and permitted himself, in his confidence, to range once more the lower slopes and the fringes of the Settlement.

When Jabe Smith was ready for the grand hunt he bethought him of that old den on the hillside where the Fox family had been "dug out" of house and home the previous year. He had not thought of this place before, because he knew that the scene of such tragic discomfiture and defeat would be the very last one that an ordinary fox would choose to live in. But it occurred to him now that Red Fox was no ordinary fox and might be cunning enough to regard such a place as the safest retreat of all. With the Boy as a critical and unsympathetic but much interested spectator, and two young farmers as assistant huntsmen, and his two dogs, a half breed hound and a big black-and-white mongrel, to do the real work, Jabe Smith led the way to that secluded hole in the bank far up the hillside.

"You'll never find him there, Jabe," jeered the Boy encouragingly, from time to time. And Jabe, having his own misgivings on the subject, maintained a strategic silence.

Within a hundred yards of the bank, however, the dogs, who had been quartering the soft and shrunken snow on every side, suddenly set up a chorus of excited yelpings and bayings. They had come upon a perfect tangle of fox tracks. Jabe Smith's gaunt face broke into a liberal grin, and, turning to the Boy triumphantly, he cried:

"There, now, what did I tell you?"

The two young men ran forward in exultant glee, expecting to find Red Fox securely cornered in the hole and to dig him out at their leisure. But the Boy, tho in his heart troubled and surprised, kept an undiscouraged face and advised the hunters not to crow too soon.

As the dogs were obviously confused by the tangle of trails, Jabe called them straight to the mouth of the old den behind the juniper. They thrust their noses into it eagerly, gave an inquiring

sniff, and turned away in scorn. Jabe's face fell, for it was obvious from their manner that no foxes had for a long time lived in that hole. The Boy tried to think of some sarcasm suited to the occasion; but before anything could be said on either side the dogs raced up the bank and set up a joyous chorus at the mouth of another cunningly hidden den.

"Now, what did I tell you?" cried Jabe again, with no great variation of vocabulary, and the two young men shouted, "We've got him this time!" But the Boy, obstinately optimistic, assumed an air of authority and remarked:

"There's *been* something there. But that doesn't prove it's there now! And you needn't think it'll be Red Fox, anyway!"

"We'll soon find out!" said Jabe Smith, taking some rags from his pocket and proceeding to smear them with a mixture of gunpowder and wet snow.

Having constructed the "spitting devil" to his satisfaction he tied it securely to the tip of a slender birch sapling, like a fishing pole. Then, calling the eager dogs to one side, he lighted the rags and thrust the blazing, sputtering mass carefully into the hole.

"Ef ther's anything in there, I don't keer if it's a tiger, that's goin' to fetch him out!" said Jabe. As all the on-lookers fully agreed with him there was no reply, but every one waited with eyes fixed intently on the hole. Slowly the sapling worked its way till it came to a resolute stop at a distance of about ten feet in. Here Jabe turned and twisted it hopefully, but there came forth nothing except volumes of evil-smelling smoke.

The Boy gave a little derisive laugh, and Jabe, dropping the end of the sapling, acknowledged regretfully that there was no fox at home.

"But he was there just a minute ago," said he doggedly, "or the scent wouldn't 'a' been so hot an' the dogs so worked up. An' it's Red Fox himself, or he couldn't 'a' got away so slick. He's somewhere's round, an' we'll git him." With this he sent the dogs off over the bank to pick up the trail by which the crafty fugitive had departed.

Red Fox meanwhile had been watching the whole scene from that safe little ledge of rock whence he had once before

made note of a kindred performance. This time, however, his feelings were very different. He knew his own powers and he pretty well understood his opponents', and he realized that as long as he took care to keep out of Jabe Smith's way he had the game in his own hands. With Jabe he would take no chances, but the dogs he would fool to the top of their bent. As for the rest of the party he was not greatly concerned about them. The Boy he knew was not hostile, and the two young men did not seem wood-wise enough to be dangerous. But there was one thing certain, he did not want the dogs to come sniffing about among the rocks on top of the ridge. He slipped down, therefore, from his post of observation and ran a fresh trail across his old one, toward the lowlands. Five minutes later the dogs were in full cry at his heels, and he could hear the men crashing along clumsily behind.

The running was heavy—deep, moist snow in the woods and sloppy, stick turf in the open spaces; but Red Fox knew that these conditions told more severely on his heavy pursuers than on himself. For a time he ran straight on, without doublings or tricks, in order to get the dogs well ahead of the slow-going men. When this was accomplished to his satisfaction he amused himself for a minute or two with wild, fantastic leaps from trunk to trunk in a patch of felled timber, and then circled back to see what Jabe Smith was doing. He felt it absolutely necessary to know Jabe's tactics in this contest before finally deciding upon his own. In this backward reconnaissance he ran at top speed, and was back within a half mile of his starting point while the puzzled dogs were still whimpering about the patch of felled timber. Fast as he ran, however, he kept all his wits about him, speeding through thick underbrush and never exposing himself to a possible shot from that dreaded firearm of Jabe's. And suddenly, not fifty yards off, he caught sight of Jabe himself, patiently watching a runaway.

This sight gave Red Fox a pang of sharp apprehension, so terrible seemed the cunning which had led the woodsman to keep watch at that particular spot. And there beside him, sitting on a stump and motionless as the stump,

was the Boy. It was just the place where Red Fox *would* have run under ordinary circumstances or if he had been an ordinary fox. It was only, indeed, his unsleeping caution that had saved him. Instead of keeping to his runway he had warily paralleled it at a distance of about fifty yards, and so his cunning had fairly outdone that of the backwoodsman.

Watching his enemies with almost a touch of contempt from his safe hiding Red Fox lay down for a few minutes' rest. Then, hearing the dogs at last in full cry on his back track, he rose up, stretched himself, gave a yawn that seemed to nearly split his jaws, and stole around behind Jabe and the Boy, whose eyes were now fairly glued to the runway in the momentary expectation of his coming. He yawned again in scorn, ran swiftly back to the door of his den, zig-zagged for a couple of minutes in that tangle of tracks just below it, then headed down along the shore of the brook, whose channel was now open wherever the current was swift.

As he ran his plans took definite shape. His object being to lead the chase far away from the ridge, he had no motive for puzzling his pursuers any more than enough to keep them from pressing him too closely. The brook was too swollen and angry to be easily fordable except where the ice stil lingered in the stretches of dead water. But in one place he crossed it by skillful leaps from rock to rock amid the foam, because he knew that the dogs were less sure footed than he and might possibly have some trouble in the crossing. Half a mile further down, where there was firm ice, he crossed back again, gathering from the voices of his pursuers that they had not found the crossing as difficult as he had hoped they would. Then he put on a burst of speed and made for a remote little farm on the outskirts of the Settlement, where he thought he could give the dogs something to puzzle over while he rested for another long run. Having thoroughly explored every farmyard for a half score miles about, he knew just which ones had any tactical advantages to offer him.

At the farm in question the chicken house was a lean-to shed set against the

side of the cow-barn. The lower edge of the roof was about four feet from the ground, and beneath it was a small hole leading to a spacious hollow under the floor. From a thicket just outside the farmyard Red Fox took a careful observation to assure himself that there was no one about the premises. The wagon was gone from the shed over on the other side of the well so he knew the farmer was away. There was no face at the kitchen window. The big gray cat dozed on the doorstep. He darted to the hole under the chicken house and with some difficulty squeezed himself in.

This feat accomplished, he promptly squeezed his way out again. Then, standing in his trail, he made a splendid leap straight into the air and landed on the sloping roof of the lean-to. From here he ran nimbly up to the roof of the cow-barn and down the other side and across the high road and into a field of thick young evergreens. Here he lay down with a sense of security to enjoy a well earned rest.

It was fully five minutes after this before the dogs arrived, their tongues hanging out. They ran straight to the hole under the chicken house, and there, in spite of their fatigue, they set up a wild chorus of triumph. They had run their quarry to earth. The hole, however, was so small that they could not force a way in, and the ground all about it was still frozen, so they could not dig an entrance with their claws. The black-and-white mongrel kept on scratching valiantly, however, while the half-breed hound, keeping his nose close to the foundations, made a swift but careful circuit of the cow-barn to assure himself that there was no other exit. Had he ranged away from the foundations he would, of course, have picked up the crafty fugitive's trail where he had made a great leap from the roof to the haystack and thence far out into the field. But the hound was methodical and kept close to work, and he came back to his companion, therefore, quite assured that the quarry was there in hiding.

When, some ten minutes later, the hunters came up panting and hot they were as completely deceived as the dogs. Even the Boy, when he saw there was but one exit, and that guarded by the

self-satisfied dogs, was fain to acknowledge that poor Red Fox's sagacity had failed him at last. With the fugitive at last securely cornered there seemed to be no need of further haste, so a leisurely council of war was held behind the chicken house, the Boy sorrowfully aloof. At length it was decided that the only thing to do was to stop up the hole, then get leave to take up some boards of the hen-house floor.

This extreme measure, however, was not to be carried out. While he was talking about it Jabe Smith chanced to lean upon the hen-house roof, just at the point where Red Fox had made his cunning leap. It chanced that Jabe's nose, tho not so keen as the Boy's, was nevertheless capable of detecting the fresh scent of a fox on a surface so absorbent as a roof of dry shingles. He sniffed suspiciously, smelled the roof carefully as far up as he could reach, then turned to the Boy with an air of humbly confessing defeat.

"The critter's fooled us again!" said he.

"How? What do you mean?" cried the Boy, with glad incredulity, while the other two stood bewildered.

"He's not in there at all!" said Jabe, recovering himself. "He's gone up yonder over the roof. We'll find his trail all right somewhere round behind the barn! You watch!"

Ordering the reluctant dogs to follow, he led the way around behind the barn, and then, with shrewd discernment, around the haystack. Here the dogs picked up the trail at once and were off with savage cries, furious at the way they had been fooled. But as for Jabe, he was filled with a sense of triumph in the very face of defeat. The Boy had said humbly: "That beats me, Jabe. You know more about them than I do, after all. However did you find out where he'd gone?"

"Why," said Jabe, shamelessly prevaricating, "I just thought what would be the very smartest kind of a trick, an' I knowed that was what that red varmint would be up to!"

Red Fox meanwhile, resting in his covert among the dense young evergreens, was filled with indignant amazement at hearing the cries of the dogs so

soon again on his trail. What had gone wrong with his admirable stratagem? Promptly and properly he laid the blame upon the dreaded Jabe, and his sagacious eyes narrowed with something like apprehension. For a moment he paused, considering anxiously. Then, making a short circle, he doubled back and ran along parallel with the road, keeping himself carefully out of sight lest he should attract a gunshot. He was heading for the mill pond at the further side of the Settlement, where a small stream, a tributary of his own brook, had been dammed and harnessed and forced to do the grinding and wool carding of all the Ringwaak region.

Tho the stream at ordinary seasons was small, the pond it fed was large, and just now, under the stress of the spring thaws, a heavy volume of water was pouring noisily through the open floodgates of the dam. Red Fox's mood was now an ugly one. At no time anything approaching a humanitarian, he now felt a trifle harassed and crowded. If all his pursuers—the dogs, and the men, and the harmless Boy together—had had but one neck, a long, slender neck like that of a wild goose, what keen joy it would have given him to put his fine white teeth crunching through it! He was ready to take great risks in the hope of doing some hurt to his persecutors.

The dogs, following a plain trail, with the scent so hot that it hung in the air, were now following close, with the hunters far behind and out of gunshot. When Red Fox reached the edge of the mill pond, which was still partly frozen over, he stepped out upon the ice, testing it shrewdly. Then, returning to the shore, he ran on down toward the dam.

For a space of thirty feet or so above the roaring floodgates the pond was open. The edges of the ice were rapidly rotting away as the water surged up beneath. On the bank above Red Fox hesitated, lagging as if exhausted, and turned as if he were at last brought to bay. Seeing this the dogs broke into fiercer clamor and rushed forward madly. At last it seemed the game was in their hands.

Not till they were within a dozen paces of him did Red Fox stir. Then, whipping about as if defiance had given way

to uncontrollable fear, he darted straight out upon the dangerous ice. Either instinct or a peculiarly shrewd and unerring judgment told him that the ice-fringe above the sluice was strong enough to bear his weight if he went swiftly and smoothly. With the dogs a few yards behind him he sped safely over. The next moment, above the roar of the sluice, came a crunching sound and a startled yelping from the black-and-white mongrel. Looking over his shoulder with narrowed eyes of triumph Red Fox saw his enemies in the water, pawing wildly at the rotten edges of the ice, which kept breaking away.

Past the drenched strugglers the bits of broken ice went streaming, to vanish in the loud turmoil of the fall. Red Fox ran on to the shelter of a bush up the shore, then turned to enjoy his revenge. The dogs were still clutching wildly at the ice and the treacherous ice still yielded under their clutches. As he watched, a larger piece, some three or four feet square, separated itself under the attack of the black-and-white mongrel, just as he succeeded in dragging himself out upon it. The next moment it slipped swiftly off with its exhausted passenger, wallowed into the roaring floodgates, plunged over the fall and vanished amid the rocks and smother below. With deepest satisfaction Red Fox observed this tragic end of one of his enemies. Then the men came in sight once more; so he crept away stealthily beyond gunshot and continued his run over toward the hills overlooking the Ottanoonsis Valley. But there was really no need of his running any further. When the hunters arrived on the bank of the pond the half-breed hound was just dragging himself out of the water, thoroughly cowed. The mongrel was nowhere to be seen, but it was easy to guess what had happened to him. The party halted and Jabe whistled the dejected hound to his feet and sympathetically patted his wet head.

"I saw Red Fox," said the Boy gravely—sorry for the black-and-white mongrel's fate—"just slipping into the woods 'way up yonder!"

"Reckon we might's well be gittin' back home!" remarked Jabe, turning on his heels.

A Theatrical Press Agent's Confession and Apology

[The author of the following frank article is an honest and most estimable gentleman, enjoying our sincerest esteem and personal acquaintanceship. His parents, we believe, were foreign missionaries.—EDITOR.]

AT the outset of my story I want to say that I have never noised the report of my own death, never "mysteriously lost" my client's diamonds; never tried to break into a jail, nor ever hewed so close to the line of duty as to land me there by means of the law's strong arm. This is not a burglar's confession, tho it begins like one. I have known heroic workers in my calling who have done all four—but let that pass. Shakespeare remarks somewhere that there be land rats and water rats, land pirates and water pirates, and while denying burglary *et al.*, I am quite willing to be classed as the pirate of the newspaper profession—a theatrical press agent.

I first flew the Jolly Roger a few years ago in response to the urgings of a fellow journalist who had fallen from the estate of a managing editor into that of a producer of plays for "rube" consumption. He had a silken voice and an ingratiating manner, which were taxed to their utmost at the end of poor seasons in staving off the requests of actors for back pay. At the time I speak of, however, he rejoiced in the possession of a star of the sixth or seventh magnitude, whom he meant to exploit in the society drama. The star and her friends had raised a little money for the expenses of the tour, and all was rosy.

"My dear boy," said the manager, winningly, "the newspaper business is but a stepping stone to other callings. Where you earn probably two thousand a year as a newspaper writer, you will earn from three to five thousand a year as a press agent. And then think of the independence you gain—no more white slaving at the editor's desk until all hours of the night; master of your own time and movements; all that is required being to get plenty of good articles into the papers and attend to the necessary busi-

ness details. And the prospect of advancement, too—what's to hinder your becoming a Billy Brady or a Kirke La Shelle? Tell you what I'll do—pay you from the start a salary \$500 a year better than your newspaper gives you! Will you take it?" Whereat he smiled.

I closed with the offer.

"Now the first thing," said I, "I want an interview with the star."

Just a shade of annoyance crossed the manager's face. "W-e-ll, I—think—that—can—be—arranged."

I got my interview and enough good stuff out of it to last me in the way of newspaper copy for some days. Then I sought the manager and requested more facts.

"Facts," he said oracularly, "are dangerous in this business. If I were you I should not worry about facts."

"You expect me to make bricks without straw?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "you want something to go upon. Think up something yourself. Anything you think of goes." Whereat he departed to interview his backer on high finance.

"I thought of" the play, the dramatist, the actors, the stage manager, the railroad traffic agent, even the stage carpenter and the property man. I guess for a time I must have made life miserable for some of these gentry, trying to extract news (where there was no news) out of brainless actors and colorless *attachés*.

Finally the whole secret of the thing came to me, as if by inspiration. "Fool!" I said to myself. "You have been trying to play the Hume and the Macauley to these people when regarding the whole kit of them there's absolutely nothing worth putting pen to paper. You must dramatize them, my boy, dramatize them. The talents of a Dickens or a Dumas are required here, not the cold historian of

fact. The plausible, not the actual, should be your aim. At any rate, you can make the late Baron Munchausen look stupid—and unnecessary."

The flag was up, my pirate craft was scudding in a ten-knot breeze, and the following week I brought her to port in a remote New England town, where we were to open our tour. On the morning of my arrival the newspapers displayed lurid headlines announcing that the business manager of "The Girl from Dresden" company had committed suicide by throwing himself into a nearby lake. For evidence, his coat and hat had been found at the lakeside; and a swarm of reporters were buzzing about the local theater manager, who was loudly bewailing the fate of poor W—— when he was not shifting his gaze to wink at me.

"That's a silly trick," I remarked after the reporters had gone. "W—— must turn up and make himself known in the next town and then the whole story is queered."

"Never thought of that," said the manager. The event proved as I had predicted. W—— was seen in the flesh in a neighboring city the very same day, the State papers geyed him unmercifully and the populace was so disgusted at the fake that they practically boycotted the unfortunate "Girl from Dresden," and the company itself was stranded. Instead of the high tragedy of suicide, W—— suffered the real and sordid one of walking the railroad ties back to New York.

Another's failure did not daunt me. I knew that my star, as it happened, was versed in Indian lore, and I decided to organize a great warlike demonstration in her honor among the Indians of a reservation not far distant. This was no easy task. The Indians were as comfortable and lazy a set of redskins as you ever set eyes on. They ate, slept and smoked in huge content; the sound of one of their ancestors' warwhoops would probably have scared them out of their wits; and the notion of going on the warpath and engaging in mimic battle was as distasteful to them as was the appearance of the British men-of-war to Peter Stuyvesant and his fat New Amsterdam councilors in 1661. But an Indian likes the green wampum issued

by Uncle Sam; and the show of a great deal of it and the gift of a little induced them to elect Madame —— a member of the tribe forthwith and to promise to initiate her the next week by means of a genuine snake dance and terrifying martial orgies. When I carried the story to the papers I saw that I had made a great hit. Not only did they print columns of it but special correspondents telegraphed it broadcast over New England, even unto Boston, Providence and New Haven, so that Madame —— became the most talked of woman in the Puritan country for many a long day.

From New England we traveled leisurely across New York State, taking only the two and three night stands, and into Ohio, where the finger of dull business indicated to me that unusual exertion was necessary. The State Game Warden of Ohio at that time was a very busy man. Besides his usual onerous duties of protecting the feathered and furry creatures of forest and field, a freak law obliged him to make active war on milliners, citizenesses and sundry others who wore feathers or had feathers of game birds in their possession. The spectacle of the solemn and portentous State Warden battling over aigrettes with male and female milliners—yea, plucking them, if stern duty demanded, from the very headpieces of fashion's votaries—caused me to shriek with laughter. Then I smiled broadly as the thought struck me that if the Warden made such war on native Ohioans he surely ought to extend his hostility to our traveling company. One could fairly see him rising from his seat in the pit of the theater with dreadful utterance: "In the name of the State of Ohio I command you to take off those hats!"

I called him up on the telephone.

"Mr. Warden, the ladies of our company wish a permit from you to wear their aigrettes on the stage next Tuesday."

"What?" he snapped.

"Theatrical company—plays Great Southern Theater—ladies wear feathers in their hats—"

"They mustn't—it's against the law."

"But they will—"

"They won't!" he roared.

"I say they will."

"Young man, I warn you," the tones came slowly back, "defy the laws of this sovereign State at your peril! I'm after the milliners right now, but if you meddlin' New Yorkers come in here, settin' my authority at defiance, I'll close the show and lock up every one of you!" And he put the receiver back on the hook with a bang.

As every journalist knows, a quarrel (next to a scandal in high life) is the best kind of a story, and I was not slow in carrying my version of the fracas to the editors. The newspapers swallowed the tempting bait, hook, line and sinker. The anti-feather crusade was already warm, and this fed the flame. The merry war raged for a week; some were for the ungallant Warden, others for the actresses; but when the company came to town it was found that not a woman had a feather in her stage hat! Whether the acting manager confiscated all the feathers beforehand or whether there really weren't any feathers at all, I haven't been able to discover.

We were now getting down into Henry Watterson's demesne. That eminent publicist was blowing off steam about the "wickedness" of Newport and the Four Hundred. From our point of view no journalistic whale or minnow fish could have spouted at a better time. We carried a play of "types." That is to say, our dramatists, instead of going to the trouble of creating original characters, had copied the chief figures of New York's social pageant, tagged them out with fictitious names, and set them forth in a lame and halting imitation of how society wears clothes and makes love. Lest any doubt should remain in the bucolic mind as to who they were, my press notices carefully explained the identity of each mime and prototype and gleefully narrated the manner in which the Four Hundred and their theatric counterparts surveyed each other betwixt stage and stage box at the New York presentation. I had very little to do in Louisville. Each editorial thunderclap of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* was as an army with banners to our cause. Honest John Macauley's face glowed with delight as he saw us turn people away from his theater at three packed performances. Doubtless, a part

of his share of the winnings went to pay a stranded actor's board or to help some unlucky dog of a stroller back to his home town. For that is Honest John Macauley's way.

The South liked us from Jacksonville to Louisville and from Norfolk to Memphis. If it didn't like our play, for the most part it was too polite to say so. There are no better fellows in the world than Southern newspaper men. Dogmatic on social and political questions, they are yet singularly free from meanness, jealousy and the other traits that outcrop wherever industrial competition grows too fierce. The story that carries its Open Sesame to their hearts is of the beautiful Southern girl in reduced circumstances who has taken to the stage in hopes of becoming a Bernhardt or Duse. We had one—I mean both the story and the girl. She hailed from Norfolk and she crowded the doors for us both there and in other places. What mattered it that she couldn't act, was a silly chit off the stage and a gawk upon it—the Southern people, in their pride and loyalty of race, applauded her as frantically as if she had been an accomplished star. And the dry goods merchant's son in Chattanooga! He was really a clever chap, a dancer and songster, a thorough comedian, whom his father had tried to make something grave and reverend of, and had failed. Throughout the Central South that boy was a veritable pillar of the drama.

As we settled down to the routine of steady traveling I realized more and more the importance of the prosaic business side of my calling. Let me explain that every theatrical performance is the result of a contract between the proprietor of the "house" and the manager of the touring company to share expenses and divide receipts. The local dignitary furnishes theater, tickets, programs, stage setting, employees, a stated quota of advertising, the use of billboards; the traveling manager provides play and players, advertisement and newspaper copy, scenery, costumes and "paper," meaning lithographs and posters. In smaller towns the company gets seventy-five and the house twenty-five per cent. of the receipts. In New York and other leading cities the parties share evenly.

Weeks in advance the agent knows his route—that is, the series of towns he is expected to cover. He carries with him the contract for each town, in which several important items are left blank until he can have a face-to-face interview with the local manager. And right here the theatrical agent's business troubles begin, for moot questions are many and the country manager is reputed to be craftier than the heathen Chinese.

First as to passes. Your local magnate is suspected, often unjustly, of using his allowance of newspaper passes for private ends. There is a tale of one who paid his butcher and baker with these punched tickets; another, it is darkly hinted, sells his passes at a discount, while of a third it is whispered that, disregarding the formality of tickets, he is accustomed to let favored patrons into the show by means of a private entrance. Therefore, while the manager pleads for liberality, the agent sternly insists on cutting down the free admissions. Fifty tickets are an ample free list for a theater in a town of fifty thousand inhabitants; the newspapers get thirty of them, and the remainder is divided between owners of billboards and window displays, musicians, truckmen, the local police and others. More complex is the pass problem elsewhere. When a show stays a whole week it is essential that the first night house be "well dressed." Dressing a house means filling the bare spots with complimentaries, who look like paid admissions and who will not give away the secret to their neighbors. It would be a mistake to hand these extra tickets to newspaper employees, for then every newspaper would know that that play was not drawing a large paid audience. So recourse is had to the department stores, whose well-dressed floorwalkers and salesladies like nothing better than to pose as aristocrats paying a couple of dollars apiece for their evening's fun. And I happen to know of a theatrical manager who went this trick even better by marshaling a corps of deaf mutes as deadheads. They were drilled to applaud at the right places and came off with flying colors.

As regards prices of admission, the wise agent will usually let the local manager have his own way. The latter

knows how much his patrons will pay, and the agent doesn't. Next comes the fight over extra advertising. If the newspapers are to give extra attention to the show the theory at least is that extra money must be paid. But how much? Perhaps the local manager is at feud with the newspapers; he holds a yearly contract with them and vows he won't spend a cent more. At the other extreme is the local manager who shakes the agent warmly by the hand, pats him on the back, and informs him that "we really must use so many lines in the *Daily Clarion* or the whole show will be ruined." The agent raises his eyebrows; he has heard that cry before.

"What's the *Daily Clarion's* rate?" he nonchalantly asks.

"Two dollars an inch."

"Guess we'll have to go in."

At the very first opportunity our traveler pays a quiet call to the newspaper office, and, inquiring the rate, perhaps gets this reply:

"One dollar and a half an inch."

Thus is the manager's swindle exposed. Could he have induced the attraction to pay a rate twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. higher than the newspaper rate he would have gotten his own share of the advertising free. But his shallow cunning has failed. A cleverer rogue gets the newspaper to make him a low private rate and to issue a public rate card that is ever so much higher. I believe this sort of thing, in the phraseology of trusts, is styled a "secret rebate"; in the downright language of theaterdom it is denominated stealing. Comparatively few managers are guilty of it.

Five to ten per cent. of the prospective gross receipts is a liberal allowance for extra advertising. Thus if a play expects to do a thousand dollar business fifty to a hundred dollars must be given the newspapers in addition to their regular stipend from the theater, and this extra burden is borne by house and company on the same basis as their sharing of the receipts.

After the often stormy interview with the local manager the agent meets the billposters and baggagemen. I found these a rough but good-humored gentry, easily coaxed but never to be driven.

The billposter, like a gnome, inhabits the darkest and most cavernous recesses of the theater. In an obscure corner of his cellar lies your paper, a heavy bundle, expressed or freighted from New York or Chicago and bearing your name and address. You open it and lay out the gorgeous sheets upon the table in exactly the order you wish the man to put them on the "stands." You instruct him further about the window display, for which small lithographs or quarter sheets are used; and, above all, you try to make friends, for the advertising agent can work you good or ill as he pleases. Paper, by the way, is a heavy item of expense, anywhere from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars a week being spent by a traveling company on this account alone.

With the baggagemen contracts are made to haul the scenery and trunks to and from the theater, and with the railroad officials the movement of the company from one town to the next must be arranged. The multifarious duties I have just described, together with the newspaper work, make the theatrical agent's day long and strenuous. His salary and official expenses total perhaps one hundred dollars a week, a sum insignificant as compared with the benefit he confers upon the show.

The methods of newspaper publicity vary from town to town. In the smallest places the work consists in inserting the advertisements and placing the conventional reading matter in fairly mathematical proportion to the amount of money paid. Editors are not anxious for original matter, nor would most country editors know the difference between articles prepared in New York beforehand and matter written especially for the occasion. But there are some amusing stunts to be done in these smaller towns. In one I personally canvassed every business man in the place. In another the approval of the local college president—a true-blue Presbyterian—was absolutely necessary to the success of the piece. From a third I recall a vivid night journey of thirty miles by slow freight train to get up a "theater party" in a howling backwoods wilderness. Characters are often as grotesque as incidents. Never will I forget the

cotton mill town where the barber proudly informed me that he ran the theater and would be pleased to arrange prices and advertising as soon as he had removed my beard; the classic Vincennes, Ind., where the manager (who was also a livery keeper) "fixed up" business between strokes of the currycomb; or the other Indiana town in which the manager drove a pretty trade in gravestones and mortuary monuments when he wasn't purveying vaudeville. I had a dark suspicion that he was the undertaker, too, but I dared not hint it.

These things are to laugh; but the difficult work comes in cities of a hundred thousand inhabitants and upward. In such places, while they are yet night stands, there is a different theatrical attraction every night in the week; and keen must be the press agent whose work stands out above that of his rivals and thus causes his attraction to draw audiences away from theirs. It is not money that counts here, but brains.

Toward the end of the season often comes a spell when the best possible efforts result only in disaster. Wonder tales, prize guessing contests, offers of a house and lot with each ticket, will not draw the people to the box-office. One feels they would receive an earthquake with indifference, and merely turn over in their sleep at the sound of the last trump. It is a wise manager who executes a quick retreat under such circumstances; yet too often companies go on and on from week to week, hoping against hope, to their utter ruin. A disastrous May in Michigan forms part of my experience. The beginning of the month was as sultry as August; on all the fences and side walls bills showed the prancing steeds and gilt machinery of our all-potent rival, the circus; and from Detroit to Grand Rapids and back again I had the eerie feeling of traversing what for me was the Land of the Dead. Had the manager closed the show eight weeks earlier he would have come out a winner, or, at least, not suffered in pocket; as it was, the season's tag plunged him in debt and nearly bankrupted star and backer. To the honor of the star, be it said, the salaries were paid.

The secret of success in press work is inventiveness. Moralists may frown

at the faking and mendacity sometimes involved; but, on the other hand, it seems worth while pointing out that nothing great has been done in the world's history by mere literalness. Even religion has its apologues, science its hypotheses and history its romantic fictions, which often illustrate character better than do the facts. I started out in press work an honest but misguided literalist. This of course was an impossible attitude. Next I determined to *make* news rather than to manufacture it. And there is a distinction. I can fake news out of whole cloth—have done so—but what I prefer and enjoy is to create the conditions that bring about an actual event and then describe that event with all the ability at my command. And therefore I do not consider myself such a very

black pirate after all. The exercise of the imagination has widened my horizon wonderfully, has put me *en rapport* (you may smile at this) with the labors of editors, statesmen and business organizers everywhere, and I believe has not left me a whit less conscientious as to matters that really count. I have been graduated from the class of traveling agent to that of a metropolitan press agent, commanding better and certain pay and a more regular mode of life. In the future I hope to lift the curtain that veils the methods of New York's theatrical romancers. Perhaps there lurks a Balzac or a Thackeray, a Scott or a Stevenson among them—who knows? For of imagination—nothing else—are the works of genius, as of press agency, wrought.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Sacrifice

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON

[The late Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who has just died at the age of twenty, was very unhappy in her married life. As a child of eighteen she was persuaded to marry the Grand Duke, who is extremely wealthy, but the Princess did all she could to escape from the fate she dreaded. On the evening before the marriage she declared she would not marry him.—*Vanity Fair*, January 23d, 1905.]

Dead is the sapphire of the sea;
The sky's vast rapture overhead
Is cold and darkness unto me,
Still living, though amongst the dead;
And meaningless the words he said
Whose voice proclaimed us man and wife,
For with those words went out my life,
The luster of my soul was shed.

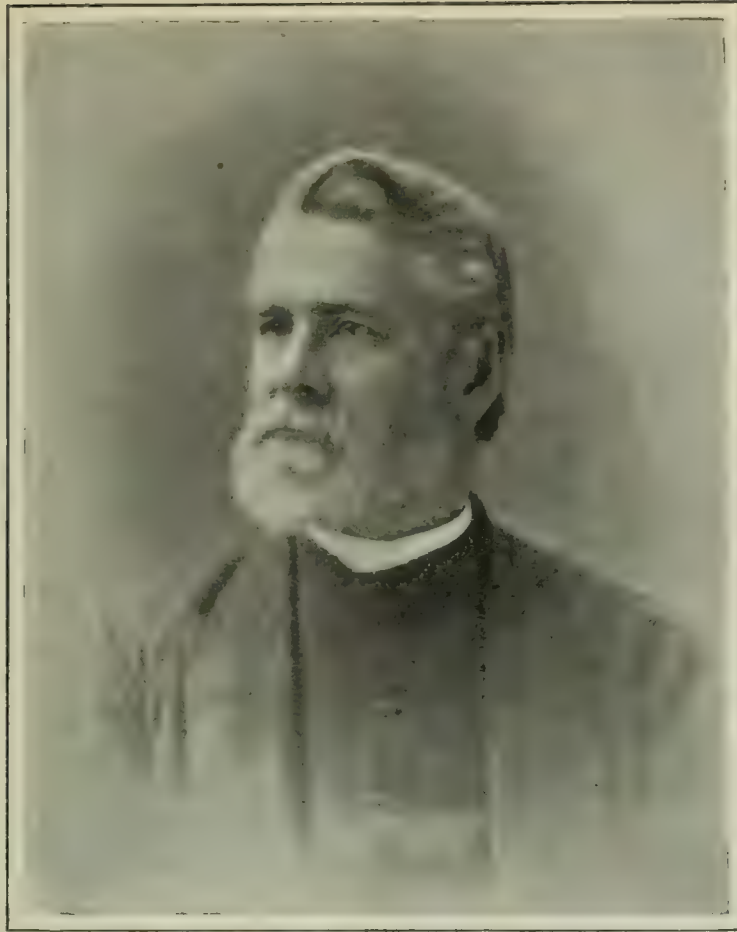
They wedded me to gauds of earth,
To fields and woods, a hall, a town,
To scrolled vacuities of birth
And blazon of a ducal crown.
Lifeless to me thy smile, thy frown;
Joyless thy wealth of wedded lands;
For every wedded heart demands
A heart that it may call its own.

But, in the clutch of loveless fate,
I shall go lone amongst my kind,
Too cold to love, too dead to hate,
To Life's majestic meanings blind;
To wedded thralldom unresigned,
And severed by its cold decree
From him whose love is all to me,
Whose image haunts my perished mind.

O, for the rapture of that kiss
Which fuses two lives into one!
Life's morning-ecstasy of bliss,
Which sets not with its setting sun,
But, in Love's ampler day begun,
Grows with the life that never dies;
O, for the love-look of those eyes
Which now these lifeless eyes must shun!

Then take my corpse, for such it is
Thy eager arms shall now enfold;
Dead are the lips which thou shalt kiss,
For all Life's fires in me are cold.
And let the gruesome truth be told—
This sin of murder is not thine,
But theirs whose blood is kin to mine,
Who sold my life for minted gold.

ST. MARY'S LODGE, SEATON DELAVAL, ENGLAND.



CHARLES A. BRIGGS

The Question of Orders

BY CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D., D.Litt.

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL THEOLOGY IN UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK CITY

IT is commonly supposed that the question of orders is one of the most difficult ones now obstructing the way of the reunion of Christendom. I do not think so. In fact, ministers are constantly passing over from the various non-Episcopal bodies and accepting ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and others are passing over into the Roman Catholic Church and receiving orders from Rome. It is possible that some are deterred from making these changes by the requirement of ordination into another ministry, but I doubt whether there are many such. Those who make the change do it for such important reasons that the humiliation of another ordination becomes a matter of minor importance. It is my opinion that if that were the only barrier remaining to a reunion of all English-

speaking Protestant Christians in the Anglican Church that barrier would fade away into nothingness. It is also my opinion that if that were the only barrier to a reunion with Rome that barrier would not deter any considerable number from accepting Roman ordination.

At the same time it must be recognized that in the common opinion of the ministry this is one of the most important barriers, and, in fact, every minister who thinks of making the change, whether into the Protestant Episcopal Church or into the Roman Catholic Church, is compelled to confront such a humiliation. Therefore, it is a matter of some importance to study this question seriously, searching if there be not some way in which this difficulty may be overcome, or at least diminished.

The difficulty of passing from one denomination to another is not, however, confined to the question of orders. Even those bodies which recognize the ordination of other bodies still make such demands in the matter of dogma, or rules of life, that, in fact, changes from the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Presbyterian, for example, are more difficult and less frequent, so far as my observation goes, than from the Methodist Episcopal to the Protestant Episcopal.

The decision of Pope Leo XIII as to the validity of Anglican orders has lifted the whole question of orders into a better position for further investigation. The essence of the question was whether the Anglican Reformers in their ordinal had the intention of ordaining a real priesthood to offer real sacrifices. The decision that such was not their intention seems to me one that all should recognize as final. But the question still remains open whether such an intention is essential to valid Christian ministry; and so the question becomes one of doctrine—namely, what are the essential qualifications of the Christian ministry?

There are several important functions of the holy ministry. The Sarum ordinal, on which the Anglican ordinal is based, mentions as the functions of a priest "*offerre, benedicere, praeesse, praedicare, conficere et baptizare*"; but no one contends, so far as I know, that it is necessary to mention all these in the ceremony of ordination. The practical question is whether the omission of the sacrificial function from the intention of the ordinal invalidates it. It seems to me that that question must be answered in the negative. Since the decision of Leo XIII an ancient ordinal of Serapion has been discovered which makes just this omission, and it has not yet been shown that a presbyter cannot be a presbyter unless he be a sacrificing priest.

Furthermore, while it is true that the Anglican Reformers removed from the Sarum ordinal what they supposed was the Roman conception of priesthood, and did not substitute for it the ancient Catholic conception, there is no evidence that they designed to exclude the latter. They were in a position in which such discrimination was impracticable. In

their retention of so much of the ancient formula as they did in their work of reform they showed the intention to perpetuate the pre-Reformation ministry in all that they regarded as essential to it. Their intention was certainly to ordain and perpetuate the ministry which Jesus Christ instituted, which his apostles ordained, and which the primitive Church transmitted. Their purpose in reform was simply and alone to remove the corruption of the Medieval Church. If now in the removal of corruption they also removed many things that were not corruptions, but belonged to the genuine Christian inheritance, their intention was changed in a measure from that of the pre-Reformation Church, but only so as to do exactly what they supposed Jesus and his apostles would have them do. They intended the Master's intention, the apostles' intention, the intention of the primitive Church, even if they were mistaken, even if one could say wofully mistaken, in the contents of their intention. If then they omitted from their ordinal the mention of such an essential thing as the sacrificial character of the priesthood, that does not destroy their intention to ordain a ministry with all that Jesus Christ intended it to have.

If their successors in the Anglican ministry have learned better what were the functions the Lord designed his ministry to have, and what was the mind of the primitive Church in this regard, I see no reason why they should not enrich their doctrine of the ministry and enrich their intention also in the use of the ordinal. It would be better to give expression to that better knowledge by changing the formula to correspond. But this change of opinion has not yet become the common mind of the Anglicans, and, therefore, such change cannot yet be made in the ordinal. It is not necessary, however, to break up the Anglican Church on that account. It is far better that each party should use the existing ordinal with its own mind and intention, supplying any supposed defects of the formula with mental additions, having in view not so much the mind of the Anglican Reformers as the mind of the existing Church.

Even from the Roman point of view,

while Rome may not be able to recognize at present the Anglican priesthood as a real priesthood, she may yet recognize them as priests in the sense that the ordinal in its original intention designed them to be, while she requires of them ordination to a real priesthood. It would be in the interests of Christian charity if a formula of ordination were made to fit the case of Anglican priests and other Protestant ministers, and that they should not be treated as if they had had no Christian ministry at all, beginning as if they were students fresh from a Catholic seminary.

If Anglican orders can be defended only on the ground of the intention of the Anglican Reformers to ordain and perpetuate a Christian ministry, such as Jesus Christ and his apostles intended, the orders of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches may be defended on exactly the same grounds, from the same intention. If they omitted important items in the ordination of their ministry they did not omit this same intention. The substance of the intention of the Anglicans and the Protestants of the Continent was the same. The only important difference was that the Anglicans retained the *episcopal* succession; the Protestants of the Continent retained only succession through the *presbyters*. This difference was due more to the providence of God than to the deliberate choice of the Reformers. Under these circumstances the Anglicans, if they really desire the reunion of Christ's Church, ought to follow the Anglican Reformers and many of the great Anglican divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and recognize the orders of other Protestants as essentially valid. If the Anglicans may enrich their doctrine of the holy ministry and also their intention in the ceremony, so may the other Protestants also. There is no serious barrier in the way except the common traditional opinion among Anglicans. The Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country have never, by any official decision, pronounced Lutheran or Presbyterian orders invalid. If Pope Leo XIII has shut the door to Rome in their face, they have not as yet shut the door to the sister Churches of the Reformation.

Hooker lays down the principle on which they may act in such recognition:

"There may be sometimes very just and sufficient reasons to allow ordination made without a bishop. The whole Church visible, being the true original subject of all power, it hath not ordinarily allowed any other than bishops alone to ordain; how be it, as the ordinary course is ordinarily in all things to be observed, so it may be in some cases not unnecessary that we decline from the ordinary ways."

"Where the Church must needs have some ordained, and neither hath, nor can have possibly, a bishop to ordain; in case of such necessity, the ordinary institution of God hath given oftentimes and may give place. And therefore we are not simply without exception to urge a lineal descent of power from the apostles by continued succession of bishops in every effectual ordination."—*Ecclesiastical Polity*, VII, 14th.

Bishop Joseph Hall applies this principle to the Protestant Churches of the Continent:

"Yea, if the last Bishop of Geneva had become a Protestant and consented in matters of doctrine to Calvin, Farel, Viret, have you, or any man living, just cause to think that the citie would not gladly have retained his government still and thought themselves happy under such a protection? Would they have ejected him as an enemy whom they might have enjoyed as a patron? Would they have stood upon his Episcopacie, while they had his concurrence in the truth of religion? No man that hath either brains or forehead will affirm it, since the world knows the quarrel was not at his dignitie, but at his opposition to intended Reformation."

"Thus those learned divines and Protestants of Germany, wherein all the world sees the Apologist professeth for them, that they greatly desired to conserve the government of bishops, that they were altogether unwillingly driven from it; that it was utterly against their heart, that it should have been impaired or weakened; that it was only the personal cruelty and violence of the Romish persecutors in a bloody opposition to the doctrine of the Gospel which was then excepted against."—*Episcopacy by Divine Right*, 1640, pp. 7-12.

It is true that Joseph Hall would not bring the Nonconformists of England and the Scottish Presbyterians, who deliberately deposed their bishops, under this rule. But he was blinded by the conflict in which he was engaged, and the Anglicans since his time have too often wrapped themselves in the prej-

udices born of the civil wars of England and the bitter ecclesiastical controversies that continued through the whole of the seventeenth century.

Bishop Hall and Archbishop Laud and the Scottish bishops who were deprived represented prelatical assumptions and despotism that would not be tolerated anywhere in the Anglican world at the present time. I doubt not if the American House of Bishops were composed of such bishops, and such bishops only, the American Episcopalians would throw them off in the interests of freedom of conscience, even if they had to get on without any bishops at all. The battle of Nonconformity and of presbytery was not so much against episcopacy, as against the intolerable yoke of prelacy. Therefore, in my opinion, Hooker's principle really applies to the situation in England and Scotland as well as to that on the Continent.

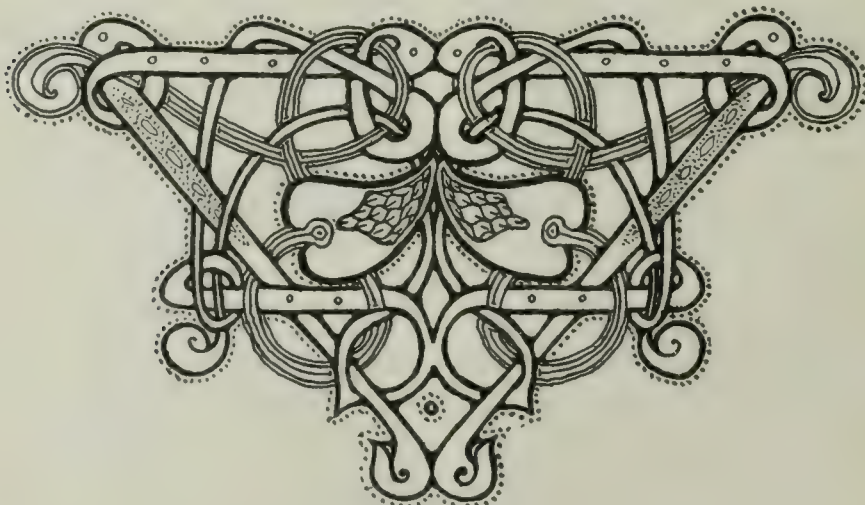
At all events, in the present situation of affairs some things might be done that would lessen the difficulties in the way of reunion. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church might frame a form of ordination which would recognize what other religious bodies actually intend in their ordination of their ministry and supplement it by imparting what they did not intend. Why should they deny the validity

of the ordination of other religious bodies so far as it goes, even if episcopal ordination should be insisted upon in addition. Even if the ministry be defective, that does not imply that it is no ministry at all. Let each body credit the other bodies with that sort of a ministry that they have. They are entitled to just this and no more. Let them, on their side, not object to the use of other functions of the ministry in other bodies, and not regard it as a hardship that they are regarded as not having those functions which they do not in fact profess to have.

There are, in fact, in the Church of England and in the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country bishops and clergy whose views of the Christian ministry do not differ in any appreciable degree from those held in the various Protestant churches. There are other bishops and clergy who do not vary in any important particular from the Roman Catholic view. If these can live in harmony in the same Church, why should they make it so hard for those with whom they agree, or at least whom they tolerate, to unite with them?

A frank and searching investigation of the whole question of ordination, especially on its practical side, in an irenic and loving spirit, will remove the greater portion of the difficulties that now beset it.

NEW YORK CITY.

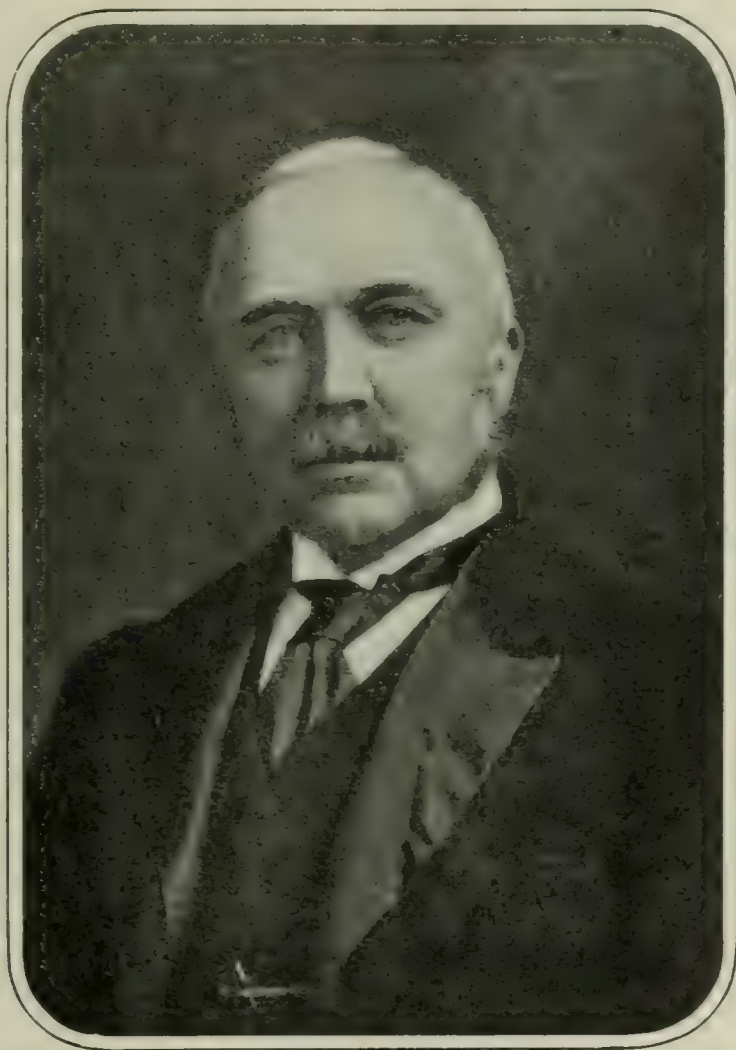


The Next British Prime Minister

BY W. T. STEAD

EDITOR OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

IF Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not Prime Minister after the General Election it will only be because he refuses the position and says to Lord Spencer, "After you!" Even if he did or "C.-B.," as he is more familiarly styled, or "Sir Henry C.-B.," as he is more respectfully designated, has distinctly improved his position. He has spoken with admirable force and excel-



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

say this, it is doubtful whether the refusal would be allowed to stand, for the Liberals have so long fought under the leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in Opposition that they would feel somewhat out of gear if the Liberal leadership were to be transferred to any one else, even if that some one else were the genial, courageous and universally respected Lord Spencer.

Since the session opened Sir Henry,

lent temper on several critical occasions. If he has not exactly acted upon the hint to put a little more of the "methods of barbarism" into his political campaign, he has always been at his post, and he has shown as much good sense and shrewd humor in prosperity as he did in adversity. Prosperity indeed it may be called when he surveys the constituencies from Bute to Brighton and everywhere finds himself acclaimed by

ever swelling majorities as the destined chieftain who is to deliver the Empire from the nightmare of Jingo domination. Not even Mr. Gladstone in 1879 had so assured a prospect of certain victory as that which lies before Sir Henry C.-B. He has borne the burden and heat of the day, and now at the close of the second Jingo Parliament he is enjoying that pleasantest of all enjoyments, the confident anticipation of coming triumph, unmarred by the disappointments which seldom fail to follow close on the heels of political success. Not even his stoutest political opponent would begrudge the veteran campaigner the pleasure of awaiting the harvesting of the fruits of a battle which has already been fought and won.

Even now the immensity of the Tory disaster is but dimly realized by members of the Opposition. They discuss among themselves whether the Liberal majority will be so large as to enable the next Prime Minister to defeat the combined forces of Unionists and Nationalists. To many this seems to be altogether beyond the pale of practical politics. They forget that when landslides occur old landmarks disappear. After the landslide of 1880 the Liberals had a majority of 56 above both the other parties combined. Since then the Nationalists have increased from 62 to 82 in number. To place the Liberal party in a position as strong as that of 1880 they would require forty more seats than those carried by Mr. Gladstone in the floodtide of his Midlothian campaign. But unless the evidence from the by-elections is altogether misleading, Sir Henry C.-B. will have at his back a larger majority of Liberals and Labor members over and above the combined Unionist and Nationalist vote than Mr. Gladstone could boast in 1880.

Intense satisfaction at the prospect of the overwhelming victory—a victory which has already been won in the hearts and minds of the electors, and which only awaits registration at the polls—is naturally mingled in the minds of Sir Henry C.-B. and all his followers with a feeling of pardonable exultation over the smashing blow which is about to be delivered against Mr. Chamberlain and the Jingo horde. At least half of the ecstasy of

the Liberals in 1880 arose from their satisfaction at the crushing catastrophe which overwhelmed Lord Beaconsfield. It seemed like a fulfilling of the prophecies, a foretaste of the millennium, when the great Red Dragon, bound with adamant chains, was being hurled into the abyss. Such a triumph of the justice that is imminent in human affairs seldom occurs twice in a lifetime. It is indeed a joyful thing for mortal eyes to see the second Lucifer of our times hurled from the heights, with hideous ruin and confusion, down, down, down into the nethermost. Nor can even the most censorious critic condemn us for making high melody in our hearts when the fatal Minister, whose hands are stained with innocent blood unjustly shed, and on whose head are heaped high the curses of thousands of women and children done to death in the murder camps of South Africa, meets at last from the hands of his countrymen the nearest approach to the doom of the Tarpeian rock which our milder times afford.

Now, as in 1880, the battle has not been won by the trimmers, but by the stalwarts. All through 1879 Mr. Gladstone was regarded by the majority of London newspaper men as the bane and the ruin of the party, which under the safe and sane and cautious leading of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington was supposed to be outliving the discredit with which Mr. Gladstone had covered it by his Bulgarian atrocity campaign. The *habitués* of London clubs and West End drawing-rooms were of one mind as to the fatuous madness of Mr. Gladstone. He was a sophistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. He was a *feu furieux*, like Gambetta. He was a political wrecker. His advent to power was equivalent to the ruin of the Empire. So the fools gabbled as is their nature to. The same set of fools gabbled in the same foolish way against Sir Henry C.-B. He also, like Mr. Gladstone, had a human heart that revolted in horror against the wanton cruelties of militant Imperialism trampling liberty to death by the methods of barbarism.

And, like Mr. Gladstone, he spoke his mind with honest wrath and blazing in-

dignation against the atrocities practiced in the name of Empire. The storm of fury that broke loose against Sir Henry C.-B. was the more savage because the men responsible for the acts of barbarism, whereby countries were burned bare by a policy of deliberate devastation, with the lamentable results of death by thousands of innocent non-combatants, were not Chefket Pasha or Achmet Aga, but the British authorities at the seat of war. Nevertheless, Sir Henry C.-B. stuck to his guns with the imperturbable tenacity of Mr. Gladstone. The miscreants who repudiated him, and disgraced themselves by apologizing for these tactics of savagery, now only plead that their treason to humanity and to their leader may be forgotten and forgiven. Forgiven, it may be; forgotten, never. Against each of these renegades stands the ineffaceable record of his faltering in the hour of stress and trial. They wilted in 1900-02, as their predecessors wilted in 1876-78, and altho we may make the best we can of them, and admit them to office, and even to the Cabinet, the knowledge that they failed their leader and their country in the hour of direst need will be remembered against them forever.

Sir Henry C.-B. has led the House of Commons since February, 1899. He stepped into the breach when other men deserted it, and he has done his duty manfully and well under circumstances of great difficulty. When I asked him years ago which text, quotation or proverb had stood him in best stead in the battle of life, he sent me the Pauline saying: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." It was the higher expediency, however, which asserted itself on the famous occasion when he launched his famous barbed phrase about methods of barbarism—a phrase which, altho it was abominably abused at the time by the men who approved of the methods in question, shines out more and more conspicuously against the gloom as the one perfectly just and absolutely truthful word that fell from the lips of Liberal leaders during the whole of the war.

He blamed not the unfortunate instruments of the policy of devastation, who, for the most part, were thoroughly

ashamed of the acts which they were ordered to do, but those responsible for ordering the use of such methods of barbarism. The result of this protest, repeated again and again with splendid persistence and pertinacity, compelled Ministers to modify part of their methods and to deceive the country by denying the rest of the acts of barbarism in which they persisted to the end of the war.

Sir Henry is a very cautious man, a canny Scot, who refrained all through the war from praising the Boers, fearing lest one word of eulogy might lead them to prolong the war, and he took an early opportunity of associating himself with Mr. Morley in repudiating any intention to restore the independence of the devastated Republics. "I have publicly stated that the annexation must, in my opinion, be upheld." But only on condition that our new subjects were admitted to all the rights and privileges of British self-governing colonies, which, as Mr. Chamberlain has reminded us, are independent States, with the recognized right of secession from the Imperial connection. Sir Henry's utterances throughout the war do him the highest credit and do something to redeem our national reputation from the shame and disgrace which submerged the Empire in those evil years.

We can look back upon those troublous times with the composure of men who have crossed the stream and are now safely on the other shore. If Sir Henry's conduct seems open to censure to-day it is because he did not go far enough and protest strongly enough against the war. He, too, was constrained to bow in the House of Rimmon. In obedience to Sir William Harcourt he assented to the hushing up of the inquiry into the Jameson Raid; and in order to assuage the anger of those who denounced his protest against methods of barbarism he voted in favor of £100,000 grant to the General by whose authority those methods were employed. To denounce a General's methods as "barbarous" one day and enthusiastically to vote him £100,000 the day after, without a single word of condemnation for the savagery for which he was responsible, disheartened many of his

stanchest supporters. But even thus qualified the disloyal intrigues of recreant Liberals compelled him to put his back against the wall and speak out in no uncertain fashion. After the malcontents had given such expression to their dissatisfaction that he felt his leadership challenged Sir Henry summoned a meeting of the party at the Reform Club, where he defined his position and defied the mutineers. The result of this emphatic defiance of the enemy in his own camp was that the Jingoës came reluctantly to heel, and afterward Sir Henry never had any reason to complain of the devotion of the rank and file of the party. It is worth while recalling the episode because of the light it throws upon the capacity and determination of the next Prime Minister to keep his seat in the saddle and to hold his own against the enemy without and mutineers within. It is also worth while recalling the fact that in 1899 Sir Henry C.-B. never hesitated one moment in rejecting Mr. Chamberlain's proposal that he should share in the responsibility of sending 10,000 men to the Cape in the midst of the negotiations. "You need not be alarmed," said Mr. Chamberlain. "There will be no fighting. We know these fellows won't fight; we are playing a game of bluff."

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" was in effect the substance of C.-B.'s reply.

Sir Henry is not a first-rate impromptu speaker. Neither is Lord Rosebery. Like Mr. Morley, his best speeches are carefully prepared. When he is Prime Minister the task of replying upon the debate will often be undertaken by Mr. Asquith or Mr. Winston Churchill. But, altho he is given, perhaps, too much to the use of notes, writing "maketh an exact man," and he is never under the temptation to go on and on, exhausting the time and patience of the House. As Mr. Ian Malcolm said of him recently, "He is a man whose soft answer in debate has often turned away wrath; whose unfailing urbanity and cheerful disposition have long since won universal recognition; whose sense of humor never leaves him. He is, above all, a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, whose public differences with friend or foe could never interfere with his private friendships."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is one year younger than Lord Spencer. He was born in Scotland September 7th, 1836. He was originally only plain Mr. Campbell. But when his maternal uncle, Henry Bannerman, of Hunton Court, Kent, died, he assumed the second name, little dreaming what trouble it would cause journalists in the years to come. There are those who would even declare that the possession of a double-barrelled hyphenated name is amply sufficient to disqualify any man from being the head of a British Ministry. There is one consolation for such grumblers. Like Lord Spencer, the Liberal leader in the Commons is without offspring. There will be no hyphenated inheritor of his name to trouble the press. The knighthood did not come till 1895, twenty-seven years after he first entered the House of Commons. He was educated at Glasgow University and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

He was first elected for the Stirling Burghs in 1868, the year of Liberal victory, and he has held the seat ever since. To have kept a seat against all comers for thirty-seven years is no small tribute to the confidence and esteem which he enjoys among those who know him best.

His first official post was that of Financial Secretary to the War Office, a post which he held from 1871 to 1874. It was in these troublous years that purchase was made by Royal Warrant, and the Army was reformed by Lord Cardwell and Lord Wolseley on the system whose merits had been advertised to the world by the victories of the Germans in 1870-1.

During the period of Liberal eclipse from 1874 to 1880 Sir Henry was a stanch Gladstonian, and when, in 1880, Mr. Gladstone returned to office, he promptly reinstated C.-B. in his former position. These were trying years. The Liberal Government was busy clearing off the bad debts of Lord Beaconsfield in Afghanistan and South Africa, and Sir Henry was kept very busy. In 1882, when the war in Egypt was subjecting the fighting departments to a considerable strain, he was promoted to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty. Two years later, when Sir George Trevelyan's health broke down, he succeeded him as

Irish Secretary. In that capacity he worked under Lord Spencer, and succeeded so well as Irish Secretary that the Irish will be heartily glad to see another Scotchman as Chief Secretary. He went out with his party in 1885. When Mr. Gladstone returned to office in 1886, to bring in his Home Rule Bill, Sir Henry entered the Cabinet as Secretary for War. His chief exploit in that year was not connected with the Army, but with Ireland. He is famous as the author of the phrase which described the process of adopting Home Rule as that of "finding salvation," and he was no less happy in defining the peculiar blend of Orange bigotry and Irish Toryism as "Ulsteria." Sir Henry does not set up to be a professed wit, but his phrases stick better than those of most of his contemporaries.

When Mr. Gladstone was defeated on Home Rule Sir Henry wandered with the rest of the party in the wilderness of Opposition until 1892, when he returned to the War Office, retaining the office after the reconstruction of the Ministry under the Premiership of Lord Rosebery. As War Minister he succeeded in settling matters with the Duke of Cambridge. He was always in the good graces of the late Queen and had the complete confidence of the officers at the head of the Army.

The British Army has always been a great social rather than a great fighting institution, and Sir Henry was too cautious a Scot to lay rash hands on the Ark of the Covenant. The accident that the *coup de grace* so anxiously longed for by Lord Rosebery was administered to the Liberal Government by a snap vote, as to the alleged deficiency of cordite in the

national arsenals, left his reputation as a careful administrator undisturbed. Of course great capital was made out of the alleged shortage of cordite, but the fact that Sir Henry C.-B. had left the army in a good state of fighting efficiency was publicly vouched for by no less eminent authority than Mr. Arthur Balfour.

In 1897 he sat with Sir W. Harcourt on the Hush-up Committee into the Jameson Raid, and unfortunately allowed his judgment to be overridden by the authority of his leader. When Sir W. Harcourt resigned, he was elected leader of the Liberal party in the Commons, somewhat to the surprise of Mr. Asquith, whose friends consoled themselves by thinking that Sir Henry's doctors would not allow him to undertake the post. He had previously refused the Speakership. Sir Henry, however, recovered his health with the celerity with which moribund candidates for the triple crown throw away their crutches after their election, and leader he remains down to this hour.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will not make a dashing Prime Minister. He is neither a firebrand nor a rocket. He is a good, sensible, level-headed, canny Scot, who commands the confidence of the Radical and Nationalist parties, and is regarded with respect and a certain amount of awe by the Liberal Leaguers. He is a man who combines a wide knowledge of the world with a shrewd eye to the interests of the British Empire. He is no crusader. No one has accused him of fanaticism. He is an honest man, who has no one's ill word; a sound Liberal, a stanch Home Ruler and a deadly hater of all the crimes of the Jingo.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



International Conciliation

BY BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

[Senator d'Estournelles is one of the leading advocates in France of international arbitration. He is a prominent candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. He was a member of the French delegation to the famous Hague Peace Conference, has traveled in the United States, and has been for many years a conspicuous member of the French Parliament, first in the Chamber of Deputies and later a member of the Senate. He has already published articles in *THE INDEPENDENT* on subjects connected with peace and arbitration. Americans who wish to join this society, or who are interested in its objects, should write for information to Comité de Conciliation Internationale, 119 rue de la Tour, Paris, France.—EDITOR.]

THIS is the way in which I came to found my Committee for the Defense of National Interests and for International Conciliation.

For twenty years I have been laboring to bring about a spirit of international good will. I love my own country, France, and I would like to serve it usefully and not to help in deceiving the nation with empty words. Now, I have remarked that while France is magnificently endowed as regards climate, soil and inhabitants, she does not seem to know how to make the most of all these advantages. The hygienic arrangements of the cities and towns are, for instance, very bad. While the habits and traditions of the nation contain much that is good, there is much that is bad about them, due to an old, worn out routine. For example, take the most favored part of the population, the rich and well-to-do. They do nothing, but are satisfied to live idly on their income. They are "rentiers," a word that cannot be translated exactly into another tongue; a class of men and women who are simply occupied in spending their revenue. In most other lands a man who respects himself would blush at such an existence. But in France it is a proud distinction to be a "rentier." Once a "rentier" the Frenchman's whole effort is not to do anything to compromise his little fortune, to run no risks and to oppose all change.

When you travel over France you often see the finest rivers unutilized, left to their own care, wild, ungoverned torrents. Not a sou is spent to improve their course or to protect their banks. The money that might be usefully employed in these directions is spent to pro-

tect one's self from foreign trade and foreign war. Thus France is making the mistake of isolating herself and is growing poor, while the surrounding nations are arming themselves to the teeth and surrounding themselves with a chain of frontier custom houses. The natural result of all this bad policy of mutual distrust based on ignorance has been the rapid development of international socialism and the discredit of governmental authority.

In order to remove these dangers, so grave for France and which are found in all countries, I propose a complete change of method and the absolute abandonment of the lines followed up to the present. At present everybody is simply looking out for "No. 1." Under the pretext of protecting himself against dangers from without we are all ruining ourselves at home. So I suggest that in order to improve the home situation in all nations we begin by ameliorating foreign relations. Such is the prime aim of our Committee, whose device is "to stimulate national prosperity among all nations by bettering international relations." *Pro patria per orbis concordiam.*

To bring about this much desired change I count largely on the good example set by the United States. Timid minds see a peril in American activity. I find there a good example, a stimulant, a remedy. Hence it is that I ardently desire that my Committee should count members in all your large cities, in all parts of your wide land—a wish which is being rapidly realized. Such a step is to the best interest of America as well as to the best interest of France and the many

other nations, which cannot lessen their difficulties unless all agree to limit their unproductive burdens and build up in their midst a spirit of order, justice and peace on earth.

Such in a general way is the purpose of this Committee. But as we must begin at the beginning, we shall be careful not to ask for big changes, for radical reforms. Our program is a practical one, based not on sentimentalism, but on the well established interests of each country. The measures to which we will have recourse are very simple and yet efficacious.

Our plan is to bring nations together by first bringing men together. We seek to secure the meeting of private individuals, who without our initiative would never see one another. We hope to start up correspondence between persons of similar tastes, but residing in different lands. All that is necessary to start things on these lines is the grouping together of a few eminent men of different nationalities who are united for this purpose. Then the mass will follow their example, the press will take it up, public opinion will be awakened and the governments will eventually fall into line. Then, by modifying little by little international customs, we will eventually succeed in changing international politics;

we will substitute friendly and legal solutions for those of a violent and warlike nature. In a word, we will acclimate in the world international justice, just as national justice has been slowly but surely built up in each civilized country.

To accomplish this great end we have drawn up a concrete program which can be accepted by all fair-minded men of all nations and which may be thus briefly summed up: We will strive to educate public opinion, to develop arbitration, to correct the misleading telegrams which appear in the newspapers from time to time, to found an international review, to publish tracts and books, to give lectures, etc.; to push the acquiring of modern languages, to bring about an exchange of visits between the members of different Parliaments, to give prizes and scholarships, to send out delegations of artists, workingmen and scientific searchers, to establish centers of information and protection in the various capitals for strangers who arrive from foreign parts, etc., etc.

I may close by giving the names of the distinguished men of the United States who have already joined the Committee and who accept its aims. They are Andrew Carnegie, Nicholas Murray Butler, Seth Low, Simon Newcomb, E. Kelly and Benjamin Trueblood.

PARIS, FRANCE, July, 1905.



At the Grave's Edge

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

WHAT lands shall greet your gaze?
What winds shall lift your hair?
What mightier stars for you shall blaze,
In what diviner air?

And the long journey through,
Shall Love not have his will?
And the old dream come true,
And the old grief be still?

We reach out empty hands—
We never can forget!
O heart, at last that understands,
Do you remember yet?

ATLANTA, GA.

Literature

Men and Women in Recent Fiction

WE do not actually know the men and women with whom we associate. We only know their outward appearance in action or repose, receive enough conversation views and love glimpses of them to form partial judgments. It is therefore the peculiar business of novelists to make us acquainted with the people we meet in real life. They can produce an illusion of personality with mere words which is more veraciously representative of character than the conduct of the average person is under the lynx-eyed surveillance of his kind, and more fascinating because it is more intimately revealing.

Thus, in real life we should never comprehend the heroine of Mr. Howells' recent novel.¹ To all appearances she is the highly specialized product of an artistic and artificial system of living and thinking. She has too much the symphony effect. There is not a pastel in the art galleries of this new country so exquisitely delicate in manner and suggestion as this word portrait of a young "new" woman who delivers lectures in a Western university upon the virtue of being entirely natural and sincere!"

"Her silvery gray veil misting her gray hat above her hair, sprinkled even at her age with gray, and her gray gloves lying beside her plate, physically, but not spiritually detached from her gray costume. Her intelligent eyes, glancing from her aunt to him and back again to her, had lovely skyey lights in them of the sort that haunt the horizons of passing summer."

Add to this that she could afford "the serenity like that of a September afternoon," and it is easy to see how admirable, mysterious and disconcerting she would be to comprehend in real life. We have Mr. Howells's word for it that she is all for "naturalness," but if so Nature must greatly improve before she can measure standards with her. Nothing

could be more gracefully supernatural than her attitude appears to be toward the incoherent, ignorant, fussing world about her. And we should never know anything of her as a human being but for the fact that Mr. Howells includes the backbiting conversations of her aunt and uncle, betrays her love secrets, and in recording her "inspiration" he offers one of the most cunningly diverting jokes ever perpetrated at the expense of feminine casuistry.

These cobweb interpretations, with humor shining through like the autumnal sun, are becoming more characteristic of Mr. Howells. The only possible objection to the types he portrays is the indolence of his men. It would be a breach of literary etiquette for a man to do a day's work in one of his novels. No more perfect gentlemen were ever bred into life or fiction. They have excellent views upon all subjects, and still more excellent morals. And they should have an easy time living up to them in the vacation existence provided by Mr. Howells. On this account it is difficult to say whether they were moral for moral reasons or because their sensibilities are too refined to endure the indelicacy of an immorality. In any case the snub nosed average reader is introduced and made intimately acquainted with one class of the best people in America, which will probably go a long way toward awakening those finer feelings in him that tend in time toward the development of taller, more aristocratic noses, a feature significant of certain qualities that he greatly needs.

But along with other extravagances of a new and rich country we have more than one class of "the best people." The author may choose from several, and those represented in Anna Robinson Brown's new novel, *The Wine Press*,² differ radically from those portrayed by Mr. Howells. The heroine is the product of a Woman's College, where education is a sort of moral and intellectual surgery by which women are alienated

¹ MISS BELLARD'S INSPIRATION. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper Brothers. \$1.50.

² THE WINE PRESS. By Anna R. Brown. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

from and rendered independent of men. She is beautiful, sentimental and morbidly bent upon treading her wine press alone. And like others of her class she feels downtrodden by man, suspicious of his most innocent smile, insulted by his very existence, no matter how politely he leaves her to tread and tread alone. She is a simpler type than Mr. Howells' heroine, who is a philosopher, with French heels to her logic. And the reader recognizes in her the old maid version of the most primitive kind of women, those savage, simple creatures who fight against taking a man for a mate. In this evolved type it is a severely intellectual form of coquetry and as unbecoming to a maid as a warrior's helmet.

There are just three books among those mentioned in this review in which the poor average reader would feel "at home." He could meet Alice Hegan Rice's *Sandy*³ upon the grounds of common interest. For Sandy is about as near as a lady can come to interpreting the cross which he represents between a useful citizen and a baseball hero. She has not realized the character so intelligently as she did that of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary's," but it is near enough the original to entertain every old "Fan" in the country. And while they are out on the edge of town somewhere whooping up the game, if Aunt Ploomie, Leagan Mott, Mrs. Tibbins and Miss Ellaretta could put on their Sunday things and step out of Mary Waller's delightful novel, *Sanna*,⁴ through *The Little Hills*,⁵ in Nancy Huston Banks' new story, and if they could there meet "Mrs. Pottle," "The Widow Wall," "Mrs. Crabtree" and "Miss Arabella," we should have such an exchange of gossip, opinions and homely wisdom as this world never heard before. The first group live in an island village, with men to correspond. The latter live among the little hills in a remote corner of the world, without a sufficient number of men to correspond. This accounts for the difference in the premiums placed

upon masculinity. The prevailing characteristic in them all is a serpent's tooth curiosity concerning one another's affairs, which is healed by a natural tender heartedness. And there exists among them a commendable rivalry in every branch of the culinary art. Never before has there been such cooking and eating in fiction since authors began to serve tea and salads to their fatigued characters. Readers often marvel at the length of time heroes and heroines do without food in the hurried parts of the tale apparently without inconvenience. And of course the author may leave this to be inferred. But there can be no question of the fact that people in fiction do not get enough wholesome food, and this no doubt accounts for their scandalous conduct in many instances. Meanwhile we observe the superior morality in these books, where much time is given to homely eating and drinking. If there be any left among us who wish to have their memories refreshed concerning the cakes of their childhood, or who would recall the clove pink qualities of old fashioned human nature, they should read *Sanna* and *The Little Hills*. Almost any one can think up a tale, but to put in all the feeling, the tender heart logic, that makes people companionable and kin is another business. And it must be done on a sublimated diet of ices and salads.

Men predominate in Western fiction and they belong to that class who go forth with the determination to amass a fortune within six months. But as a rule they are morbidly subjective in their relations to the natural scenery. It overwhelms them so that they sometimes commit murder, or suicide, or chase an attractive girl forty miles over the burning prairie. And the author makes a point of convincing us that it is not the devil which caused them to get drunk and act this way, but a sort of domestic nostalgia produced by loneliness in the midst of so much savage grandeur of mountain peaks or bubbling desert heat—a charitable construction certainly to place upon conduct otherwise so dubious. But Mr. Nason avoids this danger by causing all the people in his new California story⁶ to take a civil engineering

³ SANDY. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

⁴ SANNA. By Mary E. Waller. New York: Harper Bros. \$1.50.

⁵ THE LITTLE HILLS. By Nancy H. Banks. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

⁶ THE VISION OF ELIJAH BERR. By Frank L. Nason. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

view of the scenery. In this way he saves everybody's life and reason except the hero's. He is described as "Praisin' the Lord an' callyhootin' around like a skyrocket with its tail on fire." Conceiving that the plan of a great water reservoir in the mountains had been revealed to him from heaven, he was conscientiously unscrupulous as to ways and means of achieving his ends. Men of this type often become great statesmen in the Church, but to be a visionary and unscrupulous at the same time unfits a man for financial success. Some things cannot be mixed in the business world which are very successfully mixed in certain circles of the religious world.

And besides the people we live with but do not know there are the people we remember. We may never have seen them in real life, but we remember them out of tradition, poetry and history—fair, heroic forms vanishing into the golden meter of the passing years. To this class belong the man and the maid in Mary Austin's *Isidro*,⁷ a story of mission days in old California. They come to us enhanced through the memory of three generations, and they are dearer to the fancy than many characters more rudely modern. Two romances of Southern life during the war period ought to lend color to the conviction abroad that the only people in the South were those of military and antebellum fame whom we remember. For the novelist rarely presents any other from that section. It is doubtful if *Serena*,⁸ her impossible kindred, her revolting slaves and absurd lover ever existed at all; but it is certain that none like them will ever live again. The Federal officers who court Southern women in Charles Egbert Craddock's new story, *The Storm Center*,⁹ are more credible types, and it is the first time in its history that the Civil War has been reduced to a neighborhood affair, but the story of their wooings is the best this author has written in years.

So far we have been dealing with our own kind in our own country, but in *A*

*Dark Lantern*¹⁰ we meet our other kind in England. The scene opens with a line of carriages drawn up before Lady Peterborough's mansion in St. James's Square, and the humble reader is given to understand that royalties are being entertained within (there are as many male royalties oggling innocent heroines in British fiction as there are Confederate colonels strutting through stories of Southern life!) and that it is the German princeling soldier who steals the pretty heroine's heart in this instance. In the second chapter every one adjourns to the terrace about the House of Parliament, and the humble reader stands aside to see the characters introduced to all the famous men in England, not because they are needed in the tale, but the ceremony is inevitable in a first-class English novel; it is a sort of literary obsequiousness paid to a "paternal government." After that the story moves briskly. The princeling soldier having failed to seduce, offers morganatic marriage to Katharine Dereham, and the woman's character is revealed in the pathetic helplessness with which she resists his arguments. She is a good woman deserted by her heart in the fight. With her virtue is not a principle, but a matter of taste and temperament. She is of a quality which requires ideality in love and shrinks from the grossness of mere passion. Her weakness is psychic rather than physical. Thus she does not fall through the princeling's appeal to her senses, but, brought under the hypnotic influence of the man with the dark lantern face, she yields to a questionable relationship. And having solemnly abandoned herself, she recognizes her condition and submits with the calm reticence of a spirit who has lost the power to save herself. The man is an even rarer type. He lacks the clairvoyant sense upon which he plays in others, and staggers fiercely, distrustfully, through every relationship in life. Viewed as a hypnotist there is nothing remarkable in his character, but the impotence of so regnant a spirit to shield himself is a curiously subtle point for an author to make in character drawing and is likely to attract attention.

⁷ ISIDRO. By Mary Austin. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

⁸ SERENA. By Virginia F. Boyle. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

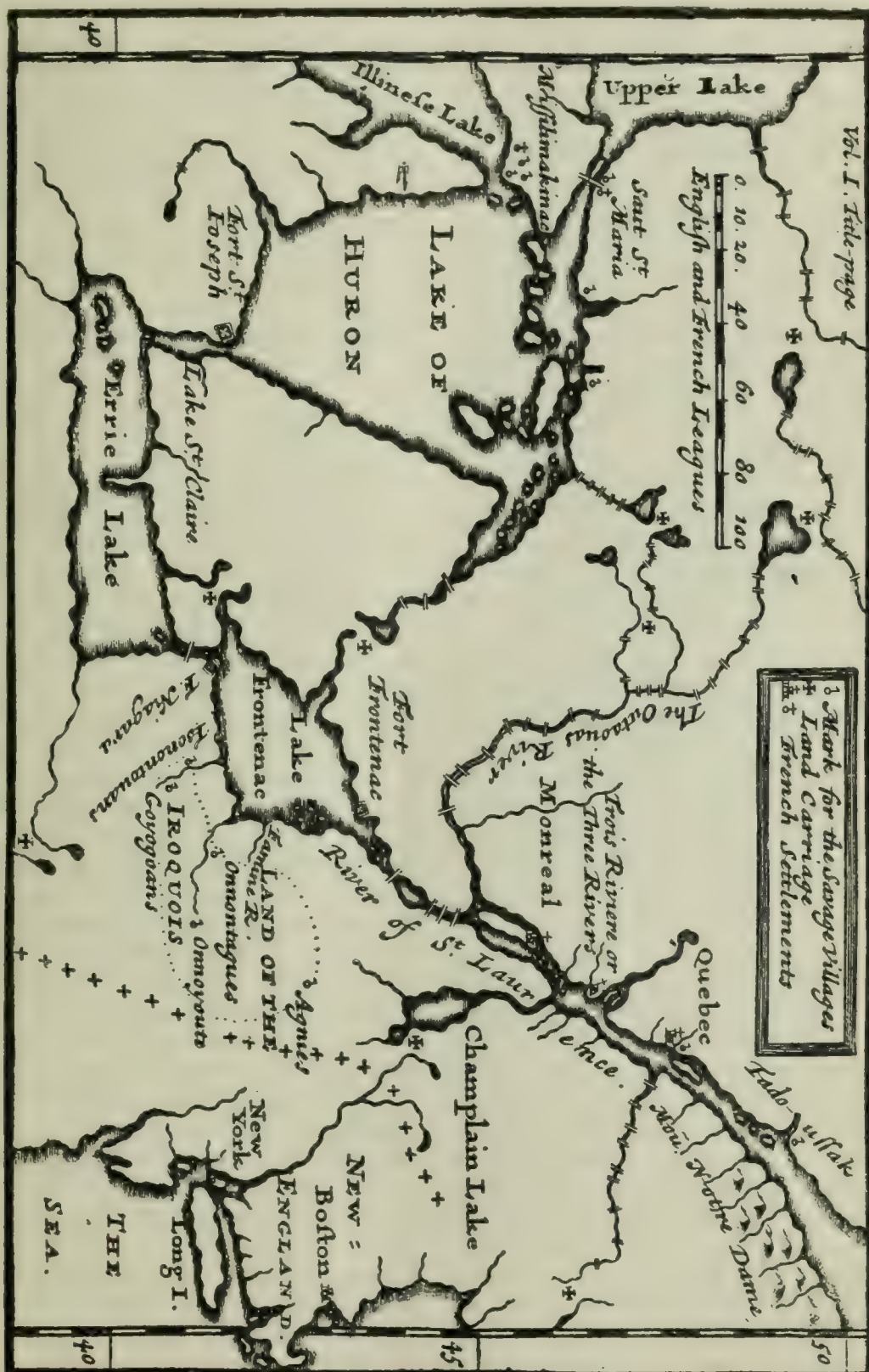
⁹ THE STORM CENTER. By Charles E. Craddock. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

¹⁰ THE DARK LANTERN. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Lahontan's New Voyages to North America.
 Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Two
 vols. With fac-similes of the original title
 pages and of the 24 maps and illustrations.
 Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$7.50

Mr. Thwaites adds to his already long
 list of historical reprints this copiously
 annotated and excellently printed issue
 of the 1703 London edition of the Baron
 de Lahontan's *Voyages*. In nearly every

respect the original appearance is re-
 tained; the type is practically identical,
 the crude engravings and the title pages
 are all reproduced, and tho the paging is
 different the original pages are indicated
 by bracketed numbers in the text. La-
 hontan was perhaps the most entertain-
 ing and in some respects the most in-
 structive narrator among all our early



Map from Lahontan's Voyages, 1703. A. C. McClurg & Co.

explorers. We say in some respects only, for he seems to have failed conspicuously on the score of accuracy. He was frequently mistaken and he often exaggerated, to speak mildly. But, for all that, there are a freshness and a vividity about his pages which are sadly lacking in the work of most of the other explorers. He was very much of a modern, moreover, and his satirical treatment of social and political wrongs anticipates much that has been written in a later time. Long before Proudhon, he had decided that "property is robbery," and he praises the savages, particularly the Hurons, in extravagant terms, as a people who do not know the law of *meum* and *tuum*. "I take it a man must be quite blind," he writes, "who does not see that the property of goods . . . is the only source of all the disorders that perplex the European societies." He came to Canada as a boy of 17 in 1683, spent considerable time among the Indians, penetrating the wilderness certainly as far West as the shores of Lake Michigan and possibly as far as the Mississippi. In 1693 he finally returned to Europe. During his absence he had been cheated of his patrimony, and all his efforts to regain it were unavailing. A fugitive from France, he wandered from country to country, finally resting under the patronage of the Elector of Hanover, in whose principality he died, probably in 1715. His *Voyages* for many years enjoyed a wide popularity. They have been well nigh forgotten of late, but the present excellent edition of them will do much to restore them to general favor.



The Coming of Parliament, England, from 1350 to 1660. By L. Cecil Jane. [The Story of the Nations Series.] New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp xvi, 406. \$1.35.

It is not possible to write of Mr. Jane's addition to the "Story of the Nations" Series otherwise than in terms of disappointment. There are already of this series several excellent volumes dealing with different phases of the political development of Great Britain—volumes which cover these phases in a way that is especially serviceable to the general reader. Miss Emily Lawless's "Ireland" is one of these. Mr. John Mack-

intosh's "Scotland" is another; and, coming to the more recent volumes—for the series is of many years' standing—there are Mr. Edward Jenks's "Parliamentary England," and Miss Bateson's "Medieval England." When Mr. Jane's *The Coming of Parliament* was announced we looked for a book that might well serve as a companion volume for Mr. Jenks's monograph—one that in order of sequence should come in between Miss Bateson's "Medieval England" and Mr. Jenks's "Parliamentary England." It may be that the editor of the series and Mr. Jane also had something like this in mind when *The Coming of Parliament* was determined upon as the title of Mr. Jane's book. But in this instance the title is not descriptive of the work; for instead of a volume treating specially of the growth of Parliament as an institution, Mr. Jane has once more gone over ground that has been adequately covered by many previous writers on English history of long acknowledged standing, and has given us a general survey of English, Scotch and Irish history—political, religious, social and industrial—between the Black Death of 1350 and the Restoration of Charles II. There are some references to Parliament in Mr. Jane's survey of these three hundred years. They are, however, not nearly so full, detailed and continuous as to warrant the title which he has given to his volume; while some of the statements that he makes with regard to Parliament tend to the conclusion that a volume in which Parliament was to have foremost attention—such attention as the title demands—was not continuously in mind when he was busy with his research. As an appendix to Mr. Jenks's "Parliamentary England" there is a list of forty-five or fifty authorities on which the work is based. Mr. Jane furnishes no such list; absolutely no clue anywhere to his authorities. But it is obvious from the text that Mr. Jane has broken no new ground in the research for the Parliamentary side of his book; and from mistakes into which he has slipped he has not always, it is clear, made very careful use of the old and well known authorities as to the history of Parliamentary development.

A Peculiar People, the Doukhobors. By Aylmer Maude. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

If Mr. Maude had simply intended to give a history of the Doukhobors, with the story of their migration to Canada in 1899, it would have been well if he had entirely rewritten his book. The disconnectedness and lack of sequence in his chapters, some of which were written before the migration, and the large amount of irrelevant matter make the book something of a conundrum to the reader until he reaches the final chapter. Then he finds that Mr. Maude's primary object is to make amends and do public penance for the offense of which he accuses himself, of having set the Doukhobors in entirely too good a light before their migration from Russia, thereby misleading the public and the Canadian Government into assisting and welcoming the Doukhobors, who afterward, by their deceit and distrust, and by the fanaticism displayed in their pilgrimages, were the occasion of much trouble and disappointment. A more consecutive story both of the sect and of the migration would have been more comprehensible and interesting to the general reader, but the volume, as it stands, brings out well the virtues and the limitations of this brave and in many respects most estimable people; while we are shown at the same time the limitations which are imposed by ignorance and credulity, and the impossibility of expecting enlightened conduct and freedom from gross superstition in a people long crushed by persecution and arbitrary government, and absolutely without education. The tendency of such a people—a people deeply religious, but without any clearly reasoned grounds for their beliefs—to throw themselves abjectly under the feet of any strong and capable man who can make himself their leader is a tendency common to all mankind; but the dogged persistence and sullen unsubduable will-power of the Russian character makes it more remarkable in the Doukhobors than in other sects. The capacity for unlimited and unquestioned obedience to a leader whom they have once thoroughly acknowledged is not without its advantages, as is shown by the quiet way in

which the Doukhobors have settled down and dropped their extravagances now that Verigin, their leader, who at the time of their migration was in exile in Siberia, is among them. As for the future of the Doukhobors, there is but one solution—education. With all the virtues they undoubtedly possess, if they can also have their intellect and reasoning powers cultivated and can be made to take wider and better balanced views of the world there is every reason to think that they will prove a very acceptable addition to the population of the Dominion.



The Diseases of Society. (The Vice and Crime Problem.) By G. Frank Lydston, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00.

Perhaps there is no more encouraging feature in our present day sociology than the interest of physicians in moral as well as in physical diseases. They are in a position to see what is pathological in the physical basis of vice and crime, and consequently to help materially in the formation of a healthy public opinion as to the view that shall be taken of what used to be considered simply the result of human malice. The hope of amelioration in present conditions consists in the development of that larger charity which does not really condemn, but sympathizes, for it is only sympathy that ever does any good in the solution of human problems. Unfortunately, tho Dr. Lydston's opportunities for observation have been manifold and have been well taken advantage of, his book is not likely to have that influence for good it would surely have but for certain defects in the writing of it. It has not the air of a serious book of science, and indeed contains here and there a misplaced facetiousness that is apt to disturb the serious reader, tho it may tickle the ear of the groundling. The chapters on Social Pathology, on the Etiology of Social Diseases in general, on Neuroses in their Relations to Social Diseases and on Sexual Vice and Crime are the most interesting. They contain besides what is best in the author's personal experience without the repetitions which lessen the effectiveness of other parts of the book. Dr. Lydston is apt to

attribute too much to criminal tendencies and to the physical and psychic characteristics of the criminal as influencing his career. In these later years criminology has lost much of its prestige because of the exaggerated claims of devotees. It is not so surprising to find that in his therapeutics of social disease something of this same exaggeration should be manifest. While the author condemns capital punishment, he does not hesitate to suggest even asexualization and sterilization to prevent the breeding of criminals. While the book is sure to be useful to those interested in the subject, it could have been made briefer without losing in value, and would thus have gained in force.



The Life of Thomas Hart Benton. By William M. Meigs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

The True Henry Clay. By Joseph M. Rogers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Rogers fears that the Henry Clay who prevails in the popular imagination is but as a ghost, and not "the full-blooded, true-hearted, impulsive, chivalrous, imperious Kentuckian." He accordingly sets himself the task of riddling certain fallacies regarding his hero and in a series of rather impressionistic sketches pictures him in his various aspects as statesman, patriot and country gentleman. The work is an attractive piece of writing, full of color and life, and giving much of the atmosphere of the ante-bellum days. The form in which it is arranged, however, makes inevitable a great many repetitions, and clouds somewhat the figure of the personality whom he essays to draw. The connected narrative form would have left on the reader's mind a clearer picture. There is an occasional slip of misstatement, as, for instance, when Calhoun is spoken of as a man without wife and child; but on the whole a painstaking care is evident. Mr. Meig's *Benton* has a more logical order and a more detailed treatment of particulars, tho it lacks something of the vivacity of the former work. It is a highly praiseworthy study of the great Missourian, sincere, thorough and judicial, and it presents a picture not likely to be forgotten. The tragedy of Ben-

ton's later days is strongly depicted. Refusing for years to see the "irrepressible conflict" which Seward in the North and Calhoun in the South had proclaimed, stanchly supporting the Union and regarding the Southern fomentors of disunion as the plotters of a criminal conspiracy, he gradually lost his old following in his State and went down, fighting desperately, to defeat and retirement. His last days were clouded and embittered with the dread of the evil times soon to come, but he kept to one consolation, "the knowledge of the fact that he had labored in his day and generation to preserve and perpetuate the blessings of that Union and self-government which wise and good men gave us."



The Bible: Its Origin and Nature. Seven Lectures delivered before Lake Forest College on the Foundation of the late William Bross. By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

The name of Marcus Dods is a guarantee of painstaking Biblical scholarship, cordial attitude toward criticism, careful weighing of critical results, and frank and honest avowal of opinion. He is not an original investigator in New Testament science, but he is familiar with the latest investigations of the best scholars, and he applies sound, sane judgment to their conclusions, and states his own opinions with clearness and force. In his Bross Lectures at Lake Forest he considered such questions as these: How does the Bible compare with other sacred books? How did it come to be made up of the particular books which now compose it? In what sense is it inspired? Is it without error and can it be said to be infallible? Dr. Dods brings out with much force the general trustworthiness of the Bible, especially of the Gospels, tho he insists that it is not verbally inspired nor inerrant. He maintains that criticism is inevitable, and describes the higher critics as a "highly trained corps of scouts and skirmishers thrown out on all sides to ascertain in what direction it is safe and possible for the Church to advance." His work will be of service in disarming prejudice and allaying fears as to the critical study of the Bible.

The Church and Its Organization in Primitive and Catholic Times: An Interpretation of Rudolph Sohm's Kirchenrecht. By Walter Lowrie, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50.

Prof. Rudolph Sohm's *Kirchenrecht* (Ecclesiastical Law) is by far the most important contribution to the subject of the organization and institutions of the early Church that has been made in recent years. On its appearance in 1892 it was at once recognized as an epoch-making work in the discussion of the nature and constitution of the early Church, and all recent writing on the Christian ministry and the order and usages of early Christianity has taken the form of criticism and discussion of the conclusions reached by Sohm. Prof. Edward C. Moore published last year a brief but able abstract of the views of Sohm in his book on "The New Testament and the Christian Church," but the work of Mr. Lowrie is the first adequate exposition of the argument of the Leipzig professor that has appeared in English. It is a work which no one who is interested in the question of early Church organization, or the deeper question of the nature of the Church as a religious society, can afford to neglect. It refutes the assertions one often hears that the Jewish synagogue or the Greek guilds furnished the model of Apostolic Church organization, and maintains that "this organization was the unique and spontaneous creation of the Christian faith." The main thesis is that the New Testament idea of an *Ecclesia* was not of an organization of any sort, either local or general, but a spiritual fellowship; that the *Ecclesia* as a whole is incapable of organization, and a legal constitution is opposed to the nature of the Church; that when the notion of ecclesiastical law was introduced Christianity was transformed into Catholicism. This is not a presentation of any form of Church government, whether new or old, as Apostolic and authoritative, but it strikes the ground from beneath the very conception of an authoritative form of Church government. Mr. Lowrie's study of early ecclesiastical institutions will afford small comfort to any Christian denomination which desires to find its own peculiar constitution in the Apostolic churches. But to those who would know

accurately what were the beginnings of church government and discipline this work offers larger instruction than has been given in English since the publications of Lightfoot and Hatch, and to those interested in the vital question as to what the Church of Jesus was when the spirit and life of its Founder were fresh in the memory it furnishes a new and suggestive point of view.



American Literary Criticism. Selected and edited, with an Introductory Essay, by William Morton Payne, LL.D., Associate Editor of "The Dial." New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.40.

Dr. Payne's choice of critics and of critical work is admirable, and his characterization of our American contribution to criticism is, on the whole, exceptionally good. There was never any great difficulty with criticism in America, either as to quantity or quality. It has always been abundant and free and an eye-opener. How much it has been this last Dr. Payne most ingeniously shows in his selections. A line of critics surely not to be despised for scholarship, insight, truth and taste is that which includes Richard H. Dana, who gave us the best ocean realism that has ever been written; George Ripley, so broad in the brows that he never could wear comfortably any of the doctors' hats, whether of the pulpit or of the college; Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, both as a destructive and a constructive critic, has been felt on all the continents; Poe, narrow in his range, but marvelous in touch and ear for the music of words; Margaret Fuller Ossoli, leader of the long succession of women who sit on thrones, with roses in their hair and a roll of manuscript in the right hand; James Russell Lowell, the prince of essayists and critics, who always sits above the salt at continental tables; Walt Whitman, with his "barbarian yawp," who stalks at the head of the crowd who break heads of saints and sinners alike; Edwin Percy Whipple, who every time Boston gave thanks that she was not as other folks sat at the head of the table of criticism and handled the knife with much dexterity as to the nicer parts of the American bird; Sidney Lanier, now resting in his Southern grave; Edmund

Clarence Stedman, very much alive and most keen of critical eyesight; Howells and James, who sit at the international feast as carvers, executing a preliminary flourish on the steel before they strike into the homely joints of the old-fashioned fowl. What a roll of honor it is! Not to be rated below any company of names abroad. And, altho all of them were born before the magical year "1850," probably not a man of them would be willing to be counted out of the number of those who claim, with Dr. Payne, that criticism realizes that it must "account for" literary productions as well as deal with "the analysis, exposition and judgment" of them. They would all agree, probably, "that it must do what it can to explain the conditions under which a work is produced"—whatever that may mean—and show, if it can, "how it has been molded by the form and pressure of the time and place in which it has appeared," altho that is a large job, "and seek also to bring it into its proper historical relations with what has gone before," and they would, every man of them—even Edgar Allan Poe—have said so in good English of the Darwinian formula, if only Darwin had produced the formula a little earlier in the nineteenth century.



The Truants. By A. F. W. Mason. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

"The Four Feathers," a novel by Mr. Mason which appeared two years ago, was far superior to this new story. The same idea of cowardice which made that book so famous is again advanced, but not so effectively. And in common with many English novelists he writes in a prosaic manner of the most romantic passions. This lack of animation will render *The Truants* almost droll to American readers. He portrays the most sentimental situations as if he were reporting a speech in Parliament.



Crux Aetatis. By Martin Schutze. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The volume entitled *Crux Aetatis*, by Martin Schutze, is a short one, remarkably well printed and bound. The contents are meditative, irregular, but al-

ways with artistic quality and intelligence; faint, freakish, half mythical verse, suggestive of Whitman if of any one, suggestive more of later volumes from Schutze, where he will sing in richer, clearer note that he has here. For there is a feeling along with the musical disappointment that this subtlety of blended vision will not be lost. One reads the poems over again to sound them, then once again to sense them and consider. To quote one would best explain the problem:

"Through the sober window
The wooded Autumn hillside peers,
Silent in the silver-purple rain-mist,
Dim as golden treasures
That have slept a thousand years
In the deepest depths of the sea.

"And a moment we wonder,
And breathless gaze
At the buried golden treasures
That have slumbered in dim sea depths
A thousand years,
Strange as the many-figured curtain
Which folds the ultimate secret of things.

"And we turn again
To our cabined ease.
We ripen, and fall, and turn to mold
As the fluttering leaf.
We pass as the blind gray clouds overhead.

"And within us, unheeded,
A golden treasure slumbers a thousand years
Dim as the deepest depths of the sea,
Sombre with the secret of things."



The Mormon Menace. Confessions of John D. Lee, Danite. Introduction by Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: Home Protective Publishing Co.

"The Confessions of John D. Lee," made during his imprisonment, before his execution by troops of the United States, are widely known and of real value to the student of Mormon history. The Home Publishing Company has rendered valuable service by sending them forth in this well executed volume. The title of this reprint is unfortunate. There is no Mormon menace at the present time and there never was a Mormon menace except in feverish imaginations. Mormon religion has never been popular. Its missionaries, who have been numerous considering the size and re-

sources of the Mormon community, have gained converts only by the hardest labor. If any other religion had been prosecuted with half the zeal and devotion displayed by Mormon missionaries it would almost certainly have become formidable. But after seventy-five years of almost unparalleled exertion the Mormons are still a feeble community, and their prospects appear to be hopeless. Mormonism is a Protestant development. The Church has employed the most laborious exertions in Catholic countries without success. By the conditions of the case they are compelled to proselytize among the Protestants. But even among Protestants their success has been very slight. Mormonism appears doomed to "innocuous desuetude." It seems to have owed much of the small progress it has made to the persecutions that have been bestowed upon it. But of late years persecution has begun to decline, and along with it is declining the fanatical enthusiasm which persecution always awakens. The Mormons are gradually settling down into quiet citizenship. It is likely that in the course of time they will be regarded with something like the sentiments with which the Mennonites are now looked upon by the people of Holland. The tide of Western immigration, which is ever swelling to higher proportions, promises in due time to overflow the State of Utah, and then the Mormons will find themselves in a hopeless minority. Meanwhile the American people are striving to keep their temper and their dignity, and they are succeeding admirably well. Therefore the Mormon problem seems to be in a process of satisfactory solution.



Manual of the Trees of North America (Exclusive of Mexico). By Charles Sprague Sargent. With 644 illustrations from drawings by Charles Edward Faxon. 8vo, pp. xxiii, 826. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6 00.

Mr. Sargent is the author of "The Silva of North America" and Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. There is no better authority living on the subject of this volume. It contains 644 drawings, generally half size, of 644 different kinds of trees (ex-

clusive of shrubs, which will probably go to another volume). This is a purely scientific manual, very exact, such as a botanist wants, with no surplusage of literary padding, no such words as *grand*, *beautiful*. But it contains all the needed helps, the analytic keys and table of definitions which the student needs. Britton and Brown have taught us that a general manual of botany must have a figure for every single plant, and these very exact and careful drawings by so accomplished a botanical artist as Mr. Faxon are admirable and ample. The botanist who is not familiar with Mr. Sargent's "Silva" will be surprised at the number of scientific names of trees that are credited to "Sarg." His specialty is the haw, or *Cratægus*. Out of 132 species recognized by Mr. Sargent 64 carry his names. This does not mean that they are new species, for not many of them are, but that he has found it necessary to rename a very large number. Only eight carry his names among the 47 oaks. We wish the volume were not so expensive, but it must have a limited circulation. It will be especially valuable to students in the West and South, where the trees are not so well covered by other manuals.



How to Write. A Handbook based on the English Bible. By Charles Sears Baldwin, Assistant Professor of Rhetoric in Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

It is a commonplace of literature that many of our greatest writers have found their style in the English Bible, but such a direct use of it for teaching composition as is done in this little book is novel and ingenious. As examples of "How to Prepare a Speech" the speeches of Paul at Mars' Hill, to the Jews of Antioch and at the trial before Felix are given and analyzed. For essays we have selections from the Wisdom of Solomon and from Paul and Isaiah, while "How to Tell a Story" and "How to Describe" are illustrated from the Old Testament. The book will be very useful as a practical rhetoric and is likely to do more to restore the Bible to its rightful place in modern education than any num-

ber of magazine articles and chapel addresses on the literary value of the Bible.



Mine and Thine. By Florence Earle Coates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Miss Coates's verses may be described in a general way as topical. She has a trick of catching up all sorts of little incidents into her mind and turning little tunes to them. So Mr. Stedman and Dreyfuss and Edward VII and Miss Keller and many more furnish her with a variety of points of attachment and themes of general interest. Nor is the following sonnet, which will serve as an example of her "art," without a certain admonitory timeliness:

TO POVERTY.

"Pale priestess of a fane discredited,
Whose votaries to-day are few or none;
Goddess austere, whose touch the vulgar
shun,
As they would shrink from a Procrustes' bed,
Hieing to temples where the feast is spread,
And life laughs loudly, and the smooth
wines run;
Wise mother!—least desired 'neath the sun,
At thy chill breasts the noblest have been fed.

"Great are thy counsels for the brave and
strong;
Yet do we fear thy brooding mystery,
The griefs, the hardships, which about thee
throng,
The scanty garners where thy harvests be;
But seeing what unto the rich belong,
We know our debt, O Poverty, to thee!"



A New Paolo and Francesca. By Annie L. Holdsworth. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

The course of true love would run more smoothly in fiction if it were not the romantic fashion for the dying party to bind the hero or heroine by some vow impossible to keep. This story, which begins cheerfully, ends in a morbid agony, because the young woman in it is bound by a deathbed promise to marry a certain man. Naturally she prefers the other one. If our readers are interested in this time honored situation, let them buy the book and finish the tale. It is well told, and the author has enough coloring matter in her vocabulary to paint the national history of a whole continent.

Pebbles

Morton, Loomis, Heilprecht: "Who's the next gentleman to be whitewashed? Hooker?" —*Puck*.

.... "This is a grave mistake," sobbed the man when he found he had been weeping over the wrong tombstone.—*Columbia Jester*.

.... *Excited Father:* "What are we going to do? These scales only weigh ten pounds and the baby weighs more than that." *Calm Brother:* "You might chop off one leg and weigh that separately."—*Somerville Journal*.

VACATION.

Now sister, home from boarding school,
Severely criticises ma;
And, with an air of wisdom rare,
Explains the grammar's rules to pa.
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A gent called "Six-Shooter" O'Connor
Had curious notions of honor.
He embezzled the mare
Of "Four-Flusher" O'Hare,
And proceeded straightway to Mont.

But, alas for the horse-stealing biz;
Since the mare that he rode was not his.
So, despite all excuse,
They adjusted the noose,
And they urged him to rise—he Ariz.
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE YACHTMAN'S HAND BOOK.

Rule I—When engaging a sailing master be sure to refer to your boat as "the stanchest little vessel that plows the briny main." This will impress him with your seamanship.

II—Do not call the cook a galley slave until the end of the trip or it may cause indigestion.

III—When half seas over it is a good plan to go off on another tack. Great care should be taken to avoid bars at such a juncture.

IV—Sporting rules require that gloves weighing at least five ounces be used in boxing the compass.

V—Under the new ruling of the S. P. C. A. the watch dog cannot be compelled to stand the dog watch. Use any old sea dog.

VI—If you find that your provisions are tough you may eat the tender.

VII—If you are unable to hear the soundings ask a sailor to fathom their meaning.

VIII—To avoid comment it is best always to start with a fresh new deck.

IX—If your boat happens to be a catboat great care should be taken to avoid schools of dogfish.

X—It is best to dress modestly, as a heavy swell is liable to be dangerous to a small boat.
—*Princeton Tiger*.

Editorials

Life Insurance Reform

GOVERNOR HIGGINS has yielded to the pressure of public opinion, and there is to be a legislative investigation of the life insurance business in New York. But, with a curious disregard for the words of his own message to the Legislature, he declares that he still believes "there is nothing to be gained" by such an inquiry.

In that message he asserts that the insurance laws of the State are "obsolescent and inadequate"; that a revision of them is "necessary" and should be promptly made; that the Insurance Superintendent's inquisitorial powers are so limited that he desires the aid of a legislative investigation. The management of life insurance funds, he continues, is not sufficiently safeguarded. Under the inadequate existing laws earnings can be diverted to improper uses, and trustees can speculate with the trust funds "for their personal advantage." The State, in the performance of its duty to policy holders, must "restrict investments," limit salaries, hold trustees "to a stricter accountability" and give policyholders "a more effective share in the government of the companies":

"It may well be that the harsh and arbitrary remedy of dissolution and receivership should be made not only a penalty for insolvency, but also a summary check upon a solvent company when it becomes irredeemably the plaything of lawless greed. The State cannot permit the subjects of its supervision to exist as licensed prodigals of other people's money without becoming an accomplice to the offense."

And after saying all this and much more to the Legislature, Governor Higgins is "still of the opinion that there is nothing to be gained by a legislative investigation" designed to promote a needed amendment of the statutes. He should find time to read the message which was sent to the Legislature over his name.

For a long time we have urged the importance of providing for a legislative

investigation of the Equitable scandal. New laws are imperatively demanded by the conditions and the abuses which have been disclosed; and the enactment of them should be preceded by such an inquiry as is now to be made. It is right that other companies, as well as the Equitable, should be subjects of investigation. The life insurance business, as it is conducted in New York, where so great a part of it is carried on, is now on trial, and public confidence in the management and methods of it should be fully restored. It is within the power of this committee, of the Legislature, and of the prosecuting officers of the State and the city, so to restore it. Among the members of the committee there may be unworthy men, but their presence will not prevent a thorough inquiry, or withhold from the public those facts which the inquiry must reveal. The committee will continually be exposed to the pressure of public opinion, by which it will be kept in the right path.

It has a great opportunity, for its recommendations, if they meet the demands of the situation, will be memorable and even revolutionary in their effect upon the life insurance business in the United States. The Equitable should first engage its attention. Every dollar of that company's receipts and expenditures should be traced and accounted for. Witnesses whom Superintendent Hendricks could not or did not examine can be brought before the committee. Facts thus obtained may assist Attorney-General Mayer and District Attorney Jerome, but it will be primarily for the protection of policyholders and to acquire information that shall point the way to new laws that the committee will search for them.

Complete mutualization the Equitable needs most, mutualization with "elimination of the stock," as Superintendent Hendricks said in his report, and with "elimination of Wall Street control." How is this to be accomplished? There must be legislation. The company's

charter must be amended. Mr. Ryan has agreed to sell his stock at the price he paid for it. With minority shares included, this would mean about \$5,000,000 for the entire issue. Ought the company, the policyholders, to pay such a price? Could the owners of the stock be compelled to sell for less?

These are some of the questions which must be answered in the committee's report. At all events, the stock must be eliminated, and the policyholders must have absolute control. With the stock both Mr. Ryan and Mr. Morton should also be eliminated. We are not criticising their action or saying that it has not tended temporarily to improve the situation. But their continued connection with the company would not be in harmony with those ideal conditions which the policyholders desire and which the committee should seek to establish.

When the committee turns from the complete mutualization of the Equitable and from the legislation without which that change cannot be made, to other remedies which the conditions demand, it will find that these need to be applied to the entire life insurance business in New York, if not, indeed, to this business elsewhere as well. Such abuses as have been disclosed in the Equitable—syndicate promotion by means of insurance funds, trading in securities at the company's expense, profitable speculation in banks and trust companies upon a basis of insurance money, lavish extravagance, the payment of excessive salaries, etc.—should be prevented in all companies by legislation and by the restrictions of efficient supervision. We are not saying that such offenses have been committed in other companies. But it should not be possible in any life insurance company to do any of these things with impunity. They should be distinctly forbidden by law, and should also be prevented by the restrictions of State supervision. And certain conditions which offer temptation should be eliminated.

The investments of a life insurance company should be restricted and guarded by law as carefully as those of a savings bank. We believe that the committee should recommend legislation—and that it should be promptly enacted—applying to life insurance companies'

funds the same rules that now govern the investment of savings bank deposits. In other respects also a life insurance company should be required to conform to the rule for savings banks. It should not be permitted to control, or to be connected with, subsidiary institutions, such as banks and trust companies, or other corporations, but should be confined by law strictly to the business of life insurance in its various forms.

By the issue of deferred dividend policies there is heaped up a huge surplus which attracts promoters and speculators and continually offers temptation to those in whose charge it lies. Here may be seen the source of many of the abuses to which attention has recently been directed. While the use of such policies thus affects the company's treasury and may lead trustees and executive officers astray, it is also objectionable because it introduces into the business something which resembles gambling. The committee should carefully consider the question whether the issue of deferred dividend policies ought not to be by law forbidden or kept within narrow limits.

These are the most important reforms which will inevitably be suggested to this committee, whose report, we trust, with the legislation thereafter based upon it, will impose upon these great fiduciary institutions a wholesome restraint. The Legislature of New York should be foremost in the work of guarding the money of the insured, of keeping it out of the hands of speculators and of preventing the use of it for projects distinctly opposed to the people's interests. If such protection is refused where the life insurance business has been concentrated and has become so great, a popular demand will arise for strict national supervision or even for insurance by the Federal Government.



Graft and Public Ownership

ULTRA-CONSERVATIVES who see "danger" in every proposition of public ownership are fond of magnifying the opportunity which would be created for corruption if railways, telegraphs, electric lighting systems and so on should become public enterprises. They point to scandals in the Post Office Depart-

ment, irregularities in army and navy supply contracts and leakages of crop reports as proofs of the impossibility of conducting public business in an honest way and as samples of the wrongdoing on a big scale that we might expect if the business responsibilities of public departments should be increased. Such probabilities of financial irregularity, added to the certainty that a vast enlargement of the civil service would create new political difficulties, seem to many minds a conclusive demonstration that an extensive transfer of important business interests from private to public control would be a policy of folly.

Do these defenders of the existing order ever take the trouble to inform themselves upon the relation between the private ownership of public service enterprises and graft? The shrewd French economist, Bastiat, used to say a good deal about the "unseen things" in economic phenomena. Like the tyro at chess, the tyro in economics sees a few of the possible moves on the boards so plainly that he is totally unaware of other moves that perhaps are far more important. The opponents of public ownership are obstinate examples of inability to see the really dominant facts of political and economic life. Peculation in public office, the spoils system and the betrayal of trust are but minor evils when compared with the greater corruption that is engendered by the existing relations of private corporations to legislation.

All public service corporations are solicitors of public favor. They must have franchises, to secure which they must by one or another means control legislative bodies and administrative departments. The means employed usually include inducements more effective than an appeal to the intelligence and fair mindedness of the legislator or the administrative officer. Bribe money, paid over without concealment, or paid under the disguise of a contract, is one of the necessary expenditures in public service finance. We venture to say that no public service corporation in the United States would dare to publish an absolutely truthful financial statement showing the exact nature of all its disbursements throughout its whole history. Corporation statements are wonderful examples of the art of discreet itemizing.

One result is that every legislature and other franchise granting body has become a systematic and shameless grafter. And it does not confine its enterprise to extorting "what the traffic will bear" when corporations call for favors. All legislative bodies have learned how to bleed the corporations without waiting until benefits are asked. Strike bills or resolutions are introduced for the understood purpose of compelling involuntary payment. Some annoying restriction is proposed or an increase of taxation is threatened. The cheapest and easiest thing the corporation can do is to step up to the political captain's desk and settle.

Now if any one honestly supposes that this system of graft is not a far bigger tax upon the public and a far more demoralizing force than the official malfeasance that develops in Governmental departments, he is an innocent. It has become the dominant factor in American business and political life. The fertility of our land, the native richness of our mines, the ingenuity and enterprise of our people, the tradition of self-government—not one of these things compares in importance as a fact to which every other business fact must somehow be adjusted with the partnership between the corporations and the politicians which yields to the latter a substantial "rake-off."

To press then the argument that public ownership means leakage, waste and corruption is either imbecile or disingenuous. It strains at the gnat and swallows the camel.

It may be quite true that private business management is more efficient and less wasteful than public management. It may be quite true that public business methods are bound with red tape and that they are unbusinesslike. It may be that the balance sheet of any conceivable business would show a larger profit under private than under public administration. But what of it? Why do we tacitly make or unquestioningly allow the assumption that the superior profitability of private management is a final retort to the argument for public management? When public interests are at stake it is not the absolute, but the relative, economy of one or another form that becomes a public concern. The question is not, Under which plan does

a group of privileged persons secure the greater advantage? but it is, Under which plan does the greater advantage accrue to the public? It may be that under private management a railroad can be run so that one hundred dollars comes in for every eighty dollars paid out, and that under public management ninety dollars would be paid out for every hundred dollars that comes in. What reason is that for continuing the private management if out of the twenty dollars profit the public gets fifty cents, while under the public management out of ten dollars profit it would get ten dollars?

This is a question that the opponents of the public ownership of public service enterprises have never squarely answered. They never will answer it, and for an all-sufficient reason—namely, All men divide themselves into two classes, according to their real view of social relations. Consciously or unconsciously, frankly or shamefacedly, one class of men believes that the poor, the inefficient, the mediocre human beings exist and ought to exist for the benefit of their betters. The other class of men believes that human society ought to be an arrangement in which each exists for all and all exist for each. The men that believe in privilege and in a privileged class instinctively object to any extension of public enterprise which is “uneconomical” in the sense of depriving the privileged of money-making opportunities, altho the public is benefited, or in the sense of increasing somewhat the sum total of official misconduct, altho curtailing privately managed graft.



Patriotic Relics

If Commodore John Paul Jones had taken the precaution to have had Shakespeare's curse inscribed on his tomb it would have been better for him, for it seems that in our effort to do honor to his remains we dishonor his name. In our last issue Mr. Park Benjamin calls attention to the fact that Jones himself says he was wounded, whereas the most minute examination of the body of the gentleman which our fleet is bringing to this country failed to detect any scars. This apparently places us in the unfortunate dilemma of having to call John

Paul Jones a liar or the corpse an impostor. We do not like to think that our naval hero was one who boasts of scars but never felt a wound, nor will it be pleasant to be compelled to open up that splendid tomb at Annapolis and take out the body we are placing there with so much ceremony and send it back to France on a cruiser with apologies for getting the wrong box. Yet it is quite possible that some time in the future a body may be discovered in a Parisian cemetery bearing a more certain token of identification than a crooked mark on the linen which looks like a “P” and equally like a “J” and is, therefore, taken as a monogram of both initials.

This naturally suggests the perplexing questions whether the patriotic sentiments which the proximity of these supposedly heroic bones will have aroused in the breasts of thousands of tourists will be invalidated if these sacred relics should be discovered to be spurious some fifty years from now, and whether the inspiration which the naval cadets will have received from being educated in the neighborhood of Commodore Jones will fail them when they come to know that the tomb is only a cenotaph? It may be that some action by legislation might be taken in that case which would validate such emotions and sentiments, proper in themselves, but having a fictitious origin, as has been done where an illegally elected justice of the peace has for years performed marriage ceremonies.

A very similar case, which perhaps may be of value as a precedent, occurred in Italy in the fifteenth century. The Benedictines of Padua had for three hundred years possessed the body of St. Luke, which had proved very efficacious not only as an aid to devotion, but also as a means of procuring offerings from the devout, who sought the intercession of the Evangelist to secure favorable answers to their prayers. The Franciscans of Venice, however, came into possession also of an alleged body of St. Luke, and the Benedictines appealed to Pope Pius II to issue an injunction against their rivals in the miracle business. The case was tried before Cardinal Bessarion, the Papal Legate at Venice, and lasted three months. Unfortunately the Bertillon system of measurements was not avail-

able at that time for identifying the remains, but nevertheless the Benedictines had quite as strong evidence in favor of their claim. This was that the head of St. Luke had been given in 580 by the Emperor Tiberius II to St. Gregory, and was still to be seen in the Basilica of the Vatican. The Benedictines argued that since their St. Luke had no head it was more probable that it was the right one than that of the Franciscans, which had a head of its own. Nevertheless the representative of the Pope decided in favor of the Franciscans, and the St. Luke of Padua was declared an impostor. This somewhat peculiar decision was possibly based upon the idea that it was not so much a wonder that St. Luke should have two heads as that one small head should carry all he knew. Besides, such anatomical peculiarities were nothing new for St. Luke. There was a third, or perhaps we should say a fifth, arm of his preserved in the Basilica of S. Maria ad Praesepe.

Of course in patriotic osteolatry, as in religious, such unfortunate questions are liable at any time to arise. But it is certainly regrettable that so much money and trouble should have been expended with so dubious a result. Four cruisers of the North Atlantic fleet have been taken from their regular duties and sent on a voyage of 6,000 miles at a cost of \$30,000 to \$50,000 to bring to America what may after all be only a dead Frenchman. Mr. Porter has devoted a large amount of his valuable time to sorting over bones in the Parisian cemeteries, adding the duties of coroner to those of Ambassador without any increase in his salary and at considerable personal expense.

The French have been too careless in the management of their cemeteries. They have desecrated, consecrated, secularized and reconsecrated them, and transposed and scattered remains regardless of possible complications on the Day of Judgment, even going so far as to upholster the catacombs with friezes of vertebræ and dados of skulls. They seem to think that when a man gets through with his body it is of no value to anybody else. They evidently did not suspect how precious such relics would be to the patriots of the future. In fact,

we ourselves could hardly have foretold that patriotism would take this form with us. It is only a few years since we were making lots of fun of the Chinese for transporting the bodies of their dead back to the Celestial Kingdom, and now we have adopted the custom. In order that the dust of John Paul Jones may mingle with the sacred soil he helped to free, as has been recently said in several periodicals, we send Sigsbee's squadron across the Atlantic. Would it not be cheaper to ship to Europe a sufficient quantity of our sacred soil to put around the coffins of distinguished Americans who have died abroad, thus securing exterritorial entombment? This plan has been successfully adopted in the Campo Santa at Pisa, where enough soil has been brought from the Holy Land to form a burying ground, so that the devout deceased need not be transported to Palestine to secure the benefit of such burial. But nevertheless the presence at Annapolis of the remains of Commodore Jones, or whoever the gentleman is, will be a great object lesson to American youth, as, indeed, others have said before. It will teach them that if they in their turn become naval heroes they, too, will not be allowed to rest in peace in their graves, but will be liable to be dug up and Bertilloned like a criminal and transported to another continent whenever larger appropriations are needed for the navy.



The Presbyterian Prayer Book

THE Presbyterians have a Prayer Book. It is not as yet a divinity-calf book with a purple marker, but only a plain, blue covered pamphlet report. Nevertheless it is a Prayer Book, and the churches which fought very shy of organs not so many years ago can now confess their sins according to book, all together, in a general mumble, receive assurance of pardon from their minister and join in petitions not one word of which is trusted to the unction of the hour.

It came about in the following manner. In 1903 the Synod of New York and the Presbytery of Denver sent up overtures to the General Assembly petitioning for a book of simple forms and services for use in the celebration of the

sacraments, in marriages and funerals and in the conduct of public worship. The matter was referred to a committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke was chairman, who tactfully recommended that a committee on forms and services be constituted and that they be instructed to prepare a book, but "to avoid those forms which savor of ritualism; to embody sound doctrine in the language of orderly devotion and to keep ever in mind the end of Presbyterian worship, which is that all the people should join in the service of God."

Dr. Van Dyke was made chairman of this committee and with him were associated such men as President Hall, of Union Seminary; Prof. John De Witt, of Princeton; Dr. Richards, of the Brick Church of New York, and Dr. Louis F. Benson, the editor of the Presbyterian Hymnal. The committee labored a year in the preparation of a Prayer Book which would avoid ritualism and presented a miniature book to the Assembly of 1904, together with a masterly *apologia* designed to conciliate the minds of any recalcitrant brethren disposed to discern unfitness in Presbyterians praying by book. It was to be only for "*voluntary use*" (italics not ours) and was to embody portions of the Genevan Liturgy of John Calvin and some of the mild and pleasant phrases of John Knox, together with extracts from the Scottish Psalm Book of 1595. So the committee was continued, collected prayers and composed forms diligently, and a genuine Presbyterian Prayer Book, of considerable size, was approved by the recent Winona Lake Assembly, and the publication of the completed work, without further submission to the representatives of the churches, was authorized and it is offered for public use.

The Prayer Book as it now is, "re-printed for information" by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, is not a bad book. The liturgies of the centuries have been searched for devout and beautiful prayers, and the forms for public worship and for baptisms, ordination and the communion are dignified, chaste and reverent. The inclusion of prayers from literary sources is to be commended. We note selections from Samuel Johnson, Thomas Arnold,

Jeremy Taylor, E. B. Pusey, Christina G. Rossetti and Robert Louis Stevenson. On the other hand, the omission of the "Collect for Peace," beginning "O God, Who art the Author of Peace and Lover of Concord," is unaccountable. That surely is one of the most inspired prayers ever written.

The excellence of the orders for morning and evening worship is spoiled by their length. A congregation which tried the morning service for several months found that it could not be conducted in less than an hour, and gave it up for this reason. An hour and a quarter is long enough for an ordinary church service, and the minister should have thirty minutes for his sermon if he wants it. A form of worship an hour long will have one of two results—if indeed not both—the service will be hurried or the sermon will be relegated to a subordinate position. The strength of the Presbyterian Church has been in the strong, thoughtful, doctrinal preaching of its ministers. It is for instruction in Christian truth and help in Christian living that people go to church, and the Presbyterian fathers and brethren would do well to hesitate before obligating themselves to an order of worship which steals time from their sermons.

If we might suggest an omission it would be that of the Apostles' Creed. It is urged that confession of one's faith is an essential element of worship. But is not the very fact of worship a confession of one's faith? Does not one confess faith by joining heartily in worthy Christian prayer? Or can one sing "Rock of Ages" without declaring his faith? The world in general has understood Presbyterians to be confessing their faith quite vigorously on several occasions hitherto when they were not using the Apostles' Creed. A creed is very often a challenge to a man to consider what he does *not* believe. Such a confession of faith calls up doubts and does not allay them, while the implied confession of a devout hymn or a genuinely pleading prayer soothes the spirit.

Moreover, the Apostles' Creed in particular has a bad record. It has stirred no end of discussion in England, forced pious men out of the Church and compromised in the eyes of the people some

of the most scholarly and devout adherents of the National Church. The strife in Germany has been even more intense. Why should the American Presbyterians saddle onto themselves a weight which their brethren have found almost intolerable? The Apostles' Creed contains a clause which has to be explained away by Protestants ("I believe in the Holy Catholic Church"); an article which no one believes any longer (the resurrection of the body), and a doctrine which many leading scholars have given up as belonging to a later stratum of New Testament tradition, and which is sure to be the subject of future controversy (the doctrine of the virgin birth). The admission of the Creed is unwise tactically and undesirable from the point of view of restful, spiritual worship.

This Prayer Book is "for voluntary use," and it is a question how far Presbyterian churches will desire to use it, or will find it advisable to do so, however much it be improved. It has arrived at its present state only through the exceedingly skilful efforts of the chairman of the committee, Dr. Van Dyke. He is said to have sacrificed a large proportion of his time the past two years in labor upon this book, and his earnestness in the cause was evidenced in his consummate handling of the matter before the Assembly. He won a hostile audience, and at the close of his speech made them join in a prayer from his book, a prayer of John Calvin! What can you do against a man who will pray in a debate? But in the particular churches, where the real trial of the book must take place, the suavity of the trout-lurer will not be had, and the staid Presbyterians may find that their blood goes back more to the Puritan, who used prayer books for gun wadding, and to Wesley, whose spirit was too large for any book, than to Calvin and Knox, of whose Books of Common Order Dr. Van Dyke has made such skilful use.



Just One Book

WE have tried it and know of what we speak—a vacation without a book is a failure; what we need is just one book.

A modern man cannot stand it to live in the woods for a month without a book. He may get on without a newspaper for a week or a whole month, but books have become so much a part of an intelligent life that one may more easily endure separation from human companionship.

We began with carrying a satchel full, but that was a failure. Those books had to be read; what else were they for? The reading woke trains of thought and gave birth to articles and editorials. Why should these be still-born? The result was a restless vacation. What we want of an offing is change—not too absolute—no wrench from home associations; only a big twist out of common channels. Vacation should work as when the countryman saws off a limb but grafts in a new stock. Life is not interrupted, nor is there a total break of continuity. Only there is to be no fruit in that limb for a time, in order that after a while it may bear a much better sort. So we rest in order that we may do better work. Plainly what we need is just one book and that wisely chosen.

Reading is not tiresome; it is the hurry of mastering so much printed matter that wears us out. Good book reviewing is the most wearisome work that town life puts upon us. It is the twist of the mind to a dozen topics in close succession that disarranges the brain cells. We have come to associate duty with reading—our fathers did nothing of the kind. We are under intellectual obligation to keep pace with literary evolution. One book used to be enough. A single volume came from the press about every six months. It was heralded with general delight. All classes read it; everybody read the review of it—took sides, belabored or befriended the book. All this is a thing of the past. We pile up books, we stack them in corners; we feel plagued by their pertinacity. To get into a far away nook with just one book is to get out of the most pertinacious crowd of the day. That is the glory of vacation. Nobody can say, "Read this!" or "Have you read this or that?"

Then came the question, What one book shall we take? Size must have something to do about it, rather than mere contents. It must be materially light weight, easily packed, easily handled. It

must not be obtrusive, must be modest and considerate. It should be easily held in a hammock while on one's back, and if it fall as we drop asleep it should not make a noise to awaken the sleeper. It must not be red or gaudy in its binding; a little top gilt is barely pardonable. Perhaps green is the ideal color, as calling less attention to itself under the trees. Shall it be a book of poems; say poems on Nature? These are barely tolerable at any time. Who wishes to have apple trees and brooks translated to him? Let them do their own singing. As for theology, not a bit of it out in the fields and woods. If we cannot find God out there ourselves, or let him find us—why, we are best left alone by the chalk and pointer of the theologian. Of all things we do not want novels. We shall have feelings and sentiments enough of our own, and they ought to be undisturbed by the soul agitations of other people.

What book then shall it be? We picked up Higginson's "Outdoor Studies," but laid it down; then "The Birds About Us," and "Birdland Echoes," by Abbott, but we dropped them as taking us into fields a bit foreign to our bent. Professor Parson's sumptuous volume on New Zealand tempted us, but clearly one could not stand the nervous thinking it would stimulate, unless indeed he be a professional reformer. We lifted with tenderness Powell's "The Country Home," but it weighed just twice too much. At last we spied John Burroughs's "Far and Near;" it was just the thing—right weight, not too intent, not speculative, and the author will not be angry if we go to sleep while he is talking.

Burroughs is a good companion, because he sees much, and generally very accurately, the surface of things. He does not often go down to delve into causes or into abstract analysis. He rather lacks in sympathy with country problems. He dislikes those who see too much in Nature—especially too much intellectuality in animals. Yet he is convinced that "A duck has more sagacity than any other of our common fowls." Thoreau is a totally different observer—digs constantly to look under facts. Burroughs hates collectors and is a real lover of the simple. The hunter with his rifle and the collector with his bag are to him

equally objectionable. They are destroying some of the best things God has made and are making the world over to a lower type. The truth is we have never had a better descriptive poet of natural scenery—only it is in prose that he sings best. His rimes are worse than those of Thoreau.

What to do with your one book when you have it is a delicate problem. It makes no difference what your ordering of the days may be while you are in harness, but during vacation the days must be allowed to order you. In the morning you must rise at daylight, but do not touch the book. Look at it and kindly say, By and by you shall go with me, but not now. This is the hour for companionship with Nature. At daybreak as at no other hour there are spirits abroad—incarnations of the universal life. Start off for the hilltops; go while the dew is not yet drunk by the sun, while the farmers are calling to the cows to come in from the orchards to be milked. The time for the book and about the only time for such companionship is along through the afternoon.

It is then that you grow more or less tired of Nature. You are thinking of home and of its furnishings, its companionship and its libraries, its duties and its dutiful pleasures. If this were to go on—if there were to be no more mornings and evenings—if you could not go to bed with the birds, and could not smell the fresh morning messages from the pines and the orchards, you would as soon go back to the routine life. Now you open the book. It breaks up the channel of thought. It gives you just enough intellectual stimulus, and when you drop asleep you have a peaceful sensation that after all you are at home; for is not your highest work just to see well and to smell well and to hear well? When at last you come home is it not really coming away from home? You draw the book from your pocket with a tender warmth and lay it where you can easily place your hand upon it, believing that you will take it up again to-morrow, or soon; but you will leave it there till the dust is brushed from it and it finds its place in the long rows that fill the shelves of your library. The book has done its work and has done it well.

Dolge and
Loomis

A letter was sent to the New York papers last week by Mr. O. L. Church, of East Orange, N. J., charging that Rudolph Dolge, Consular Agent of the United States at Caracas, Venezuela, is unduly interested in concessions in the country where he serves; that he controls two papers which never tire of adulating President Castro (Castro has decorated Dolge); and that he uses the coat of arms of the State Department of the United States for an advertisement of a laundry which he owns. Furthermore, Mr. Church alleges that because of his friendship with Assistant Secretary of State Loomis Mr. Dolge has had five months' leave of absence in the United States out of the last twelve, which time, when he was not testifying for Mr. Loomis in the Loomis investigation, he spent in trying to float a concession from the Venezuela Government, which was of great value. Mr. Dolge, who was in New York before he sailed for Venezuela last week, admitted that these charges were substantially true, tho he failed to see where they were in the least discreditable. As a Consular Agent, he said, he was not a salaried officer and was permitted to engage in business without restriction of any kind. We admit the legality of his engaging in private business, but that he should be doing diplomatic work for Mr. Loomis when a United States Minister was in residence for that sole purpose, and that he should have enjoyed a five months' vacation in this country, is a matter of some concern to those who have the good name of the State Department at heart. In this connection it is interesting to refer to the official "blue book" of the Loomis scandal just published by the State Department, and which we are glad to learn the President has ordered sent to every member of Congress. In this book it appears that Mr. Dolge was, with the exception of one Jaurett (a fugitive from Mexican justice), the chief witness for Mr. Loomis. From Dolge's own statements we learn that his relations to Assistant Secretary of State Loomis "were thoroughly understood

by Secretary Taft." In a letter to Mr. Loomis from Caracas, dated February 18th, he announces his arrival at Caracas, and after stating that he had called upon General Ybarra and Dr. Cardenas he continues:

"That same day the decision of the court was handed down, confirming the legality of the temporary sequestration, and while I need not assure you that I used the utmost discretion to avoid the slightest opportunity for any basis of gossip, yet both Captain Wright, as well as Mr. Bowen himself in his conversation to me on the following day, confirmed the statement which Mr. Bowen had made that I had come with instructions from you . . . to Mr. Carner, on the strength of which, after my interview with General Castro (supposed to have taken place at 10 a. m.), the latter had the court decision changed by noon of the same day."

Carner, it will be remembered, was a former employee of the New York & Bermudez Asphalt Company, who after leaving that employment became, according to Mr. Bowen, Castro's agent. Mr. Bowen also reported that Mr. Dolge was believed to be the bearer of a letter from Loomis to Carner, promising that the United States Government would not intervene in the asphalt business. Now as the *New York Times* most pertinently asks: "What had a mere Consular Agent to do with the asphalt matter, or with the plans of the Government? Who appointed this Consular Agent officer of the Department of State?" And we add, who granted him permission to spend five months out of the last twelve in this country? Could it have been Mr. Loomis? All this evidence as to the relations between Dolge and Mr. Loomis simply deepens the mystery which surrounds the treatment of Mr. Loomis by the Administration, and makes it more difficult to understand how he can retain the confidence of Mr. Roosevelt.

Civic
Righteousness

Last December the New York Child Labor Committee, under the chairmanship of Robert Hunter, made such a good fight against the reappointment of John McMackin as Labor Commissioner of the State of New York that Governor

Higgins was forced to appoint some one else in his place, despite Mr. McMackin's support from the Republican machine. The Child Labor Committee showed that hundreds of children under fourteen years of age were working in factories in flagrant violation of the law which Mr. McMackin was elected to enforce, and that Mr. McMackin was employing his department force in work that would have been more appropriate if confined to the State Campaign Committee of the Republican Party. In view of these facts some surprise has been evoked that Mr. McMackin has just been appointed by President Roosevelt United States Consul at Georgetown, British Guiana. Mr. Roosevelt must have known of Mr. McMackin's record, but he was apparently willing to pay some New York politician's debts, just as on other similar occasions he was glad to pay Senator Quay's debts. Thus again the President affronts that large class of respectable people upon whom he is ever urging the practice of "civic righteousness."

A Declaration of Independence in Spelling

The new movement for the simplification of spelling is meeting with surprising favor. A short preliminary canvass a month ago found four out of five of those approached on the subject were willing to adopt the "Twelve Words" in private correspondence, and not one out of ten was opposed to it. The list includes such well-known names as E. Benjamin Andrews, Cyrus T. Brady, David J. Brewer, Hezekiah Butterworth, George W. Cable, Paul Carus, J. McKeen Cattell, Samuel L. Clemens, Melvil Dewey, Isaac K. Funk, Hamlin Garland, Richard Watson Gilder, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Newell Dwight Hillis, William Dean Howells, Thomas R. Lounsbury, Francis R. March, Edwin Markham, Brander Matthews, Simon Newcomb, William J. Rolfe, Minot J. Savage, Ernest Thompson Seton, Albion W. Small, Andrew D. White and Robert S. Woodward. The most promising feature about the reform is that it starts with the people themselves. For many years philologists have pointed out that our present English spelling has no historic justification; dictionary makers have gone as far as they

could toward simplifying and systematizing it; teachers have passed resolutions against it; publishers have declared their willingness to adopt better forms if their readers would not object; but all have agreed that the reform could only be accomplished by a concerted popular revolt against the irrational, troublesome and unnecessary inconsistencies and complications of English orthography. Such a revolt has now started under favorable auspices and backed by plenty of money, and it promises to be a revolution. All who are willing to sign the "Declaration of Independence" and agree to use in private correspondence the amended spellings of the twelve words, *program*, *catalog*, *decalog*, *prolog*, *pedagog*, *dema-gog*, *tho*, *altho*, *thoro*, *thorofare*, *thru*, *thruout*, should send in their names to the Secretary, Charles P. G. Scott, Yonkers, N. Y. THE INDEPENDENT has for many years stood almost alone among the periodicals of this country in using the first eight of these rationalized forms.

Food Preservatives and Digestion

Considering the large amount of talk we hear and the small amount of information we have on the subject of the effect of the preservatives in common use on the health, the papers bearing on this point recently presented to the American Chemical Society are of interest. Mr. Gudeman made a great number of experiments on the digestion of egg albumen by the two most important of the digestive ferments of the body, the pepsin of the stomach and the pancreatin of the intestines, in the presence of various condiments, preservatives and coloring materials. He found in general that these do not interfere with digestion in quantities of one part in 400, which is, of course, much more than the amount ordinarily used in the seasoning and preservation of food. He found no grounds for the common prejudice against artificial or chemically prepared dyes over the natural ones. Both the artificial and the vegetable colors digested in the same proportions and have the same food value. Mr. Duckwall experimented on guinea pigs and rabbits with two preservatives now frequently used, benzoic and salicylic acids. He found that these substances did not

impede digestion and did not injure the growth of the animals. Of course these experiments are not conclusive, for the stomach of a man differs from that of a rabbit or guinea pig, and still more from the test tubes used in the first tests; but they indicate that we are not yet justified in concluding that chemical preservatives and colors are so injurious that their use should be prohibited by law under all circumstances.



Philadelphia's District Attorney In his interesting letter of advice to the Mayor of Philadelphia, Secretary Root speaks of District Attorney Bell's refusal to begin the prosecution of prominent members of the ring either before a grand jury or before a committing magistrate, but does not discuss "the reasons which lead the prosecuting officer to take this course." As the attitude of this District Attorney may seriously affect the pursuit of the ring in the criminal courts, these reasons become a matter of considerable interest. Some of them seem to be indicated by Mr. Bell's admissions that for two years he has been counsel for the firm of ring contractors in which Boss Durham and his right-hand man, Senator McNichol, were the concealed owners of an interest amounting to eleven-twelfths; that during the same period he has also been counsel for Senator McNichol and has recently been preparing to defend him in suits by which the city will attempt to recover a part of the money paid to the firm; that he is associated in business with the uncle of a Councilman recently arrested for having an unlawful interest in ring contracts, and that he owns \$120,000 worth of the stock of the United Gas Improvement Company, whose attempt to fasten a new gas lease upon the city aroused the people and caused the ring's downfall. It appears also that he was indirectly interested, through the holdings of relatives, in land traversed by the unfinished Torresdale Boulevard, whose serpentine course was planned to touch the real estate of friends and avoid that of enemies. Undoubtedly it would be disagreeable for him to ask for the indictment or cause the arrest of his clients and friends. On the other hand, they must congratu-

late themselves upon the continued maintenance of friendly relations between themselves and this officer.



Justice Hooker Escapes

At the end of his trial in the New York House of Representatives Supreme Court Justice Warren B. Hooker escaped punishment, but the vote for his removal, 76 to 67, was morally equivalent to conviction. A two-thirds majority was required. The House was also on trial, and nearly half of its members now lie under the condemnation of their own votes for this unworthy judge. We published the evidence against him soon after the greater part of it was made known in the official reports of the Post Office Department investigation. It has not been disproved; it could not be. Indeed, the leader of the man's advocates in the New York House substantially admitted the force of it, expressing the belief that Hooker would never do such things again, but would be a better judge hereafter because of this experience. "Go and sin no more," said this legislator in conclusion. If Justice Hooker had not so thick a skin he would now resign. But such action is not to be expected. Eight years of his term remain. Those whose votes have enabled him to retain his high place should suffer a loss of public respect and of public office for thus striving to dishonor the bench.



Welfare Work

It is the fashion among the ignorant to smile at "Welfare Work," but Chairman Shonts, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, shows uncommon sense in taking with him a couple of "welfare" experts recommended by the National Civic Federation, who will investigate the needs and opportunities for recreation on the Isthmus for the host of exiled and homesick workers engaged in canal construction. Give a man opportunities for the proper amount of play and he will work all the better. Moreover, you will come somewhere near solving the problem of human happiness, which after all should be the chief concern of every State.

Financial

Fiscal Year's Foreign Trade

FULL official reports of the country's foreign trade for the fiscal year that ended on June 30th show that all records of both exports and imports were broken. Exports for the first time exceeded a billion and a half. All previous records for the month of June were also surpassed. In that month the exports were \$121,095,000, against \$93,224,000 in 1904, and \$108,651,000 in 1900, which had been high water mark. Imports were \$90,435,000, against \$81,157,000 in 1904. The year's exports and imports, with those of nine years preceding, are shown below:

Year ending June 30.	Exports.	Imports.	Excess of exports.
1905...	\$1,518,462,833	\$1,117,507,500	\$400,955,333
1904...	1,460,827,271	991,087,371	469,739,900
1903...	1,420,141,679	1,025,719,237	394,422,442
1902...	1,381,719,401	903,320,948	478,398,453
1901...	1,487,764,991	823,172,165	664,592,826
1900...	1,394,483,082	849,941,184	544,541,898
1899...	1,227,023,302	697,148,489	529,874,813
1898...	1,231,482,330	616,049,654	615,432,676
1897...	1,050,993,556	764,730,412	286,263,144
1896...	882,606,938	779,724,674	102,882,264

Exports and imports combined were \$2,635,970,333 in 1905, against \$2,451,914,642 in 1904. In 1895 they were only \$1,539,500,000. Since that year our exports have almost been doubled.

Atlantic Steamship Trust

THE International Mercantile Marine Company, commonly known as the Atlantic Steamship Trust, makes a bad showing in its report for the calendar year 1904. Net earnings failed by \$2,039,150 to meet the interest on the company's bonds. In 1903 there was a surplus of \$355,000 after paying interest. In neither year, of course, was there any dividend on the preferred or the common stock, of which there is \$102,000,000 outstanding. The bonded debt amounts to about \$71,000,000. Last year's deficit was met in part by using nearly \$900,000 of the insurance surplus, but it may be observed that no provision was made for depreciation of steamships. For depreciation one of the great German lines allowed more than \$3,000,000 last year. The decrease of \$2,194,115 in the company's net earnings was due mainly to the rate war and

the decline of our exports of breadstuffs. For the present year, the report says, there is a more favorable outlook. That is fortunate, for a repetition of last year's experience would suggest reorganization. The company is handicapped by its great overcapitalization and by the extraordinary prices paid for a considerable part of its property. Its organization was characterized by inflation which could be warranted, in a financial or speculative sense, only by possession of an absolute monopoly. This it could not acquire.

RAILWAY gross earnings for the first half of the year 1905 show an increase of about 6½ per cent.

....In the first six months of the present calendar year the output of pig iron in this country was 10,994,500 tons, against 8,173,438 in the first half of 1904 and 9,707,367 in the first half of 1903.

....According to the recent report of the Lyons Silk Syndicate, the world's output of silk was 44,682,000 pounds in 1904, against 39,980,000 in 1903. Our imports of raw silk in the fiscal year just ended were about 17,500,000 pounds.

....It is shown by a report of the British Treasury, recently issued, that in 1903 only twenty persons in Great Britain had incomes exceeding £50,000 a year. Only 200 persons paid tax on incomes between £10,000 and £50,000.

....About 6,000,000 acres of land owned by the State of Texas will be placed on the market in September next. This land, which will be sold to settlers in lots of from one to eight sections, has for some years past been leased to cattle ranchmen.

....Twelve cotton mills in the Spartanburg district of South Carolina paid semi-annual dividends on July 1st at rates averaging about 7 per cent. per annum. In the three months ending with June nearly \$3,000,000 was invested in the South in new cotton mills and in additions to old ones.

....Dividends announced:

Atch., Top. & S. F. Rway. (Serial Debenture, 4 per cent.), Coupons, payable August 1st.
Amer. Chicle Co. (Common), 1 per cent., payable August 21st.

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Survey of the World

Secretary Taft's Party in Japan

A remarkably enthusiastic reception was given in Japan to Secretary Taft, Miss Roosevelt and their companions. At Yokohama, where they arrived on the 25th ult., the city was gayly decorated, and the visitors were greeted on board their ship by Minister Griscom and representatives of the imperial household. Going at once to Tokyo, they were received there in audience and entertained at a banquet by the Emperor, the Princes and the Princesses. They were then taken through the palace gardens, which had never before been opened to foreign guests. Other banquets and luncheons followed in quick succession, and all of these were attended by members of the imperial family. At a dinner given by the Prime Minister he spoke eloquently of Japan's debt to the United States, historically the sponsor of her modern civilization. Among the entertainments were a dinner given by the bankers and merchants, and a garden party at the American Legation, attended by more than a thousand guests. At another garden party, given by the Minister of War, the Marquis Ito, Japan's famous statesman, chanted a poem, composed by himself, in honor of the visitors. On the 29th the tourists left the capital for Kioto. Never before had such a welcome been given to foreigners. The Japanese press gratefully recalled the friendship of the United States since the days of Commodore Perry, saying that our policy had continuously been one of kindly assistance and that American help was clearly traceable in all departments of Japanese progress. Some of them remarked that to American sympathy Japan owed her

ability to reap the fruits of the victories won by her soldiers and sailors. Mr. Roosevelt was commended for his successful endeavor to bring the peace plenipotentiaries together. The tone of the press showed warmth and grateful admiration without precedent in the Empire on any similar occasion. Consequently the Russian press sharply criticises, saying that the moment for this visit was tactlessly chosen and that the incident cannot be devoid of political meaning.

Progress of Reform in Philadelphia

With the approval of Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Root, Major Cassius E. Gillette, of the Corps of Engineers, has been employed to assist in the examination of the ring contracts for Philadelphia's filtration beds and of the contractors' work. He will be associated with William Barclay Parsons, the eminent engineer, and with John Donald MacLennan, who supervised similar work at Washington. Major Gillette is the army engineer who unearthed the frauds of Captain Oberlin M. Carter at Savannah, showing that the Government had been robbed of \$2,600,000. Carter was sent to prison, and his associates, Gaynor and Greene, fled to Canada.—An examination of the city's voting lists by the police, in obedience to the orders of the new Director of Public Safety, has revealed 31,817 names fraudulently registered. The names of cats and dogs and of thousands of dead men were on the lists. Arthur Burt's name had been there for a long time, altho a monument in one of the cemeteries shows that he died in 1859. Out of 4,985 names in one ward 2,530 were fraudulent; in one

voting district there were only 67 honest registrations out of a total of 294. As it is believed that between 80,000 and 100,000 fraudulent votes were cast at recent elections, Director Potter is not satisfied with this police canvass, and another one will be made.—Evidence of reform in the Civil Service Board (due to the appointment of a new Secretary and Examiner) is shown by the failure of two new Bureau Chiefs (appointed by Mayor Weaver) to pass the examinations and by the success of applicants hitherto unknown, who had no political support.

Senator Mitchell Sentenced

United States Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, who was recently found guilty of using his influence, for pay, in behalf of claims pending before an Executive Department, was sentenced, on the 25th ult., to be imprisoned in jail for six months and to pay a fine of \$1,000. Conviction also carries with it the punishment of disqualification for holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States. Judge De Haven, in pronouncing sentence, said that he had taken into account this disqualification and the Senator's age. Mr. Mitchell is seventy years old. He has been a Senator for 22 years. There are other indictments against him, one of them being for perjury, but it is said that they will not be tried. The case goes up to the Supreme Court, and if the final decision there is unfavorable to the defendant, he will be able to avoid expulsion from the Senate only by resigning. Mr. Mitchell was born in Pennsylvania, and his name was John Hipple. Owing to a disagreement with his wife, many years ago, he deserted her and their two children and went to the Pacific Coast, where, under the name of John H. Mitchell, he prospered, married again, and became prominent in politics. A daughter by his second marriage is the Duchess of Rochefoucauld, and her home is in Paris. The land claims for which he used his influence in Washington were some of those, alleged to be fraudulent, on account of which a considerable number of persons in Oregon have recently been indicted.—The trial of R. M. Cobban for subornation of perjury in con-

nection with many timber land entries in Montana was begun last week. These lands were transferred to United States Senator W. A. Clark, and in another suit the Government seeks to have his title to them set aside.

Agricultural Department Scandals

The grand jury in Washington is considering the evidence as to the sale of cotton reports of the Department of Agriculture by Edwin S. Holmes, Assistant Statistician. Certain speculators in New York, who were implicated by the Department's statement concerning Holmes's operations, have declined to answer the questions of the grand jury and have been supported in their refusal by the court. It is expected that Holmes will be indicted. The sudden departure for Europe on the 22d of John Hyde, Chief Statistician, after his resignation had been accepted, excites comment because he had offered to hold himself in readiness to assist the official investigators.—On the 26th ult. the Department issued a corrected estimate of the cotton acreage, to displace the one given out on June 2d, in the preparation of which Holmes was interested. This corrected estimate is based upon the returns used for the first one, but it makes the reduction of acreage 14.9 per cent. (4,731,000 acres) instead of 11.4 per cent. It is explained by Assistant Secretary Hays that Hyde, "with Holmes at his elbow, prompting him," made an estimate which was not warranted by the returns.—As a result of the inquiry now in progress Dr. George T. Moore, a noted bacteriologist, who has been in charge of the Department's laboratory in the Bureau of Plant Industry, and whose discoveries have attracted much attention, has resigned. He was accused of being interested in a company recently formed to manufacture and sell his bacterial culture for the inoculation of soils and the stimulation of plants growing in them. It appears that the company asked him to leave the Department and enter its service, and that it placed a block of stock in his wife's name, to be transferred to him when he should resign. He resigned in December last, but his resignation was not accepted. Then, his salary

having been raised, he decided to remain, and the stock was returned to the company. His superior officers had been informed as to the company's offer, but not concerning the stock. Complaint was made that the inoculating material could no longer be obtained from the Department, and it was asserted that applicants for it were directed to the company. Dr. Moore had written articles for the magazines, illustrating the value of his discovery. He has also been known in connection with his experiments relating to the use of sulphate of copper for the purification of water supplies. He resigned, he says, to relieve the Department of any embarrassment that might be caused by the criticism to which he had been subjected. Secretary Wilson submitted the evidence in the case to the Department of Justice.

Various National Topics

Mr. Roosevelt declined to accept the resignation of Governor Carter, of Hawaii, who goes back to Honolulu assured of the sympathy and support of the Administration. He is not confident, however, that the disturbing political factions there can be harmonized.—Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts, persists in declining a renomination. According to reports coming from members of a Democratic Committee that recently urged him to reconsider his decision, he says that public life is very distasteful to himself and his family. He has been led by clippings from many newspapers to think that re-election in Massachusetts might cause the Democratic party to take him up as a candidate and even to nominate him for the Presidency. This he desires to avoid.—Daniel S. Lamont, private secretary of President Cleveland during the latter's first term, and Secretary of War during his second, died suddenly of heart disease on the 23d ult., at his country home near New York. He was 53 years old.—The controversies in Congress over contracts for armor plate are recalled by the recent success of the Midvale Steel Company, whose bids have been much lower than those of the Bethlehem and Carnegie Steel companies, but which obtained contracts for a part of the supply with much difficulty, owing

to lack of confidence in its ability to produce satisfactory plate. The company's product has now been subjected to official tests, which have shown that it is of high quality.—The total number of deaths caused by the boiler explosion on the gunboat "Bennington" was 62. A most searching investigation will be made. "I ask all good citizens to have patience," says Secretary Bonaparte, "and if it shall appear that there has been a failure in duty on the part of any one I promise the public that nobody shall be whitewashed, and the service that nobody shall be made a scapegoat."



Yellow Fever in New Orleans

The presence of yellow fever was discovered in New Orleans by the health authorities on the 13th ult., and up to the end of last week there had been in the city 256 cases and 53 deaths. It is now known that there were cases in the city at the end of June, but they were of a mild type and those who had the disease were Sicilians, who are accustomed to avoid the employment of physicians. Thus far the epidemic has been confined to the Italian residents. It is believed that the disease was introduced by ships in the fruit trade from Colon or some other Central American port, and was communicated by infected mosquitoes to the Italians engaged in unloading these vessels. A ship recently brought to New Orleans from Belize 225 refugees fleeing from yellow fever, and the President of the Louisiana Board of Health thinks this may have been the source of infection. The disease has spread throughout New Orleans, but the daily mortality has not been increasing. At last accounts no cases had appeared in neighboring places, except in Tampa, where a fugitive Italian from New Orleans has the fever. A committee of citizens has set out to limit and suppress the epidemic in New Orleans by methods suggested by the mosquito theory of infection. Thousands of men are making a house-to-house inspection, using kerosene oil freely and striving to exterminate that kind of mosquito which is the agent of infection. Federal and local health officers are working together in harmony, and in the screening of patients, as well

as in all sanitary measures, the action taken is in accord with the accepted theory as to the agency of mosquitoes. Open cisterns abound in the city and these receive much attention. Citizens display upon their coats little buttons bearing a picture of the fever-breeding mosquito, with the words: "My cisterns are all right; how are yours?" Rigid quarantines against New Orleans have been established by adjoining States, and by the quarantine regulations in the harbor the city's trade in imported fruit has been diverted to Mobile. At a mass meeting the people of Baton Rouge repudiated and denounced the mosquito theory. Therefore the physicians who were members of the local Board of Health resigned. Just before the steamship "Seguranca" left Colon, on the 25th, with Canal Commissioners Hains and Harrod on board, three officers were taken off, ill with the fever. When the steamship arrived at New York, four days later, the inspectors found that several of the sailors and a few passengers had a disease resembling yellow fever, and they were detained at the quarantine station. This summer, for the first time, Havana, for two or three years past free from the disease which formerly continuously prevailed there, quarantines against yellow fever in the United States.



Chicago's Street Railways

To prevent the city of Chicago from owning and operating a railway in certain streets where the franchises appear to have expired, the Chicago City Railway Company applied, last week, to the Federal Circuit Court for an injunction restraining the city from granting a franchise to any competing company for a line in those streets, from attacking the applicant's franchise for those streets, and from enforcing an ordinance of March last, which repealed the permits under which the applicant has been doing business in some parts of the city. The Mayor has found 126 miles of road the franchises for which have expired. Other franchises soon to expire will increase the length of available streets, he asserts, to 243 miles, and he would have the city control service on these streets through the agency of a corporation. It

is to prevent this that the injunction is sought, the applying company relying in part upon the ninety-nine year franchises granted more than forty years ago by the Legislature. The validity of these franchises at the present time is not admitted by the city. Some think that the application will seriously prolong and complicate the litigation in which the municipal ownership projects were already involved.—The report of Mr. Dalrymple, the Glasgow railway manager, to Mayor Dunne has not been given out for publication. It is understood, however, that this expert is still of the opinion that municipal politics in Chicago must be reformed before a successful experiment in the municipal ownership of railways can be made there. In an interview published in a London railway journal he predicts that municipalization of our street railways will eventually take place, but only after the "elimination of the present methods of political influence" in the cities. He remarks that efficiency is sacrificed to expediency in a system that makes "every municipal officer a little center" of political influence. "It is the old idea," he continues, "of the spoils to the victors. If a man works to get a councilman in, he expects to be paid for it. How can you expect satisfactory municipalization under such conditions?"



Home Rule Conven- tion in Porto Rico

A convention attended by delegates representing both political parties and sixty-five of the sixty-six municipalities of Porto Rico was held at San Juan on the 25th ult. to ask Congress for sweeping changes in the government of the island. Several of the delegations were led by Mayors of cities, and the chairman was Mayor Todd, of San Juan. A memorial was adopted. In the beginning it complains that now, seven years after the American invasion, the preponderance of power rests with an Executive Council composed of heads of Departments appointed by the President of the United States. These officers, it says, "arrive here knowing nothing of the language, customs, or needs of the country, and twenty-four hours after disembarking take their seats in the Council and de-

termine the fate of the island." No change in the composition of the House, which consists of 35 elected members, is suggested, but the memorialists demand the following amendments to the Foraker law, under which the island is now governed:

(1) The organization of an insular Senate, to be composed of two Senators each from seven districts, in place of the present Council.

(2) That the proposed Senate and the House possess the same privileges that were granted to the House under the Foraker law.

(3) That the Secretary of Porto Rico, the Attorney-General, the Treasurer, the Auditor, the Commissioner of Education and the Commissioner of the Interior continue in their present offices under their present titles, but that they form no part of the Executive Council.

(4) That the officers named be appointed by the Governor with the consent of the insular Senate, and not by the President of the United States.

By a rising vote the memorial was adopted, and the delegates cheered for five minutes. There was also adopted a petition asking the insular Legislature to give the municipalities autonomy. Press reports say that the convention was characterized by an absence of partisan political feeling, as well as by unanimity of purpose and a spirit of earnest determination. Mayor Todd was made president of a permanent Municipal League. The convention was suggested by him because, it is said, of a growing anti-American feeling throughout the island.



The Swedish Cabinet Resigns

The Swedish Riksdag has emphatically disapproved of the policy of letting Norway depart in peace recommended by the Swedish Government and approved by the King, and in consequence of this the Swedish Cabinet has resigned. The special committee appointed by the Riksdag reported unanimously that the Government bill could not be adopted in the form in which it was presented to the Riksdag, and proposed that the Riksdag signify its willingness to negotiate with Norway for the dissolution of the union if the Norwegian people by vote

expressed themselves in favor of the dissolution:

"It is self-evident that the union was not dissolved by the Storthing's action. A contract cannot be broken by one party's Parliament. Therefore the Storthing's action can only be considered as Norway's declaration that she does not desire any longer to maintain it. It is for Sweden to decide what action is necessary. According to the laws she would be fully justified in using the necessary force to re-establish the union. This would seem to be the natural course in the first excitement, but reflection shows that it would be against the true interests of Sweden. There was great mutual advantage in the union, but its maintenance by force would make the union a source of weakness instead of strength. Sweden should not, therefore, employ force, but must insist that its permission is necessary to its dissolution. Sweden must agree to the cancellation of the Act of Union on certain conditions, insisting, as a preliminary, on a satisfactory settlement of all affairs mutually affecting the two countries."

In case the Storthing is supported by the people then negotiations between the two countries can be begun, in which case Sweden should insist upon the following terms:

"First—The establishment of a zone on each side of the frontier separating the kingdoms, within which the existing fortifications shall be razed and new fortifications may not be erected."

"Second—The right of pasturing reindeer belonging to Swedish Laplanders in North Norway."

"Third—That the transit trade through both countries shall be secured against unjustifiable obstruction."

"Fourth—That the status of Sweden in respect to foreign Powers, as established by treaty, shall be clearly defined, so that Sweden shall be completely freed from responsibility for Norway to other states."

The report of the committee was adopted in the First Chamber without debate. In the Second Chamber the Social Democrats under the leadership of Herr Branting opposed the recommendation of the committee to raise a loan of \$25,000,000 to make such arrangements as may be made necessary by the new conditions. It was objected that this was practically a threat to use military force against Norway,

and was contrary to the peaceful tendency of the resolution. The Norwegian Storting upon learning of the action of the Swedish Riksdag unanimously voted to submit the question of dissolution and fixed August 13th for the date of the Referendum. Mr. C. Hauge, formerly First Secretary of the Swedish and Norwegian Legation, has presented a request to our State Department for recognition of Norway as an independent nation. It has been referred to the President, but it is not expected that any action will be taken by the United States or by any other Government until Norway and Sweden come to an agreement.



The Baltic Nothing has yet transpired of what took place on the night when the yacht "Polar Star" met the yacht "Hohenzollern" off the Island of Bjoerkoe, but the mere fact of a private interview between the Czar and the Kaiser having taken place at this crisis is sufficient to rouse speculation and anticipation all over the world. Whether the Emperor Wilhelm gave advice to the Emperor Nicholas on the best way of keeping down the Socialists, or on the conditions of peace; or whether he sought the interview merely to spite France and England, or to arrange an agreement by which the Baltic is to be made a closed sea, will probably not be known to the public for some time, if at all. Great interest is, however, taken in the question of the Baltic in connection with the dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden. If Russia definitely renounces her ambitions in the Far East she is likely to take more interest in European politics, and in this Germany can render her more aid than France. It has been suggested in many quarters that the Emperor Wilhelm is trying to arrange a union of the three Scandinavian nations, and to secure the favor of Denmark he will recommend placing a Danish prince upon the throne of Norway. The "Hohenzollern" is now at Copenhagen, and the Emperor Wilhelm in consultation with

King Christian. It is reported that he wished also to visit Stockholm, but was requested not to by King Oscar lest it should render his relations with the Norwegians more difficult. To secure the approval of the Czar for the proposed Scandinavian state or for the placing of a Danish or a Hohenzollern prince upon the throne of Norway, it is suggested that an arrangement might be made which would attain for Russia her long desired port upon the Atlantic Coast, Lyngen Fiord, which could be annexed to Russia by extending the boundary of Finland across the northern end of Norway. This is what Dr. Sven Hedin and other Swedish statesmen have threatened would happen to Norway in case she dissolved the union with Sweden. Apparently as a counter stroke against this scheme for making the Baltic a closed sea like the Black Sea, the British Government has announced that the Channel fleet will sail for the Baltic Sea on August 20th, and remain there through September for the purpose of executing maneuvers. No ceremonious visits will be paid, as it is regarded as merely a practice cruise in the open sea. Emphasis has been given to this movement by the discussion on the naval works in the House of Commons, in which Arthur Hamilton Lee, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, announces that the Admiralty has decided not to proceed with the extension of the dock facilities at Chatham, but that instead work would be concentrated upon the new naval base at Rosyth, the Firth of Forth, Scotland. The first works completed will cost \$12,500,000, but will be so arranged that they can be extended. Mr. Lee, in explaining the reasons for this, said there was perhaps a probability that war ships in the future would be fewer in number and larger in size, and would require more berthing and docking space. The Admiralty had decided that Rosyth possesses greater strategical advantages than Chatham. These remarks of Mr. Lee attract special attention on account of the speech which he made last February at a dinner in Hampshire, when he said that the center of naval power in Europe

had been shifted during the last few years. The English need not now keep their eyes upon France and the Mediterranean, but they ought to look with more anxiety, tho not with fear, toward the North Sea. It was for that reason that the fleets had been distributed so as to enable them to deal with any danger in that direction, should it unfortunately occur. If war should be declared the British navy would be able to reach the enemy before they could prepare their attack. This speech aroused a great commotion in the German press, which is being renewed in consequence of the proposed maneuvers. The *Reichsbote* voices the anti-English feeling of Germany in the following words:

"In consideration of the interests of the countries bordering on the Baltic, for which it may easily become a vital question, the time has come to make the Baltic a mare clausum for foreign war ships, to close it entirely to their incalculable maneuvering projects.

"The question at stake is of great significance to all the Baltic States without exception. If we were to conduct maneuvers close before Portsmouth, as the English intend to do before Neufahrwasser, we should certainly soon hear vigorous protests.

"When the world was smaller the Baltic played a great rôle in politics. Now the German Empire must be and must remain supreme master in the Baltic, and must do everything to make this supremacy stable. We cannot see what objection England, if she has no rival aggressive designs, could raise against this."

In Russia Rioting broke out in Nizhni Novgorod on Sunday, July 23d, and continued for four days before it could be stopped. No clear reports of cause and character of the disorder have been received, but it is reported that the town was in the hands of a mob numbering thousands, who attacked all respectable people on the street and pillaged the houses. The workmen divided into two camps, the socialists in one and their opponents in the other, and fights occurred every day between the factions, in which clubs, revolvers and bombs were the weapons. The official report of casualties gives 16 killed and 53 wounded. Women and children were not spared and the bodies of those slain in the

streets were found mutilated.—The trial of the mutineers of the battle ships "Kniaz Potemkin" and "Georgi Pobiedonosetz" will be held on September 8th at Sevastopol, where the men are now imprisoned on a transport. The Black Sea squadron, with the exception of the "Kniaz Potemkin," has resumed its maneuvers for the purpose of showing the trustworthiness of the crews, but a strong guard of picked troops has been placed on each ship. The Governor of Odessa has issued a proclamation in which he charges the Jews with being to blame for all the recent disturbances in that port, including the mutiny of the battle ships. One of the mutineers has published the statement that there was not a Jew on the rebellious battle ships at the time, but that the men revolted out of sympathy for the workingmen.—The Marshals of the Nobility of St. Petersburg have declared in favor of the political reforms advocated by the Zemstvo Congress recently held at Moscow. The *Novosti*, a Jewish Liberal paper, has been suppressed for two months for publishing under a thin disguise a report of the Zemstvo Congress. The police entered the houses of the president and the secretary of the permanent bureau of zemstvo organization at Moscow and seized all the documents relating to the proceedings of the Congress. The Moscow police have received orders to disperse all political meetings.—According to the report of the Government Statistical Committee there has been a complete failure of crops in 41 of the 60 provinces of European Russia. In some other provinces the harvest will give very poor results. In the Polish provinces there will be good yields.—The report of the Buligin Commission, appointed by the Czar to prepare plans for a national assembly and administrative reforms, will be considered by the Czar and his advisers at Peterhof on August 2d, and, if approved, the Czar is expected to go to Moscow to promulgate the law from the Kremlin according to ancient custom. The plan as recommended by the Council of Ministers provides for electoral colleges in which the representation will be in part by classes. The only classes excluded from the franchise are soldiers,

persons under the age of twenty-five years, foreigners, women, Governors and Vice-Governors of provinces, prefects and police authorities, nomads and persons deprived of civil rights. For St. Petersburg, Moscow and eighteen large cities there will be a system of electoral colleges. For St. Petersburg, Moscow and eighty other towns the members will be elected by electors of the first degree, comprising owners of real estate exceeding 3,000 rubles in value, the electors in the case of St. Petersburg, Moscow and 1,500 other towns to include also the holders of industrial patents and paying specified taxes, with no distinction as to religion. For the provinces a similar system of colleges will be elected by voters of three categories—namely, land owners, electors of other towns than the previously mentioned large towns and cantonal representatives of peasants. Here also property qualification is required of 1,500 rubles and similar tax qualifications. The elections will be by secret ballot and an absolute majority is required.

The War While the peace envoys are assembling the Japanese continue to push forward military operations, and have for the first time invaded Russian soil. The island of Sakalin, which has been in the possession of Russia for thirty years, has been recovered by the Japanese, and they have landed small forces in Russian territory on the mainland, near Vladivostok. After the capture of Alkova and Alexandrovsk on the island of Sakhalin, the Russians retreated into the hill country to the southeast. At Luikoff (Rykoff), 30 miles distant, they were overtaken, and after some sharp fighting were defeated; 200 of the Russians were killed and 500 captured. The Russian troops numbered about 5,000, with twelve guns. Vladivostok is now closely blockaded by a Japanese squadron, and the town is preparing for a siege. A Japanese army of 40,000 is reported to be marching northward through Korea, approaching Possiet Bay, which the Russians will attempt to defend. There is no ap-

parent probability of an armistice, at least until the Peace Commissioners hold their first meeting at Portsmouth. Baron Komura and Minister Takahira, the Japanese envoys, visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay on Thursday and took luncheon with the family. Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, is in New York at the St. Regis, awaiting the arrival of his colleague, Mr. Witte, who sailed from Cherbourg on the North German Lloyd steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." July 27th. Baron Rosen and Baron Komura, altho old friends, will not meet until they are formally introduced to each other by President Roosevelt on the "Mayflower" at Oyster Bay on August 5th.



The Zionist Congress The seventh annual congress of Zionists was held in Basle, Switzerland, July 27th-31st. President Max Nordau, author of "Degeneration," delivered a eulogy in memory of Dr. Theodore Herzl, the founder of the Zionist movement, who died a year ago. The most important matter under consideration was the offer of Great Britain of a tract of land comprising some 5,000 square miles in East Africa for a self-governing Jewish colony. The committee, which had been sent to Africa, reported that the place was not adapted for a colony because it was unhealthy and could be reached only by passing through a dense forest infested with savages and ferocious beasts. Israel Zangwill, the English novelist, recommended the acceptance of the offer provided Great Britain would assign them a larger and more suitable tract of land. After a long and tumultuous discussion the Zionists declined with thanks the offer of Great Britain, and declared their firm adherence to their principles of the foundation of a colony in the Jewish Fatherland—Palestine and in its immediate vicinity. The socialist members withdrew on account of this action. Resolutions of gratitude to the memory of John Hay, who "so often gave assistance to the Jewish nation," were passed. The Congress was attended by 1,000 delegates, representing 22 different countries.

The Princeton Preceptorial System

BY WOODROW WILSON, LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE system of preceptorial instruction which we are about to elaborate at Princeton is no new or novel notion of our own, but based upon almost universal experience, upon what every teacher must have found out for himself, whether by way of interpreting his failures or of interpreting his successes; he always gets his best results by direct, personal, intimate intercourse with his pupils, not as a class but as individuals.

College instructors have long observed that their teaching is rendered more effective by dividing large classes into small sections and making each section small enough to enable them to get frequently at each member of the class in the process of test and drill. But even this division of large classes into small sections has not been satisfactory. The sections were usually made up either alphabetically or according to marks or grades received by members of the class in written tests or examinations on the subjects they were studying, the best students being put in one section, the next best in the next, and so on to the dullest in the lowest section. Now, it so happens that God has not classified men's abilities either alphabetically or according to their performances in examinations. I need not urge that he has not used the alphabet; neither will it require much argument to prove to experienced teachers that he has not adjusted gifts to the processes of examination. It by no means always turns out that the men who have got themselves by examination into the first section of the class are the brightest men in the class, or that those who allow themselves to fall into the lowest section are the dullest. The lowest division, in fact, often contains the greatest variety: very bright men, who will not use their gifts in their studies; very dull men, who have no gifts to use, and mediocre men, who are lazy. Separating the class into sections in either

of the two ways most commonly employed is certainly a way of dividing it, but it is not an intelligent way of classifying the individuals who compose it. The intention of the preceptorial system is to enable the instructors to handle the men assigned them either singly or in classified groups, in which men of like training, aptitudes and needs are united.

But the system involves much more than a change of method. It is meant not only, in time, to supersede entirely the old-fashioned "recitation," but also to affect very materially the subject matter of study, to give the undergraduates their proper release from being school boys, to introduce them to the privileges of maturity and independence by putting them in the way of doing their own reading instead of "getting up" lectures or "lessons." The subject matter of their studies is not to be the lectures of their professors or the handful of text-books, the narrow round of technical exercises set for them under the ordinary methods, but the reading which they should do for themselves in order to get a real first-hand command of the leading ideas, principles and processes of the subjects which they are studying. Their exercises with their preceptors are not to be recitations, but conferences, in which, by means of any method of report or discussion that may prove serviceable and satisfactory, the preceptors may test, guide and stimulate their reading. The governing idea is to be that they are getting up *subjects*—getting them up with the assistance of lecturers, libraries and a body of preceptors who are their guides, philosophers and friends. The process is intended to be one of reading, comparing, reflecting; not cramming, but daily methodical study.

One great incidental advantage is expected to accrue to the study of English. The reports of the undergraduates to the preceptors on the reading they are doing will naturally very often be written re-

ports, and it is to be expected that all such reports will be judged of as English as well as with regard to the accuracy or inaccuracy of their subject matter. If not written in good English, they will have to be written over again, and if it turns out that any man cannot use his mother tongue correctly and with some degree of elegance, upon being so corrected and held to a standard of expression, he is to be handed over to the English department for fundamental training. The constant daily necessity to know his own language and to use it properly upon all sorts of subjects will certainly be the most vital system of "theme writing" yet devised, and may be expected to have a quality of reality about it which the formal written exercises of English departments have generally lacked. The men will be using their mother tongue in careful writing, not for the sake of the language itself, but for the sake of releasing ideas and stating facts. Style will be a means and not an end; and it should never in any kind of writing be anything else.

In brief, the system will be a method of study; a means of familiarizing the undergraduate with the chief authorities, conceptions and orders of work in his fields of study. The preceptors will not set the examinations. That would turn them into mere coaches, coaching for final tests which they themselves were to set. They are, rather, to be fellow students, expositors, advisors, to see that the right work is done by themselves taking part in it.

They will not, however, be a body of men segregated and set apart from the general body of the faculty. The present staff of the university will also do preceptorial work; the new preceptors will take some part in the lecture and regular class work, which will still go forward; they will be members of the faculty, indistinguishable in privilege and rank from their colleagues. The fundamental object of the system would be defeated if any sharp line of division were drawn in the faculty between the several kinds of teachers, for the fundamental object is to draw faculty and undergraduates together into a common body of students, old and young, among whom a real community of interest, pursuit and feeling will prevail. The preceptors will only have more conference work to do than their colleagues. It will be their chief, if not their distinctive, function to devote their energies to the intimate work of counsel and guidance I have tried to characterize and describe.

It is our confident hope that such changes will bring about very gratifying results: that the undergraduate will take more pleasure in his studies, derive more profit and stimulation from them, and that the instructor will find vital intercourse with his pupils give place to dull routine. There will be more work done, but it will be less burdensome both to teacher and pupil, more normal, less like a body of tasks and more like a natural enjoyment of science and letters.

PRINCETON, N. J.



'Possum-Time in Georgy

BY SILAS X. FLOYD

YONDAH in de 'simmon tree—
'Possum-time in Georgy!—
Sump'n winks his eye at me—
'Possum-time in Georgy!
Mistah 'Possum, roostin' high,
Tell yo' chillun all "Good-bye":
'Cause dis night you sho' gwine die—
'Possum-time in Georgy!

Fetch de torch an' strike a light—
'Possum-time in Georgy!—
'Possum, tell yo' friends "Good-night"—
'Possum-time in Georgy!

We's gwine cut dis saplin' down,
An' w'en 'possum strikes de groun'
By de dawgs he's gwine be foun'—
'Possum-time in Georgy!

Ain't he lookin' fat an' fine—
'Possum-time in Georgy!—
Come on, 'Riah, an' le's dine—
'Possum-time in Georgy!
Who dat knockin' at dat gate?
We can't let folks in so late!
Come on, 'Riah, pass yo' plate—
'Possum-time in Georgy!

AUGUSTA, GA.



Elihu Root. From a Portrait by A. A. Anderson

The Training of Elihu Root

[This personal sketch of the early life of Elihu Root is by one who has been most intimately acquainted with him throughout his life. It presents a side of his life that is not generally known.—EDITOR.]

ELIHU ROOT was born February 15th, 1845, in the southwest chamber of a building on the Hamilton College Campus, then occupied as a residence by his maternal grandfather, Major H. G. Buttrick. The building, originally built as a Commons Hall, was

in 1850 taken in part for the arrangement of the scientific collections brought to the college by the elder Professor Root. Later it was remodeled and fitted for all the college collections and for lecture rooms. It is now known as Knox Hall. Because the various changes in no

way involved it the birthroom of Elihu Root has remained—save for its case-ments—as it was in 1845.

In the autumn of 1845 Professor Root became principal of the Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Academy, and in that village and on the ancestral farm at Vernon (N. Y.) the boy's childhood was passed.

In 1850 the family moved to Clinton, N. Y., where Professor Root took the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy, lecturing also on Mineralogy and Geology. He at once purchased the house formerly occupied by his predecessor, recently deceased, Prof. Marcus Catlin, and this has since been the family home. It is an old-fashioned house, built late in the eighteenth century. It faces the south lawn of the college campus. Behind it the ground is broken by a deep ravine with lateral branches. Professor Root, a most devoted lover of nature, saw its possibilities; he added a little to his acres and began the making of a wild garden. In this making, which went on for years, Elihu with the older brothers had his share. This exercise—not always, it may be, welcome to the boy—went into the making of the man.

Elihu Root's college preparation was at a small academy in Clinton village, known as the "Grammar School." Its

patronage was meager and its teachers often changed. Only the steadfast study of the boy gave him any fit preparation. An older brother returning to become an instructor in the college supplemented the academy work, and in 1860 Elihu entered the class of 1864 in Hamilton College. He roomed at home with his elder brother, Edward Walstein, then a college junior.* He was a regular, persistent student, mastering each piece of work as it came. He was not disliked in college, tho he was not especially popular. He was in no sense a recluse, but his work was dominant always. He was interested in the sports then in vogue and was president of the College Baseball Association. He did not confine himself to the mere formal requirements of the course. He wrote essays each year in the prize competitions of his class, but he won no prizes. He took great pains in the matter of elocution, and was a prize speaker for his sophomore year; but was not a prize man.

His sole prize in college was the first in mathematics. His successful papers in this competition are in volume 2 of a series of bound solutions preserved by the college. In his senior year Elihu Root was successful in winning an appointment as a Clark Prize Orator, with



The Early "Commons Hall" of Hamilton College as It Was in 1845, in the Western Wing of Which Elihu Root Was Born



The Present Country Home of Elihu Root, College Hill, Clinton, N. Y.

an oration on "The Jew of Dickens, Scott and Shakespeare." He did not win the Clark Prize. On his scholarship record he was awarded the valedictory appointment.

After a year's teaching in Rome, N. Y., young Root entered the New York University Law School. The two New York City law schools were at that time both led by Hamilton College men, friends of Mr. Root and his family—Columbia, by Theodore W. Dwight; the university, by John Norton Pomeroy; both were very able men and successful teachers. Mr. Root chose the University School, possibly because it was smaller. At the close of the first year most of his class applied to the Supreme Court for examination and were admitted to the bar. Elihu Root was urged to do so and circumstance favored that. But he did not believe in meager preparation or in a premature undertaking of his life work. He completed the course as then prescribed. This second year, with but two or three in the class, brought the young law student into close personal contact with Dr. Pomeroy, one of the ablest legal

minds of his generation. He was a deep, thorough student of the law and its underlying principles. He led these young men to such consideration of legal questions; the second year was worth the while. Of Elihu Root's work as a lawyer in New York much has been well said elsewhere.

He always kept in close touch with his boyhood home on the Oneida hills. He was deeply, tenderly attached not only to the home, but to the county and town of the college, and especially to the Greek letter fraternity—the Sigma Phi—to which all the Root kin have belonged save the elder Professor Root. Mr. Root was never demonstrative; like other "Roots of Badby," and like most of New England blood, his affection is reticent tho strong. Some years since Mr. Root purchased the place bordering the old home on the east. It is an old-fashioned house built about 1820 by Dr. Theodore Strong, then Professor of Mathematics at Hamilton. It had been the home in Elihu Root's boyhood of the Rev. Dr. Simeon North, then president of the college; during his college course it was

the home of the Rev. Dr. Anson J. Upson, then Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution. Much of the pleasure of young Root's life prior to his graduation was associated with the place, and he came into possession of a field not strange, but thronged with youthful memories. The place was put in order and from 1899 to 1903 was occupied by Mr. Root's elder son, Elihu, Jr., then a student in college. Recently the house has been much enlarged; connection with the college water plant gives ample supply and an electric company gives modern lighting.

Mr. Root has also purchased two farms joining the place on the south. The larger of these was the home farm of Dominie Samuel Kirkland and on it, just where the hill rises from the valley, stands the "Kirkland Mansion," where the patriot missionary spent his last days. All the land lies just to the west of the so-called "Property Line" of 1768, and was never formally under British rule. It was in the tract of a mile square given by the Oneidas to Mr. Kirkland—sanctioned by act of the State Legislature. It

comprises upland with considerable timber and rich lowlands along the Oriskany Creek, and is one of the best farms of the town. From its higher fields a wide view opens, showing the valleys of the Sanquoit and the Oriskany merging into the broader valley of the Mohawk.

When Mr. Root was asked what he was going to do with the farms he replied: "I think I shall come up some time and learn the trade." On his first coming some smiles were awakened by his seeking the "Spitzenberg" apple trees of the old orchard and his order that these should at once be trimmed and cared for. He recalled the shining ruddiness, the salmon tinted flesh, the rich, spicy flavor of the old-time winter apple.

Secretary Root and his family are now at the Clinton home. He and his children enjoy field and wood rambling and they tramp much.

The people hereabouts—farmers, townspeople, college folk—are all attached to Mr. Root and proud of him as well. They trust that he may here from time to time renew his youth.

CLINTON, N. Y.



The Study of Greek in American Colleges

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY

THIRTY years ago there was a clear distinction between the American college and the American scientific school. The former gave a classical education; the latter gave a technical education. The former required Greek; the latter did not. But in the last two decades the sharpness of this division has been broken down. Many of our scientific students have desired to pursue liberal studies as well as technical ones, and the scientific schools have met this demand by offering courses intended to promote general culture rather than professional efficiency. Many of our classical students have felt the necessity of laying the foundations for their professional study during the years of their

undergraduate life; and the colleges have met this demand by widening the range of subjects which the candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts may present. The course in arts and the course in science have become so much alike in their purpose that it is difficult to draw the line between them. Some educators have entirely abandoned the attempt to draw this line and would give the degree in arts for a scientific course as freely as for a classical one; all are ready to recognize colleges and scientific schools as co-ordinate parts of the American educational system.

As a result of these changes there has been a great reduction in the proportion of college students who learn Greek.

This is not because the actual number of those who study Greek has diminished, but because the conception of what constitutes a college student has widened. It is not that fewer men are taking Greek as a means of liberal education, but that more men are trying to get a liberal education without it. The reduction in the number of classical students who elect Greek is slight; the increase in the number of scientific students who elect Latin and modern literature is overwhelming.

The existence side by side of two groups of candidates for the Bachelor's Degree, similar in their social antecedents and aims, one of which studies Greek and the other does not, gives us an important means of judging the merits of the arguments which have been urged for and against that particular study.

The advocates of Greek have told us that this subject had a wholly exceptional value as a means of general culture and mental discipline. Greek civilization was something so important and so distinctive that a man who knew this civilization and its products at first hand had a breadth of historical understanding which could not be obtained in any other way. The Greek language was something so complex and so precise that it surpassed all other school studies as a means of training the student in habits of hard work and accurate thought. Either of these arguments by itself, they said, would justify the time spent in the study of Greek; taken together they furnished an overwhelming justification. On the other hand the opponents of Greek have urged that there was no very essential difference in the kind of culture or discipline which could be obtained from Greek and that which could be obtained from any other study. They have said plainly that for the great majority of pupils Greek was neither useful nor interesting; that with a little rearrangement of our courses we could just as well get our discipline from something that was interesting; and that any change in this direction would show economy of time and gain in efficiency.

When the matter came to a practical test it was found that the arguments of each side contained a combination of truth and error.

It was a severe disappointment to some

of our educational reformers that the boys who came to college with substitutes for Greek, which were useful and interesting, did *not* generally have the needed mental discipline and power of precise thought. The "literary" or "select" courses of twenty years ago were places of intellectual dissipation rather than of intellectual work. The boys who had learned to talk French and make scientific experiments might have been much interested in their studies at school, but they did not show a corresponding power to pursue their subsequent studies at college. The reason for this gradually became obvious. If a boy studied French because it was useful for him to talk French, or studied science because it was interesting for him to ascertain scientific facts, the teacher was tempted to put the usefulness and interest of the study into the foreground and let insistence upon laborious effort and accurate result fall into the background. A boy who talked French tolerably well but was inaccurate in his constructions was not nearly as efficient, in college or afterward, as the boy who read Greek with a good deal of difficulty, but was precise in his knowledge of the grammar as far as he went. The fact that Greek was hard to learn and of little practical use when learned guarded the teacher against the peril of making ease of attainment and facility of use the primary goals of his effort. It prevented him from letting his teaching degenerate into a process of cramming for certain expected needs of life; it compelled him to treat it as a process of discipline to prepare the pupil for any needs that might arise. "If I want a college graduate in the employ of my railroad," said a general manager of one of our largest systems, "I want a boy who has learned to use books hard and use them accurately; and I feel surer that he has learned that lesson over a Greek dictionary than over almost any other book that exists, because there is so little temptation to use a Greek dictionary in any other way."

This, however, was said more than ten years ago. Of late we have found that by insisting sufficiently upon high standards of accuracy and precision we can avoid the dangers which are incident to the study of modern language and

modern science. The teacher who is impressed with the utility of easy reading of languages and of facile performance of scientific experiments may tend to chafe at the college which requires the grammar of French or German to be treated as seriously as the grammar of Latin or Greek, and which refuses to allow knowledge of facts to take the place of knowledge of mathematics; he may complain that it is made harder for him to get boys into colleges on modern languages than on ancient ones, but sooner or later he will adapt himself to the situation and will train pupils in the new subjects with the same unpleasant care which was bestowed upon the old.

The advocates of Greek were right in saying that hard work and precision of thought are far more important than the immediate interest or utility of the subjects taught. They were wrong in saying that Greek stood apart from all other subjects as a means of educating the student to these habits of work and precision. If French is taught as carefully as Greek it seems to serve the disciplinary purposes which Greek formerly served. The only difficulty is that there are as yet relatively few teachers who make French a means of mental discipline, and that those who think they

teach it best are often the ones who really teach it worst, because they let apparent proficiency in speech conceal the lack of real training in thought. Wherever the old-fashioned arguments against Greek are regarded as true it will probably be desirable to study Greek, because very few people will teach anything else properly. But when once the error of those arguments is recognized the special need for the study of Greek will have gone, and other things are likely to be substituted.

It seems quite clear that this process of substituting other studies for Greek has fairly begun and is likely to continue steadily. But it is, I believe, also clear that the college education of the future will emphasize the kind of things for which the advocates of Greek stood in the past, rather than the kind of things for which the opponents of Greek stood; that it will introduce, in place of Greek, studies which are chosen for their power as means of mental discipline and mental culture rather than for their immediate interest or utility; and that it will defer to as late a period as possible in the technical training of the student the attempt to make the practical usefulness of a subject the criterion of its educational value.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.



The Imperial Family of Japan

BY JIHEI HASHIGUCHI

THE Imperial family of Japan may be likened unto the moon in a cloud-dotted sky. The moon appears and disappears, according as it stands against the clear sky or passes behind the overshadowing cloud. The Imperial family of Japan, during twenty-six centuries of the Japanese Empire's existence, has been in actual control of Government only when there was no Minister of State or "Shogun," whose influence overshadowed theirs.

As a fact of history, there have been altogether too many of such influential Ministers or "Shoguns" to permit the Imperial family to exercise actively their royal prerogatives. Only in the earlier

period of the Japanese history do we find the record of the latter holding firmly the rudder of the Ship of State. For the remaining period Prime Ministers and "Shoguns" have been in actual possession of power, the Imperial family only retaining their name and making occasional meteoric appearances during the intervals in which the power was transferred from one Ministerial house to another and from one "Shogunate" house to another.

It is, indeed, a mystery how the Imperial family could even hold the nominal position in those circumstances. The only explanation is the fact that the Japanese have been extremely loyal to



EMPRESS HARUKO

EMPEROR MUTSUHITO

the Imperial family, so that to ignore them altogether would have been a political death for the powers that were. Thus, the members of the Imperial family have been held in reverence due to gods, as if they were somewhat above the ordinary run of humanity. In common parlance, they used to be called "unjo bito," signifying "men above the cloud," which, indeed, very well characterizes them. The phrase originally signified that the Imperial family are the heaven-descended race, which is an "authenticated" fact of history.

As the matter of natural consequence of the circumstances above cited the "unjo bito" out of power used often to lead a pitiable life. While their sphere of influence was ethereal, their bodies were on earth. Yet they had only nectar and ambrosia to subsist upon. The "Tokugawa Shoguns," whose government has been overthrown in 1868, had been on the whole more liberal in making allowances to these demi-gods than any other "Shoguns" in the past. But the condition of life of these august "unjo bito" had been anything but prosperous. The princes and the princesses, as soon as they grew to be old enough to

learn anything, had been obliged to go to the Buddhist temples to lead the spiritual life, more on account of the lack of funds on the part of their parents to educate them otherwise than on any other account. The Mikados, themselves confined within the ancient palace in Kyoto, doing nothing special beyond offering morning prayers before the altar of their ancestors or taking hours daily in muttering the monologic rituals before the temple of Buddha, were not enviable by mortal men.

Their political influence, therefore, might not have been sufficient to overthrow the Tokugawa Government had it not been for the fact that the tyranny of the latter became so very repulsive to the majority of the three hundred daimyoes that these finally allied themselves together with the sixteen-year-old Prince Mutsuhito, the present Mikado, as their leader against the oppressor. It was fortunate for the "unjo bito" that such was the situation. The Mikado, to whom now the power was reinvested, was a young man who inherited his dead uncle's fortune, of which he had known very little until it was given to him.

The yearly allowance of the Mikado, which is at the same time that of the whole Imperial family, was increased many times over—it is now \$1,500,000. Besides, he has the yearly incomes of \$500,000 from the interest on the \$10,000,000 which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago; of \$250,000 from his private estates, which amounts to \$5,000,000 or more; of \$500,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,124,873 acres and valued at \$512,487,300, at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,250,000. Thus, his yearly net income amounts to \$2,750,000. The princes and princesses have been recalled from the Buddhist temples and were educated under the proper tutors. The former habit of frugality was somewhat modified. After the evacuation of Yedo, now Tokyo, by the Tokugawa Shogun, the Mikado removed from Kyoto to Tokyo, to occupy the magnificent castle of Chiyoda, which has been built by the Tokugawa Shogun and which well behooves the dignity of the ruler of Japan.

There are in all 60 members in the Imperial family, inclusive of 11 married and 4 widowed princesses, who are members of the family by marriage, not by birth. Of the rest there are 11 married and 16 unmarried princes, inclusive of the Mikado, and 18 unmarried princesses.

The Mikado.

His Majesty, the Mikado Mutsuhito, was sixteen years old when he came to the throne, in 1868. His father, Komei-Tenno, had been a man of enthusiastic temperament, ambitious to regain the power which was withheld from him by the Tokugawa Shogun. He set afoot the anti-Tokugawa movement, but died without seeing the results of his movement.

Prince Mutsuhito inherited some of the characteristics of his father. Young tho he was, he already then possessed the quality of a man of leadership. He is enthusiastic, industrious and enlightened on all matters pertaining to the State, while he is magnanimous and tolerant, never showing an arbitrary disposition. Had he been a man of arbitrary disposition his sovereignty might have been repudiated at the very begin-

ning of "Meiji," for then his influence had not yet been established, while the extreme democratic principles had been already imported from France and not a small number of the people of Japan were the advocates of the change of the form of government into a republic.

The first thing the Mikado has done, immediately after his accession to the throne, that has any important bearing upon the history of "Meiji," the Era of Enlightenment, is the proclamation of an edict of five articles, which at once expressed strongly the liberal-mindedness of the Mikado and directed the course of the national development:

"1. Councils of men shall be encouraged throughout the country, and the affairs of State shall be administered in accordance with the public opinion.

"2. All men, whether of high stations of life or of low, shall with the united mind look after the welfare of the country.

"3. From the civil and the military officers to the general public, all shall have the satisfaction of their minds, so that no one shall have any cause to complain.

"4. Old order of things inexpedient shall be removed from us and the laws of the universe shall be obeyed.

"5. Knowledges shall be sought in all the world in order to strengthen the foundation of our Empire."

At the same time the Mikado sent the following message to the nation, appealing to their loyalty to him:

"I, the young Mikado, am day and night taking pains in deliberating upon the problem how to place our Empire on equal footing among the Powers of the world and how to fulfil the will of our ancestors.

"Since the power of our ancestors began to decline in the Middle Ages our military governors ('Shoguns') have exercised arbitrary influence.

"The latter held the former openly in reverence and secretly at distance, so that the parents of the nation that our ancestors were have not known the love of their children, and the Mikados of the nation only held their name and in reality lost their dignity. . . .

"In the earlier period of our Empire our ancestors used to take active part in the Government. Thus, they could administer the State affairs in a simplest manner; the relation between them and the people was most cordial, without undue formalities. . . .

"If you maintain the customs of the immediate past and think that you can serve me

by paying me reverence only, forgetting the present critical situation of our Empire, and if, whenever I raise my feet, you tremble extremely, thereby creating various suspicions and whisperings to my great embarrassment, it would conduce not only toward my failure as Mikado, but also toward my loss of the Empire of our ancestors, etc. . . ."

Soon afterward the feudal daimiate system was abolished and the country was divided into as many prefectures, with

vival of the fittest, to-day the former daimyos retain hardly any practical political influence.

When the Constitution was revised in 1889 the power of the Mikado was limited in the seventeen articles of its first section, while he has a partial legislative power as defined in the fifth and the first half of the eighth articles, which read as follows:

"Article 5. The Emperor shall exercise the legislative power with the counsel of the Imperial Diet.

"Article 8. The Emperor, in order to the maintenance of the public welfare and the protection of the public from the unexpected calamities, may issue extraordinary decrees in place of laws in case the Diet is not in session and the affairs demand immediate action. . . ."



CROWN PRINCESS
SADAKO



CROWN PRINCE HARUNOMIYA

the governors appointed by the Mikado, as there were daimiates. The transference of power from the daimyos to the centralized government was not without being attended with some resentment on the part of the former, who were to lose thereafter all their former prestiges. But on being appointed as the newly created governors of the respective prefectures of their former jurisdiction they acquiesced in the arrangement. It is to be remembered, therefore, that these daimyos did not expect to be ousted by the influential men among their former retainers. Yet, on account of the sur-

His legislative power is curtailed by the second half of the eighth article, which reads:

"These decrees shall be referred to the Imperial Diet in its immediately next session for approval, and if the Diet disapprove them the executive department shall declare that they shall not be effective thereafter."

Indeed, the Mikado stands in a peculiar position. For his actions he is not re-

sponsible, but the Ministers of the Cabinet. And even the course of his actions is largely determined by the privy council and the council of the Imperial princes of age, in which he exercises but a very little of his personal influence. Throughout his career as the ruler of Japan the Mikado has never even delivered a public speech, except once when he opened a session of the Diet some years ago. Neither has he ever made any original recommendation to the Diet. Even the Imperial messages, which are in themselves very excellent literature, are the works of the Imperial advisers, such as the Marquis Ito or Marquis Yamagata, etc. The Mikado reads them and signs them. But he is very precise in dealing with the bills passed in the Houses of the Diet, which need to be examined by him carefully before they are returned to the Cabinet, through which they are presented to him. Once the Minister of Finance sent in a report in which there was an item that was disproportionately small. The Mikado did not return it until the Prime Minister went in and carefully explained the item.

The Mikado is industrious. He rises early in the morning and performs his official duties all day for many hours.

Especially in these days, when the war is going on between his country and Russia, he sacrifices much of his usual pleasures. It is customary for him to visit Kyoto once a year. But last year he gave up his trip in order to devote the time to the official matters.

The Mikado is an intelligent man, well educated. It is said he is erudite enough for a degree of Ph. D.

The Mikado is six feet tall. He is one of the tallest men at his Court. He is stout, broad-shouldered, and he weighs two hundred pounds. His countenance has an expression of an athlete, which is not represented in his photographs that are made public. These are somehow or other tampered with by the overzealous photographers, who forget that the natural expression is the best expression of a man.

The Mikado's love of his country and his subjects is something extraordinary. He devotes a fixed sum out of his yearly allowance to various charity purposes. Whenever any accident happens in the land he at once orders a portion of the fund to be used in relieving the distressed families. He sends his messengers often to the hospitals to inquire after the health of the soldiers and sailors who have been wounded in the war.

PRINCESS TSUNENOMIYA

PRINCESS KANENOMIYA



PRINCESS FUMINOMIYA

PRINCESS YASUNOMIYA



PRINCE MICHINOMIYA

PRINCE ATSUNOMIYA

TWO SONS OF CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS

The Empress.

Her Majesty the Empress Haruko is fifty-six years old and is two years senior of her husband. She is one of the most beautiful women in Japan. She is a daughter of the late Prince Ichijo, who had been one of the courtiers of the Imperial family. As she is older than the Mikado she has been able to give her motherly care to the Mikado during all these years of Meiji. But as is usual, a woman in such a position is apt to miss something that is peculiar to the ordinary married relation, wherein the wife is younger than her husband and is looked upon by him with a sort of compassion. By no means, however, is she neglected. On the contrary, the couple love each other dearly, altho they do not usually go together when they go out. It is publicly denied that she is jealous of her rival, altho it is a fact that the Crown Prince Harunomiya is not Her Majesty's son, but His Majesty's.

She is an earnest worker for the Red Cross Society. Since the war began she has been making bandages with her own

hands. Whenever a large number of wounded at the front is reported she asks whether the bandages are sufficiently supplied and works harder than ever. How enthusiastic she is in carrying comfort to the sick and wounded in the hospitals can be judged from the story told of her. Once she made an appointment to visit a Red Cross hospital in Tokyo. The day happened to be very stormy. But, regardless of the remonstrances of her attendants, she fulfilled her appointment.

She is nominally the mother of five Imperial children, one of whom is the Crown Prince Harunomiya, the other four are the Princesses Tsunenomiya, Kanenomiya, Fuminomiya and Yasunomiya.

Crown Prince Harunomiya.

The Crown Prince Harunomiya is the third son of the Mikado. His two elder brothers having died early, he has been proclaimed the Crown Prince ten years or so ago.

He has been educated in the Peers' College in Tokyo. When he was a boy he was unmanageable. A professor of

Chinese literature, who used to give private lessons in the Chinese classics (which include Confucius's Book of Precepts) in the palace, was a stern disciplinarian. One day Prince Harunomiya refused to receive the lessons from the professor, because he takes the higher seat in the room than himself, who is the Crown Prince. The professor said: "I am taking the place of Confucius in teaching you the Book of Confucius, Your Highness. Confucius is above his scholars, whether they are ordinary men or Imperial princes." But the Crown Prince did not acquiesce, and the professor had to resign. He was afterward decorated highly by the Mikado.

When the young Prince was in the Peers' College he was a terror to the young fellow students, who, being sons of the feudal daimyos and other notables, had to submit to him in any quarrel, no matter whether he was right or wrong.

The Crown Prince is a daring young man. He used to like to practice the art of war, exposing himself in the sun or rain, never mindful of the contrary advices of his attendants. As a consequence, he has developed into a good horseman. Now he holds the honorary title of Colonel of the Imperial army.

He is reported to be an intelligent man. He studies now daily under his tutors. He may become a very good Mikado if he keeps on studying hard. His one drawback is the condition of his health. He is a consumptive and is often attacked by illness. Recently he has improved a great deal, and it is hoped that, with the advices of his physicians, he will be completely cured of his illness.

It was once arranged that he marry the daughter of Prince Fushimi. But on account of the close blood relationship they were not married. He then married Sadako, a daughter of a courtier. He is now twenty-six years old and is the father of three children.

Crown Princess Sadako.

Crown Princess Sadako is the fourth daughter of Prince Kujo, a courtier of the Mikado. She was born in Kyoto in 1884, and is therefore twenty-one years old, five years younger than her husband.

Her youthful career illustrates how sensible a woman she is. Her childhood days were spent in Kyoto. After she finished her preliminary education she entered the Peers' College for women in Tokyo, where she studied diligently, attending to school with clock work regularity. During one school term she never missed a day in attendance. In going to and in coming back from the school daily she never imitated the extravagant daughters of the "Kwazoku" (the lords), her schoolmates, who employed carriages and jinrikisha. She would walk back and forth the distance of a mile between her home in the Fukuyoshicho in Akasaka Borough, to the college, which is in the Kojimachi Borough. Sun or rain, she was just the same. On rainy days if her attendants advised her to employ kuruma ("jinrikisha"), she would say: "I prefer to walk," and so did, wearing a pair of "takaget" (high shoes for rainy season), and carrying a rainy day parasol.

Besides being sensible, she is a healthy, robust woman, possessing a most charming grace that would attract any man's heart at first sight. Thus she became the object of the gallant heart of Crown Prince Harunomiya, who courted her in the modern European style of free love-making. They were engaged in 1899 and were married in 1900.

Eleven months after their marriage a son was born, who was named Prince Michinomiya. In the ensuing year another son was born, who was named Atsunomiya. This year another son was born.

The daily life of the Crown Prince and Princess is led in a most enlightened manner of the twentieth century. Seclusion, which might characterize the life of the Mikados and the other persons of the Imperial family of old, is not that of our future ruler and his consort. Their palace is located in Aoyama, beside their Imperial father's Aoyama resort. It is in a grove on an eminence away from the din of the streets of the city of Tokyo. They live in that palace a greater part of the year. In winter they go for a short time to Hayama for a winter vacation. In summer they go to Mikko, Shiohara, Hakone, the beautiful summer resorts.

They rise at 7 o'clock every morning. The attendant physician looks into the condition of their health. He takes the weight of their bodies and the couple take a delight in comparing their weight of a day with that of the previous day. They dress in a European style. At 8 they take breakfast, which is a very simple affair, consisting principally of milk and bread. After breakfast they take a walk in the yard or read newspapers until 9 o'clock, when they be-

3 p.m. they take light cakes and coffee. At 3.30 Prince Harunomiya takes exercise in horse riding at the riding ground near the palace. Princess Sadako usually accompanies him to watch him exhibit the art of horsemanship.

Supper is served at 6 p.m. in a Japanese style. The food cooked is carefully examined by the attendant physician, who writes a bill of fare, which he sends to the Princess. The latter looks over the bill of fare and orders now this food,



Grandchildren of the Emperor of Japan at Play

gin their daily lesson under their tutors. When they go to see their Imperial father and mother, they leave their palace at 10 o'clock. The dinner is served at 12.30. First they have a chat in the dining room. They have waitresses, but most of the waiting is done by the Princess herself. Their dinner consists of eight different kinds of European dishes. Sometimes the Princess Sadako prefers the Japanese dishes to the European ones. She used to order them often, until some time after she was married. Now she takes the Japanese dinner at noon seldom if ever. After the dinner the couple take a walk in the yard. Later they enter their afternoon lessons. At

now that, according as she thinks the food may suit the daily condition of her husband's health as well as her own. Eighteen different dishes are served. It is said Princess Sadako's taste is simpler than that of her husband. Prince Harunomiya takes a little port wine at supper, but Princess Sadako never touches wine.

In the evening they change their dress to the Japanese style. At night the Princess plays the Japanese and the Western musical instruments, which the Prince enjoys immensely. At 9 they go to bed.

A story is told of Princess Sadako in reference to her kindheartedness. In

Japan every subject of Mikado is under obligation to salute most respectfully any member of the Imperial family. Any one who fails to do this is considered as a disrespectful subject. A civilian must observe the custom; much more must the officers and men in the army and navy.

One day an officer of the guard of the Crown Prince's palace, with a number of his men, was strolling along the garden of the palace. Presently they were met by the Princess Sadako and her maiden companions, who were taking a walk. The officer ordered his men to halt, to face front and to salute her most respectfully. They parted and again they met in another quarter. The officer was about to repeat the order to his men, when the Princess sent her attendant maid to tell him that he need not repeat. The officer and the men were deeply impressed with the kindness of the Princess Sadako.

The two elder children have been brought up in the house of the late Count Kawamura. They were attended by two physicians and a Red Cross nurse, while the Countess Kawamura took a motherly care of them. The Princes used to call the Count Kawamura "Uncle Kawamura." Count Kawamura's house being near to the thoroughfares, the young princes came to learn the words the newspaper boys use in selling extras on the streets. Thus, they would get hold of newspapers and run about in the garden, yelling: "Gogwai! Gogwai!" "Extras! Extras!"

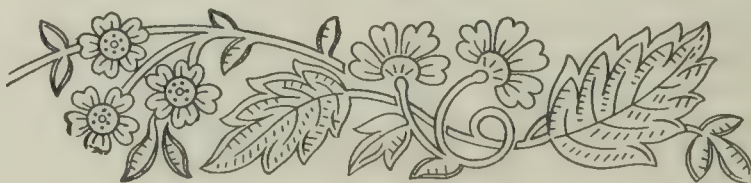
After the death of the Count last year his son, Tetsutaro, respectfully declined the honor of guardianship of the Princes, who forthwith returned to their parents' home.

The elder one, Prince Michinomiya, will be educated in a military school, the

younger, Prince Atsunomiya, in a naval school, when they grow up. The former will be heir to his father; consequently, he will be the future Mikado after the expiration of the term of his father's office as Mikado, provided that no son shall be born to the present Empress; for in that event, the Prince Michinomiya being the son of an illegitimate son of the Mikado, the son of the Empress will inherit the throne after the Crown Prince, according to the provisions of the Imperial Household Ordinances, the fourth article of which says: "In succeeding to the Imperial throne, the legitimate sons or grandsons shall take the precedence of the illegitimate, and the latter succeed to the throne only when there is no legitimate son or grandson." But it is scarcely likely that a son be born to the Empress Haruko.

It is not given to the people of Japan to know much about the persons of the young ladies of the Mikado's family. They do not go out freely, as their brothers and cousins do. We learn their sentiment through the poems of their production, which are occasionally made public in the columns of newspapers. Lately, however, they made one or two excursions to town to see the soldiers depart from the Shimbashi station for the front. It is said that the two elder Princesses, Princess Tsunenomiya (18 years old) and Princess Kanenomiya (16 years old), are deeply interested in the welfare of the country and of the men at the front, so that they keep every name of the killed and wounded soldiers and sailors in their memoranda. They buy extras whenever a boy comes round their palace to sell. As for the younger Princesses, Princess Fuminomiya and Princess Yasunomiya, they, too, know well in what condition their country is to-day.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Future of Teachers' Salaries

BY W. T. HARRIS, LL.D.

⁴[One of the most important addresses delivered at the recent meeting of the National Education Association at Asbury Park was the following discussion of teachers' salaries by the United States Commissioner of Education.—EDITOR.]

THE first question of interest to the teacher inquiring about salaries is: Are the positions of teachers in a State annual positions or merely temporary occupations lasting only for a small fraction of the year? The annual position means a teacher employed by the year who takes up teaching as a vocation and does not have to shift to other occupations to eke out the salary received from his vocation as teacher.

The second important question is: How many well paying positions are there—how many positions are there in the teachers' ranks which promise the individual, successful in his profession of teacher, an increase above the position he at present occupies, say to a salary one-fourth larger, or one-half larger—how many positions will open to him that are twice or three times or four times what he receives now when he first enters the profession? The ambitious teacher wishes to have a career before him.

Another aspect of the question is this: Do the positions commanding high salaries increase in number as fast or faster than the population? Pretty much all the interest in statistics of salaries in the United States, therefore, relates not to the salaries of rural schools, but to those paid in village or city schools which are sufficient to support a professional teacher and to the question whether there are a sufficient number of higher positions to hold out a promise to the lower teacher of promotion from time to time in accordance with the increase of his professional skill.

I am therefore glad to mention here that the average annual increase in higher education throws open nearly one thousand new places a year in colleges and universities for teachers promoted from the secondary schools on being found to have the requisite skill and

scholarship. There were in 1890 7,918 professors and instructors in the colleges and universities of the United States, not counting the professional schools. In 1903 the number had risen to 20,887. It started with less than 8,000 and has had an increase of new places for thirteen years almost equal to one thousand a year (12,969). Besides this the increase in new places in the secondary schools of the United States has been somewhat more. The High Schools and Academies counted 16,329 teachers in 1890, and in 1903 counted 33,795. This increase gave 17,466 new positions in thirteen years—1,340 a year—for teachers in public and private high schools.

The teacher whose salary is low asks himself what he is going to do about it. He may submit in sorrow to his lot or he may take a more heroic view of the matter and consider that his lot will depend in large measure upon his own efforts. He will then try to improve his skill in teaching and to make his field of learning more extensive and accurate. He will make enthusiastic culture studies in literature and art as well as in science. He will study to perfect himself in fine manners.

I find that while by far the larger part of the population is counted in the lower occupations the talented and able workmen in the lowest rank of industry have a constant demand upon them to furnish recruits for the occupations that require more skill and offer a substantial increase in salary.

What may be called the higher occupations, which have to do with protection and culture, increased with a considerable degree of uniformity in the thirty years ending in 1900, showing an increase from 30,000 to 44,000 in each million.

Professors and teachers were counted by the census in 1870 at 10,141 in each

million, but the quota of 1900 in each million is increased to 18,509, an increase faster than the population, giving one new place to each 120 persons.

Is the vocation of teacher a permanent one which will grow into greater consideration with our people during the entire period in which they make progress along the lines of the conquest of nature and the conversion of things and forces to the rational purpose of supplying the wants of man?

I have named the vocations that provide means of creature comfort and the means of protection as belonging to the higher order of occupations. It will be seen at once that these vocations involve capacity and that they receive higher wages than the employments of the lower order. There is a third and last division of this higher order of vocations, including employments of that portion of the community engaged in providing the instrumentalities of culture for the people. I include in this list first those engaged in religious work of various kinds and next the artistic trades that supply ornament on useful goods and produce works of sculpture and painting and music, literature, the formation and care of art museums, and besides these three more larger classes of workers in this higher order of occupations—namely, school teachers, librarians and the purveyors of intercommunication. The corps of teachers in public and private schools numbers something over half a million, the public school teachers alone numbering upward of four hundred and fifty thousand and the private teachers of all kinds numbering about one hundred and twenty thousand more; the curatorship of libraries contains a rapidly increasing list of occupations, and the list of occupations which include the people engaged in collecting and diffusing information by the daily or weekly newspapers, magazines and books, operating telegraphs, photographic and photo-engraving establishments—altho this class is at present not one-half as large as the corps of teachers in the United States, it is destined to be much larger as urban life comes to supplant rural life.

These classes of workers, belonging to the higher order of occupations, are destined to grow in size with the advance of

civilization and the increase of production in wealth. I include in this list especially those employed in the pursuit of science and the invention of devices useful in the arts.

In the earliest stage of civilization ninety-nine laborers out of each hundred are needed to supply raw material and rude manufactures for the community. With the growth of civilization a larger and larger number are detailed from the one hundred to provide creature comforts, protection and culture, and the teacher's vocation in the United States at present by far leads in numbers the other vocations that have to do with providing culture for the community. These vocations are limited in their quotas only by the ability of the community to furnish a surplus of money beyond what is needed for the raw materials and the rude manufactures for food, clothing and shelter. In the future time a goal will be reached when one person in each hundred by means of machinery will furnish all the food, clothing and shelter needed for the other ninety-nine, and every one of these ninety-nine will find ample employment in the higher occupations which provide means for creature comfort, protection and culture.

The increase of lucrative occupations in the professional classes who furnish protection for life, health and property assists by competition the increase of salaries for teachers by drawing their supply of workers from the higher educated classes.

The recent canvass of the salaries of teachers by the special committee of which Colonel Wright, the chairman, makes report this year, gives us data from which we may complete our list of better salaried positions in schools, besides those in colleges already named, counting in superintendents, assistant superintendents, high school principals, elementary school principals, high school teachers (not principals), elementary school teachers, six classes in all, reported from 467 cities of over eight thousand inhabitants.

This list aggregates 53,554 positions with annual salaries of \$600 and over, one-half of which pay \$800 and upward, besides 14,193 of \$500 to \$600, and 17,728 annual salaries below \$500.

I stop at salaries at \$600 as the lower limit, because he who receives \$600 per year receives more than his quota of the total production of the United States (the total income of the nation in 1900, made on a liberal basis, being only \$551.56 per inhabitant, if divided among the entire number of persons working in a gainful occupation, twenty-nine millions of them in all. In this estimate I do not set aside anything for the rent of real estate, nor anything for the interest on capital, nor anything for the extra pay of the organizing and directing power which contributes so much toward the increase of the production of wealth.)

No teacher has a right to complain, on a socialistic basis, if he is receiving a salary for his annual services of six hundred dollars.

Teachers of rural schools for three or four months in the year are not an important element in this discussion of salaries. Teaching as a makeshift occupation can never be of sufficient importance to cause young men and women to spend years at training schools in preparation for that work. Only places with annual salaries and with eight to ten months of teaching will warrant the establishment of normal schools and the requisite time of preparation necessary to secure the special qualification of the professional teacher.

The salaries that average below \$600 cannot be named as attractive for the professional teacher except as a beginning, a period of probation. Salaries of \$600 begin to be attractive to the person who belongs to the rank of mechanical wage earners and feels an ability and a desire to undertake a career that promises more honorable service and a higher salary than the mechanical occupation which he finds ready to his hand. The professional teacher demands a permanent vocation at living wages, as I have said, with plenty of higher positions for him with advanced wages as a reward for his increase in skill and culture.

There has been an increase of accumulated wealth from decade to decade in the States. The total amount of wealth per individual in the United States amounted in 1900 to \$1,235 (estimate made by Chief of Bureau of Statistics United States Treasury for World Al-

manac). In 1850, according to the United States Census, the total per capita of wealth per inhabitant on its true valuation was \$308 per inhabitant, and decade by decade it rose to the following sums: 1860, \$514; 1870, \$780; 1880, \$870; 1890, \$1,036. It appears therefore that each individual in the United States has an average of four times as much realized wealth as in 1850 and therefore can bear a burden of taxation equal to four times that of 1850 with greater ease, because the greater the income from vested property the greater the tax possible without stinting the individual in his necessities.

The average amount earned per individual by the persons reported in the census as having a gainful occupation increases from year to year with the increase of realized wealth. Realized wealth may be considered as capital for the production of property. The individual therefore, if reinforced by a large amount of realized wealth, is able to produce more more per annum.

According to the census the average person having a gainful occupation in 1850 produced less than \$500 (\$484.80); in 1860, \$651.48; in 1870, \$849.03; in 1880, \$721.93; in 1890, \$990.32; in 1900, \$1,065.69. This scale corresponds substantially to that of the per capita of wealth. The larger the sum produced by the average person in the United States the greater his ability to support schools and furnish positions of large salaries for the highest order of teachers. These figures, therefore, showing the increase of productive power on the part of the individual wage-earner in the United States are full of hope for the future of the teacher as regards his salary and his social position.

Science makes possible mechanic invention and it makes possible also the use of the forces of nature to reinforce human power and furnish a substitute for the power of domestic animals. This progress in the reinforcing of the human might as it goes on from year to year increases, as was expected, the wealth producing power of the individual. It would seem that in fifty years, from 1850 to 1900, the wealth producing power has more than doubled. From 25 cents per day per

capita it has now risen to 58 cents in the United States. All countries show increased power of wealth production in proportion as they adopt labor-saving machinery, but few of them to the extent of the United States.

The future of teachers' salaries is

therefore a bright and promising one viewed in the light of the general industrial progress, but a far more hopeful one viewed from the economical law of increased values for vocations that have for their object protection and culture.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Together, July 9th

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS

'Twas a bright Sunday morning in summer
When a poor father, loving and mild,
Freed at last from the long week's labors,
Went forth with his little girl-child.

A weak cripple, whose labor-worn frame
Cruel Fortune had bowed to the ground,
With steel braces strengthened and bound,
Tho they left him infirm and lame.

For both 'twas a long-promised pleasure,
When the pitiless springtide was done
And the crested grass waved in the meadows,
Grown tall 'neath the fostering sun.

Now 'twas come, and there rose not a cloudlet
On the face of the limitless sky;
And the little maid, kissing her mother,
Waved smiling a long good-by.

And now from the long dusty suburb
Through green fields and woodlands they
went
Hand in hand, the slow laboring father
And the wondering innocent.

So they roamed on, taking their fill
Of joy, heavy laden with flowers,
Half forgetting the fugitive hours,
Till 'twas time to descend from the hill.

Then sudden the heavens around
Were o'erspread with a sinister light,
And a rumble of ominous sound
Filled the father with deep affright.

Last the heavy drops fell, and they hurry,
Forgetting all else but their dread,
To gain a poor hut's low shelter
Ere the black storm broke overhead.

And gain it but, ah! it is crowded;
So without 'neath the broad eaves they
stand,
The young child and the crippled father,
'Mid the lightnings, hand clasped in hand.

Till at last a great flash with such thunders
As if the high heavens were rent
And the hapless pair perish together,
Poor father and innocent.

'Twas the steel on his limbs which drew to him
The terrible sword of the sky,
And the same force that tore him and slew him
Bade his fatherless innocent die.

Not one mark on the fair little body!
Nay, 'twas best, oh! mysterious command
That slew sire and his young child together,
She clasping her father's hand.

PENRYN HOUSE, CARMATHEN, ENGLAND

The Educational Books of the Year

It takes at least two years for a teacher to get used to a new text-book, and after that he, or rather she, does not get more than another year or so of comfort out of it before her conscience, stimulated thereto by the suggestions of rival publishers, arouses her to question whether something better has not come out since. When she begins to "take notice" again, if we may use the phrase in this connection, she naturally wants a wide range of choice. It is to assist in this perplexing but important task of choosing that the following list of the more important educational books, published during the year, with brief suggestions as to their contents and value, is prepared. Many other educational books of a less technical character have been reviewed in the course of the year.

English

- Eclectic English Classics.* College Entrance Requirements in English: 1906-1908. New York: The American Book Co. 80 cents.
- Riverside Literature Series: The Faerie Queene.* By Martha Hale Shackford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 30 cents.
- Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice.* By R. M'William. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 35 cents.
- Rolfe's Shakespeare.* King John. Antony and Cleopatra. The Taming of the Shrew. The Comedy of Errors. King Henry the Eighth. The Winter's Tale. Romeo and Juliet. Much Ado About Nothing. King Richard the Third. King Henry the Fourth (Parts 1 and 2). King Richard the Second. King Henry the Fifth. Edited by William J. Rolfe. New York: The American Book Co. 56 cents.
- Arden Shakespeare Series.* Henry IV, Part I, by Frederick W. Moorman. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
- Macmillan's Pocket Classics.* Andersen's Fairy Tales, by Sarah C. Brooks. Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum, by Justus Collins Castleman. Hawthorne's The House of Seven Gables, by Clyde Furst. The Odyssey of Homer, translated by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang. Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship, by Annie Russell Marble. Dickens's Christmas Carol, by James M. Sawin and Ida M. Thomas. Scott's Quentin Durward, by Arthur Llewellyn Eno. Out of the Northland, by Emilie Kip Baker. Old English Ballads, by William Dallam Armes. The Story of the Iliad and The Story of the Odyssey, by Alfred J. Church. Sermons of Jonathan Edwards, by Norman Gardner. Longfellow's Hiawatha, by E. J. Fleming. New York: The Macmillan Co. 25 cents each.
- Three Years with the Poets.* By Bertha Hazard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents.
- English Composition.* By Frederick Henry Sykes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
- Argumentation and Debate.* By Craven Laycock and Robert L. Seales. New York: The Macmillan Co.
- The Principles and Progress of English Poetry.* By Charles Mills Gayley and Clement C. Young. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.10.
- Middle English Reader.* Edited by Oliver Farrar Emerson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.90.
- Southern Writers.* By W. P. Trent. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.10.
- A Brief History of American Literature.* By William P. Trent. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.40.
- The Development of the English Novel.* By Wilbur L. Cross. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Gateway Series.* Henry Van Dyke, General Editor. Macaulay's Essay on Addison, by Charles Flint McClumpha. 35 cents. Milton's Minor Poems, by Marv A. Jordan. 35 cents. Tennyson's The Princess, by Katharine Lee Bates. 40 cents. Scott's The Lady of the Lake, by Raymond Macdonald Alden. 40 cents. Macbeth, by Thomas Marc Parrott. 40 cents. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, by George Edward Woodberry. 30 cents. Tennyson's Idylls of the King, by Henry Van Dyke. 35 cents. New York: The American Book Co.
- First Folio Shakespeare: Hamlet.* By Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
- How to Study Shakespeare.* By William H. Fleming. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.
- Shakespeare for Recitation.* By Ernest Pertwee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents.
- Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.* By William H. McDougal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 30 cents.
- Briefs on Public Questions.* By Ralph Curtis Ringwalt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20.
- Selected Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* By Elizabeth Lee. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
- Evangeline.* By P. H. Pearson. Topeka: Crane & Co. 25 cents.
- Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield,* edited by Louise Maitland. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.
- The First View of English Literature.* By William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
- The Use of Words.* By Georgina Kinnear. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 30 cents.
- Elocution and Expression.* By Albert Francis Tenney. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Reading and Language Lessons.* By William E. Chancellor. New York: The American Book Co. 30 cents.
- Specimen Letters.* By Albert S. Cook and Allen R. Benham. Boston: Ginn & Co. 65 cents.
- Special Method in Language.* By Charles A. McMurry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 70 cents.
- Principles of Rhetoric.* By Elizabeth H. Spaulding. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

The supply of English material is about the same as usual. There is the usual number of texts, literatures, compositions and rhetorics—and that without particular change of character. It is discouraging to find the same texts re-edited year after year with no more appearance of finality than at first, while the selection of English literature for use in school is still so far from complete or representative. To compile a list of such duplicates as have accrued of recent years, would be in itself the most pertinent and scathing comment upon the

futility of this sort of advertising scholarship. And the case is the worse, because all this pretense is in one sense quite unnecessary. Such a collection of readings as the American Book Company publishes in the *Eclectic classics* and Dr. Van Dyke's *Gateway Series*, or Houghton & Mifflin in the several volumes of their *Riverside Literature Series*, with a minimum of comments and explanatory notes at the foot of the page, is quite enough for every practical purpose. Editions with good critical or scholarly introductions, which should exist in some quantity by this time, are, of course, another matter. Of these there are few or none with the exception of some further volumes of Rolfe's revised edition of Shakespeare. The best of the sort are perhaps Moorman's *Henry IV*, in the generally excellent *Arden Shakespeare*, and Armes's *Old English Ballads and Folk Songs*, with a pretty good summary of present ballad theory. Apparently there is a growing taste for poetry; and a sort of departure in this direction is represented by Miss Hazard's *Three Years with the Poets*, "a text-book of poetry to be memorized by children during the first years in school." The notion is a good one; there is no better means of cultivating the taste and developing a sense for literature. But the habit ought to be continued beyond the point where

the pupil can appreciate only the minor and slighter kinds of poetry.

The tendency among rhetorics is still toward an undue emphasis of the "artistic" or "creative" over the logical or intellectual theory. The effort for original composition at any cost has been a mischievous one and is likely to be yet more so, if persisted in. Such a book is Syke's *English Composition* for high schools. It contains an introduction with a clear statement of the belief now coming to be pretty generally held with regard to these matters and looks like a very fair specimen of its class, tho it exhibits much of the disorganization and confusion incidental to the method. Symptomatic of the same tendency is the constantly developing taste for debate and argumentation, tho this form of expression has an advantage over ordinary "laboratory" composition in demanding a knowledge of actual fact, a basis of information furnished by other studies. In this sort of work the revised edition of Baker's well-known book will probably continue standard; but those who wish a less exhaustive treatment in much the same manner will be interested in Laycock and Seales's *Argumentation and Debate*.

On the border line between literary history and method lies Gayley and Young's *Principles and Progress of English Poetry*. The value of the book



From Murray's "The Child at Play. Little Stories for Little Children." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

is somewhat impaired by the unwise eclecticism which endeavors to adapt such publications to as many sorts and conditions of students and circumstances as possible no matter how incompatible their needs may be. But it is interesting and commendable by its attempt to connect the history and criticism with a knowledge of the literature, and to do so in particular for poetry. The authors are arranged chronologically; each is accompanied by a short account of his life and a criticism of the poems by which he is represented, as well as by a brief review of the character of his time; while every age or period is similarly introduced and the entire volume is preceded by an essay of a hundred pages on the "Principles of Poetry." With Professor Gayley's artistic theory we cannot always agree, nor does the manual seem by any means so scholarly as one of a somewhat similar nature published a year or so ago; but it has the great advantage of putting a large amount of poetic phenomena into shape for the student's use. In this connection also, altho detailed criticism is impossible, should be commended in passing, Emerson's *Middle English Reader*, containing wide and linguistically representative selections from the middle English dialects arranged from the point of view of the Midland, together with a grammatical sketch, a vocabulary and notes—as also another reprint of Cross's very successful *Development of the English Novel*, the best of its kind, no doubt, in the language. In the way of literatures there remains to be noticed Trent's *Brief History of American Literature*. Like his larger work, it is marked by some errors of perspective and emphasis, by a certain indiscriminateness and at the same time a curious timidity of judgment, and also by a peculiar dryness; but it shows also a rather unusual first-hand knowledge of the facts and an equally unusual orderliness and lucidity in disposing of them.

French

- Le Voyage de M. Perrichon.* By J. R. Effinger. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 30 cents.
Meilhac et Halévy's L'Été de la Saint Martin. By V. E. François. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
La Mare au Diable. By George Sand. New York: American Book Co. 35 cents.

- Anecdotes Faciles.* By O. B. Super. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Histoires et Poesies. By M. M. Robique. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. 50 cents.
Choses de France. By C. Fontaine. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins.
La Clef d'Or. By Jeanne Mairat. New York: American Book Co. 35 cents.
About's La Mère de la Marquise and La Fille du Chanoine. By O. B. Super. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
La Neuvaïne de Colette. By Jeanne Schultz. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. 60 cents.
Marguerite's Strasbourg. By Oscar Kuhns. New York: H. Holt & Co. 35 cents.
Standard French Authors. Selections by Othon G. Guerlac. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Chateaubriand's Atala. By Oscar Kuhns. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cents.
Voltaire's Zadig. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 45 cents.
Tales of France. Edited by A. Guyot Cameron. New York: American Book Co. \$1.00.
Selections from Zola. By A. Guyot Cameron. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Longer French Poems. By T. A. Jenkins. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 60 cents.
Grammaire Française. By J. H. Worman and A. de Rougemont. New York: American Book Co. \$1.00.
Simple Grammaire Française. By P. Bercy and G. Castegnier. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. \$1.00.
Short Selections. By Paul Bercy. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. 75 cents.
Le Livre Française. By Josefa Schrakamp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.

Among the lately issued French textbooks are to be found a few that have already gained favor with secondary school teachers, such as Labiche's and Halévy's plays and George Sand's delightful *La Mare au Diable*. New texts are comparatively scarce. Primary students have *Anecdotes Faciles* for beginning easy French reading, or *Histoires et Poesies*, which, we feel certain, will not see the light of a high school classroom. *Choses de France* is a discussion of French industries, history and institutions—perhaps a little too matter of fact. Fairy stories are represented by two tales of Jeanne Mairat, who holds a strong brief for the development of the romantic in the child-mind.

For advanced reading there are some excellent works: About's two vivacious and quaintly humorous narratives. A temperamental opposite of About is Jeanne Schultz, whose dreamily-reflective, melancholy-tinged *Neuvaïne de Colette* will draw forth the best powers of the teacher. The lack of vocabulary in the latter work is to be regarded as a defect. Students with a historical tendency have a sufficiently lively story in *Strasbourg*. The invariable book of selections is fated this time to be Guerlac's, a most voluminous one, praiseworthy for its breadth of choice and its excellent variety.

For the most advanced student there are the famous *Atala*, from the pen of the leader of the Romanticists, and *Zadig*, the most perfect *conte* of the eighteenth century; a worthy example of classical clearness and simplicity. The *conte* of modern times is represented in a series, prefaced by a most scholarly introduction on the history and significance of the *conte* in France. In the same thorough and enthusiastic spirit the editor of the previous work has performed a similar task with Zola, putting together some characteristic short stories and selections of his larger work—an idea commendable in itself as for the manner of its execution and the appreciative discussion of Zola's literary and social ideas. Of poetry there is only one volume; a serious collection, with an introductory essay on French versification, meant for the most advanced students of a college course.

The French grammars of this season are rather poor in quality, written in French—an insuperable difficulty in an English classroom. In general they are poor in arrangement and do not compare in amount, interest of presentation and practicability with the good grammars of Chardenal or Downer type, not to mention such as Frazer and Squair. They probably are meant for the private teacher's use. Bercy's short selections contain excellent pieces for translation, but lacks a crying necessity, a vocabulary. *Le Livre Français* appears at different stages an elementary grammar, reader and a dictionary arranged on grammatical lines—but a failure *in toto*.

German

- Gerstücker's Germelshausen*, by Lawrence A. McLouth. Sealsfield's *Die Prärie am Jacinto*, by A. B. Nichols. Meissner's *Aus Deutschen Landen*, by Josefa Schrakamp. Two German Tales, Goethe and Zschokke, by A. B. Nichols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 35 cents.
- Heath's Modern Language Series*. Populäre Vorträge, by Hermann von Helmholtz. 55 cents. Storm's *Geschichten aus der Tonne*, by Frank Vogel. 40 cents. Gerstücker's *Irrfahrten*, by F. B. Sturm. Arnold's *Aprilwetter*, by Laurence Fossler. 35 cents. Zschokke's *Das Abenteuer der Neujahrsnacht*, by Charles H. Handschin. 35 cents. Mörike's *Mozart auf der Reise nach Prag*, by William Guild Howard. 35 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
- International Modern Language Series*. Meyer's *Der Schuss von der Kanzel*. 35 cents. Ernst's *Flachsmann als Erzieher*, by Elizabeth

- Kingsbury. 40 cents. Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, by Philip Schuyler Allen. 60 cents. Practical German Conversation, by Laurence Fossler. 60 cents. Zschokke *Der Zerbrochene Krug*, by Herbert Charles Sanborn. 25 cents. Boston: Ginn & Co.
- Schiller's Dreissigjährige Krieg. Drittes Buch*, by A. H. Palmer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 35 cents.
- A Brief German Course*. By C. F. Kayser and F. Montser. New York: The American Book Co. \$1.20.
- Karl Heinrich*. By Wilhelm Meyer-Förster. New York: Newson & Co.
- Meyer's Das Amulett*, edited by C. C. Clascok. New York: The American Book Co. 35 cents.
- Bismarck's Speeches and Letters*. By Herman Schoenfeld. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- Kleine Geschichten für Anfänger*. By Arnold Werner-Spanhoofd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.
- Idiomatic Study of German*. By Otto Kuphal. New York: George Gottsberger Peck.
- Deutsche Bildungszustände*. By Karl Biedermann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 70 cents.
- A German Drill Book*. By Francis Kingsley Ball. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 80 cents.

Progress is the keynote of the German text-books of this year; fewer grammars, a careful selection of texts, some new and promising paths opened in the direction of deeper reading.

For beginners there are old favorites—*Aus Deutschen Landen*; *Geschichten aus der Tonne*, an introductory *Kleine Geschichten für Anfänger*, with notes perhaps too detailed for this stage of study.

The books of Intermediate German are most substantial. Among the "tried and true" ones are the charming *Germelshausen* and the humorously adventurous *Irrfahrten*; *das Abenteuer der Neujahrsnacht* and that truly Zschokkian tale, *Der Zerbrochene Krug*. A few able works that have found their way on the text-book field are two of Meyer, "Tacitus of the Novelette," as he has been termed for his powers of concise wit. This quality, allied to a certain sensitiveness to the gloomy and even the grewsome, makes him difficult of appreciation by the untrained student-mind. For opposite reasons *Aprilwetter* is meant only for the student that has passed the stage of humor exposition. *Die Prärie am Jacinto* has the advantage or disadvantage of placing its story on American soil; it is written with a journalistic lightness and "go" that should make it popular. A far different book is Mörike's *Mozart*, a semi-biographical study of the musician, containing so subtle an analysis of the musico-poetic temperament that, to put it hyperbolically, it is "meat for strong men."



Trees Gnawed by Beavers. Illustration from "How We Are Clothed." Copyright, 1905. The Macmillan Co.

The most encouraging sign of the raising of the standard is the nature of some of the new works. Leaving out of this consideration Goethe's famous pastoral, or Schiller's history, or the tales of Goethe and Zschokke, as so well known, we refer particularly to a politico-biographic work such as the life of Bismarck through his speeches and letters, arranged so as to give the scholar a coherent idea of his period and his work. Again, Helmholtz's scientific lectures, developing conceptions difficult in themselves, apart from the German. On a historical subject there is that most excellent work of Biedermann, creating for the student's knowledge of modern German life and ideas an eighteenth century background. Such subjects mark the advance in the conception of the potential capacities of the higher student. A most interesting drama by Ernst deals with the problem of true teaching and the true teacher, and is to be used only in the highest classes in college. A splendid edition of the prose original of *Alt Heidelberg*, called *Karl Heinrich*, is also of this class.

Of formal grammatical works there is to be noted the usual short-cut-to-idioms-through-conversation book, by Kuphal, a *German Drill Book* by Ball that is unnecessary in view of the more interesting grammars; a new German grammar for about the first year, by Kayser and Monteser, which makes a favorable impression through its careful arrange-

ment, choice of prose and poetic selections and its general tone of accuracy and intelligence. Favorable comment must also be given to Fossler's *Practical German Conversation*, for its remarkably wideawake method, the subjects for conversation being unusually real, the effect thoroughly natural, with a pleasing and witty personality running through it all.



Spanish and Italian

- Valera's El Comendador Mendoza*, by Rudolph Schwill. Breton's *Quién Es Ella?* by Samuel Garner. Calderón's *La Vida Es Sueño*, by W. W. Comfort. New York: The American Book Co. 70 cents each.
- Alarcón's Novelas Cortas Escogidas*, by Alfred Remy. Asensi's *Victoria*, by Edgar S. Ingraham. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50 cents each.
- Valera's El Cautiro De Doña Mencía*. By R. Díez de la Cortina. New York: W. R. Jenkins. 35 cents.
- A *Brief Italian Grammar with Exercises*. By Hjalmar Edgren. New York: William R. Jenkins. \$1.50.

La Vida es Sueño, the most philosophical of Calderón's dramas, if not his masterpiece, has found an excellent editor in Prof. W. W. Comfort. Of course, this work can only be read with pleasure and utility by students who have already made considerable progress in Spanish. But for such students the notes and suggestions are all that is required for elucidating grammatical difficulties and occasional obscurities. Breton's *Quien es ella*, edited by Samuel Garner, is almost free from the puzzling idioms that render a good deal of Spanish literature so troublesome to the for-

eigner, and is, therefore, peculiarly suitable for class instruction. Still, it is not entirely free from them, and much of the space in the footnotes devoted to mythological and historical names likely to be known to the student might have been better employed in clearing up an occasional obscurity. The introduction gives a very full and clear account of the development of the Spanish drama, and, incidentally, of the literary career of the author. Altho Valera is sometimes so subtle and analytical that he becomes occasionally tiresome, he has no superior in the Spanish literature of the nineteenth century. *El Comendador Mendoza* exhibits his incisive satire, gay humor and gifts of observation at their highest. The notes and vocabulary of Professor Schwill give the student all the help needed for the comprehension of this delightful story. *El Cautior de Doña Mencía*, by the same author, has been edited by R. Diez de la Cortina. Alarcón is probably the best short story writer that Spain has produced, and the *Novelas cortas escogidas*, edited by Alfred Remy contain the cream of them. This edition has a very complete vocabulary, ample notes and a brief sketch of the author's life. Asensi's *Victoria y Otros Cuentos* are not noticeable for literary quality, but they offer easy and sufficiently interesting material for early reading, as they are written in a simple style and free from involved constructions. Professor Ingraham supplies useful notes and a full vocabulary.

A Brief Italian Grammar, with Exercises, by Hjalmar Edgren, presents a clear and concise outline of the essential features of the language. The exercises are sufficiently numerous to enable the student to assimilate the grammatical principles and to enter on a course of intelligent reading afterward.



Greek and Latin

- Livy*. Books 1, XXI, XXII. By Emory B. Lease. New York: University Publishing Co.
Xenophon's Anabasis. By Charles Forster Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
Greek Prose Composition. By Edward H. Spleker. New York: The American Book Co. \$1.30.
Essentials of Latin. By Henry Carr Pearson. New York: The American Book Co. 90 cents.
A First Latin Writer. By Mather A. Abbott. New York: The American Book Co. 50 cents.
Latin Composition. By Benjamin L. D'Ooge. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.

Latin Exercise Books. By A. I. Doley. New York: University Publishing Co. I., II., III., IV.
Julius Caesar. Edited by William Hammond McDougal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 35 cents.

Possibly the appearance of so many new editions of classical text-books may be explained by the continual advances made by the modern science of language and the necessity of presenting the most recent results of philological research at the earliest possible moment. At all events the present day student has the embarrassment of making his choice, for most of them exhibit accurate scholarship and have some special distinctive qualities of their own. So, while Professor Lease's *Livy* has an excellent introduction, in which the earlier historians are discussed and the author's syntax and style treated exhaustively, the feature that gives a distinctive flavor to this edition is the skill with which the student's attention is concentrated on those peculiarities of style that stamp on the prose of Livy its characteristic quality. In this way he is almost forced to appreciate in its entirety the manifold variety of the narrative. In editing the first four books of Xenophon's *Anabasis* Professor Forster Smith has had a wide field from which to choose a text. He has selected the Teubner text revised by Gemoll (1899), and the selection was judicious, altho he does not always accept Gemoll's emendations. The edition is in every way excellent, but the vocabulary is especially admirable. Those words which a good teacher would like to see fully treated are illustrated by copious references and a new light is thrown on the meaning of some terms which have been neglected by other editors of the *Anabasis*. For instance, the true distinction between *ιερα* and *σάγια* is expounded, and Professor Smith's protest against the common interpretation of *πύλην*, in a much discussed passage in the first book, would seem to be based on sound judgment. For those students who are familiar with the ordinary forms of Greek inflection the *Greek Prose Composition* by Dr. Spieker will be extremely valuable. The introductory notes are as philosophical as they are clear and practical. Take, for instance, the section which discusses the differences between Greek and English in the use of abstract

and concrete terms. A class that makes a conscientious study of the exercises following need not fear to tackle Demosthenes or even Plato. Pearson's *Essentials of Latin* is designed to prepare the way for reading Cæsar. The material for reading seems to be carefully graded and there is a constant comparison between Latin and English usage, so the book will no doubt attain its purpose. As an introduction to Latin composition Abbott's *First Latin Writer* will be found suitable for students who have completed their first year. The lesson vocabularies and examples appear to have been carefully selected, and the fundamental rules are set forth simply and concisely. D'Ooge's *Latin Composition* is for more advanced pupils. Part I is based on Cæsar, Part II and III on Cicero. They contain an orderly and systematic treatment of the principles of Latin syntax, and the whole book is excellent both in its general plan and in its details. Professor D'Ooge evidently regards Latin composition, not as an end in itself, but as the best means of acquiring Latin vocabulary and grammar. And certainly this is the modern point of view. The four Latin Exercise Books by A. L. Dotey are a rather novel feature in the Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series. They are based on the first four books of Cæsar's Commentaries and can be used with any edition. As a guide and help to the student in the preparation of his lessons we know of nothing that is at all so good, and they will aid an energetic and intelligent teacher immensely in securing definite recitations and systematic reviews. The "Suggestive Questions and Notes" at the top of each chapter, besides furnishing a vocabulary, enables the student to master the grammatical principles of the lesson.



History

- Medieval and Modern History.* By Philip Van Ness Myers. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.65.
The Ancient World. The Makers of Europe. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00 each.
Essentials in English History. By Albert Perry Walker. *Essentials in American History.* By Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: The American Book Co. \$1.50 each.
Readings in European History. Vol. 1. By James Harvey Robinson. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.50.
A School History of England. By Harmon B. Niver. New York: The American Book Co. 90 cents.



Moki Indian Girls of Arizona. From Dodge's *Advanced Geography*. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

- Famous Men of Rome. Famous Men of Greece. Famous Men of the Middle Ages.* By John H. Haaren and A. B. Poland. New York: The University Publishing Co. 50 cents.
A History Syllabus for Secondary Schools. \$1.20
Outline of Medieval and Modern European History. Outline of English History. Outline of Ancient History. Outline of American History. By Herbert Darling Foster, et al. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 15 cents each.
Favorite Greek Myths. By Lillian Stoughton Hyde. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50 cents.
A Source Book of Roman History. By Dana Carleton Munro. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.00.
History of the United States. By William C. Doub. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.
History of the Pacific Northwest. By Joseph Schafer. New York: The Macmillan Co.
History and Government of the United States. By William Estabrook Chancellor. New York: The American Book Co. 30 cents.
Short Stories from American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Columbus and Magellan. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Abraham Lincoln. By James Baldwin. New York: The American Book Co. 60 cents.
Historical and Biographic Narratives. By Isabel R. Wallach. New York: The American Book Co. 35 cents.
Four American Indians. By Edson L. Whitney and Frances M. Perry. New York: The American Book Co. 50 cents.

In Myers's *Medieval and Modern History* we have a combination of thorough and methodical scholarship with vivid and picturesque narrative, qualities not often found in conjunction. The book has had a long popularity in the schools of the country, but this new edition has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. A large amount of fresh material has been inserted and important recent events find a place in it. *The Ancient World*, by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, gives a striking picture of the

mind, manners, customs, myths and legends of the different ancient nations and describes the influence exercised by these nations on one another. Hart's *Essentials in American History* and Walker's *Essentials in English History* are excellent historical expositions, logical and coherent in arrangement and clear in statement. These volumes cover a very wide range and have been written in the true spirit of independent research. Professor Robinson's *Readings in Euro-*

shed on it by the knowledge of the growth and civilization of other European countries. It should form an excellent supplement to Niver's *School History of England*, from which the student can gain an adequate and well proportioned conception of England's growth and of the present condition of the British Empire. *Famous Men of Greece*, *Famous Men of Rome* and *Famous Men of the Middle Ages*, three volumes by John H. Haaren and A. B. Poland, are based on



From Dopp's "The Place of Industries in Elementary Education." University of Chicago Press

pean History open a direct and convenient road to historical sources. He has performed a difficult piece of work skilfully and discriminatingly. Such a book is sure to render the reader's appreciation of the reality of historical persons and events keener than any second-hand record is able to do. In Wilmot-Buxton's *Makers of Europe* the outlines of the main features of Continental European history are presented concisely but interestingly. It is sufficiently thorough to show that English history assumes a new significance, indeed, can be intelligently studied only in the light

the idea that the study of Greek, Roman and modern European history in the form of biography, should precede the study of detailed American history. The biographies are pleasantly written, the illustrations are particularly excellent, and the books seem altogether adapted to the purpose intended. *Outlines of Ancient History*, *Medieval and Modern European History*, *American History* and *English History* are reprints from the *History Syllabus for Secondary Schools*, prepared by a special committee of the New England History Teachers' Association. They furnish complete

topical epitomes and supply references to the best historical works treating of different periods as a basis for study. These little books ought to stimulate investigation, as they enable students to appropriate the best to be found in a great variety of authorities. The *History Syllabus* from which they are taken cannot, however, be dispensed with by the progressive educator, for, besides the surveys of the four fields of history to be studied, it contains exhaustive general and special introductions, teeming with practical suggestions of the very greatest value as to the methods, aims and objects of historical teaching. *Favorite Greek Myths*, by L. S. Hyde, is written in a simple and picturesque style. It has a number of very attractive illustrations. The task of selecting material for *A Source Book of Roman History*, limited to some two hundred and fifty pages, cannot have been easy. But from such a wealth of sources Professor Munro seems to have made as satisfactory a choice as could have been expected in the circumstances. In Mace's *School History of the United States* important and typical events are made to stand out in vivid relief, and the human and dramatic feelings of the pupil are stimulated and held by the fullness and force of the descriptions. It is in every respect an admirable elementary text-book. *A History of the United States*, by William C. Doub, treats the subject of civics with great thoroughness and shows its intimate connection with history. The plan is well adapted to give the student some conception of the real nature of government and his relation to it. In fact, in the hands of a well-equipped educator this volume will render a separate study of civics unnecessary. The impressive story of civilization building in *The Pacific Northwest* is told by Prof. Joseph Schafer with all the vividness and force which the interesting, instructive and often heroic incidents he has to deal with demand. He shows a fine grasp of the relative importance of events and has succeeded in proving that northwestern history has a remarkable and unsuspected unity. The early period of its development is treated with great fullness and in style that fascinates the reader. *History and Government of the*

United States, by W. E. Chancellor, is intended for students in the evening schools. It is packed full of just the information needed by such pupils, especially by our foreign-born future citizens. *Short Stories from American History*, by Albert F. Blaisdell and F. C. Ball, presents the picturesque life of our forefathers in the form of personal incidents and anecdotes. They are vivid narratives of dramatic events, and their human interest will appeal to the young reader. As a supplementary reading book, *Stories from American History*, by E. H. L. Turpin, will be found valuable for elementary classes. *Four American Indians*, by E. L. Whitney and F. M. Perry, emphasizes the picturesque aspects of the careers of the most notable Indians in our history. It is a sympathetic and vigorous narrative. *The Story of Columbus and Magellan*, a small volume by T. B. Lawlor, in which some of the stirring events connected with the two greatest deeds in the history of geography are successfully depicted. While the *Abraham Lincoln* of G. Baldwin does not throw any new light on the career of the martyr President, it describes well known events pleasantly and impressively. The causes and motives that produced the Civil War are unfolded concisely and lucidly, and the book is entirely free from political bias or sectional prejudice.

Civics

- School Civics*. By Frank David Boynton. New York: Ginn & Co. \$1.00.
Government and the Citizen. By Roscoe Lewis Ashley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 70 cents.
The Government of Ohio. By Wilbur H. Siebert. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

The two books of high school grade on civil government in the United States are very similar in character and scope, and the choice between them must be left to the individual teacher. *School Civics* gives more attention to the origin and theory of government and the growth of political institutions, and *Government and the Citizen* is strongest on details of local administration. Both authors have the courage to present current political issues, giving briefly but fairly the arguments on both sides.

Geography and Industries

- The Place of Industries in Elementary Education.* By Katharine Elizabeth Dopp. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.00.
- How We are Clothed.* A Geographical Reader. By James Franklin Chamberlain. New York: The Macmillan Co. 40 cents.
- Excursions and Lessons in Home Geography.* By Charles A. McMurry. New York: The Macmillan Co.
- The Western States.* A Geographical Reader. By Harold Wellman Fairbanks. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
- First Principles of Agriculture.* By E. S. Goff and D. D. Mayne. New York: American Book Co. 60 cents.
- Elementary Geography.* 75 cents; *Advanced Geography.* \$1.20. By Richard Elwood Dodge. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
- Geography of New York.* By F. R. Smith and A. C. Perry. New York: American Book Co.
- Students' Laboratory Manual of Physical Geography.* By Albert Perry Brigham. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 60 cents.

There is nothing in which it is easier to arouse the curiosity of children than in how things are made, especially in processes which they can imitate in a primitive way. And the satisfaction of this curiosity is of the highest educational value, for when properly directed it serves as "open sesame" to geography, history and sociology. It is a necessary correlative of nature study and more useful in providing hooks of attachment for the unconscious accumulation of facts throughout life. The theory of the study and its practical methods as developed under Professor Dewey in the University of Chicago are given in Miss Dopp's book on *Industries in Elementary Education*. The effect of the movement for the recognition of the educational value of industries is shown in all the books before us. In *How We*

Are Clothed will be found simple and suggestive talks on the products of the cotton field and sheep ranch. Dr. McMurry gives us outlines of neighborhood excursions to factories, farms and Governmental buildings in New York, Chicago, Denver, Florida, California and many other localities, from which the true teacher can find how to utilize the resources of his own vicinity. Western teachers have hard work finding material for interesting their pupils in local history and geology; so they will welcome Fairbanks's *Geographical Reader of the Western United States*, altho it does not possess any literary attractiveness. *First Principles of Agriculture* is an admirable elementary text-book, comprehensive, simple, practical and teachable. The special excellence of Dodge's *Geographies* lies in their clear maps and numerous pictures, which differ from those ordinarily found in text-books in being fresh and really illustrative. Where time will not allow its use by students, Brigham's *Laboratory Manual* should be at least in the desk of every teacher of physical geography for the many admirable exercises it gives on the interpretation of the U. S. Geological Survey Maps and meteorological charts.



Mathematics

- Special Method in Arithmetic.* By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 70 cents.



The Cecropia Moth (Male). From Dickerson's "Moths and Butterflies." Boston: Glinn & Co.

Arithmetic, Books 1, 2 and 3. By J. W. A. Young, Ph.D., and Lambert L. Jackson, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 35 cents.

Arithmetic for Evening Schools. By William E. Chancellor. New York: The American Book Co. 30 cents.

Elementary Algebra. By Arthur Schultze, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.10.

A First Book of Algebra. By John W. Hopkins and P. H. Underwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

Grammar School Algebra. By A. W. Potter. New York: The American Book Co. 50 cents.

Exercises in Algebra. By Edward R. Robbins and Frederick H. Somerville. New York: The American Book Co. 50 cents.

Examples in Algebra. By Charles M. Clay. New York: The Macmillan Co. 90 cents.

Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. By P. A. Lambert and H. A. Foering. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Analytical Geometry. By Albert L. Candy, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.50.

Of this list the first named is most noteworthy. It is an effort to promote condensation and to make effectual excision. The purposes are clearly and convincingly stated. The essentials are properly chosen. It is a wise attempt to avoid the "little knowledge" of many things—superficial and often useless, which many old-time text-books fostered. The texts of Professors Young and Jackson have some admirable features. The theory of recurrence of topics, making each discussion a "little more so," is used throughout. It has strong advocates; it does not seem wise to very many experienced and most successful teachers. There are arguments for placing decimals prior to general fractions, but it does not appear logical. There is effort here and there to tuck in odds and ends of information. There are also cases where elaborate explanation of simple things may lead to confusion rather than clearness. Superintendent Chancellor's book for evening schools has a definite purpose; meets a present demand and does it well. Evening schools, answering peculiar needs, may well be freed from all dead weight.

Dr. Schultze's *Elementary Algebra* is a modest and most admirable text. There seems no confusion. The sequences throughout are perfect. The restraint of the book is especially worthy of praise. There are so many texts wherein the author seems to cry "Behold! there is a lovely Joss just a bit one side; let us go burn a prayer paper there!" And they go. Dr. Schultze does none of that. It is fully adequate as a preparation for college work in algebra.

The First Book in Algebra lacks the basic elements of a first book. The impression is as if one were sharpening a leadpencil with a table knife. The paragraph on the two roots of a quadratic (page 215) seems characteristic. The putting in on occasion of little nubbins of higher nomenclature does not help matters for beginners.

If there must be a *Grammar School Algebra* perhaps Professor Potter's little books meets the need. However, when a pupil is ready for algebra why not treat him as ready for algebra? The difficulty in passing from arithmetic to algebra lies in the grasp of the symbols and their full meaning. There need be no revival in algebra of the "series" of "more so's," which rioted years ago in other school subjects. The two books containing algebraic exercises and examples are both admirable and will be of great service to good teachers. Class exercises in algebra should rarely be those of the text studied. What the time limits of most teachers will not allow these books, with the aid of a few hundred blank cards, will make easy.

Why Professors Lambert and Foering should open their text-book by an absolutely useless definition which traverses its own terms and has no apparent pertinence thereafter seems a conundrum. Throughout the text awkward methods seem to be used. The opening of the *Spherical Trigonometry* is especially confused.

Professor Candy's text is excellent for those of positive mathematical tastes and tendencies. Its discussions are clear, but the generalization presupposes more mathematical skill than most college sophomores have.



Chemistry and Physics

Outlines of Inorganic Chemistry. By Frank Austin Gooch and Claude Frederic Walker. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

The School Chemistry. By Elroy M. Avery. New York: The American Book Co. \$1.20.

College Laboratory Manual of Physics. By E. H. Hall. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 80 cents.

The First Book in Physics. By J. A. Culler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

That chemistry is in a transition stage from a descriptive science, like botany, to a logical and mathematical science like physics is clearly shown by Professor Gooch's *Inorganic Chemistry*. In this

he has developed the general laws and theories of chemistry systematically in Part I, and relegated almost all descriptions of the elements and compounds to Part II, which, rather inconveniently for the user, is paged separately. This plan has some advantages, but many teachers will find it awkward, even for college students who have already been over the ground in an elementary way. In the descriptive portion the theoretical conceptions are rarely referred to, even where they are urgently needed to interpret the phenomena discussed. Therefore unless stimulated by vigorous quizzing the average student will fail to apply in Part II what he learned in Part I, and will simply stow away in the water-tight compartments of his brain two more distinct sciences. But, dropping this debatable question of arrangement, this book is a thorough, competent and comprehensive work of over 700 pages.

Many high school teachers clung to Avery's *Chemistry* long after it got out of date, simply because it was so easy to teach. Its popularity was due chiefly to its convenient typographical arrangement, its practical directions for experiments and its excellent questions and problems. We are very much disappointed that the new edition is not thoroughly rewritten so as to give it the same standing among modern text-books that it had ten years ago. The tacking on of paragraphs about radium and argon is not enough to keep pace with the revolution which the new theories and conceptions have made in the elementary teaching of chemistry.

Hall's *College Manual of Physics* contains the exercises used in the Harvard course of one year, including such as taking indicator diagrams from a steam engine, determining the efficiency of a dynamo, the thermal conductivity of iron and the like. Culler's *First Book* is at the other end of the educational ladder. It gives very plainly worded definitions and explanations, accompanied by practical questions and simple experiments, all within the capacity of grammar grade students. But none of it is "play-science;" it is genuine, practical and correct knowledge, so far as it goes, and

such as will not have to be unlearned later in order to learn more.



Botany

- Elements of Botany.* By J. Y. Bergen. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.10.
Experiments with Plants. By W. J. V. Osterhout. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
Plant Morphology. By O. W. Caldwell. New York: Holt & Co. \$1.00.
College Botany. By G. F. Atkinson. New York: Holt & Co. \$2.00.
Our Native Orchids. By William Hamilton Gibson and Helena L. Jelliffe. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.

There has been no more successful text-book and laboratory guide in elementary botany than that by Bergen, and teachers will welcome the revision of the book first published nearly ten years ago. In its new form the *Elements* is unsurpassed as a book for a half-year course in high school. "The Foundations of Botany," by the same author, appears to be better adapted to a longer course, for example, the common five hours per week for one school year.

Osterhout's *Experiments with Plants* is a guide to simple studies by which familiar plants may be made to answer the numerous interesting questions concerning plant life. There are directions for many simple experiments concerning germination, the work of the various plant organs, and the influence of surroundings. In addition there are chapters dealing with plants which cause decay and disease, and the making of new kinds of plants. The book on the whole will be most valuable for teachers of botany in high schools; but many of the simplest experiments will fit in well with nature study for the elementary schools, especially so when these studies have an agricultural trend.

Caldwell's *Plant Morphology* is a new book on the plan of the well-known "Handbook of Plant Dissection," by Arthur, Barnes and Coulter, published nearly twenty years ago. It is an excellent guide for study of plant structures in a college course. Atkinson's *College Botany* is an enlargement of his well-known "Elementary Botany." The book deals with the physiology, structure, life history, relations to environment and principles of classification of plants. It is certainly an excellent text-book for a general introductory course in college.

Our Native Orchids is a guide to the identification of about sixty native orchids. It is based upon the unfinished notes and drawings by the late William Hamilton⁴ Gibson. The keys, descriptions, illustrations and notes will make the volume very useful to amateur botanists interested in this remarkable group of plants.



Physiology and Hygiene

- The Hygiene of the Schoolroom.* By William F. Barry. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.50.
- Physiology and Hygiene.* By H. W. Conn. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.
- How to Keep Well.* By Albert F. Blaisdell. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.
- Hygienic Physiology.* By Walter Moore Coleman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.
- A Health Primer.* By Walter Moore Coleman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 35 cents.
- The Physical Culture Life.* By H. Irving Hancock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Physiology and Hygiene for Children.* By Robert and Andrew Eadie. New York: The University Publishing Co. 45 cents.
- Lippincott's Physiology.* First, Second and Third Books. By J. A. Culler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 30, 50 and 80 cents.

The eight new text-books of elementary physiology listed above are all on the general plans of over one hundred similar books for public schools now offered by American publishers. They represent not special advances in the teaching of the subject, but rather the ways and words which other teachers use in presenting the simplest facts in the elementary study of the human body. Only in matters of quite insignificant detail is it possible to decide between dozens of physiology text-books now in the market, and space here will not allow for pointing out the relatively unimportant differences in details in these books, which have no decidedly new characteristics. Barry's *Hygiene of the Schoolroom* is a practical work for teachers and school officials, aiming to give the essential knowledge of the means of conserving the health of pupils in schools. The *Physical Culture Life* is an interesting and useful treatise which explains the established and essential facts of physical culture. It is a very simple and yet satisfactory exposition of the facts which every liberally educated man and woman should know.

Nature Study

- Nature Study.* By Frank Overton and Mary W. Hill. New York: The American Book Co. 40 cents.
- Nature Study with Common Things.* By H. M. Carter. New York: The American Book Co. 60 cents.
- Special Method in Elementary Science.* By Charles A. McMurry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
- Nature Study Lessons.* By Lida B. McMurry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 60 cents.
- Nature Teaching.* By Francis Watts and William Freeman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.
- How Nature Study Should be Taught.* By C. F. Bigelow. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldridge. \$1.00.
- The Outlook to Nature.* By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- Moths and Butterflies.* By Mary C. Dickerson. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.25.

In the *Outlook to Nature* Professor Bailey returns to the field which his pen has so often touched and he again urges the importance of contact with nature, a sympathetic attitude toward which "means greater efficiency, hopefulness and repose." "Men keep young by knowing nature. They also should keep true." This is the central thought of the first chapter, "The Commonplace," and indeed it is the basis of the entire book. The second chapter, "Country and City," contrasts life, simple and complex, and takes a most optimistic outlook upon country life. "We need the kind of nativeness and essentialness that develops in the country. . . . We all perceive a growing tendency countryward, coming in response to a universal soul hunger that the strenuous and complex life does not satisfy." In the third chapter, "School of the Future," the author stands for the educational merit of human affairs and industries and especially the study of nature. The school of the future will give an intimate and vital touch with these essentials. Finally, it is but natural that the author should conclude with a touch upon the theory of evolution, that greatest of scientific generalizations which has so profoundly modified our attitude toward nature. And here, face to face with the problems of science, philosophy and theology, the author's optimistic outlook to nature leads him, while ready to believe

"that the visible universe has taken its present form as the result of physical forces of which, in their lesser expressions, we have common knowledge," while accepting even this extreme of evolution theories the author's outlook leads him to feel that "we are coming to

a religion of joy and activity, full of high spirituality, of great trust in nature, of hope in man and of direct dependence on the Almighty."

To such heights of optimism does the author's outlook to nature lead him, and with him his reader, who can scarcely fail to catch much of the spirit of hopefulness and repose which everywhere stands prominent in this master-stroke by an already acknowledged leader in our progress natureward.

Overton and Hill's *Nature Study* is intended to furnish a year's work for pupils from eight to eleven years of age. It consists of thirty-three lesson plans on very common objects, and even a teacher with no training in nature study ought to give a very interesting course of nature lessons with the guidance of this book. The book is no better than several similar books, but the materials selected may be more available for certain schools. Carter's *Nature Study with Common Things* is a practical guide for seventeen lessons with common fruits and vegetables, such as are readily obtainable in the markets. It aims to give training in accurate observing. The lessons are one hour each, exclusive of drawings and writings which are suggested. The book is a very practical guide for teachers who need very definite directions for their nature study lessons. McMurry's *Elementary Science* is a revision of the author's earlier book of the same title, and there are added outlines for the last four grades of the elementary school. A large part of the book deals with the principles of nature study—the title of the book should have been "Nature Study," instead of the loose use of "Elementary Science," and there is an outline for a course extending throughout the eight years of the elementary school. The average teacher with little special training may get help from the outlines and lesson-plans, but the discussion of principles will make the book most valuable to those who are interested in the bearings of nature study on general education. McMurry's *Nature Study Lessons* is a fuller working out of the outlines for primary grades given in the book mentioned above. Nineteen lessons on common animals in which young children are interested and ten on plants are given in full for the

teacher who must have such help, and even those with original ideas for nature lessons will probably get useful suggestions from these plans. Watts and Freeman's *Nature Teaching*, originally written for use in the West Indies, is a study of plants from the standpoint of agriculture. It has many good suggestions for teachers of the agricultural phase of nature study.

How Nature Study Should be Taught is a series of interesting talks to teachers, urging a more general and sympathetic teaching concerning nature. The book is interesting, suggestive and stimulating to a more direct touch with out-of-door life in our attempts to teach nature from the standpoint of the child.

Dickerson's *Moths and Butterflies* is an untechnical natural history of the common forms of these insects. It will identify by means of its photographs from life forty common species, in larval, pupal or adult stages, and gives a large amount of interesting information concerning the life-histories and relations of the insects' surroundings. It will be found a very useful book for the nature study library in schools and for private ownership by pupils of the upper grammar and high school grades.



Books for Teachers

- A History of Education in the United States.* By Edwin Grant Dexter. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.
- A History of Columbia University, 1754-1904.* New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
- The New York Public School.* By A. Emerson Palmer. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.
- Our Schools: Their Administration and Supervision.* By W. E. Chancellor. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
- Economy in Education: A Practical Discussion of Present-Day Problems of Educational Administration.* By R. N. Roark. New York: American Book Co.
- Notes on German Schools.* By William H. Winch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- The Trend in Higher Education.* By William R. Harper. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- The Classics and Modern Training.* By Sidney G. Ashmore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Educative Process.* By William Chandler Bagley. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- How to Tell Stories to Children.* By Sara Cone Bryant. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

Teachers are so fond of giving advice that, not content with giving it all day to their pupils, they devote much of their spare time to giving it to each other in teachers' meetings, institutes and books. The large amount of attention given to

the elucidation of theories and the discussion of methods is, however, not so superfluous as it may appear, for there are more amateurs in the teaching profession than in any other. We have reviewed during the year a large number of books on educational history, theory and practice, but in addition to these we must call the attention of teachers and directors of teaching to a few more of the important publications of the year.

There are, first, a group of books on the history of education, prominent among which is Professor Dexter's *History of Education in the United States*, a work of truly encyclopedic comprehensiveness, but nevertheless readable. Of especial value are the extensive bibliographies in each chapter by which one can follow any subject in which he is interested, such as summer schools, the elective system, Indian education or correspondence teaching. It is the best single volume reference book on the subject for a school library. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Columbia University gives occasion for a history of the university by the heads of its various departments, and the centennial of the establishment of the New York public schools brings out a history of free education in the city of New York by the Secretary of the Board of Education. A revised edition of Painter's *History of Education* is published in the International Educational Series.

A great deal of valuable information and useful advice to school superintendents is given in Chancellor's *Our Schools*. He tells all the secrets of how to get the office, how to manage the school board and the teachers, and how to keep on the best possible terms with the public and the newspapers. It is a book of high ideals and much common sense. Professor Roark's book on the same subject is of less interest and value. Since *German Schools* from the kinder-

garten to the gymnasium are always held up to us as models, it is well to know what they really are as seen by a competent English observer.

President Harper considers that the *Trend in Higher Education* is toward a greater democracy, and argues that education is continuously becoming more general, more thorough and more systematic. Among the other subjects discussed with his customary clearness and force in this volume of essays and addresses are "The Business Side of a University," "Theological Education" and "The Situation of the Small College." Professor Ashmore's plea for the classics in modern training is well considered and presented, but, naturally, does not contribute anything very novel to the discussion.

One of the most important books of the year on the psychology of education, ranking perhaps next to President G. Stanley Hall's great work on "Adolescence," is Bagley's *Educative Process*. It is a thorough and logical presentation of educational theory, based upon the best modern psychology and abundantly illustrated by examples of right and wrong methods in teaching. Professor Bagley adopts the Hebartian idea that the true aim of education is morality, the meaning of which he develops as "social efficiency." He defines education "as the process by means of which the individual acquires experiences that will function in rendering more efficient his future action." And he does not forget his definition, as many authors do, but consistently applies it throughout. It is to be hoped that this work will replace the trashy "teachers' psychologies" sometimes found in normal schools.

Story tellers are doubtless born, not made, but even one who is born with the proper capability will find many suggestions as to selection and adaptation and some good examples in *How to Tell Stories to Children*.

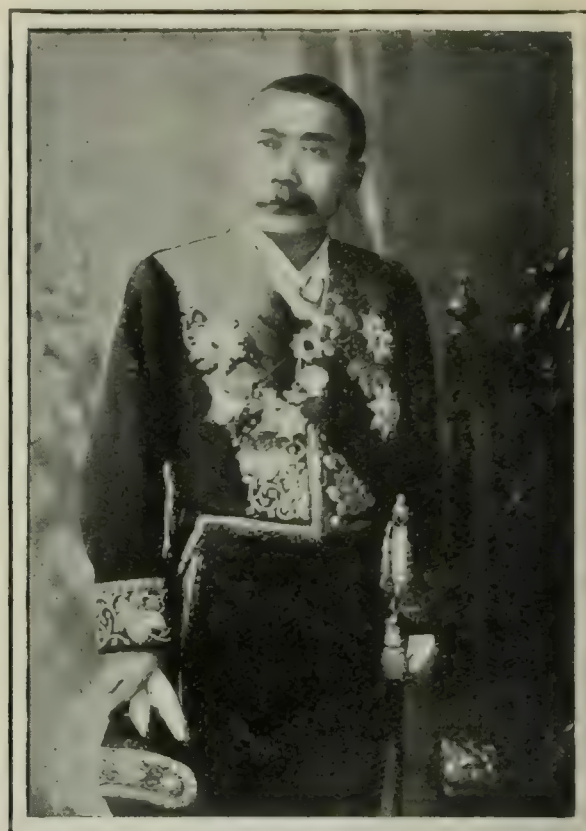


The Russian and Japanese Peace Envoys



BARON JUTARO KOMURA

Both the Japanese Peace Commissioners are men of humble birth, who have risen from the ranks by their own ability. Baron Jutaro Komura has been for three years the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, and has, therefore, had charge of the difficult diplomatic negotiations with Russia and other nations preceding and during the war. No other Japanese is so thoroughly acquainted with the issues involved, or with the character of his opponents. He was born in the Province of Hiuga, in the south of Japan, as far as possible from the birthplace of Mr. Takahira. He came to the United States at the time of our first World's Fair, the Centennial, and entered Harvard, from which he was the first Japanese to take a degree. He was the predecessor of Mr. Takahira as Minister at Washington, and also served as the representative of Japan at St. Petersburg. At the time of the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 he was Minister to China, and it is probably due largely to his skilful management of affairs that Japan came out of this difficult crisis with increased prestige in the eyes of the world. The war which at that time threatened to break out between Russia and Japan over the occupation of Manchuria was staved off four years. The Japanese troops which had landed in Korea were withdrawn, and Japan improved the respite by preparing actively for the inevitable conflict. In September, 1901, Komura was made Foreign Minister, and in February, 1902, was given the rank of Baron. In person he is slight and short, even for a Japanese, reserved in speech and a deep thinker.



KOGORO TAKAHIRA

The Japanese Minister at Washington, Mr. Takahira, is, like his colleague, Baron Komura, one of the products of the New Japan; both were educated at the Imperial University of Tokyo and trained for their work by long and varied experience in the field of diplomacy. He was born in the Province of Iwate, Northern Japan, in 1834, and at the age of twenty-two entered the Foreign Office as student *attaché*. Three years later he was appointed *attaché* to the Japanese Legation at Washington, and in 1881 became secretary of the legation and then *chargé d'affaires*. He was then called home and given three years' work in the Foreign Office at Tokyo. Next he was sent to Korea as *chargé d'affaires*, and afterward made Consul-General at Shanghai. In 1892 he was Consul-General in New York. Then he was given European experience by serving successively as Minister to Holland and Denmark 1893-1894, to Italy 1894-1895 and to Austria and Switzerland 1896-1899. Then after a year in the home office he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. If he is successful in the present treaty negotiations it is expected that he will be rewarded by becoming Ambassador to the United States, the first of Japan's foreign representatives to be raised to that rank. He speaks English and French fluently, and is a thorough student of the classical Chinese literature and philosophy.



BARON ROMAN ROMANOVICH ROSEN

Neither of the Russian representatives in the Peace Conference can be regarded as a true Slav, for one of them is of Dutch descent and the other Swedish. In 1617, when Gustavus Adolphus crossed Lithuania and threatened Moscow, the ancestors of Baron Rosen went with him and decided to settle there rather than return to their native land. From this family have sprung many men who have left their mark in Russian history and literature. Baron Rosen first showed his diplomatic ability in Japan as an *attaché* of the Russian legation under De Struve. Instead of keeping himself aloof from the people among whom he was placed he learned to speak the language and made himself very popular with the Japanese, and even with their wives. It was soon after the inauguration of the Era of Enlightenment and the Japanese were eager to acquire all kinds of information as to foreign life and customs. The social gifts of the young *attaché* which had got him into trouble as an officer of the Imperial Guards in St. Petersburg were here of service, and are rumored to have helped along the bargain, very disadvantageous to Japan, of trading off Sakhalin for some worthless Kuriee Islands. But, however that may be, nothing he has done has injured his popularity in Japan or impaired the confidence which the Japanese have in him. On his departure from Tokyo four days after the outbreak of the war, after a long period of fencing for position with Baron Komura, he was the recipient of high honors from the Japanese. In 1886-1894 he was Consul-General in New York and *chargé d'affaires* at Washington in the Cleveland Administration. He has recently been appointed Russian Ambassador to this country as successor to Count Cassini.



COUNT SERGIUS WITTE

Unlike his colleague, Sergius Witte had no advantages of family, wealth or influence to start him on the ladder by which he was to climb to the highest position attainable by a subject of the Czar. He was born in Tiflis, Transcaucasia, in 1849, and was educated at Odessa, where he showed especial ability in mathematics and physics. He entered Government service as a railway clerk, and first attracted attention at the age of twenty-seven by his efficiency in bringing order out of confusion in the transportation of troops and supplies to the front in the Russo-Turkish War. For this prompt and competent assumption of responsibility he was placed in charge of the Russian Southwestern Railway and soon afterward called to St. Petersburg, where he was made Minister of Commerce and later Minister of Finance. He reformed the finances, placed the country on a gold basis, restored its credit and accumulated a large gold reserve. He brought almost all the railroads of Russia under State management, and constructed the longest railroad in the world, the Trans-Siberian, which connects St. Petersburg with Vladivostok. He made liquor selling a Government monopoly throughout the Empire, thus securing a large revenue and promoting temperance. The industrial development of Russia is largely due to his encouragement of manufactures. If the Government had listened to his warnings from St. Petersburg and Baron Rosen's from Tokyo this war would never have occurred. He recommended the evacuation of Manchuria and an alliance with Japan. But the influence of the Grand Dukes was too strong for him in this matter, and he was shelved by promotion to the position of Imperial Chancellor, to be called now to the help of Russia when the evils he prophesied have come upon her.

Education in the South and the Aristocracy

[In view of the meetings and conferences of the various bodies interested in education in the South held recently the following article is most timely. As the writer is connected with one of the leading Southern educational institutions, and does not wish to lose her position, she naturally does not feel obliged to sign her name.—EDITOR.]

IN connection with the preparations for its meeting during the last week of 1904 the Southern Educational Association took occasion to explain its existence through the publication of an announcement disclaiming any unwillingness to co-operate with the National Association, but calling attention to certain peculiar problems presented to educators of the South which were justly felt to demand separate consideration by those best acquainted with them.

Of these problems the negro, the "poor white" and the insufficiency of the school fund are the ones which naturally most attract the attention of the citizen in general, and they deserve no doubt the large amount of consideration which they are receiving. The Southern teacher, however, especially in academic and collegiate grades, recognizes other features which are also "peculiar," and he finds that he may be engaged in the elevation neither of negro nor mill-hand, and yet have a sufficient number of "problems" on hand to keep him busy and sore perplexed. A few of the South's educators have rather recently called attention to some of these less conspicuous but still serious obstacles to the attainment of the best results from the school work there, and none, perhaps, has touched upon more important truths than Prof. Edward Mims last year in a portion of his discussion of the literary South, and Professor Sledd in an article published in THE INDEPENDENT more than three years ago.

When the latter said: "On the threshold of every educational reform in the South the mover of new things is met by a *defective public sentiment*, supported on either hand by ignorance and indifference," and maintained that this was not a new condition, but a survival and natu-

ral consequence of the much lauded antebellum life, he seemed to have reached the very heart of the Southern educational trouble. I have always felt, however, that, while there is no question as to the gravity of the situation so far as the "poor white" is concerned, he failed to attribute a sufficient share of responsibility to the class to which it primarily belongs—the upper class.

The contribution of this portion of Southern society to the educational difficulty is twofold. The contempt for the lower white element, in a different form perhaps from that of the earlier days, still exists, and acts still as a barrier to any ambition which that class might have to rise. The aristocratic Southerner may have tasted dire poverty and the drudgery of daily toil, but he never forgets the difference between himself and the man who was *born* to that sort of life. Class prejudice, with its old-time ideas concerning manual labor and wage-earning, is so strong that the Southerner possessed of ancestry can hardly conceive the desirability of an educated laboring class. While he has not the definite antagonism to this which he frequently shows toward the education of the negro, while he is zealous enough in the matter of charitable aid and mission Sunday schools, he is too conscious of the great gulf fixed socially between the "common" people and himself seriously to entertain the idea of bridging it. In short, he wants his poor white brother to go to heaven, nor does he wish his departure for a future world to be unduly accelerated by a lack of the necessities of life in this, because the average Southerner is both religious and kind-hearted, but the idea of making the "poor white" a factor in the betterment of this present world has not yet strongly appealed to him.

But a more exasperating characteristic, and one which I think the worker on

educational lines comes to feel even more profoundly, is not the Southern gentleman's indifference to the education of his social inferiors, but his false ideal of the education which he wishes for himself and his.

Education for the show that can be made with it—that is in brief the Southern conception of it. Not for the discipline given by earnest and systematic intellectual labor, not for the pleasure which the acquisition of fresh knowledge brings, not for the increase of power to think logically and live consistently; but something that will make people point you out as the possessor of a degree, or as the president of a club, or as "one of the prominent literary figures of the South." In such things as these the Southerner sees the reward that makes going to college worth while. Should these distinctions fail to fall to your lot it were better to have gone into cotton or society. The false quality in the educational ideal shows itself in two ways, which are, however, intimately related: a preference for cheap and showy courses of study and a tendency extravagantly to overestimate what is in reality very ordinary scholarship and thus, from ignorance of the time and labor which any approach to great learning involves, to insist upon imagining the ordinary college graduate endowed with intellectual attainments which would befit a lifetime spent in purely studious pursuits, and—what is highly embarrassing to the aforesaid graduate—of being disappointed if he fails to know *everything*.

While much might be offered by way of example and comment in regard to the first named obstacle to good work in Southern schools, and tho I have put it first, I am increasingly of the opinion that the second, after all, is the fundamental difficulty, and yet I believe that it has not been especially recognized as a factor in Southern educational sentiment. If not fundamental, at least it is often interesting, not to say amusing. The following example may serve as an illustration of it: I have an acquaintance, a woman of intelligence and of more substantial education than most middle-aged Southern women (I use the term "middle-aged" advisedly), who, when I first knew her, struck me as having had

the most extraordinarily gifted circle of friends that it ever fell to the lot of one human being to possess. Those who had not died had removed to other places, but they one and all were described as being so pre-eminently skilled in music, literature, languages, etc., that I was overwhelmed at the thought of the contrast which she must find between those earlier friends and my insignificant self—until I began to hear her talk about *me*. At first I felt some natural gratification at discovering myself to be a person of so much greater attainment than I had ever dreamed, but in time I began to be oppressed by the difficulty of living up to the reputation for erudition which she was giving me. One day, after having enumerated in my presence my various scholastic accomplishments, she turned to me and added:

"And you've mastered Greek, too, haven't you?" *Mastered* Greek! I do not profess to have "mastered" the study which has been my favorite since childhood, and it is not Greek. No doubt her use of that particular word was partly due to a constitutional tendency to express herself in superlatives, but the point of the matter lies in the fact that it is quite impossible to make her and many other equally clever Southern women—and men as well—realize two things, that even to have studied a subject thoroughly in college does not mean that you have exhausted all its possibilities of acquirement and research, and that to have studied Greek at all does not of necessity imply astonishing mental endowment.

If such incidents were only amusing, or matters of temporary embarrassment to the person who is conscious of not knowing as much as he is supposed to, they would certainly hardly deserve to be dignified by recital as examples of Southern characteristics; but they seem to me to typify that habit essentially Southern—exaggeration. The universal tendency to make Southern skies bluer, Southern flowers sweeter, Southern men more chivalrous and Southern maids fairer than all others may have produced some very pretty effects in fiction, but the same tendency displaying itself in education does not bring about desirable results; for people who habitually create an un-

real world about themselves, who term "picturesque" in the Gulf States what they would call "ugly" along the Missouri, are not likely to see things educational in their true proportions, and are ready both to admire and condemn without any true standard for judgment in either case, the practical result of which is that Southerners generally have even more vague ideas than the rest of the American people as to what makes a teacher capable of teaching their children and as to what things it is best that their children should be taught.

Again, Southern parents seem to attach far greater importance to the manners than to the minds of their offspring. I am not without a certain admiration for good manners myself, but I cannot sympathize with the disposition to meet, not alone with suspicion, but with the most violent criticism, the plan of treating young people as responsible beings who do not need to be everlastingly watched. Southern taste still inclines to an educational system which sends pupils out to exercise in squads, with two teachers on guard, and supervises their private correspondence; and there is grave fear that something immoral may emanate from the "new education."

In the early years of a now successful art school a lady visitor, who was being, at her own request, shown through its rooms, finally burst into tears and confessed that it was worse even than she had feared. Her daughter, recently admitted as a student, had told her that she was learning to draw from plaster casts of the nude, but she had refused to believe it till she beheld with her own eyes.

This, of course, was some years ago, and an extreme case. It is true, too, that this prejudice exists pre-eminently in the case of girls, but it is none the less an important feature for that reason; whether it be that such an excess of prudery expended upon the protection of girlish innocence leaves none for the boys, or because of some subtle psychological law of balance, the forcing of an artificial modesty in one sex means corresponding deterioration of it in the other.

Of all American mothers the Southern one can assure you with the most fervor that "much as she wishes an education

for her daughter, she values her health far more," and with a view to its conservation, by the advice of the family physician, she withdraws her from school and sends out cards for her *début* into society. And while fathers and mothers of means send their sons to European universities, I think they see little in it beyond its possibilities in the way of future sitting upon platforms at public functions. For the foe that seems hardest to vanquish is still the ambition of parents to see their children parading their laurels, won in whatever field, in the social world; and the Southern thirst for a little cheap fame is surely no less deadly a blight upon educational prospects than the Northern spirit of "commercialism."

Is it then unfair to say that at the root of these various phases of the educational malady is the colossal self-satisfaction which has grown out of a section's habit of exaggerating the virtues of everything that is its own?

I have recently seen a catalog of a very second-rate (if not third) institution, in which nearly every professor was stated to be the best teacher of his subject that the president and trustees had ever seen; and I think they were not consciously lying. There is simply so widespread a lack of discrimination between the superficial and the substantial, and Greek, science and the like are names suggestive of such vast educational mysteries, that merely to have dabbled in them sheds a halo around one, and an admiring public is offended neither by the absurdity of such claims nor by the taste which thus advertises them.

The South has men and women of thorough education and sound judgment. During the past ten years especially, in which the graduates of its better institutions have begun to make themselves felt as a strong factor in public sentiment, there has been an advance in educational work and a raising of its grade which only prejudice would ignore. But until these men and women shall have been able to teach their people to compare their educational achievements honestly with those of other regions it cannot but be "a belated section."

Editorials

The Princeton Plan

THE authoritative account, written for THE INDEPENDENT by President Wilson, of the educational experiment which begins at Princeton University this fall will be read with deep interest by teachers and parents because it corrects some wrong impressions that have gone forth and because it clearly presents the fundamental problem of advanced educational methods.

Of three possible ways of dealing with the student who has passed beyond the secondary school the American college has hitherto been the chief exponent of one, the English university of a second and the Germany university of the third.

The American college until recently has assumed that its business was to discipline and to teach, and that this business could best be conducted by the simple method of holding recitations and examinations. Grammars, texts and manuals have been placed in the boy's hands, and these he has been expected to memorize and to repeat in recitations, themes and examination papers. Education, according to this plan, has consisted chiefly in the acquisition of accepted knowledge, in the acquisition of habits of accuracy and of systematic application. Independent thinking has been discouraged, rather than encouraged, and there has been little attempt to develop habits of research.

An increasing demand for something broader and more vital than the college drill has been met in American educational development by the multiplication of great universities, all of which have followed rather closely the Johns Hopkins model, which was avowedly borrowed from Germany. The German university has been, until recently, the exponent of untrammelled research. It has assumed that the university student was an adult, already disciplined in habits of systematic application and of accuracy, and that his chief need was of opportunity and appliances. He has,

therefore, been "turned loose" to work for himself. Lecture courses, seminars and laboratories have been freely opened to him. The university lecture at its best has been, not a summary of knowledge to be found in the books, but a first hand statement, by a professor, himself an investigator, of the latest developments of method, the latest reshaping of problems, and the latest formulation of conclusions in his own department; a giving out, in short, of things not yet available in print. Too often, however, especially in America, the university lecture has in practice been a condensed statement of information that the student might better obtain for himself from easily accessible books, and too often the student has depended upon his imperfect notes of lectures heard, rather than upon wide and intelligent reading, and he has come up for his doctorate examination with inadequate and superficial knowledge.

The English university has long followed a middle course between the method of the American college and that of the German university. It has assumed that the college student needs something more than a schoolroom drill, but that he is not yet ready to take the shaping of his intellectual life wholly into his own hands and to go forward without guidance. The English tutor at his best is both a guide and a fellow student. Limiting his attention to a rather small group of students, each of whom he can know intimately, he reads, talks and advises with each on a basis of dignified but friendly informality. He sees to it that the student becomes acquainted with a wide range of books pertaining to his subject, and that, above all, the really important books are not overlooked. He makes sure that in this reading the student fixes his attention upon the essential and critical problems. These are discussed. The student is encouraged to question, to ask why; in short, to think. The aim, in a word, of English university training is to create

a broad, critical and thorough understanding of the subject studied.

Each of these educational methods has its own characteristic merits. No man is thoroughly prepared for the intellectual life who has not been to some extent subjected to each one. They are, however, adapted to different stages of mental development. The older American college drill was perhaps the best device ever employed to create those habits of application and accuracy which are the indispensable foundation of further mental progress. Nothing can take the place of the true university method as a preparation for a career of research. But it happens that a large majority of American college students to-day have by the end of their freshman year, unless their time has been inexcusably wasted, gotten beyond the stage of possible benefit from the mere recitation drill, and they are not yet ripe for the work of independent, unguided research. The exact thing that they most need is a year or two of intellectual broadening and deepening. They need, as President Wilson admirably puts it, to learn how to master not a text-book, but a subject. They need to know more about it than they can learn from the cramming of a manual, but they are not yet ready themselves to broaden or to re-create it by their own original research. They need, in a word, to understand it as it stands to-day, the product of the creative activity of many minds that have worked at it hitherto; to understand it in all its existing length and breadth and depth; to know what each discoverer or scholar has contributed to it, and to begin to think discriminatingly, critically, upon the relative values of the various contributions.

This broad and thorough training of the comprehending, the discriminating, the understanding intelligence, is beyond question the immediate need in the American higher education to-day, and Princeton University has shown a real grasp of the situation in establishing its preceptorial system. For, as much experience has demonstrated, this system is the only one that can actually provide the kind of training here described. We are confident that Princeton is taking the lead in a movement that is destined to

have far-reaching consequences of inestimable value.



Painless Education

PRESIDENT HADLEY'S article on "The Study of Greek in American Colleges" will probably be disappointing to some readers. Educated men in reading an article on that subject naturally expect to lose their tempers—that is, to become unduly elated or irritated, as they happen to agree or disagree with the writer. But in this case the customary emotional thrill is not likely to be excited, for Peace Commissioner Hadley sums up the results of the conflict in so calm and impartial a way that neither Greek nor Barbarian, even of the intolerant type, can find much to object to. The battlefield is now so cleared of its smoke—smokeless polemics were not used when it was fought—that he is able to give the same verdict that historians have always given in regard to the wars of history, both of sword and pen—that is, that the whole affair was a misunderstanding, that both parties meant well and that they both argued from false premises to correct conclusions, that both won the victory for whatever there was of right in the cause for which they contended and that both are disappointed in the result, which, nevertheless, is more beneficial to mankind than the complete triumph of either would have been.

The battle has left two or three permanent acquisitions to educational theory, or, at least, let us hope they are permanent. It is no longer held that the process of education can be made entirely painless, nor, on the other hand, that it should be made unnecessarily painful. Educational practice has passed through the same stages as medical practice; from the extreme allopathic belief that any study was beneficial if it was bitter and taken in large doses we went to the extreme of homeopathy, that any study taken in infinitesimal doses and sugar-coated would answer all purposes. Now the pendulum seems to be settling from its violent vibrations into the common-

sense position, that the student should take whatever is good for him regardless of palatability.

When there was so much talk about the importance of interesting the student, some teachers, and, what was worse, many students, got it into their heads that it was the aim to make a subject so interesting that its acquisition would be easy. This is a very different thing from the true idea, which is, of course, to make the subject so interesting that the students shall be willing to work hard at it. Under the influence of this popular misconception of the duty of the teacher to interest, the students came to believe that they were doing all that could be expected of them if they seated themselves before him and showed as much good will and receptivity as they would give to an after-dinner speaker or a vaudeville entertainer. The method of educating by amusing does not work well in college, and its success is doubtful in the kindergarten.

On the other hand, we do not find it necessary to introduce hurdles into the college race course. There are enough natural obstructions, if they are not dodged, in any subject worth studying to develop wind and muscle. If a course does seem too smooth, all that is necessary is to make the boys run harder.

Fortunately, most of the science studies which have in part replaced Greek are not snap courses. Students who are lazy or pressed for time generally cut science in favor of the more humane humanities. A student, or, rather, an attendant at college, whose object is to get through easily or to get high grades will not, for example, take an elective in chemistry or physics when for the same amount of time and mental exertion he can take two or three studies in English.

Experimental psychology has been snatched from the hands of the contestants in the late war a favorite weapon with both parties, the belief in the spreading of special training. We now know that acquiring skill in estimating lengths of about an inch does not help one much in estimating

lengths of about a foot, that much practice in picking out a certain letter on a page of print will not prevent one from being very awkward in picking out some other, that playing chess does not make one a great military strategist, that the study of geometry does not materially improve one's ability to reason logically about other things than angles and circles.

But altho recent investigations have shown that there is little ground for thinking that specific training can be applied even to allied subjects, the case for "disciplinary studies" in the true sense has not been weakened by the loss of this argument. For we realize more than ever before that the two most important qualities of the really educated man, the habit of industry and the power of concentrated thought, can be cultivated by the proper teaching of almost any subject, and that these can be utilized in any fields of endeavor, however diverse.



The Pursuit of Land Thieves

SENATOR MITCHELL deserved to be convicted and punished. The official record of the case leaves no room for doubt as to that. He had full knowledge of the statute that forbade him to use his influence, for pay, in support of claims pending in an Executive Department, and he had before him the fate of Senator Burton and Representative Driggs, which ought to have served as an effective warning.

But he has not yet been connected directly with the public land frauds in Oregon, as a beneficiary of them (beyond the fee paid to his law firm for his plea in behalf of certain claims), and it should be understood that his offense was separated from the body of those frauds. We do not see that the consummation of those robberies depended upon his request for favorable treatment of certain claims as to the validity of which there was some doubt in the Interior Department. If, however, his intervention was really an important part of the thieves' scheme, and if he was to have a share of the plunder (beyond the small fee paid to his firm), then he deserves greater

punishment than six months in jail and a fine of \$1,000.

We say this because the public land frauds in the United States have been the worst offenses of this kind ever known. They have been in progress for many years, and to make them successful a large variety of crimes have been committed. Those who planned them and were enriched by their own dishonesty have exerted a powerful influence in politics and upon legislation, to the injury of the people.

By a continuous, shameful and unpunished violation of the laws, enormous tracts of land have come into the hands of a few men. It has sometimes happened that money dishonestly obtained from the Government by other kinds of wickedness has been used to promote land frauds for the further profit of scoundrels who thus in time became great landed proprietors. A considerable part of the stealings of the rascally Star Route contractors of twenty-five years ago was invested in the fraudulent acquisition of great areas of public land. In all these years none of these rich land thieves has been prosecuted to conviction and punished. Occasionally there has been an indictment, which came to nothing. Benson, the millionaire who is soon to be tried in Washington, was first indicted nearly twenty years ago, and, in all, more than eighty indictments against him have been returned by grand juries; but until now he has escaped.

Powerful land thieves have procured the appointment of Federal officers of their own kind, and have corrupted others whose aid they needed. Corruption has at times controlled the General Land Office at Washington. Some men who realized the extent of these frauds, who saw the demoralization of public opinion in certain States or Territories where the thieves had been notably successful, and who knew how great were the obstacles which prosecutors must encounter, have despairingly declared that the stealing could be ended only when there should be no more public land to be stolen; and they have longed for the time to come when the supply should be exhausted.

The conviction of Mr. Mitchell was well deserved, but the stealing of the

public lands can be prevented only by a determined prosecution of the hundreds of perjurers who have been indicted, by a campaign against the men who employed these perjurers, and by an honest and vigorous administration of the General Land Office and the Department with which it is connected. We believe that this is the kind of administration the country will see in the Interior Department so long as Ethan Allen Hitchcock shall remain at the head of it.

Mr. Hitchcock, now in his seventieth year, is a man of courage who believes that the laws should be obeyed and that those who violate them should suffer for it. This interesting attack upon the land thieves is his work, but we are not aware that he has ever boasted of it. He is a quiet man, who never seeks to advertise himself. The task which he undertook was one of much difficulty, because of the political influence of many of the beneficiaries of fraud, and also because they had agents and friends intrenched in official places. Obstacles of this kind could not restrain him or change his purpose. He went on with his work, collecting evidence that has now served as the warrant for hundreds of indictments in half a dozen States and Territories. "It has been my determination from the beginning," said he in his annual report of two years ago, "that the matter should be probed to the bottom, regardless of the apparent influential character of some of the men involved; and the inquiry has been conducted throughout along these lines." Several things have happened since that brief statement of his purpose. Among them are the conviction of a Senator of the United States and the indictment of two or three members of the House, together with hundreds of other men directly interested in the frauds.

Here is a man who deserves the support and the admiration of the people. He has made no proclamations, he has not boasted, but, as the President would say, he "makes good." In some respects his campaign against the land thieves has been a movement of more importance than Bristow's against the thieves in the Post Office Department. His views as to the obligations of a public officer are more commendable than those of Acting Secretary Loomis, and his achievements

as a member of the Cabinet have surely been as great as those of Secretary Morton were. Several newspapers have expressed surprise because the President has not given to Mr. Hitchcock and his work the support of his approval in some public utterance. But they should remember that the conditions may not yet have offered an opportunity. We are confident that when the time is ripe the President's public appreciation of Mr. Hitchcock's integrity, fidelity and courage will be so just and emphatic that all the Secretary's friends and admirers will be satisfied.



Killing Dangerous Animals

IN India every year several thousand persons are killed by tigers and serpents, and the Government is making great efforts for their extermination, by offering rewards and calling for the assistance of sportsmen. The animals most dangerous to the human race in every country are, however, of much smaller size and much more difficult to exterminate. We allude, of course, to flies and mosquitoes, which by spreading the germs of disease are slaying thousands among us every week. Is it not possible to direct against these, our real enemies, some of the in-eradicated sporting instinct of man? We hunt the wolves for killing our lambs, the rabbits for girdling our trees, the crows for stealing our corn, the hawks for catching our chickens; why not get the same fun and do more good by hunting insects? Instead of chasing the comparatively harmless fox or the still more innocent anise-seed bag, let the red-coated huntsman turn against the mosquito as game more worthy of the chase. Against such sport not even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have a word to say.

As it is now the defense of the home against these most dangerous of wild animals is left chiefly to the women, who maintain an incessant but irregular and ineffective warfare against them, shooing them out of the house with towels, poisoning or catching them with paper, sweeping them into water pails, hitting them with newspaper cudgels or wire whips or seizing them by the slow and primitive way of thumb and finger. But

it is altogether improper to leave this task to the women. It is not woman's sphere. We appeal, as all sociologists do nowadays, to prehistoric savagery, and we find that man is properly the huntsman of the family and its defender against its foes. Man is the destroyer and woman the conservator. These generalities are so handy to use in argument that it is no wonder they are so popular.

Is there no spark of chivalry left in degenerate man which could be fanned into a flame? In every street there is an Andromeda, helpless, beauteous and innocent, about to fall a victim to a dragon more hideous, when seen through a microscope, than that which Perseus slew. A dragon of monstrous form, with a thousand eyes, with six legs and two wings and armed with a complete set of surgical instruments, including a hypodermic inoculating syringe loaded with disease germs, is no mean antagonist for any hero. In the days of old when knights were bold the jinns, dragons and ogres, which by their magic power could become invisible or take the form of some small animal, were the most dreaded of all. Loki took the shape of a horse-fly to stop Brok's work at the forge. A fifty-foot vegetarian dinosaur from the Jurassic Period, with case-hardened scale armor, could be easily put out of commission by a modern explosive shell. And even if he were vomiting flames from his mouth, as the dragons of a later age are reported to have done, a hand grenade charged with soda water would put a stop to that without there being any need to send in a fire alarm. Far more dangerous are the dragons, large and small, that spread the plague, like the one St. George killed:

"A dreadful dragon, fierce and fell,
Who by his poisonous breath each day
Did many of the city slay."

Our American poets, if we have any, should sing of the deliverance of Havana from the yellow fever. A modern Raphael, if there is one, should paint Major Ross as a modern St. George slaying Anopheles. When we know what are our true enemies we will know who are our true heroes. Yet this evening, when some young Siegfried sitting upon the porch of the hotel kills a mosquito whose buzzing annoys the summer

girl by his side, she thanks him without displacing his collar. Neither of them realizes that he may have rescued her from death as truly as if he had snatched her from the path of an automobile.

If chivalry is not a sufficient motive to rouse us for the fight, let us appeal to religion. Let us have a revival of the religion of Zoroaster, which teaches that killing a noxious insect is as meritorious as saying a prayer, and that he who drains a swamp is as he who builds a church. Let us keep our Buddhism for the winter and be Zoroastrians all summer, swearing relentless warfare on the death-dealing diptera. If we could get rid of all the flies and mosquitoes the world would be freed from its fear of cholera, bubonic plague, typhoid, malarial and yellow fever.



The Lesson of the "Bennington" Disaster

SECRETARY BONAPARTE has asked for a suspension of public expression of opinion concerning the boiler explosion on the United States gunboat "Bennington" until after an official investigation shall have been held, which he assures the country shall whitewash nobody nor make any one a scapegoat. Under circumstances of sudden and *prima-facie* unaccountable accident, this request, in justice, should be heeded. Such circumstances are manifestly not here present. On the contrary, this disaster, like several other in the Navy which of late years have taken place, needs no investigation to discover its underlying cause, nor will that obvious cause be made any plainer by the possible fixing of personal responsibility. Its well-spring is in the ill-considered Personnel Act of 1899, which abolished the corps of skilled engineers which the Navy had possessed ever since steam became the chief motive power of war ships, and substituted young line officers of no special training or enlisted machinists equally without experience in the management of war ship engines.

The obvious and dangerous possibilities of that measure were urgently represented to Congress. Mr. Park Benjamin in these columns again and again showed it to be fraught with disaster. He

pointed out that the calling of the mechanical engineer is wholly distinct from that of the seaman—that the duties of sea officer and sea engineer were never combined, and that

"There is not a single steamship line in the world, much less a navy, where such amalgamation has ever taken place, or where there is even a probability that it will take place. The navigating and engineer forces of all modern steamships are always kept separate."

It was further shown that so far from despecializing naval engineers, the increasing complexity of propelling machinery of our war vessels more than ever demanded specially skilled men. "So urgent," it was said, "have we deemed this necessity in the past that we have not trusted the engines of our war ships to the same class of men to whom we trust our locomotives and the engines which drive our factories, but insisted that the naval engineer should be not merely a skilled mechanic, but an officer highly educated in both theory and practice of steam engineering." It was pointed out that a line officer was already required to be "a sailor, a gunner, an international lawyer, a diplomat, a chemist" (and since this was written in 1898 he has been called upon to run railroads and manage custom houses), and that if in addition there was to be demanded of him the acquirements of a professional naval engineer, the results "if not dangerous and impracticable," would be "at least far from calculated to secure us the best talent."

The measure, despite all that could be said, was "jammed through" Congress, and the most complex mechanisms ever embodied by man in single structures were deliberately put into the hands of people unskilled in their management. In plain English, the motive power of our war ships, on which their efficiency and our national safety depends, was deliberately intrusted to tyros and boys.

Hardly had this precious law been enacted when its principal advocate, Rear-Admiral Melville, Chief Engineer of the Navy, virtually repudiated it and expressed grave apprehension as to its results. Nor has he since ceased to point out in his candid and vigorous way—

despite attempts to muzzle him, in which hints of a court martial have not been wanting—the dangers involved. There has been one long record of smashed machinery, ships laid up for repairs and disabled torpedo boats. He has not hesitated to attribute this to nothing but ignorant and careless handling. No other navy, no steamship line has followed our experiment. It is a miserable failure; so confessed, in fact, by the present proposal on the part of the Navy Department that officers shall be segregated for special engineering training—an effort quietly to reorganize the old engineer corps.

We have now afloat a dozen battle ships and half a dozen armored cruisers costing from three to seven million dollars each, also some twenty protected cruisers and monitors of the second rate and fifty smaller cruisers, also gun boats, torpedo boats, auxiliaries, etc.; in brief, a world-power navy. For sea duty on these we have now left of the old educated engineers just sixty-three men. Saving these, the engine rooms are filled with mechanics taken from the shops and benches ashore and young graduates from Annapolis—not one of them trained as a naval engineer. And every ship of which they are in control of the machinery is in peril all the time.

An "investigation" may prove the Bureau of Steam Engineering to have been negligent or ignorant; or this or that youth in charge of the boilers to have been destitute of experience beyond his years or which he never had opportunity to acquire; or that the "Bennington's" boilers were not thought to be as bad as they were. And this done the public, which pays the bill, and especially that section of it which is weeping over the graves at San Diego, will no doubt be told that all is satisfactorily explained.

There is but one explanation—official incompetence—the legitimate plainly foreseen result of the project invented by "Fighting Bob" Evans, promoted by the late Assistant Secretary of the Navy as the solution of a thirty-five-year-old problem "right here and now," advocated in the *North American Review* by the Hon. George N. Foss and associates, and created by Congress deliberately sinning against the light.

For the precipitancy, for the ignorance, for the stolid refusal to heed not merely the strictures of the opponents of the scheme but the repeated and solemn warnings of its former ablest advocate and supporter—for the present awful and disgraceful disaster and its impending successors, it needs no investigation now to see where the responsibility belongs.



"Callicere" Things are never settled until they are settled right. Now comes Gen. Samuel Pearson, late of the Boer Army, who has just returned from Venezuela, with a most significant letter about the Loomis scandal in the *Evening Post*. Says the General:

"It appears to me that Mr. Bowen's chief offense, and that for which he was dismissed from the Department of State, was for talking to newspaper men on a subject which was and is of great notoriety in Caracas."

That being the case, he asks if "the relationship existing between Mr. Loomis and the newspaper press is not equally censurable." He, therefore, turns to page 127 of the official "Blue Book" of the Loomis inquiry and makes the following extract from a letter from the Caracas agent to the President of the Asphalt Trust:

"CARACAS, VENEZUELA, March 24th, 1901.

"Dear Sir.—Callicere sends by this steamer his check for \$6,000 drawn upon the National City Bank, New York. Will you kindly deposit this sum to his credit?"

"Callicere is anxious that the newspaper part of the campaign be carried out. He suggests the employment of W. E. Curtis as a special correspondent. The Associated Press has instructed Jaurett, its correspondent here, to send nothing unfavorable to Warner & Quinlan, and intimates that he has been very prejudiced. Curtis is an exceedingly good man to state facts to the Associated Press, and as he is an authority on Venezuela, anything that he may print will have weight. Very respectfully yours,

"(Signed) HENRY WILLARD BEAN.

"To Gen. Francis V. Greene, No. 11 Broadway, New York City."

Who was this "Callicere," who expresses great anxiety that the "newspaper part of the campaign be carried out?" On page 149 of the same "Blue Book" Mr. Clyde Brown testifies that "Callicere"

was the code name for Mr. Loomis. Of a surety it was desirable to conceal the name of Loomis, says General Pearson, because

"he was entrusted by the United States with delicate negotiations (when not engaged in personal enterprises, claims, contracts, concessions and the like). It would have been awkward to have it appear that all the time this was going on he was also anxious to have 'the newspaper part of the campaign carried out.' There were two American companies contesting for the asphalt lake at the time, and the representative of the Associated Press had been instructed to send nothing unfavorable to the Warner & Quinlan interests. Under such conditions the impropriety of Mr. Loomis in stimulating 'a newspaper campaign' through the other company and naming the campaigner is obvious."

We are glad, as we said last week, that the "Blue Book" of this departmental inquiry has been ordered by the President sent to every member of Congress. Tho incomplete and one-sided there is plenty in it to interest those searching for the truth, whether it be the conduct of Mr. Loomis while Minister to Venezuela or the relationship of the Asphalt Trust to the United States Government. But the reasons why Mr. Loomis retains his influence with the administration becomes more mysterious every day. Yet we cannot believe that the *Evening Post* is well informed when it says "It is said that the President has peculiar and private reasons for standing by Loomis."



Porto Ricans for Home Rule

Congress and the President ought to be impressed by the character of the recent convention in Porto Rico, as well as by the propositions or demands of the memorial which it adopted. It was a serious and dignified assembly, representing both political parties, composed of delegates from 65 of the 66 municipalities, and disturbed by no partisan political demonstration whatever. Complaining that the island is now governed absolutely by an Executive Council whose members are appointed at Washington by Mr. Roosevelt, and who come to Porto Rico with no knowledge of the people and their needs, the Convention asks that this Executive Council be dis-

placed by an elected Senate of fourteen members, and that the heads of executive departments (who now constitute the Executive Council) shall be appointed by the Governor with the consent of the proposed Senate. The desire of the Porto Ricans for a larger measure of self government (their present measure being practically nothing) is natural and commendable. It should be met by substantial changes in the direction of such home rule as our Territories enjoy, altho it may not be wise to go as far, in one step, as the memorialists desire. It may have been expedient and for the best interests of the islanders, seven years ago, to begin with such a Government as now exists, but that Government should not have been permitted to remain for seven years without modification. The truth is that we have neglected the island and its people, continuing the imposition upon them of a Government which has emphasized this neglect by its disregard of insular aspirations and needs. To this, and to our absurd and exasperating denial of citizenship to Porto Ricans, have been due the anti-American feeling which is now noticeable on the island, and the failure of Americans to invest capital there for the development of local industries. Congress should take up this memorial next winter with a feeling of friendship and respect for those who signed it, and should speedily make substantial concessions in the direction of home rule.



More Than a Million Immigrants

During the fiscal year ending with June last, 1,027,421 immigrants entered the United States. This far exceeds the number entering in any previous year, the largest number heretofore having been 857,046, in 1903. When comparisons with the record for 1904 are made, the following changes are seen: Austria-Hungary, rising from 177,156 to 275,693, stands at the head, displacing Italy, which advances from 193,296 to 221,479; the Russian Empire shows an increase from 145,141 to 184,897; England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are fourth in the list, with an increase from 87,590 to 137,057; from Norway, Sweden and Den-

mark, 60,625 came, against 60,096 in 1904; Germany's number has fallen from 46,380 to 40,576. From China, 3,057 came in 1905, and 4,309 in the preceding year; the number entering from Japan fell from 14,264 to 10,332. As the total in 1904 was 812,870, the increase exceeded 26 per cent. Since 1820 we have received 22,932,905 immigrants. At the head of the list stand the following countries: England, Ireland and Scotland, 7,286,357; Germany, 5,187,094; Italy, 2,000,252; Austria-Hungary (all since 1861), 1,971,431; Scandinavia, 1,730,722; Russia, 1,452,629. No other country has contributed more than 450,000 to our population. There is no lack of those who see great dangers in this vast stream of people ever flowing to our shores. We are glad, however, that THE INDEPENDENT has consistently welcomed them, and recognized that they have benefited us as much as we have them.

Casualties on the Fourth There was a considerable increase in the number of casualties on the Fourth, this year, but a reduction of the percentage of fatal cases. This was due to regulations in many cities designed to prevent the use of toy pistols and blank cartridges. Enforcement of such regulations in Pittsburgh, for example, appears to have prevented any deaths from lockjaw, altho there were nearly a score of deaths from this cause there after last year's Fourth.

The White Mountains If the slopes of Mt. Washington were in danger of being shorn of their forests, the people and the State of New Hampshire could well afford to protect them by purchasing the entire tract for a reservation. We do not understand that the recent sale of 70,000 acres on those slopes will hasten the removal of the trees, or that the establishment of a reservation has been made more difficult by this transfer of property. There should be a national Forest Reserve in the White Mountains. New Hampshire will not make one there, nor can it reasonably

be expected that other States whose water courses are affected by the condition of those mountains will take any measures to guard their interest in them.

A Russian Mirabeau

"There are no true historic parallels," said Lord Acton. This may be chalked upon the blackboard beside the old saying, "History repeats itself," and both canceled, leaving us free to make such comparisons as we choose between similar events. The attempted dispersal of the Zemstvo Congress at Moscow by General Trepov is strikingly analogous to the scene enacted in Versailles in 1789, when Mirabeau made his famous retort: "Go and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people and nothing but the power of bayonets shall drive us hence." Last week, when five police officers entered the palace of Prince Dolgorukov to disperse the meeting of the delegates of the zemstvos, which had been authorized by the Czar before his last reactionary relapse, the Prince called the members to order with the words: "The policemen are only doing their duty. Let us do ours and proceed to business without wasting any time." And when the Chief of Police began to take down the names of the delegates in order to make out warrants for their arrest, the members called out to him: "Write down the whole of Russia." But a witty retort does not make a revolution. Count Mirabeau's remark is historic because it was true that the Third Estate was there by the will of the people. Whether the whole of Russia is with the zemstvoists in their struggle for a representative government is a question for the future to decide.

Maimed Rites

The method adopted by the Catholic Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, for checking the desecration of Sunday by refusing to allow "the honor of Christian burial to those who die by accident on the Lord's Day, having culpably violated its duties and obligations," is reported to have received the approval of Andrew D. White, formerly President of Cornell

and Ambassador to Germany. If Dr. White will read a book entitled "The Warfare of Science with Theology" he will find in it much interesting information on the use of such ecclesiastical penalties in the Middle Ages. There are other great evils that might be attacked in the same way. For example, we understand that the taking of interest for the loan of money is frightfully prevalent at the present time, and in accordance with the injunction of Pope Gregory X persons doing this ought to be denied Christian burial. And will it be long before some zealous ecclesiastic advocates the revival of the old English custom of burying a suicide at the crossroads with a stake driven through his body? There are, however, certain practical difficulties involved in posthumous punishments. They do not reach the right people. Only a small proportion of the people who go on Sunday excursions get killed. The old belief in an unusually high rate of fatalities on such occasions is not supported by statistics. Those who were struck by lightning last Sunday at Coney Island, were they sinners above all others? The man who goes fishing on Sunday and gets drowned does not need any additional penalty, and some good Christian can probably be found who will say a prayer over his grave if the Bishop of Syracuse will not. But something ought to be done to the man who comes home with a big string of fish and boasts of a good time.



Ushers and Strangers Dr. Lucien C. Warner, of this city, gives us the following bit of personal experience at a New York church:

Last summer a minister of wide reputation was preaching at one of the prominent churches in New York City and, as my regular place of worship was closed, I naturally went to this church. I was ordered about by the ushers from one part of the house to another and made to feel that it was a special favor on their part to permit me to occupy a seat, altho there was plenty of room and most of the pew-holders were out of the city. The same experience was repeated for three Sundays, after which I went no more.

Recently I attended the same church again, with my wife, to hear the pastor, whom I

greatly admire. To avoid unpleasant waiting at the door we purposely went a little late and were very promptly shown by the usher into a vacant pew near the door. About two minutes later another usher came and requested us to vacate the pew as the owner wished it, and we would be shown into some other seat. A lady, who was the only occupant of a pew immediately forward of us, said that we could sit with her, and, crowding past her, we found seats for the service. No apology was offered for the discourtesy shown us by the ushers or by the people who claimed and occupied the pew. In fact, there was a business air about the whole transaction that seemed to imply that it was the regular and proper treatment of strangers who had been given a seat by an usher.

There has been much discussion of late as to how the churches are to reach the non-churched masses. Special evangelistic services have been held and earnest, but not very successful, efforts have been made to reach the unconverted. Suppose one of these non-church goers had been in my place on this recent Sunday morning; what would be his chance of repeating his visit to this church? Or suppose this church desires to increase its membership and attendance? Where are the accessions to be secured if not from those who first come as strangers? In a club no one has any rights except members and guests who are specially introduced by a member; is there not danger that some of our Christian churches are unconsciously working toward the same code of ethics?



It is to be hoped that the case of Professor Mitchell in the Methodist School of Theology in Boston will be settled somewhat more satisfactorily than that of the distinguished English Methodist, Prof. J. Agar Beet. Five years ago, at the request of his friend Hugh Price Hughes, he withdrew from publication his book "Last Things," which argued against the doctrine of eternal sin. He did this for the sake of peace, at the time when the British Methodists were preparing for their Century Fund. But still he finds objection made to his views, and that he may be at liberty to republish his book he resigns his professorship at Richmond College. The paper of which Hugh Price Hughes was editor seems content and reminds him that professors are not appointed to discover truth, but to teach what the Church believes.

Insurance

Mr. Morton Elected President of the Equitable

At a regular meeting of the directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, on the 26th ult., Mr. Paul Morton was elected President of the Society, to succeed Mr. James W. Alexander, whose resignation was accepted some weeks ago. At a subsequent meeting the office of Chairman of the Board, which Mr. Morton had held, was abolished. Judge William A. Day was elected Comptroller, to succeed Thomas D. Jordan. It was shown by Mr. Morton that the curtailment of expenses already accomplished represented an annual saving of \$500,000. The Board practically decided that hereafter no director should participate in any syndicate underwriting or similar transaction involving the Society's funds. Upon the report of a special committee several pensions have been discontinued and others have been reduced. A statement of the Society's business for the last six months showed an increase of \$7,296,000 in assets. Policies issued during the six months were less by \$15,422,000, or about 9 per cent., than those issued in the corresponding six months of 1904.

In our recent comments upon the condition and management of the Society we have expressed the opinion that the selection of Mr. Morton for the office of Chairman of the Board was not one of ideal excellence. It has seemed to us that the Society ought to be mutualized completely, and that not only stock control, but also control by what are called Wall Street influences, should be eliminated. Mr. Morton has now, however, been made President by the action of a Board largely composed of new members who were chosen in accord with the new policy. It is but just to say that the acts of his administration, during his term of service as Chairman, so far as they have come to our knowledge, have been in the interest of such reform as the policy holders desire. He has reduced excessive salaries, terminated pensions that were unwarranted, caused the removal of

officers whose continued connection with the Society would have been injurious to its interests, and provided for a thorough examination of the Society's finances by disinterested experts. This is a good beginning, and it may fairly be regarded as indicating the policy which Mr. Morton, as President, intends to pursue. We shall take pleasure in recognizing hereafter the further evidence of his determination to institute reforms and to conduct the affairs of this great company for the best interests of the hundreds of thousands who have relied upon it for so many years.



IN commenting upon the semiannual statement of the Home Insurance Company two weeks ago we made an unfortunate error which caused the increase in surplus to appear \$1,000,000 too small. The actual gain in surplus for the year ending July 1st, 1905, was \$1,689,169.14.

.... At the last regular meeting of the directors of the American Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia Mr. John H. Packard, Jr., was elected President, to succeed the late T. H. Montgomery, and Mr. Waite Bliven was elected Secretary. Mr. Packard has been filling the position of Vice-President and Secretary till his present advancement. He is eminently qualified for his present position by a long and practical experience in all phases of insurance business. After his course at the University of Pennsylvania he entered the fire insurance office of Thomas C. Foster in 1895. Later he made connection with the American Fire Insurance Company, becoming City Surveyor. He was elected Assistant Secretary of the Philadelphia Underwriters' Association in 1897 and in 1902 he was elected Vice-President and Secretary of the American Fire Insurance Company. Mr. Packard comes of one of the old Philadelphia families and is a member of the leading social clubs of that city. Mr. Bliven is called from Chicago, where he was one of the company's most valuable and active field men. The statement of the American Fire Insurance Company shows a cash capital on hand of \$500,000, total assets of \$2,838,795.80, and surplus over all liabilities \$222,677.40.

Financial

Steel Corporation's Quarter

THE report of the United States Steel Corporation for the quarter ending with June shows net earnings of \$30,305,116, against \$23,025,896 for the quarter immediately preceding, and \$19,490,725 for the corresponding quarter in 1904. Unfilled orders on hand, however, have declined to 4,829,655 tons on June 30th, from 5,597,560 on March 31st. Evidence of a prudent policy with respect to depreciation, replacements, etc., excites favorable comment. The quarter's charge for depreciation and reserve was \$5,009,563, against a little more than \$3,000,000 in last year's corresponding quarter. For special improvement and replacement \$1,000,000 was assigned, and \$2,500,000 was set aside for contemplated appropriations and expenditures. For the purchase of additional property \$5,000,000 was deducted from the net. After the payment of interest and of dividends on the preferred stock, \$3,070,681 was carried to the surplus account.

Increasing Bank Circulation

SECRETARY SHAW gives notice that on and after August 1st the Philippine land purchase bonds, Philippine one-year certificates, Philippine public works and improvement bonds, and the Manila sewer and water works bonds, in all amounting to \$13,500,000, will be accepted as security for existing deposits of public money in national banks in substitution for United States bonds now held as security for such deposits, "on condition that the Government bonds thus released be immediately used as a basis for additional note circulation." His admitted purpose is to stimulate an increase of circulation preparatory to the crop-moving period. If recently published reports are trustworthy there will be no large demand upon the East in the coming autumn for money to move the crops. It is asserted that the West was never before so well provided with the funds required for this movement.

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING COMPANY of Middletown, Conn., of which Robert

N. Jackson is President, will pay upon presentation, with interest to date of payment, the debentures maturing in October, November and December.

....Vice-President Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, says this year's wheat crop in the Canadian Northwest will be 100,000,000 bushels, against 55,000,000 last year. Conservative estimates do not fall below 80,000,000.

....The New York Central has added to its large holdings of trolley roads in the State of New York by acquiring control of the Rochester & Eastern Company, whose lines extend from Rochester to Geneva, by way of Canandaigua.

....An American shoe store in Frankfurt, Germany, is doing a large and increasing business. Similar stores have been established by the same firm in three other German cities, and the domestic manufacturers are calling for higher tariff duties on imported shoes.

....Bank Superintendent Kilburn reports that deposits in the savings banks of New York on June 30th amounted to \$1,252,928,299, and that the number of open accounts was 2,513,570. The increase of deposits during the year, \$85,836,855, was unprecedented, the largest previous increase having been \$71,336,282, in 1899.

....Lloyd's Register, recently published, shows that the world's ship tonnage has increased from 34,789,189, in 1904, to 36,000,893 in 1905. Those countries which have more than 1,000,000 tons (steam and sail) are as follows: Great Britain, 17,009,720; United States, 3,996,479; Germany, 3,564,798; Norway, 1,776,218; France, 1,728,038; Italy, 1,189,066. Many steamships under the British flag, however, are owned by Americans.

....Dividends announced:

Southern Pac. Co., interest (various bonds), payable August 1st.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'way, Preferred, \$3.50 per share, payable October 10th.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'way, Common, \$3.50 per share, payable October 10th.

Buff., Roch. & Pittsburg R'way, Common, 3 per cent., payable August 15th.

Buff., Roch. & Pittsburg R'way, Preferred, 3 per cent., payable August 15th.

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Survey of the World

The Department of Agriculture

Further investigation has brought to light in the Department of Agriculture additional transactions that have excited some criticism. The grand jury at Washington is still at work upon the offenses of Assistant Statistician Holmes. Chief Statistician John Hyde, who resigned and at once sailed for Europe, has been asked by Secretary Wilson to come back. He replies that he will return without delay. He is wanted as a witness before the grand jury. After a long conference with the President last week Attorney-General Moody said that the Federal criminal statutes were so antiquated that they did not meet existing conditions. Congress will be asked to make them broader and more stringent. President Jordan, of the Southern Cotton Association, demands the removal of the Secretary, asserting that he is incompetent. The Secretary, in whom Mr. Roosevelt has confidence, says it would be cowardly for him to resign while his Department is under fire. Investigation is being made as to the connection of several prominent officers of the Geological Survey, as directors and stockholders, with a journal devoted to mining. It is asserted that much information obtained at the expense of the Government has been published by them in that journal long before the appearance of it in the official reports, which, it is said, have been unwarrantably delayed. It is asserted in similar charges against the Fish Bureau that much information has been published in magazines by officers, with illustrations, prepared by the Government, which have appeared in the official reports several months later. Dr. D. E. Salmon, the

well-known head of the Bureau of Animal Industry, is criticised by some because of his association with the contractor who supplies labels (invented by himself) for use in the inspection of meat. It appears that Dr. Salmon assisted this man some years ago and was his partner for six years in a small printing business. At Dr. Salmon's suggestion he invented the label, but Dr. Salmon withdrew from the partnership very soon after the inventor obtained his first contract, in 1901, and has since had no financial interest in the business. The inventor has been quite successful. Many millions of the labels are used by the Government. At present he is at the head of a business capitalized at \$500,000. Having elicited these facts, Secretary Wilson was inclined to discontinue the investigation of this case, but at the direction of the President further inquiries are to be made. It appears that Dr. Moore (who recently resigned) could have made himself rich by a commercial use of his discovery of a bacterial culture for the inoculation of soil. He took out patents, but gave the free use of the discovery to the people of the United States. Some say that he could have become a millionaire by the sale of it here and abroad. His resignation was due to public criticism of his conditional negotiations, terminated some time ago, with a company engaged in the manufacture of the bacterial culture which he invented. The Weather Bureau has been attacked by persons who asserted that \$60,000 was spent in erecting in the mountains of Virginia buildings which served as a kind of summer resort for the officers. Investigation, so far as it has proceeded, indicates that there was

no just warrant for such a charge. Independent slaughterers and beef packers have complained that they suffered in competition with the Trust because they could obtain no Government inspection of their products. Dr. Salmon's answer to this is that the export trade, which is controlled by the Trust, must be subjected to inspection; that the appropriations are not sufficient to provide for the inspection of meats for domestic consumption, and that the House Committee on Agriculture has warned the Department not to extend its inspection to the concerns engaged exclusively in the domestic trade.

Fifty Years of the "Soo" Canal

At Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on the 2d and 3d, the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the ship canal around the falls or rapids of the St. Mary's River was celebrated by naval and military parades, races, public addresses, etc., the most prominent guest being Vice-President Fairbanks. The canal was constructed by the State of Michigan, and was transferred to the Federal Government in 1870. Its traffic largely exceeds in quantity and value that of any other artificial waterway in the world. At the public commemoration exercises on the 3d, the leading address was that of the Vice-President, who began by welcoming cordially the many Canadians who had come to take part in the celebration. Pointing to the two great locks, side by side, one constructed by the United States and the other by Canada, he expressed a wish that their fellowship should "always be symbolical of cordial relations and neighborly regard of the two peoples through whose veins flows the blood of a common ancestry":

"We owe allegiance to different institutions. Above us are different flags, emblems of the mightiest Powers on this earth. We have no sense of rivalry except in those ways which make for a higher and better civilization. There are no fortifications along our common frontier, no battleships upon the waters which divide us. These are not needed now, and we trust that in God's providence they shall never be required. We are the respecters of each other's institutions, of each other's laws, of each other's rights. We are

bound to each other by strong social ties and sentiments of mutual respect. Competition in trade is a vitalizing factor. It is not born of unfriendliness. It has its inspiration in that just self-interest which has been the life of trade from the beginning until now. The national policies of the United States and Canada may not be in accord. If they be not, it will be due to no unfriendliness of purpose, but to that sense of duty which each primarily owes to its own."

The subject of the greater part of his address was the commercial development of the United States during the past half century. "The sceptre of commercial power," said he, "is speedily passing into American control. If we are but true to the vast opportunities which lie at our hands, the United States will become the acknowledged leader of the commerce of the world." Our commerce upon the lakes, he added, was carried in American-built ships manned by American seamen. But our commerce on the high seas was largely given over to ships built abroad and sailed by alien owners. This, in his opinion, seemed incompatible with a wise national policy.—To the Hon. Peter White, of Marquette, belongs the credit of originating the idea of this celebration, the success of which was due largely to his efforts.

The Fever in New Orleans Owing mainly to a bitter controversy between Louisiana and Mississippi concerning the enforcement of quarantine regulations, control of the epidemic of yellow fever in New Orleans has been given to the Federal authorities. The quarrel between Governor Blanchard and Governor Vardaman was caused by the attempts of the latter, by means of armed patrol boats, to exclude the boats of Louisiana fishermen from the partly inclosed waters near New Orleans on the north. There is an old dispute about the dividing State boundary in those waters, and it is now in the courts. On the 3d, when Governor Vardaman's patrol boats, carrying armed militia, were still on guard, Governor Blanchard sent a little fleet of launches and oyster boats to the disputed waters. The Naval Militia on board had been instructed to capture or disperse the invaders. Gov-

ernor Vardaman's forces had already taken possession of 18 fishing schooners and sent them to the quarantine station at Ship Island. On the morning of the 4th, two of his boats were captured by the Louisiana fleet, and their captains and crews were placed in jail. Fortunately no shots were fired. That afternoon, an important public meeting was held in New Orleans. The Mayor, the health officers of the State and the city, and representatives of all the financial and commercial organizations were present. All agreed that the time for calling upon the national Government had come. Resolutions were adopted asking the Federal authorities to take charge of the epidemic and pledging the hearty cooperation of State and city authorities. The request was telegraphed to President Roosevelt. He responded that he had asked Surgeon-General Wyman to report as to what the Federal authorities could do. The Surgeon-General proceeded to station in the city a sufficient force of Marine Hospital surgeons and workers.—The disease has been spreading slowly in the city, the average daily number of deaths having been about 6. At the end of last week there had been 505 cases and 97 deaths. At the end of the preceding week the numbers were 256 and 53. House-to-house inspection, with the use of oil and screens, has been continued. New Orleans has 45,000 cisterns, and in the war upon mosquitoes these must be screened or treated with oil. The new water and sewerage works, which will cost \$16,000,000, will not be completed until three years hence. The epidemic has thus far been confined, one or two persons excepted, to the Italian residents, some of whom have concealed fever patients by placing them on roofs or even in cisterns. Trains going northward have been crowded with refugees. At most stations armed guards have forbidden them to stop. A special train bearing 400 residents of Shreveport arrived at St. Louis one day last week, having run the gauntlet of a shotgun quarantine that compelled the passengers to make the journey with a supply of food and water that was almost nothing. On Saturday last, the Rev. Dr. Chapelle, Catholic Archbishop of Louisiana and Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Porto

Rico, was attacked by the disease in a virulent form. Memphis, Charleston and other cities have adopted rigid quarantine measures. Memphis is surrounded by armed guards, and no one is admitted who does not show a written permit from the local Board of Health.



New York's District Attorney

William Travers Jerome, District Attorney of New York,

says to the public that he desires to be elected this fall for another term of four years and that he shall rely upon an independent nomination by petition. Such a petition requires 2,000 signatures. Altho Mr. Jerome is a Democrat in national politics, the Republican Club of New York at once offered to give him the signatures of 2,000 of its members. His action and attitude are approved by prominent Republicans, Independents and Anti-Tammany Democrats. Mr. Jerome in the last week of July began a series of attacks, by interviews in the press, upon boss rule and the machine control of parties. He denounced the Tammany leader, Mr. Murphy, for inducing the judges of the Court of Special Sessions to displace their chief clerk by electing to the office "an ex-bartender" named Culkin. On the following day he attacked Mayor McClellan, severely criticising his appointment of several persons to prominent offices. This was followed by some very frank remarks about certain bosses and Senators (neither party was spared) and by his call for a nomination by petition. He seeks "to break down the evil solidarity of the political machines" by going over the heads of those who control the machines and "directly to the people." He says:

"It seems to me that one of the greatest evils of the present time is that small groups of men have, and not infrequently a single man has, obtained control of the executive machinery of party organizations and nominating conventions and stand between the public servant and the voters. The result is that one in public office has to choose between a termination of his public career or subserviency to such a man or group of men. The public officer, as a consequence, frequently feels no responsibility to the people, but only to those who can

secure for him a return to office or future promotion. In the exercise of their power such men and groups of men are wholly selfish, almost entirely irresponsible, and not infrequently corrupt. A man who works with such a group and receives favors at their hands comes under implicit obligations which cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires."



The Philippine Islands

It has been reported by the press that Gen. Leonard Wood, who is now in Massachusetts, recovering from a surgical operation, would not return to the Philippines, but would be appointed to the General Staff. General Wood disposes of this report by saying that he intends to return to the islands a few weeks hence and expects to remain there for two years.—Secretary Taft and his companions left Japan on the 1st and arrived at Manila on the morning of the 5th, to be welcomed on board their ship by Governor Wright, Major General Corbin, Rear Admiral Train, and their staffs. They were greeted also by an elaborate water pageant, and by salutes from forts and war ships. Manila was brightly decorated for these distinguished guests. At the Governor's residence the golden keys of the city were given to the Secretary. Many entertainments had been provided—among these a grand ball in honor of Miss Roosevelt, and banquets by the Chamber of Commerce and prominent Filipino residents. The visitors are to spend two weeks in making a tour of the islands.



Porto Rico and Cuba

There were riots in San Juan on the evening of the 1st, in connection with the strike of the longshoremen for an increase of wages to 25 cents an hour. For some time the mob had possession of the streets. The rioters attacked the police with paving-stones. Two men were killed and thirty injured. As a rule, the police fired in the air. Governor Winthrop gave orders on the following day that they should shoot to kill, if the mob could be restrained

in no other way. If they need help hereafter, it will be given by the insular troops and by marines from the ships in the harbor.—Dr. Van Buren, Episcopal Bishop of Porto Rico, writing about the demand for home rule made by the recent convention, says that to grant all that the memorialists ask "would mean practically to withdraw all United States control and protection." They would be satisfied, he continues, with nothing less than absolute independence. A native Senate, he thinks, with power to confirm or reject appointments of the heads of Departments, would insist upon the appointment of natives only, and the conduct of native mayors does not "inspire confidence in an honest administration of the treasury by native appointees." The proposed change, in his opinion, "would mean Roman Catholic schools supported by the Government." This would "tend to the creation of a favored class, the continuance of widespread illiteracy and the gradual abolition of enlightening modern methods and subjects of study." He suggests that a Commission should be appointed to consult with leading natives, hear their grievances, make a thorough investigation, point out the principles which the United States is bound to enforce, and show that the interests of the people will not permit it to "hand over the reins of government to the native statesmen at their present stage of development."—In Cuba, an official inquiry concerning the burning of the municipal building and records at Vuel-tas has been followed by the indictment of the Lieutenant Mayor of that place and of the Lieutenant Governor of Santa Clara province (Señor Alverdi), who was acting as Governor in the absence of Governor José Miguel Gomez, a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to President Palma. The buildings were destroyed to prevent an investigation by a Commission sent to Vuel-tas by the insular Government.—In the House a bill is pending that provides for the printing of 50,000 copies of the Constitution, with the Platt Amendment left out. A motion that the Amendment be included was lost

by a vote of 16 to 15.—Governor Gomez has given to the public a statement in which he says that he will not allow the insular Government to inspect the municipalities of Santa Clara province. "If the Supreme Court," he continues, "decides against us in this matter, we shall not obey its mandate, because of its partiality in favor of executive authority. The court would be certain to oppose us in order to gain favor with the Government." He asserts that half of the 3,000 Rural Guards are in sympathy with him, and that the whole island is a powder mine to which a fuse "already half burned" is attached. Supporters of President Palma say that these declarations insure the defeat of Gomez at the presidential election.



Venezuela Final judgment in the suit of the Venezuelan Government against the French Cable Company has been announced by the Court of Cassation, which confirms the decision of March last. That was the decision of the presiding judge; he is now sustained by the entire court, which dissolves the Government's contract with the company, upon the ground that the latter has failed to observe the conditions agreed to, with respect to the construction of a ocean cable to the United States and of a national coastwise line. On July 19, two weeks before this decision was made known, the Government sued this cable company for damages, alleging that the corporation and its agents had assisted the revolutionists who were led by General Matos. According to reports from Caracas, the charges presented by Attorney-General Parejo are that Matos established relations with the company by conferences with its officers in Paris; that the company's representative in Venezuela, M. Jallabert, was thereafter instructed to assist him; that the station operators were placed under the orders of M. Quevrioux, an agent of the revolutionists; that they gave to Matos news of the Government's military operations and disclosed to various persons the Government's official messages. M. Jallabert is dead. The Attorney-General offers in evidence letters of instruction said to have been sent to him by his su-

perior officers in Paris, directing him to assist Matos so far as he could, and asserting that Matos had the support of the French Foreign Office. The authenticity of these papers is denied by the company, which cites the circular forwarded at the time to all its employees in Venezuela, directing them to observe the strictest neutrality.



The Meeting of the Envoys

The reception of the Peace Envoys by being made so largely a naval affair became an imposing spectacle, and the many nice points of precedence and international etiquette, which might have caused embarrassment, were brushed aside by the hearty informality of President Roosevelt. Count Sergius Witte, the second of the Russian envoys, arrived on the steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" of the North German Lloyd line on the afternoon of August 2d. He was preceded by a wireless report of an interview alleged to have been given on the boat in which he said that he expected that the Japanese terms would be so intolerable that the conference would break up in a week. This he disavowed, and gave to the crowd of reporters who boarded the steamer the following statement:

"I need hardly point out that it is my ardent desire that the two chivalrous foes who first became acquainted on the field of battle may have found in each other's sterling qualities motives powerful enough to cultivate that acquaintanceship until it ripen into lasting friendship. Meanwhile, however, the terms offered must first be ascertained, weighed and judged admissible by Russia before she can proceed to formal negotiations. Hitherto, as you are aware, it was customary in cases like this to settle all such preliminaries before the meeting of the plenipotentiaries, whose task it was to come to a final agreement upon matters under discussion.

"Now, the very fact that His Majesty the Czar consented to take a course involving a departure from this ancient diplomatic usage and to appoint a mission to learn the nature of our brave enemy's terms is an eloquent token of the friendly feelings which he and his subjects continue to cherish toward the people of the United States:

At the pier he was met by his colleague, Baron Rosen, and a delegation from the

Slavonic Society, who presented him with bread and salt as the symbols of hospitality. With Mr. Witte came eight military, legal and financial advisers, among them Prof. Frederick Martens, one of the most eminent authorities of the world on international law, and Major-General Yermaloff, who was with the American army in Cuba. Upon the same steamer there arrived representatives of the most important European journals, including Sir Donald McKenzie Wallace, author of one of the best books on Russia in the English language, as correspondent of the London *Times*, and Dr. Dillon, of the London *Telegraph*. On August 4th the Russian envoys attended morning service at the St. Nicholas Russian Orthodox Cathedral in New York, as it was the name day of the Empress Dowager Maria Feodorovna, and in the afternoon they went by rail to Oyster Bay to lunch with the President, as the Japanese envoys had done the week before. On Saturday the formal meeting of the envoys took place on the President's yacht "Mayflower." The Japanese delegation, Baron Komura, Minister Takahira and a suite of 12, were the first to arrive at Oyster Bay, on the cruiser "Tacoma," and were received in the cabin of the "Mayflower" by President Roosevelt. Half an hour later the cruiser "Chattanooga" brought the Russian plenipotentiaries, Baron Rosen and Count Witte. The Russian and Japanese flags were each greeted with a salute of 19 guns; the President's with 21. After the introductions an informal luncheon was served by Chinese waiters, during which the President offered the only toast in the following words:

"Gentlemen, I propose a toast to which there will be no answer and which I ask you to drink in silence, standing. I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and the peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another on this ship. It is my most earnest hope and prayer, in the interest not only of these two great Powers, but of all civilized mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them."

After the reception the President left the "Mayflower," which was given over to the Russians and, with the "Dolphin"

carrying the Japanese, proceeded to Portsmouth, under the escort of the cruiser "Galveston," much delayed by fog in the Sound. Mr. Witte, being a poor sailor, landed at Newport and went by rail to Boston.



Pauperism in England There seems to be no longer room to doubt that the condition of the poorer classes in England is continually growing worse. The reports of the medical examiners of recruits for the army showed such evidence of physical degeneracy as to cause general alarm, which was only partially allayed by the investigation of a Parliamentary Commission, which found the conditions exaggerated, altho serious enough to demand attention. The Commission reported that one of the chief causes of physical deterioration is that many of the children do not get enough to eat. The Education Committee appointed by the London County Council to investigate the subject found that many children do come to school underfed and more of them ill-fed, and that it was impossible to secure the best results in education from either underfed or ill-fed children. The Committee, however, does not consider it practicable to provide meals for them at the public expense, even if, as was suggested, the cost of the meals be charged against such of the parents as are able to pay. It is recommended that at a few schools the experiment be tried of supplying one meal at cost, some three or four cents, utilizing the cooking classes as far as possible in preparing it. The latest statistics show that there is now more pauperism in England than at any time since 1873, and that it has increased rapidly in the last few years. The total now recorded is 768,390, or 22.8 per 1,000 of the population. The increase over last year is 30,756, and it is higher by 63,782 than it was ten years ago. The number of indoor poor in May was 238,934, as against 229,915 in May, 1904, and 189,903 ten years ago. The present total is without parallel in the record of Poor Law statistics. The growth of the workhouse population has been rapid during the present century, the rise being 45,610, while the ratio of such paupers per 1,000

of the population has gone up from 6 to 7.1, a ratio which has never been exceeded in any past year. Of outdoor paupers there were in May, 529,456, as against 507,719 in May, 1904. The ratio of outdoor paupers per 1,000 of the population has gone up from 14.9 to 15.7 in the present century, tho it was higher ten years ago—namely, 16.9. The number of paupers in London (included in the total for England and Wales) in May last was 117,587. This is an increase of 7,918 over the total for May, 1904; it is 20,087 more than in 1900, and it is higher than in any previous year since 1871, when it stood at 126,728. The ratio of paupers per 1,000 of the population in May was 25.3, in 1904 it was 23.8, in 1900 it was 21.7, ten years ago it was 22.4, in 1878 it was 22.1, and in 1865 it was 31.6. There were 73,255 indoor poor, as against 70,907 in May, 1904, and there has never before been a larger number of paupers in the workhouses, while the ratio per 1,000 of the population—15.8—has not been greater in any past year. In 1865 it was 9.6, twenty years ago it was 13.3, ten years ago it was 14.1 and last year it was 15.4.

Politics and Poverty in Spain

The new Liberal Cabinet under Señor Montero Rios has already in its first month encountered serious difficulties, and is not likely to have a much longer life than the Conservative Cabinets that have preceded it. The famine in Andalusia resulting from the failure of crops required immediate relief, and the Secretary of Agriculture, Señor Romanones, asked for an emergency appropriation of \$2,400,000 to be expended as seemed best in aid of the famine sufferers and in public works to relieve the industrial crisis. In strict legality there was no way of granting this because the Cortes failed to vote the budget, or, as we would say, to pass the appropriation bills, for 1905, before they were prorogued last December, and had made no provision for 1906 when the Villaverde Cabinet fell in June. The constitution provides that in the event of a failure of the Cortes to vote the Budget in any one year the last Budget voted will hold for a second year. But whether it will hold for a third year

is questionable. Señor Rios favored making any necessary expenditures, including the relief appropriation, and trusting to the Cortes to be elected next month to justify it. But the Minister of Finance, Señor Urzaiz, who is regarded as the most able man in the Cabinet next to the Premier, resigned rather than sanction it. Señor Echegaray, chemist, mathematician, poet and dramatist, was appointed in his place. He is 73 years old, one year older than Premier Rios. He served as Minister of Finance in 1873, but of late years has devoted himself to literature, for which he received last year the Nobel Prize. The former Premier, Señor Villaverde, died July 16th. He will be chiefly remembered for his effective work in restoring the credit of Spain by retrenchment and reform after the war with the United States. The heir to the Spanish throne, the Infante Fernando, died last week at the age of 10 months. He was a son of late Princess of the Asturias and a nephew of the King's. The octroi or municipal tariff adopted by the municipality of Salamanca caused serious riots. A large crowd assembled in front of the city hall threatening death to the councilmen and finally attacked them in the building. One of the councilmen jumped from a window in the attempt to escape and was nearly killed. At Seville 400 farm laborers invaded the city and rifled the bakeries. The young King slipped away from his attendants a short time ago in his automobile and was found praying in the grotto at Lourdes among the pilgrims who came there to be healed by the miraculous waters.

The Czar on Peace and Reform

On the eve of the peace negotiations the Czar has taken occasion twice in answer to addresses to emphasize his determination not to conclude peace on any but honorable terms. He would continue the war until the enemy was crushed rather than consent to the payment of an indemnity or the cession of territory. If this is not intended as a bluff it indicates that efforts of the military and aristocratic classes to arouse the war spirit have not been in vain. The Russian officers in Manchuria have sent repeated tele-

grams begging for a continuance of the war. General Linevitch denies that his army is surrounded or seriously threatened, and states that all the attempts of the Japanese to approach his flanks have failed, adding "The morale of the troops inspires me with complete confidence that the army is ready for any task."—The plan of Minister Buligin for a national assembly is still being discussed in the presence of the Czar at the Peterhof Palace. Count Lamsdorf, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Pobiedonostseff, the Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, oppose all such concessions. The Grand Dukes Michael, Vladimir and Alexis favor the plan. General Trepoff, the energetic chief of the police system of the empire, has spoken in favor of liberal provisions in the measure, and Count Ignatieff, who was considered a reactionary, emphatically declared that reforms were necessary if the Romanoff dynasty was to be saved.—Count Tolstoy holds that all political changes are useless, and that only by the abolition of all property in land, as Henry George said, can the people be saved.



The Awakening of China

There are many indications that China is at last thoroughly aroused to the necessity of opening the country to foreign influences, and it seems probable that the same tactics will be adopted as have proved so successful in the case of Japan—that is, the reorganization of the country is to be done by the Chinese themselves, especially by those who are to be educated abroad for this purpose. In this regeneration of the Middle Kingdom it is evident Japanese influences will predominate. Last year there were 1,753 Chinese students studying in Japan. This year the number has increased to 2,641 and more are arriving by the hundred in every steamer. All of the 19 provinces of the Chinese Empire are represented among them except the remote province of Kansu on the Tibetan frontier. More than half of the students come from the valley of the Yang-tze River, opened to civilization through the treaty port of Shanghai. Some of them are sent at the expense of the Govern-

ment and others pay their own way. In many cases the local authorities have spontaneously furnished aid to send promising students abroad to continue their studies. Most of the students are young men between the ages of 20 and 30; none is younger than 12, but some are much older. One is 60 and another 64. They are distributed among the different educational institutions of all grades, many of them being in the law schools and the military and naval academies. The two students first sent over by the Chinese Government in 1897 are now completing their studies in the Engineering College of the Imperial University. An imperial edict has ordered four missions to be sent abroad to visit all countries and study foreign methods. These missions are headed by Tsai Tche, a prince of royal blood; by Tai Hung Chie, second Minister of Finance; by Chu Shie Chang, chief assistant of Yuan Shih Kai, the most progressive Viceroy in China, and by Tuan Fang, Governor of the Hunan Province. The plans proposed by Yuan Shih Kai, Viceroy of the Chili Province, for the reform of the administration, the establishment of schools and the adoption of a constitutional Government are reported to have met with the approval of the throne. There is a determined effort to boycott not only American goods but all foreign capital. The Chinese merchants in many parts of the empire have petitioned the Board of Foreign Affairs not to grant any more railway franchises to foreigners, claiming that they are able to finance the roads without outside aid. The native merchants of the Che-Kiang Province to the number of 160 have subscribed enough money to build the Su-Chau, Hang-Chau and Ning-Po Railroad and have asked the Government to cancel the concession to the English. Similar action has been taken in regard to the Canton-Hankau Railway, 800 miles long and capitalized at \$29,000,000, in which Mr. J. P. Morgan and King Leopold of Belgium are interested. The Chinese Minister at Washington is reported to have offered the American syndicate \$6,000,000 to turn over the concession to the Chinese. The French Government is seeking to obtain this concession.

Personal Recollections of Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov

BY MAXIM GORKY

[As a narrative of the visit of the best known of Russian short story writers to another regarded as still greater, the following article has an especial interest. Maxim Gorky has long been popular in this country, and his imprisonment on the charge of conspiracy to overthrow the Government has recently brought him into greater prominence. Chekhov's stories are now beginning to be translated into English, and since they are much wider in scope and more varied in style than Gorky's they are likely to find more readers among us. According to Tolstoy Chekhov is the founder of a new school of literature, and his influence will be lastingly felt throughout the world. He was born in 1860, the son of a serf who had freed himself by his own ability. He was educated as a physician in the University of Moscow, and began to write for college journals at the age of nineteen. His death last year is deeply regretted, since he was at the height of his powers of production and his stories were becoming somewhat more optimistic in tone. The illustrations accompanying this article are all taken from caricatures originally published in Russian newspapers and magazines. The translation is by Lizzie B. Gorin.—EDITOR.]

I BELIEVE that every man when in the presence of Anton Pavlovitch felt the desire of being simpler, truer, more like his natural self, and I observed many times how people threw off the gaudy attire of bookish phrases and all the other cheap finery of high-sounding, bombastic words in which our Russian loves to adorn himself, like the savage in his fish-teeth and shells and feathers, in the foolish desire of aping the Europeans. Anton Pavlovitch heartily disliked fish-teeth and cocks' feathers. In fact, everything striking, gaudy and foreign donned by some one to "give himself additional importance" irritated and threw him into confusion. And I have noticed that every time he met an overdressed, bombastic person he felt inclined to free him from his burdensome and unnecessary tinsel trap-

pings, which distorted the natural face and living soul of his interlocutor. All his life Anton Pavlovitch lived on the wealth of his soul; he was always his natural self and kept himself internally free, not taking into consideration what others may have expected of him or others of less delicacy demanded for a moment. He disliked conversations on "high" themes—the sort of conversations with which our dear Russian generally loves to amuse himself, forgetting that it is ridiculous to speak of costly clothing which we are to have in the future when at present we are lacking even a decent pair of trousers.

Himself beautiful and simple, he loved simplicity, reality and sincerity, and he had a special way of making those with whom he came in contact simpler and better.



Gorky, the Contemporary Novelist



Gorky Has Been Photographed in So Many Poses that There Remains for Him no Other Pose but that of a Ballet Dancer

I remember that once he was visited by three richly dressed ladies. After filling his rooms with the rustle of their silk skirts and strong perfumery, they decorously seated themselves opposite their host, feigning that they were very much interested in politics, and began to "put questions."

"Anton Pavlovitch, with what do you suppose this war will end?"

Anton Pavlovitch coughed slightly and, after thinking for a moment, replied in his serious, gentle voice:

"In all probability—in peace."

"Well, yes—of course! But who will win? The Greeks or the Turks?"

"It seems to me that the one who is stronger is sure to win."

"And who, in your opinion, is the stronger?" the ladies asked, vying with each other.

"Those who are more intelligent and better fed."

"Oh, how witty!" exclaimed one lady.

"And whom do you like more, Anton Pavlovitch, the Greeks or the Turks?"

Anton Pavlovitch looked at her and replied with a kind, gentle smile:

"I like marmalade—don't you?"

"Very!" she exclaimed vivaciously.

"Of apricots!" sedately corroborated another.

And the third added with great relish, half closing her eyes: "It has a delicious aroma!"

And all three began to speak with great animation of marmalade, thereby showing that on this particular question they possessed a splendid erudition and a thorough knowledge of the subject. It was evident that they were glad of the opportunity not to strain their minds in feigning an interest in either Greek or Turk, neither of whom they had ever thought of until the very moment.

On leaving Anton Pavlovitch they said merrily:

"We shall send you some nice marmalade!"

"You have had a nice conversation!" I remarked after they had left.

"It is necessary that every one should speak his own language," he laughingly said.

On another occasion I found with him a young and very handsome assistant district attorney. He was standing before Chekhov and speaking in a very animated way, shaking his curly head:

"In your story, 'The Malefactor,' you have brought before us a very intricate question. If I should acknowledge in Denise Grigorieff an objective vicious will, conscious of the crime he commits, I would feel compelled to put him into jail without the least scruple, because that is what the interests of society demand. But he is a savage; he had committed the crime unconsciously, and I feel sorry for him! But if I should deal with him as with a creature who acted without understanding and therefore treat him with clemency, what guarantee can I give to society, whose interests I am bound to defend, that this Denise will not again meddle with the rails and thereby cause a terrible disaster? This is the question! What, therefore, is to be done?"

He stopped, threw back his shoulders and stared scrutinizingly into the face of Anton Pavlovitch. He was dressed in a brand new uniform and his breast buttons shone as self-consciously and stupidly as the eyes in the neat little face of the youthful zealot of justice.

"If I were the judge," Anton Pavlovitch replied earnestly, "I would acquit Denise."

"But on what ground?"

"I would simply say to him: 'See here, Denise, you have not yet ripened

into the type of a conscious criminal; go and ripen!"

The jurist laughed, but immediately continued with his former pompous earnestness:

"No, my revered Anton Pavlovitch. The question you put forth in your story can only be decided in the interest of society, whose life and property I am called upon to defend. Denise is a savage, yes, but at the same time he is also a criminal—this is the truth!"

"How do you like the gramophone?" Chekhov suddenly asked, very kindly.

"Oh, very much indeed! It is a wonderful invention," the youth replied vivaciously.

"And I cannot bear it!" Anton Pavlovitch sadly confessed.

"Why?"

"Because it sings and speaks without feeling anything, and it all comes out like a caricature—dead. Are you interested in photography?"

It came out that he was a passionate admirer of the photographers' art and he immediately began to speak of it with great enthusiasm, entirely forgetting the gramophone, tho he had so much in common with that "wonderful invention," as Chekhov so cleverly and truly observed. And once more I saw peeping from out the uniform a funny little man who as yet felt himself as much at home in the position he occupied in life as a young pup feels at the chase.

After escorting his guest to the door Anton Pavlovitch said gloomily:

"And such a pimple on the face of justice is deciding people's destinies!"

And after a moment's silence he added: "It seems to me that district attorneys love to angle fish."

He possessed the art of detecting and bringing out triviality—an art attainable only to men of very high demands upon life, and which is created only through a passionate desire that people should be simple and beautifully harmonious. Triviality always found in him a keen and cruel judge.

Some one said in his presence that a certain publisher of a popular magazine, a man who always talked of the necessity of love and mercy toward others, had without any reason insulted a con-

ductor of a railroad and generally treated his subordinates very badly.

"Well! Is that anything surprising?" said Anton Pavlovitch, frowning and smiling at the same moment. "Is he not an aristocrat—an educated person? Did he not attend the seminary? Has not his father worn bast-shoes and does he not wear patent leather boots?"

And in the tone in which he pronounced these words was something which at once made the "aristocrat" appear both insignificant and ridiculous.

"A very talented man!" he once said, speaking of a certain journalist. "He writes so nobly, always, and compassionately—sweetly—sweetly—calls his wife in the presence of strangers a fool—keeps his servants in a damp room and complains that the chambermaid suffers with rheumatism."

"Do you like N. N., Anton Pavlovitch?"

"Yes, very much. A pleasant man," Chekhov agreed, coughing. "He knows everything—reads much; he swallowed three books of mine. He is very absent-minded. To-day he tells you that you are a splendid fellow, and the very next day he will inform some one that you are cheating your servants out of their wages, and that you have stolen the silk socks from the husband of your mistress—black ones with blue stripes."

Some one complained in his presence of the tediousness and heaviness of the "serious" sections of the larger magazines.

"Do not read the articles," Anton Pavlovitch persuasively advised. "They are the so-called friendly literature—a literature between comrades. The authors of these articles are Messrs. Krasnov (red), Bielov (white), and Chernov (black). One writes an article, the other



Gorky and Chekhov as Rivals for Public Favor

objects to it, and the third reconciles the contradictions of both. It looks very much like a game of whist, a dummy for the fourth partner in the game. And not one of the three of them ever asked himself the simple question, why the reader needs all this.

"Critics are very similar to the gad-flies which are always hindering the horse in his work," he used to say with the clever smile of his. "The horse plows and strains its every muscle like the strings on a counter-bass; suddenly the gad-fly descends upon his back and begins to tickle him and to buzz, and the poor horse frets and waves his tail. What does the gad-fly buzz about? It hardly knows itself. It simply possesses a restless nature and wants to introduce itself to every one's notice—'know ye that I also am a resident of this globe! As you can well hear, I can even buzz—I can buzz about everything!' For the last twenty-five years I have been diligently reading what the critics had to say about my stories and I cannot remember to have found one useful indication or one good advice in all these years. Only once Skabichevsky made an impression on me when he wrote that I would 'die in a drunken state, somewhere under a hedge.'"

There always lurked in his gray, sad eyes a fine, ironical smile, but at times they could become cold, sharp and hard; at such times his flexible, soulful voice sounded harder, and it seemed to me at such moments that this modest, delicate man would stand up for his rights and defend them against an evilly disposed power, if he should find it necessary, with vigor and strength, to the very last breath.



When it was rumored that Gorky was planning to write a play on the life of the Jews the Tramps said to him: "O, for Whom Have You Left Us?"

At times it seemed to me that there was in his relation to people a feeling of utter hopelessness, something akin to a cold, quiet despair.

"A Russian is a remarkable being!" he once said to me. "He is very much like a sieve; everything goes through him. In his youth he greedily fills his soul with everything he can lay his hands on and at the age of thirty all that remains of it is a kind of grayish rubbish. To live well, worthy of a human being, one must labor. Work lovingly, faithfully—and with us nobody is able to do this. An architect sits down to the card-table or spends his time in the wings of the theaters as soon as he has succeeded in constructing two or three decent buildings. A doctor as quick as he succeeds in building up a lucrative practice for himself loses all interest in science and never reads anything aside from the 'News in Therapeutics.' And at forty he is earnestly convinced that all diseases emanate from chills. I have never yet met an official who to some extent understood the importance of his work. He generally sits at the capital or Government-city and composes papers which are sent to Zmiev or Smargon for execution. But he thinks as little of those whom his papers at Zmiev or Smargon deprive of their freedom as an atheist thinks of the agonies of purgatory. A lawyer, after he once makes a name for himself in a successfully conducted law suit, does not trouble himself any longer with defending just cases; he takes up the defense of rich corporations, plays on the races, eats oysters and represents himself as a connoisseur of fine arts. An actor, after rendering a few decent rôles, gives up studying any further, dons a cylinder hat and proclaims himself a genius. Russia as a whole is a land of greedy, indolent people, who eat much and daintily, drink, love to sleep in the daytime and snore while so occupied. They marry because a wife keeps the house in order, and keep a mistress because it elevates them in the eyes of society. Their psychology is purely canine; if you beat them they hide in their kennels, yelping softly. If you caress them they lie upon their backs with raised paws and a wagging tail."

His words sounded cold and con-

temptuous, fraught with a deep sadness. Despising, he also pitied, and if I happened to rail at some one in his presence Anton Pavlovitch would immediately take up his defense.

"Don't! Why should you? And he an old man; he is almost seventy."

Or:

"He is still so young—it is only because of his foolishness."

And when he spoke in this way I did not see any aversion in his face.

In youth triviality seems only ludicrous and insignificant, but it slowly envelops its victim in its grayish mist, penetrates his brain, pollutes his blood like a poison or the fumes of charcoal, and the man soon becomes like an old sign-board eaten through and through with rust; it looks as if something was painted upon it once upon a time, but now it is impossible to distinguish what it was.

Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov had already shown in his very first stories that he was able to discover in the murky sea of triviality its tragically somber jokes; one has only to read carefully his "humoristic" stories to be convinced how much cruelty and depravity the author saw and hid with modest shame under the exterior of droll and comical situations.

He was modestly chaste and could not permit himself to say to people loudly and frankly, "Do be more decent!" vainly hoping that they might themselves perceive the necessity of it. Hating everything trivial and dirty, he depicted the abominations of life in the noble and lofty language of a poet and with the gentle, ironical smile of the humorist. And under the beautiful exterior of his stories is hardly noticeable the full bitterness of the reproach conveyed by them.

Reading, the daughter of the respected public laughs heartily, hardly noticing the disgusting derision of the overfed "Barin" toward a poor, forlorn creature, alone in a foreign land, among strange people and surroundings. And in almost every one of Chekhov's humorous stories I hear the same low, deep sigh of a pure, truly human heart, a hopeless sigh of compassion toward people who cannot respect their human dignity and resistlessly obey a brutal power,



When Gorky Bought a New Estate and Took Possession of it the Tramp Says, "O, Gorky, Wo is Me!"

living like slaves and believing in nothing, aside from the necessity of gulping down every day as much as possible of the fat cabbage-soup, and who feel nothing beside the fear of some one strong and impudent who may fall upon them and give them a sound beating.

No one understood as keenly and clearly as did Chekhov the tragedy of a petty life, and no one before him so mercilessly and truly depicted to the people the picture of the sad and shameless life they lead in their murky, monotonous, everyday existence.

His greatest enemy was triviality; he wrestled with it all his life, he laughed at it and wrote about it with an unimpassioned, sharp pen. He could find the moldiness of triviality, even where everything seemed on the first glance to be very well arranged, with comfort and even with certain splendor—and triviality revenged itself upon its worst enemy by playing on the dead a disgustingly vulgar prank by placing his body—the body of a poet—in a car "For the transportation of fresh oysters."

That dirty green car seems to me nothing less than the great triumphant grin of triviality over its worn-out enemy, and in the countless "recollections" of the daily press I perceive the hypocritical sorrowfulness beyond which I feel the cold, evil-smelling breath of that same triviality, secretly rejoicing in the early death of its enemy.

Reading the stories of Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov one feels as on a sad day in late fall, when the air is so transparent and the bare trees, narrow houses and gray looking people are so sharply

outlined in it. Everything seems so strange and lonely, motionless and helpless. The deep blue distances are deserted and blend readily with the pale sky, breathing with melancholy cold upon the earth covered with frozen mud. The mind of the author, like the late fall sun, lights up with cruel clearness the broken roads, crooked streets, narrow, dirty houses in which pitiful little people are suffocating with *ennui* and indolence, filling their houses with a senseless, sleepy bustle.

Here is "The Little Soul" running uneasily here and there, a dear, gentle little woman who can love so much and so lavishly. She may be stricken in the face and she will not even dare to groan aloud, gentle slave. Side by side with her sadly stands Olga from "The Three Sisters." She also loves much, and patiently obeys all the caprices of the depraved and vulgar wife of her indolent brother; the lives of her sisters are ruined before her eyes and she weeps and cannot be of any help to anybody. She has not even one vigorous word of protest in her heart against all these iniquities.

Here is the tearful Ranevskaja and the other former owners of the "Cherry Grove"—egotistical like children and decrepit like old people. They have missed dying at the right time and are whining, not able to comprehend what is happening around them—parasites, without any power of finding a new support for themselves which would keep them alive with its live blood. The insignificant student Trofimov, who can

speak so nicely on the necessity of labor, idles away his time, seeking a cure for his *ennui* in his foolish derision of Varia, who works her fingers to the bone for the benefit of an indolent crew.

Vershinin dreams of the beautiful life people will lead in three hundred years, without seeing that all around him everything is going to ruin; that under his very eyes Solenoy is ready, from sheer foolishness and out of *ennui*, to kill the pitiful Baron Tuzendbach.

Before the eyes of the reader pass an endless file of slaves of love, of foolishness and indolence, of greed of good things of the earth—slaves of a dark fear of life. They walk with a vague fear and fill life with incoherent speeches of the future, feeling that in the present they are out of place.

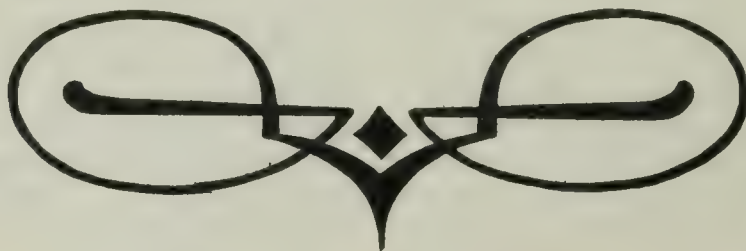
At times among the grayish crowd a shout is heard; this means that Ivanov or Treplov at last understood what he ought to do and—died.

Many of them dream so beautifully of how nice life will be after two hundred years have passed, and no one even thinks of putting to himself the simple question: But who will make that life beautiful if we will spend all our time in idle dreams?

Past all this crowd of helpless people went a great, wise, attentive man; he looked upon all these tedious inhabitants of the land of his birth and said with a sad smile, in a gentle but reproachful tone, with a hopeless sadness in face and heart, in a beautiful, sincere voice:

"You live very badly, gentlemen! It is a shame to live so!"

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.



A Collar Starcher's Story

[The following truthful story of the strikers' side of the case was given to Rheta Childe Dorr by a Troy collar starcher especially for THE INDEPENDENT. The author fears to have her name used, lest she never could get employment in her trade again. This strike of the laundry girls is a very remarkable one. We understand that the history of the labor movement shows no other case where so many strikers have held out without breaks or internal dissensions for an equal length of time.—EDITOR.]

WHEN I left school at the age of sixteen to go to work there were very few opportunities open to young girls, for the time was nearly thirty years ago. Therefore I considered myself unusually lucky to have been born and brought up in Troy, N. Y., where the shirt and collar factories offered employment to women. I was lucky also in being a large, stout girl, for the work offered me when I applied was that of a collar starcher, and while this does not call for much muscle, it certainly requires endurance and a good constitution. In those days practically all the laundry work was done by hand. There were no ironing machines and very few washing machines. The starching was about all there was for a girl of sixteen. So a starcher I became and a starcher I am to this day, or rather, I was until the strike came in May.

I thoroughly enjoyed my first working years. The factory was not at all a bad place. I worked side by side with my friends, the girls I had gone to school with, met at church and at dances and picnics. The starching rooms were very hot and stuffy generally, like a Turkish bath, and the work was hard on the hands; but I didn't mind these discomforts. Looking back at it now I think we were very well off. There was nothing like the rush and hurry we live in now. We were not driven at such a furious pace, for, of course, there was not nearly the business done then that there is now.

The starching itself was a very different affair. The collars were two-ply, instead of the thick, unwieldy things men wear now, and there was no "lady work," as we say. Just men's collars, straight or folded back at the corners—two or three styles are all I remember. We were not obliged to dip those light collars. We simply rubbed in heavy

starch, using our hands and soft cloths. It was hot enough, but not the scalding work it is now.

The working hours were not too long—about eight hours a day. We went to work at nine o'clock, except in the busy season, when we were on hand at eight. The day passed quickly with the talk and sometimes a bit of a song to liven things up. We used to sing part-songs and old-fashioned choruses. Some of the girls had beautiful voices.

We have to be at the tables at seven now and an ambitious worker is usually in the factory half an hour before the whistle blows, to get her table ready. As for talk or singing, the foreman would have a fit if anything like that should happen. In our factory all talking is strictly forbidden. You run the risk of instant dismissal if you even speak to the girl across the table. Even at the noon hour you can only whisper. I've seen girls discharged for talking and I know of a case where a girl lost her job for sneezing. The foreman said she did it on purpose. They are not as hard as this in all the factories. Much depends on the foreman.

My father and mother died before I was twenty. We had our little home and my brother and my three sisters and I lived on there. Three of us girls worked in the factories and one sister stayed at home and kept house for us. Our combined wages made a pretty good income. We lived well, dressed well and were very happy. My brother married and went West to live. The housekeeping sister married next and then my youngest sister found a husband. That broke up the home, for the two that were left couldn't afford to keep it up. We took a couple of rooms and did our little housekeeping early in the morning before we went to work.

At this time there came a break in the

monotony of my life. I married a young man I had known for a number of years. He was an iron molder and made good wages. We went to housekeeping and I thought my collar starching days were over forever. But my husband was taken ill, and before I realized that he was seriously sick I was a widow with a two-year-old daughter to support.

I naturally thought of the factory, but a friend who kept a grocery store begged me to come to live with her and help her with the business. I was glad to do it on account of my little girl and I did my best to become a good grocery clerk. I cannot say that I enjoyed it, however. It was slow compared with the sociability of the factory, and besides, when you have learned to do one kind of work well you prefer to stick to your trade. I stayed at the store for eighteen months and at the end of that time I married again; a young telegraph operator I met in the store.

You see I have really done my best to fulfill what the ministers and others often tell us is the true destiny of a woman—to be a wife and mother. But the fates have been against me. My second husband had incipient consumption when I married him, altho neither of us knew it. He died after a short illness and six months later my little boy was born. Before the baby was a month old I was back in the factory, a starcher girl once more. Except for this interval of six years I have earned my living starching collars at four cents the dozen.

I have managed to bring up my two children fairly well. They have gone to school and my daughter has had music and dancing lessons. She is thirteen now and beginning to think of learning a trade. I shall not allow her to become a starcher. My boy is ten. He is very fond of his books and I shall try to put him through the high school. I don't know exactly how it is to be done, especially if the Employers' Association succeeds in cutting our wages in half.

There are many married women and widows in the factories in Troy. Of the married women, some have been deserted and others have gone to work because their husbands could not seem to make a living. It seems to me that in a community where the women greatly out-

number the men the men get discouraged and deteriorate. Very few of the girls in Troy look forward with enthusiasm to marriage. If they are making fairly good wages they hesitate before giving up their jobs. They have too many object lessons around them of women who have come back to the factories after a few years of married life, all their gayety and high spirits gone and two or three children at home to support. It is a mystery to me how they bring up their children so well. I had friends to help me with mine and I suppose the others have. It means sitting up until all hours sewing, mending and washing little clothes. After all, a working mother is like any other woman; she wants her children to wear pretty dresses and starched white petticoats.

Collar starching cannot be classed with unskilled labor. It requires considerable intelligence and a knack of handling the starch so as to get it smoothly through the goods. A poor starcher can upset a whole laundry, for if the collars come out soft from the ironing machines they have to be washed over again. The collars come to us in bunches of a dozen each. We cut the string, dip the collars in a tub of scalding hot starch, throw them on the table, which is covered with a clean cloth, and with the tips of our fingers rub out all the bubbles and wrinkles and force the starch evenly through the linen. Then with a soft cloth we wipe off the superfluous starch and pile the collars in dozens again. They are hung on long bars, which are thrust into drying ovens, after which they go to the sprinklers and ironers. This is mostly machine work, done by young girls. The finishing is hand work and is done by older women.

The starchers work very quickly, of course. They have to, both for the sake of the collars and for the sake of their wages. It is possible to starch fifty dozen or more a day, depending on the style of collar. I have often done so. The straight band collar is easier than the wide turnover. If the work kept up at such a pace a starcher's wages would amount to ten or twelve dollars a week, but, unfortunately, the busy season lasts only three months in the year. A good starcher makes as high as fifteen or six-

teen dollars a week during those three months. The rest of the year she is lucky if she makes seven dollars a week. The average, I think, is about six. The average wage the year round is between eight and nine dollars.

In order to make good money during the busy season I get up at half-past five in the morning, prepare a hasty breakfast, leaving the dishes for my daughter to wash. By half-past six I am at work. In the middle of the morning I stop just long enough to take a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, which stay me until lunch time. Ten minutes' pause for lunch and I am hard at work again. Sometimes I work as late as eight o'clock. When I get home my daughter has my dinner ready for me. A year or two ago I used to have to get it myself after the work was over. Then, often there was washing to be done, for I am obliged in my factory to wear a white gown. Dark calico doesn't present such an attractive appearance, you know.

Many women have it harder than I. One friend of mine has two children and a bedridden mother to care for after hours, and just before the strike her husband was brought home with a broken hip.

I am describing conditions in the nine factories which make up the Employers' Association. These factories supply nearly ninety per cent. of all the collars and cuffs sold in the United States. There are other factories in Troy, two of which make the highest grade collars sold. They have refused to join the Employers' Association. These factories pay better wages than the others and treat their employees well. Unfortunately they do not launder their own collars. Most of their work is done in a large independent laundry in the town. This laundry pays its starchers five cents a dozen for collars. Everybody likes to work there, for the girls are treated splendidly. They are allowed to talk and laugh as much as they please, provided they don't waste their time. In spite of the high wages and the good treatment of the girls that laundry makes money. It seems queer, doesn't it, when we are told that our employer's business would go to smash if we were allowed to speak to the girls across the table?

I have said that a girl in our factory could make between eight and nine dollars a week the year round. The books will show that this is true, but the fact is you can't find out all there is to factory work by looking at the books. You can't find out, for instance, how much of the employees' wages go back to the firm in the shape of fines. To be docked two dollars a week is the commonest thing in the world at our factory. We expect it, in fact, and are thankful when it amounts to no more.

When I go to work in the morning I am given a slip of paper marked on one side "Received" and on the other "Returned." I mark on the one side the number of collars I receive. When the collars are starched I turn them over to boys from sixteen to twenty and they are sent to the drying rods. These boys mark on the other side of the slip the number of collars returned. If a boy makes a miscount or if for any reason at all the numbers do not tally on both sides of the slip, the starcher is docked. The amount docked from her wages is purely arbitrary. If she is short a dozen of work she is charged from fifty cents to a dollar. If the return side contains a dozen more collars than the starcher appears to have received the starcher is docked ten cents and is not paid for the work she is credited with doing. The great majority of the girls are docked every week in this matter of the received and returned slip. The boys are never docked, it being assumed, apparently, that they never make mistakes. But we no longer even wonder why these unjust distinctions are made.

If a starcher drops one collar on the floor she is docked five dozen collars. In other words for every collar dropped on the floor the girl must starch five dozen collars for nothing. The starcher is even held responsible after the collars leave her hands. If the bars on which the collars are dried happen to be dirty the starcher is fined, although the bars are supposed to be cleaned by other workers. If a collar drops from the cleaning bars and is found on the floor, the four girls whose work is nearest are fined. Since it is not possible accurately to locate the careless one the four are punished in order to fine the right one.

These are not all the excuses for docking, but they are the most flagrant and unjust ones. It has been said on good authority that our firm alone has recovered from its employees, in fines, \$159,900, during the past ten years. I am not an expert at figures, but I should think that the amount was fully as large as that.

The starchers are no worse off in the matter of fines and hard regulations than the stitchers and banders and other women operatives. In some departments the pay is so low and the fines so excessive that the operatives hardly make a living wage. Yet, for some reason, the starchers alone have been organized. Our union has not been a very strong one and in the two recorded strikes in the last twenty years it suffered from the weakness and dishonesty of its leaders. Our position seemed pretty hopeless last August, just a year ago, when our present troubles began.

At that time several firms in the Association put in starching machines. We had no objection to machines, nor have we now, provided the machines do the work. We would welcome any device which made our task easier or enabled us to turn out more work. I want to make that point clear at the outset.

The machines were brought in but the table starchers were not put to work on them at once. Young girls were brought in from the outside and were set to work in a room by themselves. These girls until just before the strike were not subjected to the same conditions that the table starchers were under. They were given only the easiest work; they were allowed helpers, so that they never had to leave their tables. They were not docked for any cause. In this way they were able to make very fair wages, the payroll, in fact, showing that they received about the same as the table starchers, who were receiving larger pay per dozen collars. Then the table starchers were informed that hereafter all starching would be done by machinery and that wages would be cut to two cents a dozen. At the same time they began to lay off ten girls a week.

The great majority of the girls were entirely ignorant of labor union methods. Most of us had never even read any la-

bor literature. But every one of us realized that the time had come when we must organize. The first thing the union did was to agree, instead of having these girls laid off, to share our work with them. We were anxious to retain the girls for more reasons than one. For instance, we were puzzled to understand why they were laid off. We knew that there was no shortage of work, for the firms were actually sending work out to other shops.

We next agreed to try the machines, and we maintain that we did give them a fair trial. They were put in some time in August, and the strike did not come until the 4th of May following. We experimented with them long enough to convince all the starchers, including the new ones who had never starched after the tables, that the machines did not and could not starch the collars. The starchers were supposed to only have to rub the work over lightly after it left the machines, but the fact is they had to do as much to the collars after they came out of the machine as they did to the hand starched work. The machine work resulted in stiff welts in the loose linings of the collars, and these welts we had to beat and soak out, and often restarch the whole collar, making the process longer and harder than it had ever been, with a cut of fifty per cent. in our wages.

Why should the firms have put in such machines? We asked ourselves the question, and at first it seemed like another of the experiments they try from time to time, experiments which the workers are made to pay for. One such experiment was the use of a certain kind of starch, presumably a cheaper quality than had been used, for the end and aim of all manufacturers is, of course, to lower the cost of production. I shall never forget that starch. It was a German importation. We tried very hard to use it, knowing, of course, that we would be docked if the work was unsatisfactory. It was impossible for us to get it into the linen, and our work all came out soft. We were docked, tried the starch again and were again docked. Then we struck, but our union was too weak to hold out. We went back, tried the starch three days more with the same result and finally convinced the firm that

the starch was no good. We paid for that experiment with something like a week's wages.

Knowing the uselessness of combating an experiment we kept on at the machines for a little while after we saw that they could not do the work. The factory was all upside down. One day one thing would be said and the next day another. Three cents a dozen for hand work began to be talked about, and then, all of a sudden, the light broke upon us. The whole thing was clear. The machines were merely a subterfuge to reduce wages. It is not easy to reduce a wage scale which has obtained for twenty-nine years. Awkward explanations have to be made and there is always trouble. The longest way around is the shortest way home in such matters. To put the burden of the reduction on the worker is a clever trick. To bring the thing around in the shape of a compromise is to save a great deal of trouble.

This sort of thing could not go on indefinitely and finally the end came. The table starchers and the machine starchers held a meeting and discussed the situation. We agreed that we could not stand a reduction of fifty per cent. We felt that we should have to grant something to save ourselves, so we agreed to accept a reduction of twenty-five per cent. by working after the machines, with bunchers and hangers up, but we were firm in our determination to stand by our old wages for table work. Meanwhile small groups of girls were being discharged and laid off.

We appointed a committee to call on the head of the firm. He refused to let the committee into his office. Twice was the committee refused an interview. Then we struck. The girls remained in the workrooms until one of the firm came in. He said that he had business at the armory and could not talk to them. The leader asked when he would be willing to discuss matters. He said: "You must first go back to work, and I will consider about giving you a hearing at some future date."

The girls refused to go back to work until the matter of discharging and the matter of wages were discussed, and that night they were all discharged.

Several attempts were made to patch

up the trouble. The Commissioner of Labor tried to intervene and the State Board of Mediation, I think it is called, did what it could. The Chamber of Commerce also tried. Arbitration was all the girls asked for, but they insisted that the arbitration come before they went back to work. President Shea of the Federation of Labor and George Waldron, a delegate of the Federation, were chosen to confer with our firm. The firm referred them to the Manufacturers' Association. The Association refused to meet the men but agreed to meet a committee of the starchers. On May 11 the starchers met the Association, and two days later they met them again. Nothing came of either meeting, and a few days later all the girls walked out, not only from our factory, but from the nine in the Association. The machines had not been installed in all the factories, nor had the wages been reduced in all the factories, although we knew that they would be, since the Association exists to kill competition between the factories. The immediate cause of the sympathetic strike was the action of the other factories in taking the laundry work of the factory where the strike occurred. We have been much blamed for this sympathetic strike. As for me, I cannot see the difference between our sympathetic strike and the sympathetic action of the factories in the Association.

We have been out ever since. At first there were small riots. We picketed the factories and tried by all peaceable means to prevent the non-union girls hired to take our places from entering. Some of them turned back ashamed, but others persisted in going in. These girls had their hair pulled and their faces slapped. I am not concealing that. The non-union girls were certainly terrorized. A few of them were handled pretty roughly. We have been denounced for this. Well, there may be better methods of preventing thoughtless and heartless girls from injuring their class, and thereby injuring themselves. There may be, I say, better methods. I wish I knew what they were. Many of these girls were not in the permanent working class. They became strike breakers from ignorance and want of re-

flection, most of them. Others probably belonged to the class that out of pure snobbery opposes organization. They will not join a union because they do not wish to officially ally themselves with the working classes. There are plenty of women like that. As I said, I wish I knew some way of teaching them their lesson without slapping their faces.

We have allied ourselves with the national body of the Laundry Workers' Union and receive strike benefits from them. Some of the girls, whose sisters are working, voluntarily do without the benefit money; so there is enough to support the others. Some have left Troy and have found work in other towns. The rest of us are still doing picket duty and are holding the union together in all ways we know of. We have every confidence in our leaders.

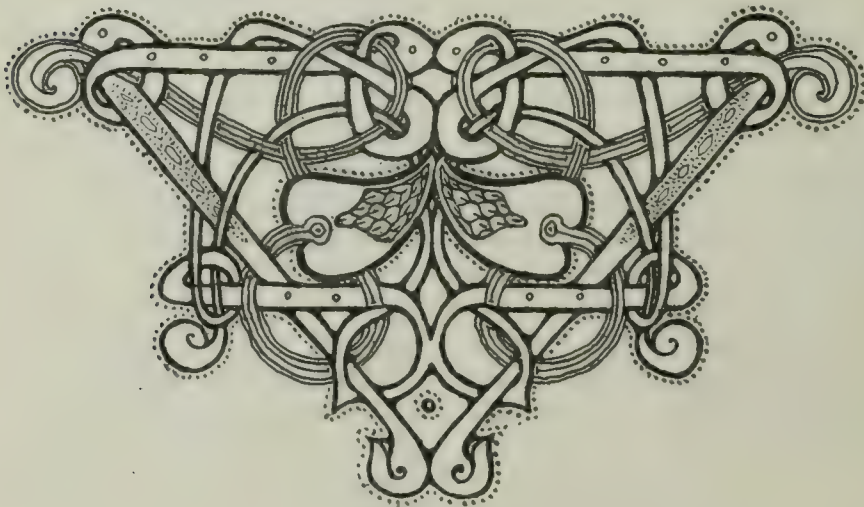
The sympathy we have met with in the town has been very encouraging. One merchant gave us \$500 cash and another gives us \$25 a week. Of course most of the merchants are afraid to offend the manufacturers, whose patronage is worth more than that of the workers. The churches generally are thoroughly down on the strikers and our own ministers tell us that we ought to submit our-

selves to the terms our kind employers are good enough to offer us. The head of my firm is one of the most generous contributors to the Y. M. C. A. and has helped build and renovate two churches. He is called an active Christian and is very much looked up to by the best people in Troy. Others in the Employers' Association are splendid churchmen. The Sunday schools and the church societies have a great hold on many of the stitchers and banders. For this reason large numbers of them hold out against a sympathetic strike of the operatives. They tell us privately that they hope we will win and if we do they will probably form unions of their own. That is always the way and we do not complain.

Meanwhile there is one comforting feature: the Employers' Association, in order to save money, is spending it. They have to send all their laundry work out of town to get it done. Some of it goes as far away as Chicago. Their express bills must be something awful.

There is one more little bit of comfort. You ought to see how fat and rosy the girls are getting in the open air. Girls who didn't look like anything are as pretty as pinks since they began to do picket duty.

TROY, N. Y.





Going Berrying

BY E. P. POWELL

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY HOME," "OLD FARM DAYS," ETC.

I AM seventy-three years of age, but I am going berrying whenever I please. The boys have no right to all the genuine fun in the world. There is a deal too much treading on our heels. They may do it in the shop and the office; but the woods are still ours. We are "old," but not so old as the hills. The boys may claim the gardens also if they like, where the big berries grow under big names—sixteen to the quart. I like better the free and unclaimed glensides and the knolls on the hillsides, where strawberries creep at five hundred to the quart. Down on my knees, and my head full of boy joy and forgetfulness of sociological problems! It is delicious! And sometimes I run my arms through a fence, and grab a few nodding stalks in my neighbor's meadow. What did they nod for? A cuckoo gives the alarm, and my conscience gets sorely muddled with proverbial ethics. It surely is safer for me to face away from that fence.

I go home with a basket full of *Fragaria chiloensis* crossed with *Virginiana*, and try to imagine that they are sweeter than the Sharpless and the Senator Dunlap and the sample of my garden. Nonsense! they are not! It is the romance, the delicious abandon of moulting old age that gives the charm and even the fragrance. My appetite is just as good as at seven, and there is no use trying to fool myself—those berries are beautiful on their stems; and they do smell finely; but they are not superior in any single

way to our best garden sorts. City people, who are compelled to eat Wilsons and Crescents and Warfields—pickles in the strawberry line—may prefer these little, wild, mild, sweet berries; I do not. But the ramble, the freedom, the baby thoughts, the downright jolly time—these I hold to be better than anything that I can find where markets are to be considered.

Raspberrying is still more my delight, because we can find so many varieties. This berry is all upset. It is struggling for civilization; and some bushes have even lost their thorns. In color there are not only black ones and red ones, but white ones and yellow and pink. The black sorts are of all sizes and all shades of color. I find some of those in the clearings, crawling over stumps, that are superior in flavor to the best in the gardens. I have seen a bush climbing over a pile of stones; and a mass of clusters, glossy, and certainly equal in all ways to the Souhegan and the Kansas. Do you know that the birds are great horticulturists? Between them and the bees are solved some of the great problems of cross-breeding. The bees do the crossing and the birds carry the berries all about the fields. These spring up and the new crosses constantly increase. Man is left to do the selecting. The fact is, an alliance has grown up between us and the bees and birds, upon which civilization is almost entirely dependent.

Recently the black raspberries and the

red ones have taken to crossing, producing huge purple fruit. These crosses follow the black, rooting at the tip, but they are like the red in form and general flavor. They almost invariably, in their seedlings, revert to the black. Such crosses are not uncommon around the edges of the woods. A yellow black raspberry is also found—generally a very seedy affair, but sometimes luscious and high flavored. These have a bad habit of losing their color after having been picked for an hour or two. Such sports always occur where a variety or species gets upset, or broken, in its conservative routine. A red sort will give us a white seedling, or a yellow; or possibly a single branch will sport its color. The Golden Queen is said to be a New Jersey sport of the Cuthbert. The flavor sports also, and the texture. This crossing and sporting we take up scientifically; but Nature does it rather contrary to her will. She cares very little for fancy and huge things; she wants fecundity. When we argue her down with our "improvement" and "progress," she yields gracefully, and tries experiments in the forest edges and the wild glens. Go anywhere, with an eye to the new things, and you will find raspberries are amazingly unsettled. They look unhappy in each other's company. There are the aristocrats and the democrats; the old fashioned, conservative small ones, covered with thorns, and let alone by both man and birds, and the big progressives that quickly take our fancy. With radicals thorns are unpopular. Man has come about to take the place of thorns—the proud protector of the best. Selfish competition of all sorts is to be displaced by love—thorns in the berryfields and bayonets where the people meet must go.

The red raspberry has another tale to tell. It was not made red because Mrs. Brown likes that color for her jelly or in her rows of cans (by the way, every woman thinks more of the beauty of her canned berries than of their quality). They were and they are red, because in that way they easiest catch the eye of bird gardeners, and so the seeds are distributed all about the wilderness. Black is another color that, by contrast, catches the eyes of the bird and secures plenty of

distribution. The most curious garden imaginable is that which comes up where you cut away an evergreen tree. For years the birds have dined in its branches and dropped seeds. Visiting my Michigan garden, which I had left as a fine illustration of art and culture, I found it to be a marvelous thicket—and half the trees were what I never planted. They had come from seeds dropped by birds.

But all this while that I am talking to you I am filling my basket with some of the most beautiful and fragrant red raspberries that you ever saw. Just now there is a sub-conscious statement, somewhere about my physical nature, that the dinner hour has come. By the way, a wise man knows far more than he thinks he knows. He knows a great deal without thinking. Imagine yourself on a very high hill—or range of hills—half a mile from a house, and with an appetite like a north wind. A corn field is near by, with roasting ears. Logical sequences are, a fire of brush wood, a forked stick, and a half dozen roasted ears. If the owner of the corn happens along he will make no objections, provided you put out the fire carefully when you are through with your dinner. The proverb says "It takes a fool to kindle a fire." This is only partly true; a fool can kindle a fire, but generally he cannot put it out. It takes a bonfire sense to kindle a bonfire, and a stove sense to kindle a stove fire. The woodman's sense is not at all common sense; but is unique, and is an absolute essential to campers out. It puts out a fire so thoroughly that no possible harm can come from kindling it.

You do not know the wild gooseberry by the fuzzy things that you sometimes find absolutely hidden among thorns. You should go on a gooseberry hunt some day and see what you can find. Follow the fences for the most part—the old-fashioned zig-zag rail fences, or the stone fences, where the scythe does not easily get hold of the fringe of bushes. I have one fine scarlet berry that I found under such a fence nearly hidden by a huge elder bush; it is the only rich red gooseberry in cultivation. You may hunt all day, and get not one sort fit for cultivation; then again you will find a good many that are worth the testing. But you always have the consolation that

there is no jelly possible to be made better than that from the prickliest and meanest wild gooseberries. They are good for nothing else that I have ever heard of. The wild gooseberry, as you generally find it, with bushes literally covered with brier, and the berries themselves too prickly for the mouth, is the finest instance that I know of self-protection. Birds manage sometimes to pick holes in them, to extract the juice and seeds; but generally they hang until they drop with overripeness. I think it was working among such fruits that taught the oriole his bad habit of picking into our grapes and plums and cherries, to suck a bit without eating any whole fruits. In this way he has become the pest of vineyard and garden.

I do not know why it was, but it is a fortunate fact that the English people fell in love with the gooseberry; and this has led to a deal of improvement. Their Crown Bobs and Lancashire Lads are among the finest samples of plant breeding that we have. I am growing sorts that are three inches around. They are not so good for jelly as the wild ones; but for gooseberry jam and gooseberry tarts there can be nothing finer. To most people going gooseberrying is not as interesting as going strawberrying, but I have one boy friend who is a natural evolutionist. To find a bush worth transplanting pleases him more than a basket full of fruit. He either digs it outright and starts for home or marks it for future exploiting. He is a germinal Burbank. I think there are lots of these youngsters to be looked for as the influence of our experiment stations spreads.

Blackberrying is an art by itself. The essential incidentals are a good dog, a light basket and lots of lunch. You are to be gone all day, over the hills and through the gulches. You must wear an old discarded suit—too poor to give away to a respectable tramp. Your dog knows what you propose as soon as you pick up your basket and put on your rig. One inquiring sniff, and he leaps on you with a spatter of barks. A good lunch is something that can be easily carried and easily handled; cookies, bread and butter, only not too much, for you will fill up with berries. You will

find an hour before night when even dry bread without butter will be delicious. Cookies are ideal, as they can be carried in the pocket, and munched as you stroll—now a handful of berries and now a mouthful of cookies. Ginger snaps will not do, nor anything that contains abnormal irritants. The blackberry flavor is such a clean, pure flavor that it will not go with anything in the way of spice.

Berry lots are not as easy to find as they once were, yet somewhere within two or three miles of almost any home in the hilly sections there is a native glen—one untouched spot. This will almost surely have a brook running through the depth of it, and there will be many exceedingly interesting features beside the berries—piled rocks, tumbled trees, and great beds of ferns with scarlet lobelias. I have been this year through a glen whose sides were forever devoted to such things as blackberries, because too steep for horse and plow. We,—that is, my dog and I—sometimes crawled, and sometimes pulled our way where the bushes held great masses of luscious fruit. Rover had taught himself to relieve hunger by eating the berries. This he did skilfully by drawing up his lips and picking them with his teeth. In one of these tramps, even in the wildest places, you will find some attempts on the part of bush and berry to improve—but not as marked advance as with the raspberry. This impulse is getting to be universal. Man is hypnotizing the whole world. Everything is giving up its efforts merely to propagate by multiplicity and is learning to retain its hold on the soil by worth. Let the pessimists go out and study this tendency. Mr. Burbank's work is only a high stage of this effort of mind and will to control Nature and to bias natural laws.

Mem.—Got back at eight o'clock; had a big bowl of fresh milk containing half a pint of fully ripe and sweet blackberries and homemade bread. The bowl was replenished when necessary. This brought me into harmonious and almost spiritual relations between my stomach and my head. Ate it under the pine tree grove—then laid down in a hammock, fell asleep, and did not wake up till twelve o'clock. Went into the

house and to bed with a perfectly satisfied feeling. Shall go blackberrying as often as I please. Found that I had escaped six useless callers and a book agent—missed one friend. I have compunctions only about the book agent. Poor fellow! think of being detested by everybody. Next day had a great deep blackberry pie for dinner; and the dog came and laid his head on my knee, and looked as if to say, Won't you go again? What's the use of "business"? Let's go and have a good time! Animal instinct does not differ very much from human instinct; we all like to get away from the tape strings of civilization and lose our conventionalism in the woods. Is there really no way whereby the tens of thousands of city children can go berrying? How awfully far is the tenement wilderness removed from the wild glen and its delicious fruits—the crowd from the individualism of spending a day out of hearing of a single human being.

Perhaps these elements of the mass do not need, as yet, anything so serious as being dropped down alone in the woods; but we do. I am sure that I am revitalized and my mind clarified in no way better than by a days' companionship with Nature. At no other time do higher thoughts drop into the soul. I am in danger of losing God where they are all the time talking about him; but the personality that is in Nature, the infinite mind-power, nudges my elbows when I sit down with my dog on the hidden hillocks or dabble in the brook where fishes nibble at my fingers and crumbs. Ah, Life! Life! Beautiful Life! There is no escaping it, if one can but get the din out of his ears. Blessed be he that finds God. There is a power—a very simple human power—that is able to see him in bushes that do not burn and hear him in the ripple of the brook or the silence that surrounds the berry picker.

Yet there is a social side to berrying.

You should do your strawberrying alone; your raspberrying with a troop; your gooseberrying with one of like mind; your blackberrying with your dog. Nothing is more aggravating, when you find a strawberry knoll, than to have a half dozen tumbling over it, pell mell, to pull the stalks of berries. It is indelicate, spoils half the berries, and there is born a rivalry. At least at my age I like best to go deliberately, to study the beauty of the unplucked berries, to creep quietly about and hunt out the hidden ones, to carefully spare the unripe. Then what can be finer than to sit down, occasionally, on one of these knolls, to meditate on the charms of the far-spreading valley. Lie down, if you please, for a half hour's nap, on a mossy log—or on the hummock covered with delicious mints, while forget-me-nots grow at your feet. The bees are companions enough, with occasionally a song sparrow who leaps out of the bushes and trills gloriously. You have time to find his nest and count the eggs. Way off in the southeast you hear the roar of the iron furnaces. Who cares? Mother Nature has us on her lap to-day.

It is different with raspberrying. The fun comes in finding new crosses and studying everything by comparison. There is such a fine chance for competitive examinations. Besides, there are berries enough for all. My companions are nominally younger; but as they do not find it out it makes no difference. I never go on a gooseberry hunt except with Johnny, who has a genius for this sort of thing. He is better than a crowd. Yet in either case there is the afterstudy, the keen discussion of sorts and values and the later excursion to collect our plants. All this is for the good of the world. There will be years of garden testing to follow; and once in a while there will be a great acquisition.

CLINTON, N. Y.



The Recent Work of Professor Loeb

BY JOHN BRUCE MacCALLUM

[The remarkable discoveries of Professor Loeb in the debatable land between the physical and biological sciences have given rise to such exaggerated and sensational reports in newspapers and magazines, that it is with unusual pleasure that we give our readers an authoritative account of the problems he is now investigating from one of his colleagues in the University of California. Professor Jacques Loeb was born in Germany April 7, 1859, and studied physiology at Berlin, Munich, Strassburg, Würzburg and Naples. In 1892 he was called to the University of Chicago, where he spent ten years. His work on the physical and chemical explanation of some of the phenomena of life has been characterized as much by thorough and patient experimentation as by the originality and daring of his hypotheses.—EDITOR.]

THE experiments with which Professor Loeb has been engaged since the laboratory of physiology at Berkeley was opened have touched upon three main problems. These are the production of hybrids from two species not nearly related in the animal scale, the control of heliotropic reactions by chemical means, and the problem of artificial parthenogenesis, or the chemical fertilization of eggs in the absence of the male element.

I.—HYBRIDIZATION.

With regard to the first problem it has been well known that hybrids can only be formed from animals which are nearly related, and that in nature hybrid formation is very uncommon. Its rarity is emphasized when one thinks of the vast numbers of sexual products of various animals which become mature and set free in the sea water simultaneously. It must be an extremely rare event for the spermatozoon of one animal to fertilize the egg of another species under the natural conditions of life, since hybrids are never found in the ocean, except possibly those formed by very closely related varieties of animals. The problem therefore which presented itself to Professor Loeb was to determine, if possible, the conditions which prevent this fertilization, and to so modify either the egg, the spermatozoon or the surrounding medium that the crossing could take place between forms not nearly related. There exist obviously three variables—namely, the conditions of the egg, of the spermatozoon and of the sea water in which the animals live. It was hoped that by changing one or more of these variables conditions might be produced

in which the crossing could take place. It was finally found that by varying the constitution of the sea water the egg of the sea urchin (*Strongylocentrotus*) could be fertilized by the spermatozoa of the starfish (*Asterias*), two animals which are not at all related.

The eggs of the sea urchin were chosen for the experiment because their development can be accurately controlled. Many other eggs develop parthenogenetically—i. e., develop on slight chemical or mechanical stimulation without the aid of the spermatozoon. The eggs of the sea urchin, on the contrary, develop parthenogenetically only under certain conditions which are well known and can be definitely controlled. In addition to this the eggs of the sea urchin form a definite membrane about them as soon as a spermatozoon has entered. This is called the fertilization membrane and is not formed when the eggs develop parthenogenetically.

It was first shown by Dr. Loeb that normal sea water is neither acid nor alkaline in reaction, and that in this neutral medium the eggs of the sea urchin can be fertilized by the sperm of the sea urchin, but not by the sperm of the starfish. The same is true for artificial solutions which resemble sea water in containing sodium chloride and calcium chloride and in possessing a neutral reaction. If, however, the neutral sea water or solution be made slightly alkaline the hybridization between the sea urchin and the starfish readily takes place. It was found that the addition of a very small percentage of sodium hydroxide to the neutral solution caused 50 to 80 per cent. of the sea urchin eggs

to be fertilized by the spermatozoa of the starfish, so that they form the typical membrane of fertilization and begin to segment. It was further noted that in the alkaline medium in which sea urchin eggs may be fertilized by the sperm of the starfish the eggs of the sea urchin cannot be fertilized by the sperm of the sea urchin.

Two series of control experiments were carried on in this connection; in the first place to prove that the eggs were not contaminated by sperm of the same species, and in the second place to prove that the development did not take place as the result of artificial parthenogenesis. That there was no contamination by sperm of the same species was shown by the fact that eggs taken from the same sea urchin and left in sea water without the addition of starfish sperm did not develop at all. Artificial parthenogenesis was excluded by placing eggs in the alkaline solution in which hybridization occurred and adding no starfish sperm. Under these conditions no eggs segmented. It was also proven that the development was not the result of artificial parthenogenesis induced by shaking or other mechanical disturbance. Also the fertilization was not caused by some substance introduced with the sperm, for sperm which has been killed by raising the temperature did not produce the fertilization.

It is difficult to explain why sea urchin eggs may be fertilized by starfish sperm in alkaline sea water and not in normal sea water. It was shown by Dr. Loeb that it is not due to an increase in motility of the sperm in the alkaline medium. The sperm becomes still more actively motile when sodium bicarbonate is added, but no fertilization takes place in this mixture. It seems that the alkaline reaction is necessary only during the time that the sperm is entering the egg. The eggs may then be removed to normal sea water and will develop as well as in the alkaline mixture.

It is possible that these experiments may throw some light on the very obscure fields of immunity and infection. Why one animal, for example, is susceptible to the attacks of certain bacteria while another kind of animal is not cannot be readily explained. There may be

some analogy with the fact that the eggs of one species may be fertilized by a certain kind of spermatozoa while the eggs of another species may not. And if the immunity of the sea urchin eggs, for example, toward the infection by the sperm of the starfish depends on the absence of an alkaline reaction in the surrounding medium, it seems possible that the immunity possessed by the cells of certain animals toward certain bacteria may have a similar basis. No conclusion in this regard, however, can be made until more experimental evidence is gathered.

Since the addition of a small amount of sodium hydroxide to the surrounding medium not only destroys the immunity which sea urchins normally possess toward the sperm of the starfish, but also produces in the eggs an immunity toward the sperm of the sea urchin, it seems not impossible that an immunity against certain bacteria might be established in an animal by changing in some way the chemical nature of the medium which surrounds the cells of the body.

These relations to the problems of immunity are mentioned by Dr. Loeb not as facts or theories, but merely as suggestion of possible paths along which future investigation might travel.

2.—ARTIFICIAL PARTHENOGENESIS.

Problems somewhat related to those just described are the problems of parthenogenesis. By this word is meant the segmentation of an egg produced by means other than union with the sperm. Segmentation which is produced by chemical, physical or mechanical disturbance in the absence of the male element is said to be due to artificial parthenogenesis. Several years ago Dr. Loeb began the study of this subject. Previous to this time practically nothing was known with regard to it. It had been known for some time that the eggs of certain of the lower forms of animal life began to segment when they were left in sea water for a day or more. It was also known that the eggs of certain species of animals were capable of segmenting and did segment naturally without having been fertilized. In other words, the eggs of these species are naturally parthenogenetic. Of the great majority of animals, however, this is not

true, and under the natural conditions of life their eggs do not segment or develop unless they are fertilized by the male element. The main problems of parthenogenesis were to determine on the one hand the conditions which caused one kind of egg to be naturally parthenogenetic, and, on the other hand, the conditions which prevented other kinds of eggs from developing without being fertilized. And it was necessary to determine if possible what change might be made in surrounding conditions which would cause eggs not naturally parthenogenetic to develop in this way. It was hoped in this way finally to discover what part the spermatozoon actually took in the fertilization. And in the beginning it could be assumed from the fact that some eggs do develop without being fertilized that the spermatozoon probably has two functions—namely, to hasten the process of segmentation in the egg, a function in which it can be replaced by other conditions, and to carry hereditary tendencies. These, then, were some of the problems that confronted Professor Loeb in undertaking the study of artificial parthenogenesis, and his experiments have transformed this subject, about which little was known, into a definite and well controlled branch of experimental biology.

It was shown, in the first place, by Loeb that an increase in the concentration of the sea water caused marked changes in the segmentation activity of various fertilized eggs, and following this Morgan found that the addition of 1.5 per cent. sodium chloride or 3.5 per cent. magnesium chloride to the sea water caused unfertilized eggs to segment until they reached the 64-cell stage. In a long series of experiments Dr. Loeb showed that the eggs of *Arbacia* (one of the sea urchins) could be made to segment by immersing them for a little less than two hours in various solutions and then transferring them to normal sea water. These solutions were made by adding either magnesium chloride, potassium chloride, sodium chloride or calcium chloride to sea water in such a proportion that the concentration of the sea water was thereby considerably increased. In other words, the addition of these salts increased the osmotic pressure

of the sea water. The best solution was that containing magnesium chloride, and in this the eggs began to show indications of segmentation fifteen minutes after they were removed from the solution and placed in normal sea water. It was characteristic of this segmentation that no membrane was formed around the eggs such as is always formed when the egg is fertilized by the spermatozoon. The eggs developing in this way parthenogenetically as the result of an increase in the osmotic pressure of the sea water could always be readily distinguished by their lack of membrane from those which were allowed to be fertilized. In all of these experiments the most rigid precautions were taken to guard against the presence of spermatozoa in the sea water. The sea water was sterilized, and the females from which the eggs were taken were washed for a considerable time in a stream of distilled water, which kills the spermatozoa that might possibly adhere to the body. No males were touched during the experiments, and the experimenter's hands and instruments were always sterilized. Furthermore, numerous control experiments were constantly carried on.

It was therefore definitely proven that in the entire absence of the male element the eggs of *Arbacia* could be caused to divide by the addition of salts in such concentration that the osmotic pressure of the sea water was increased. This increase in osmotic pressure tends to cause a loss of water by the eggs. In some solutions this segmentation goes on until freely swimming larvæ are formed. These differ from the larvæ of fertilized eggs in some respects. They are found always swimming at the bottom of the vessel, while the larvæ developed from fertilized eggs swim at the surface of the water. In addition to this the parthenogenetic larvæ present a ragged appearance, which is due to the absence of cell membranes.

Further experiments were carried out on *Chaetopterus*, a marine worm. It was found that the unfertilized eggs of this creature could be caused to develop into swimming ciliated larvæ by simply increasing the osmotic pressure of the sea water, as was the case with the eggs of

Arbacia. Every precaution was taken here also to make it impossible for spermatozoa to be present, and control tests were made with the eggs of the same female placed in normal sea water. In these control tests no larvæ developed.

These experiments have been repeated and confirmed by a number of investigators, and the pupils of Professor Loeb have produced artificial parthenogenesis in a variety of lower animals.

In all his earlier experiments on artificial parthenogenesis Dr. Loeb had noticed that the parthenogenetic development of unfertilized eggs differed in several particulars from the development of eggs which had been fertilized. Some of those differences have already been mentioned. The fertilized eggs become surrounded by a definite membrane, while the unfertilized ones do not. The rate of development is considerably faster in the fertilized egg, and the number of eggs which develop is much greater when they are fertilized than when they are caused to develop parthenogenetically. Practically a hundred per cent. of fertilized eggs develop, while the percentage of unfertilized eggs which could be caused to develop by increasing the concentration of the sea water was less than 20 per cent., often only 1 to 2 per cent. In addition to these differences it was characteristic for the larvæ derived from unfertilized eggs to swim at the bottom of the vessel, while those from fertilized eggs remained at the surface of the water.

During the present year Dr. Loeb has discovered a method by which these differences are almost entirely done away with and the development of unfertilized eggs brought about in a way quite similar to that of eggs which have been fertilized. Thinking that the increase in the concentration of the sea water imitated only one part of the changed conditions normally brought about in the egg by the entrance of the spermatozoon, Dr. Loeb experimented with a number of organic substances in an attempt to imitate other conditions which might possibly exist. He found finally that if unfertilized eggs were first treated with the concentrated sea water and then allowed to remain a very short time in a solution of ethyl-acetate nearly a hundred per

cent. developed. And these developed just as the eggs which have been fertilized develop; they formed a membrane; they developed with the same rapidity as the fertilized eggs, and the larvæ swam at the surface of the water instead of at the bottom. In other words, the process of fertilization was accurately imitated by physical and chemical changes in the conditions of the eggs. It was found later that ethyl-acetate could be replaced by acetic acid, formic acid, or almost any of the acids of the fatty acid series. The ethyl-acetate probably owes its action to the free acetic acid which it contains in solutions which are not perfectly fresh.

This brief outline of the work on parthenogenesis will serve to show how Dr. Loeb's experiments have gradually cleared up this difficult field of investigation, so that now the segmentation of the egg may be almost perfectly controlled by physical and chemical means. Many problems remain to be solved, and with these perfect methods we may look for results of great interest in the near future.

3.—ANIMAL HELIOTROPISM.

It has been known for a long time that plants which are grown in a room bend toward the light. This tendency to react to light has long been known as heliotropism, and those plants or parts of plants which bend toward the light were called positively heliotropic, while those which bend away from the light were termed negatively heliotropic. The details of these phenomena have been thoroughly worked out by botanists, and many theories have been advanced to explain the mechanism of the bending. It was found also that the light of short wave length—*i. e.*, in the blue end of the spectrum—exerted a much more powerful influence on the heliotropic movements of plants than the red rays.

Professor Loeb was the first to point out that the same reactions toward light which are characteristic of plants are possessed also by animals. He called attention to the analogy which exists between the flight of a moth toward a flame and the bending of a plant to the light. If the plant were capable of independent locomotion it would be forced to move progressively to the light, just as the

moth is compelled to move in that direction. By experiments extending over a number of years Dr. Loeb proved absolutely that many animals are subject to the influence of light. In some cases this is so marked that their whole lives seem to be controlled by changes in light.

Eudendrium is a marine hydroid which consists of a stem with lateral polyps. If these animals be placed in an aquarium which is illuminated from one side only the polyps gradually bend toward the light. The light falls at first on one side of the polyp, which bends until the rays fall upon it symmetrically. As soon as symmetrical surfaces of the polyp are stimulated equally by the light the bending ceases, and the polyp merely continues to grow toward the light. This is true in general for heliotropic movements. In plants as well as in animals the light falling on one side of the organism causes a concentration or contraction of the protoplasm in that region, so that the organism is mechanically turned until the light falls equally on the two sides. It seems that in the surface tissues of these animals there must be a substance which is sensitive toward light, and is perhaps changed chemically by changes in light intensity. Such a change causes the protoplasm on the side upon which the light falls to contract or become in some way more concentrated, so that a bending must take place in that direction.

Dr. Loeb found that the more refractive rays of the blue end of the spectrum are much more powerful than those of the red end in producing heliotropic curvatures in animals. This is true also of plants.

Eudendrium is a sessile animal, remaining fixed in one place like a plant. The same heliotropic reactions, however, occur in freely swimming animals, such as Gammarus, which is a fresh water crustacean. These are ordinarily negatively heliotropic, gathering always at the side of the vessel away from the source of light. Working with these animals Professor Loeb has recently made a very important and interesting advance in the knowledge of heliotropism. As suggested above, the change which light brings about in the surface of the animal is probably a chemical one.

It seemed to Dr. Loeb therefore that the heliotropic movements should be subject to control by chemicals, and an attempt was made to accomplish this by changing the composition of the water in which the animals lived. It was found that if a small amount of a dilute acid be added to the water containing Gammarus, these animals, which in pure water collect at the dark side of the vessel, almost immediately move toward the window side. In other words, the addition of an acid such as hydrochloric, acetic, or oxalic acid makes the negatively heliotropic animals positively heliotropic. The same result is obtained with carbon dioxide and with certain substances such as alcohol and paraldehyde. This seems to show that the heliotropic movements depend on a chemical change brought about by the light. The older view that an animal swims or flies toward the light because the light has a fascination for it, or because it likes the light, cannot be held. Such reactions lead as often to the destruction of the animal as to its well being, and we must conclude that movements brought about by light are involuntary and probably chemical in origin.

These are the main problems which have occupied the attention of Dr. Loeb during the past few years. Important discoveries in other fields were made previous to this, but cannot be included in so brief a review. These subjects included heteromorphosis, or the replacement of one organ by another. For example, the stem of Tubularia, which ordinarily grows polyps at one pole and roots at the other, was made to grow polyps in place of roots by reversing the stem in the sand. Other experiments were concerned with the action of various salts on the animal body, but these results cannot be stated in a few words. Dr. Loeb's work on the physiology of the brain is easily available, as it is published in book form and in large part could be read understandingly by those without scientific training.

Experiments which are being constantly continued by Dr. Loeb promise to add still further to our scientific riches, and it is hoped that within a few years many more obscure places in the study of life phenomena will be cleared up.

Political and Other Life in England

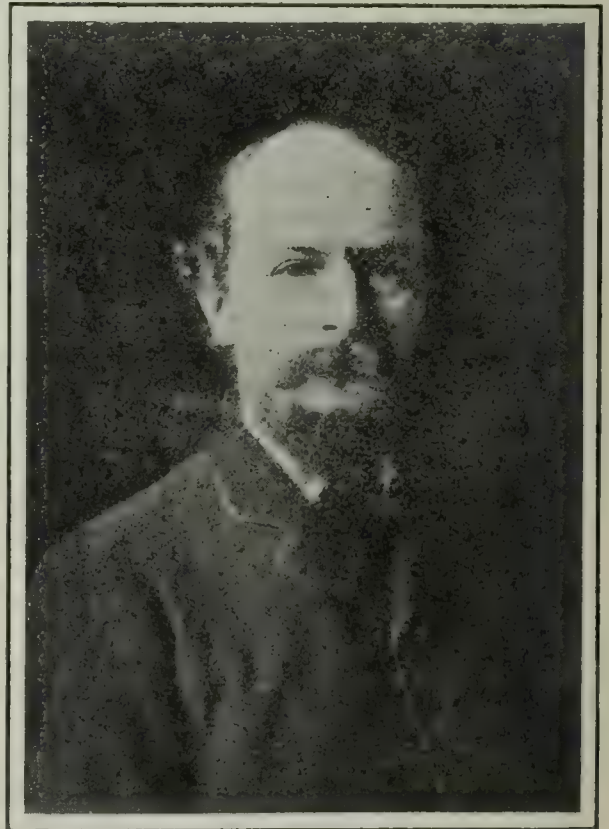
BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY

THE Parliamentary session draws toward its close. In the ordinary course of things a session must come to an end in the early part of August and the probabilities of a dissolution and an appeal to the country this year seem less apparent than they were some few weeks ago. The Government have a great many measures in hand, but do not appear by any means disposed to hold them in hand with anything like a firm grasp and have to all outer evidence only taken them up in order to make a show of at least trying to do something. The great question still is whether Mr. Balfour is to subdue Mr. Chamberlain or whether Mr. Chamberlain is to conquer Mr. Balfour, and the prospect at present seems to be in favor of Mr. Chamberlain's victory. "Joseph," as he is familiarly called, has the great advantage of knowing what he wants to do. His present object is to put himself at the head of affairs on the Conservative side, and we all know that where a purpose of that kind impels him he is not an easy man to turn out of his course. Mr. Balfour on the other hand has little or no personal ambition to gratify. His soul is not and never has been in political life and I do not think he feels any particular pride in being the Prime Minister of the British State. My own impression is that once the trouble of the struggle were over, whether the struggle be with Chamberlain or with the constituencies, Arthur Balfour would feel quite happy if relieved of the dignity and the weariness of leading an Administration.

Chamberlain, who had been keeping determinedly in the background for some time, has lately come to the front again. He has been holding great meetings and delivering speeches in which he has made uncompromising declarations that there is no essential difference of opinion between Mr. Balfour and himself and that they will carry the whole Conservative Party along with them. Now it might surely be assumed that on such a ques-

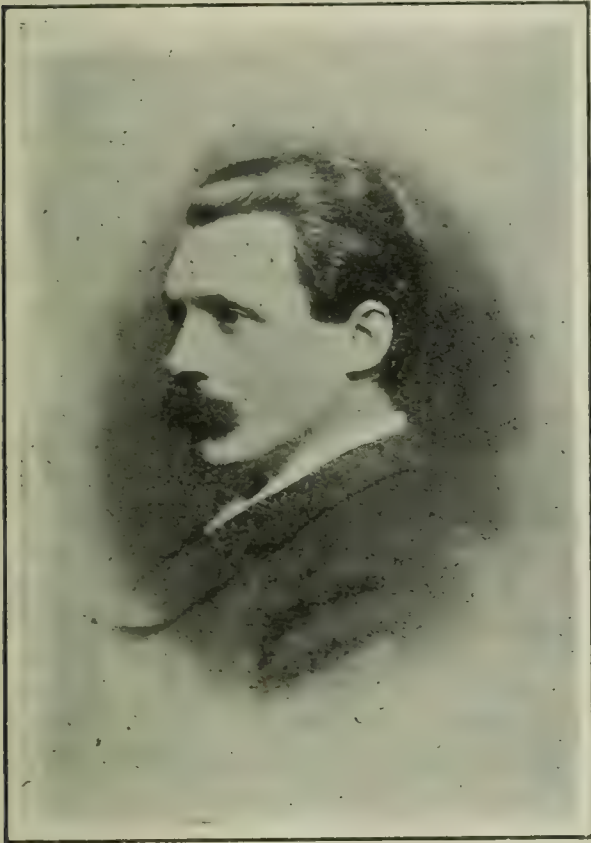
tion as this Mr. Chamberlain must mean what he says and must also thoroughly understand what he is talking about and thus far at least Mr. Balfour has said nothing to the contrary. At the same time I must say that I personally should not feel much inclined to accept Mr. Chamberlain's declaration as actually conclusive on the question and I should much like to know what Mr. Balfour himself when conversing in private with his personal friends declares to be his opinion on the subject.

I may say that if I were a Conservative in politics, which, as the readers of THE INDEPENDENT may possibly know, I certainly am not, my personal sympathies would go much more with Mr. Balfour than with Mr. Chamberlain. I believe Mr. Balfour to be a thoroughly sincere man and entirely without personal ambition and I cannot say that I could venture to sum up Mr. Chamberlain's character in quite the same terms. But in the case



A. C. SWINBURNE

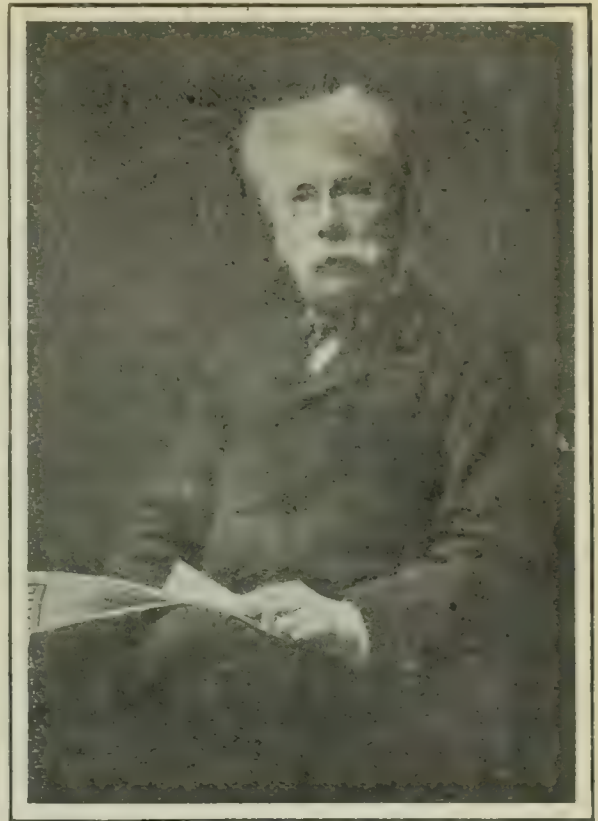
of a direct struggle between the two men in a political career, one of whom knows exactly what he wants to do and is not over particular as to the means of doing it, and the other of whom has no definite end of his own to accomplish and would probably be rather particular as to the means of accomplishing any personal end, the chances are much more in favor of the former than of the latter. I should think Mr. Balfour would be quite happy as an unofficial member of the House of Commons or even of the House of Lords.



THE LATE GEORGE GISSING

Either chamber would be to him an agreeable place of relaxation, a place in which to hear debates now and then and occasionally when he felt so inclined to take a part in them and to have meanwhile plenty of time for his literary and his artistic studies and for the society of his chosen friends. Mr. Balfour is a lover of books and of art and of intellectual fantasies and their study and culture and never so far as I can judge could become wholly absorbed in the practical work of political life.

Just now I wish more than ever that Mr. Balfour had settled himself down to this career as an amateur in politics at



HENRY W. LUCY

any time before the present session. He would then have been saved from the discredit of introducing as Prime Minister that measure for the redistribution of parliamentary constituencies in Great Britain and Ireland, the details of which were submitted to the House of Commons a very few nights ago. I have already given my readers of *THE INDEPENDENT* my anticipations as to the character of this measure, but I had still even then a hope that such a measure could never be seriously introduced by any administration in the closing days of a Parliament. Now however the House of Commons has had the details of the measure set before it in a series of resolutions and we know that it is in substance merely a proposal to make a sweeping reduction in the representation of Ireland. The proposal is that 22 constituencies in Ireland shall be deprived of representation. The spoils of this capture are to be divided among England, Scotland and Wales. Seventeen new seats are to be given to England, four to Scotland and one to Wales. This is the most important part of the proposed measure, and it need hardly be said that such an attempt will be resisted

to the very last by the Irish Nationalists and by all true Liberals in England, Scotland and Wales. Let it be remembered to begin with that as I have pointed out to the readers of THE INDEPENDENT already the Act of Union which extinguished the Irish National Parliament affirmed that the representation of Ireland in the Parliament of Westminster should consist of not less than 100 members. At present it consists actually of 103 members and therefore the proposed reduction would bring the representation of Ireland very much below the figure appointed for it by the Act of Union itself. This means, to begin with, a repeal of one part of the Act of Union, and the Government who admit to the people of Ireland that the Act of Union may be properly altered in any one of its leading clauses can hardly any longer continue to treat as a movement of mere rebellion the effort of the Irish National Party to repeal the Act altogether. It must be remembered that the reason given by the Government for the proposed reduction in the number of Irish representatives is the fact that the Irish population has of late years greatly diminished and it must be remembered at the same time that this diminution is entirely and absolutely due to the evil legislation with which successive English Governments have afflicted the Irish people and have rendered it impossible for Irish tenant farmers and Irish laborers to make a living on their native soil. The Irish population, the men and women born on the Irish soil or born of Irish parents, have not diminished in the meantime but have greatly increased in numbers. Irish men and women, the great majority of them, have found a home in America, where they can earn their living in comfort and can rise to prosperity, and in the Australasian colonies, where like conditions await them. To drive millions of the people out of their native country in the first instance and then to insist that because these millions have preferred emigration to starvation, the remaining millions must be partially disfranchised is hardly a policy which can find favor in the mind of any intelligent and true-hearted Englishman whether he be Liberal or Conservative. This new effort at legislation if pressed forward is sure

to create something like a convulsion throughout Ireland and to arouse a feeling of impassioned resistance among Irishmen all over the world. I cannot believe that Mr. Balfour really hopes to carry such a measure without a preliminary appeal to the whole constituencies of Great Britain and Ireland at a General Election and I cannot help deeply regretting that he should ever have allowed his name to become associated with such a policy.

The arrival of Mr. Whitelaw Reid as American Ambassador in London has been the occasion of many demonstrations of welcome. The lamentable death of John Hay interrupted for a time many of these genial demonstrations, for John Hay was well known to this country, not only in his capacity as a statesman but also as the author of poems which were admired and loved in every English home where the blending of humor and pathos in poetry can be appreciated. But the welcome to Whitelaw Reid was only interrupted for the time and is sure to find many and many a mode of expression as the new Ambassador comes to be better known here. The speeches made by Whitelaw Reid have been received on several public occasions with enthusiastic applause and I feel certain that his stay in England will do much to increase and intensify the friendly feeling between these countries and the United States. The opening of Whitelaw Reid's career as American Ambassador to the English Court is one of the great events of the year.

The action brought by Mr. Moy Thomas the younger against the proprietors of *Punch* and Mr. Henry W. Lucy has been the subject of more comment and more talk in London and all over these countries than any other legal proceedings which have taken place in a Civil Court here for a long time. I have no doubt that among American readers generally the case must have excited a very lively interest. Henry Lucy is the "Toby, M. P." of *Punch*, to which lively periodical he also contributes many literary reviews, and it was in this latter capacity that he wrote the article on Mr. Moy Thomas's book which has created so much sensation. The book which he reviewed was the life of the late Sir John

R. Robinson, manager, and lately editor also, of the *London Daily News*, a paper on the parliamentary reporting staff of which Mr. Lucy served for many years not as a shorthand reporter of speeches, but as a writer of clever and humorous descriptive and picturesque articles—a paper of which he was for a short time the actual editor. When Sir John Robinson died he left behind him some written memoranda for an autobiography. Sir John had during his long career as a newspaper manager become acquainted with almost every prominent mover in the political world at home and with many such men from abroad, and his impressions of such men must have formed most interesting and valued reading for the public in general. Mr. Moy Thomas undertook to prepare the biography. Mr. Moy Thomas and his father both held influential positions on the staff of the *Daily News*, and it probably seemed quite reasonable that he should undertake to put into shape the story of Robinson's working lifetime. When the work appeared Mr. Lucy attacked it severely in the columns of *Punch*, whereupon Mr. Moy Thomas brought an action against him and the proprietors of *Punch* and succeeded in obtaining a verdict for £300 damages and costs. I must say that the biography appeared to me absolutely valueless as a record of the experiences of Robinson and it had in fact comparatively little about Robinson himself in its pages. Mr. Lucy, however, used, I suppose, some rather strong expressions of condemnation regarding Moy Thomas and his mode of working up biography and these I presume influenced the judge and the jury in deciding against him and the proprietors of *Punch*. The general feeling of the public is, I think, that even though Lucy may have been sometimes too harsh in his condemnation of Mr. Moy Thomas there is yet much danger in any course which condemns a critic to pay damages for expressing his literary opinion of a book even in the strongest terms. Every one who knows Henry Lucy—I have myself known him intimately for more years

than I care to reckon up—must know that he is one of the most good natured of men, as kindly as he is brilliant, and that is saying a great deal. He has made his way to his present high position in the literary world by sheer ability, by wit and humor, by hard work and resolute perseverance, and I am sure it may be taken for granted that he will not suffer much in public estimation even from this adverse verdict and that the proprietors of *Punch* will still be able to find readers enough for their famous publication.

Two novels which have just been published illustrate in peculiar fashion the opening of one great literary career and the close of another. The first is "Love's Cross Currents," by Algernon Charles Swinburne (Harper Brothers, New York), and the second is "Will Warburton," by the late George Gissing (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York). Swinburne's novel is his first and thus far his only attempt at prose romance. George Gissing's is the last work written by that really great novelist before his death. Swinburne's novel was kept in concealment by its author for many years and was only brought into publicity in comparatively recent days, first in England and then I think in New York, and without Swinburne's consent. Now he has been induced by the persuasion of his dear and devoted friend and comrade, Theodore Watts-Dunton, himself a gifted and a brilliant writer, to issue an authorized and completed version of the book, seeing that it is no longer possible to withhold it altogether from the public. The novel on the whole seems to show that Swinburne was entirely too modest when he strove to keep his first effort at prose romance from the outer world and I entirely agree with Watts-Dunton in believing that the outer world has a right to its possession. Sir Walter Scott was famous as a poet before he ever published a novel, but his novels only gave him a new and a greater fame. I feel sure that the fame of Swinburne the poet will at least not suffer any diminution from the appearance of Swinburne as a novelist.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The State as Employer

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

[Mr. Alger is a New York lawyer who for a number of years acted as counsel for the State Federation of Labor. He drafted the amended bills covering "the prevailing rate of wages" and the eight-hour law, and also drafted the employers' liability law and engineered it through the Legislature.—EDITOR.]

THE question of what should be the relation of the State as employer to its employees is not merely an abstract question of law, but is much more one of applied ethics. With the enlarged conceptions of the functions of the State now firmly established and with the enormous expenditures which are being made annually for so-called public works involving the direct or indirect employment of thousands of workmen, the determination of this question of ethics becomes more urgent and important. Shall the State recognize as its duty that obligation which every high-minded employer recognizes of treating employees fairly, paying them a proper wage and requiring from them only reasonable hours of service, or shall it repudiate all moral obligation and upon a basis of lowest commercialism consent that the longest hours and the lowest wage shall be imposed which the market of men affords? We see these two questions daily asked and answered by employers in the business world, the closest parallel to the State as employer being those private corporations whose officers must decide whether, in justice to their stockholders, they owe any moral obligation to pay employees more than the lowest market rate, or whether the stockholders are not entitled as dividends to the sums wrung by the stern law of supply and demand from the necessities of the men who earn them.

New York decided some years ago the position which its citizens thought the State should take as an employer of labor. The legislature, representing the people, decided that the State should not only itself pay fair wages for fair hours, but should insist that its work done by its contractors should be performed on similar terms. A statute was enacted expressing that principle, one provision

of which was that eight hours should constitute a legal day's work for all employees on public work, and another, that the wages to be paid upon public work should not be less than the prevailing rate for a day's work in the same trade where such public work is performed. The law required each contract for public work to contain a stipulation to the effect that each workman employed by the contractor or subcontractor should be employed such hours and receive such wages. This statute decided in effect that the State had an interest in the way employees were paid, who built its public works, and the length of hours in which they labored; that in the same way in which a citizen might refuse to wear garments made under sweat shop conditions the State itself might refuse to have its public works done by contractors utilizing the padrone system and refusing to pay their workmen what justice requires.

The entire moral principle underlying this legislation was, however, repudiated, so far as contractors on public work are concerned, by two decisions of New York's highest court and the right of the State itself to regulate the wage terms of contractors with it denied. The first portion of this statute to be attacked was the one relating to wages. A contractor having obtained a contract in which he agreed to these wage conditions required by the State, and having undoubtedly obtained a larger contract price than he would have obtained if this provision had not been part of the bargain, deliberately violated his contract, and the Comptroller of New York City having refused, on account of this violation, to pay him the balance claimed upon the contract, he brought action to compel such payment, claiming that the so-called prevailing rate

of wages law was unconstitutional, and that he was not bound to comply with his contract so far as it provided for the wage payment of his employees. The highest court in New York, by a divided court, sustained his contention. It held this prevailing rate of wages law to be in violation of the State constitution, "because it permits and requires the expenditure of the money of the city or that of the local property owner for other than city purposes," the reasoning of the court on this proposition being in effect that anything above the lowest market rate is in effect a gratuity. A further ground for holding the wage law invalid was found in the fact that it prevented the city and the contractor from agreeing with their employees upon the measure of their compensation.

This decision (*People ex. rel. Rogers v. Coler*, 166 N. Y.) in effect holds that the right to obtain labor at the lowest possible rate is an inalienable right and duty of the State and its cities, and that legislation which requires on public work the payment by contractors of a prevailing or ordinary rate of wages (not, it is to be observed, *more* than the usual wages current among workmen of a given class) is beyond the power of the legislature. The Chief Justice of the Court, Judge Parker, in a singularly able opinion, dissented from the prevailing judgment of the court, and said:

"The legislature, which is vested with the power to direct the conduct of the business operations of the State by this statute, has not only declared it to be the policy of the State, as a proprietor, to pay the prevailing rate of wages, but has enjoined upon its several agents and agencies the duty of executing this policy. An attack upon this statute, therefore, assails the right of the State, as a proprietor, to pay such wages as it chooses to those who either work for it directly or upon any work of construction upon which it may be engaged."

The decision of the majority of the court Judge Parker describes as a "judicial encroachment upon legislative prerogative." He says upon the question of public ethics involved in this case:

"It would seem to follow that the position taken by the State in enacting this statute was precisely like that of an individual who for any reason determines that if it would be a

little more honest, as that term is usually applied, it is not more than just to pay for a thing what it is fairly worth, and that the principle should be applied as well to the compensation of labor as to the payment for material."

The balance of the statute, the portion of it which provides for the hours of work and prohibits a contractor with a State or a city from requiring more than eight hours a day for labor on public work, was also (*People v. Orange County Construction Company*, 175 N. Y., 84) held by the highest New York court to be unconstitutional as violating the Constitution of the United States.

This Construction Company had been indicted for requiring more than eight hours' work from its employees in the performance by it of a contract for the improvement of a public highway, a violation of this provision of the labor law being a misdemeanor. The court held that this statute, prohibiting a contractor with the State or a municipal corporation from requiring more than eight hours work for a day's labor, had no relation to the public health, morals, or order, and cannot be upheld as a valid and constitutional exercise of the police power vested in the legislature, and as it applies only to contracts with the State or municipality, it creates an arbitrary distinction between persons contracting with the State or a municipality and other employers of labor, thus violating the provision of the Federal Constitution forbidding any State to "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of its laws."

Under these two decisions the entire policy of the people of New York, as indicated in this statute, was apparently nullified. The Court of Appeals practically held that on the highly important question of the business morals of the State itself the people were precluded from reaching a determination which they thought was just. If these decisions of New York's highest court should be followed in other States a more helpless situation for those who believe that the State should be a model employer can scarcely be imagined.

A very recent case decided by the United States Supreme Court (*Atkins v. State of Kansas*, 191, U. S., 207),

one of the most important decisions ever rendered in this country on law in its relation to labor, has, however, placed this problem so far as other American States are concerned in an entirely different light. The case in which this decision was rendered arose out of a Kansas statute enacted in 1891, by which a rule of conduct had been adopted by that State practically identical with that of New York. The statute differs from the New York statute in its wording, but is identical in its principle, both as to the hours and the wages to be paid employees. This statute (3827 of General Statutes of Kansas) provides for an eight-hour day for all laborers employed by or on behalf of the State or by any county or city, except in cases of extraordinary emergency, etc. It provides further that all public contracts shall be deemed to be made on the basis of eight hours, and that it shall be unlawful for any corporation, etc., to require or permit any workman to work more than eight hours per calendar day, except in cases of extraordinary emergency, and that

"any officer of the State or any contractor with the State violating the statute shall be punishable by a fine of not less than \$50, etc., or by imprisonment."

In this case a contractor named Atkins, who had entered into a contract with the Mayor of Kansas City for the opening of public streets, hired one Reese, a common laborer, to work for him in laying pavement. Reese was required to work more than eight hours a day. Atkins, his employer, was for this convicted of a violation of this law, and he appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. The law had been previously considered by that court and held to be constitutional (*in re Dalton*, 61 Kansas, 257), and following that decision his conviction was affirmed and he appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is obvious from a very cursory examination that the decision of the Kansas Court involves the same principle as the New York Eight-Hour law case cited above (*People v. Orange County Construction Company*) and reaches a precisely contrary conclusion. The Supreme Court of the United States has now held

the Kansas decision to be correct, and in effect reversed the New York Court of Appeals so far as that case held the New York Eight-Hour law for public work to be a violation of the Federal Constitution. The Supreme Court does not even indulge in a doubt as to the constitutionality of this Kansas statute. "Indeed, its constitutionality is beyond all question." On the principle of the right of the State to act as a model employer unaffected by an constitutional limitations, the Supreme Court says:

"Whatever may have been the motives that controlled the enactment of the statute, we can imagine no possible ground to dispute the power of the State that no one undertaking work for it or for one of its municipal agencies shall permit or require an employee to labor in excess of eight hours each day, and to inflict punishment upon contractors who disregard such a regulation. *It cannot be deemed a part of the liberty of any contractor that he be permitted to do public work in any mode he may chose without regard to the wishes of the State. On the contrary, it belongs to the State, as guardian and trustee for its people, to prescribe the conditions in which it will permit public work to be done. No court has authority to review its action in that respect.*"

This decision is an authoritative finding that, so far as the Constitution of the United States is concerned, the States have full power to pass statutes providing the terms and conditions under which public work may be done as to the hours of labor which shall be expected of employees performing such work. The decision is important because heretofore hour legislation has been upheld solely on the ground of the interest of the State in the public health, and as an appropriate exercise of police power. The well-known Utah Eight-Hour law was sustained by the United States Supreme Court solely on this ground.

The present decision of the Supreme Court is based not at all upon any police power of the State, but upon an affirmation of the State's right as employer to determine what terms and conditions of labor are just on work done on its behalf, and on its further right to insist that those terms be carried out even by punishing criminally those who violate them. The decision is important further because similar statutory regulations of the hours

and conditions of labor exist in many States, and the decision will be a powerful argument for sustaining them before local courts. Statutes in principle similar to the New York and Kansas statutes, and covering either State employment alone or employment by the State and its contractors, exist, for example, in Massachusetts, Indiana, Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Texas, Washington, Porto Rico, Tennessee, West Virginia and Maryland, and have been enacted covering direct Governmental employment only by the Federal Government.

In England, since 1891, a resolution of the House of Commons, the so-called Buxton rule, provides that *in all Government contracts* it was the duty of the Government "to make every effort to secure the payment of the rate of wages generally accepted as current for the competent workman in his trade."

Singularly enough the first State to be influenced by the Supreme Court decision is New York. In February of last year the Court of Appeals, in *Ryan v. City of New York*, 177 N. Y., 271, by a close vote of four to three, modified its previous determination that the Prevailing Rate of Wages law was unconstitutional. It now upholds that law, so far as it applies to the workmen directly employed by the State or its cities. The earlier case had been one in which the wages in question were those of employees of contractors. The present status of the New York Wage law as determined by its highest court is briefly this: The Legislature may lawfully provide that the State and its cities shall pay fair wages (not less than the prevailing rate) to its own employees, but if public work is done, not by direct public employment but through agents and contractors, the Legislature has no power to prescribe what wages these agents shall pay who voluntarily contract to do public work. In other words, if a city does its own public work by direct employment it must pay the prevailing rate of wages to its employees. If it, however, *does the same work through contractors* it must not and cannot require the contractors to pay similar wages. By similar reasoning in its most recent decision (*People Ex rel Cossey v. Grout*, 179 N.

Y., 417) the New York Court of Appeals has again found the Hour law on public contracts to be unconstitutional. The United States Supreme Court having held that the Federal Constitution does not forbid such legislation for fair hours for employees on public work, the New York court has been forced to change the basis of its decision against the Hour law from the Federal Constitution to the Constitution of the State; and its latest conclusion that the Hour law on public contract work is unconstitutional is now founded upon an extraordinary and novel right which it says the towns and cities have under the State Constitution as against the State which creates them, and which, if it chooses, can destroy them—the right to have their contract work done in the very cheapest market. The New York judges disagree in their reasoning in this as in most of the labor law cases which they have decided, but they agree on at least one conclusion: "Where the municipality lets work by contract it is itself interested only in the result obtained, and if that result complies with the requirements of the contract it is immaterial to the State what the contractors' employees may have been paid or how long they may have worked." As expressed in another of the opinions written in this case: "It was not of the slightest consequence to the city whether he (the contractor) permitted his workmen to labor eight hours or nine so long as he produced and delivered the property that he agreed to deliver."

The logic of the present status of the New York law under these decisions need not be discussed here. The important question is, Do these quotations given above express the sentiment of the majority of citizens on the duty of the State as employer? If they do not, these New York decisions are not necessarily final even in that State. For there is no permanent triumph which the courts can make over the moral sense of the people by which they are created. There is always a further appeal from the courts to the people, and the decision on that appeal, tho it may be slow, is no less sure. No reactionary decisions of any court have ever permanently retarded the expression of a moral principle in public law.

The principle underlying the legislation which has been here considered is, from the standpoint of public morals, absolutely just and proper. That such statutes in actual operation have occasionally been attended with considerable abuses cannot be denied. Space will not permit a consideration of their cause, or more than the statement that they do not necessarily grow out of the statutes

themselves. These abuses would be few indeed were the interests of the State or its cities properly represented by conscientious law officers, whose usefulness is unwarped by hope of judicial preferment, and who do not forget their present public duties in a desire to conciliate, at the expense of tax payers, the so-called labor vote.

NEW YORK CITY



A Pine King

BY JESSIE STORRS FERRIS

OLD age is his, and seasons honorable;
Oh, he could tell
The runic forest histories full well,
The legends that the locust cherisheth,
The secrets that the cedar breathed 'ere death,
And threnodies the greenwood murmureth.

His stalwart head
Is shorn and gray, that once wore coronal
Of pungent perfumes. In the lingering Fall,
When brother trees glowed red
With the keen flush of frost, he greener grew
Against November's skies of boreal blue.

When naked Winter wailed about his knees,—
Chieftain of trees,—
And the great gusts blew chill from overseas,
When the mad storm gnashed noisy teeth of
hail
Over prone glade and ice-gyved, shivering
vale,
Did that old viking, valiant heart once fail?
And when the snow
Laid hushing finger on the woodland's lip,
Silent and stark he bore the stinging whip
The cold snapped, blow on blow;—
What craven fear was there that he should
know,
Who donned the forest purple long ago?

On April days, sun-waked and warmed again,
He lists the wren
That builds his home deep in the marshy glen.
He hears the hermit thrush at evening
Pour forth his hymn, and sees afar the wing
Of great wild-goose flocks, northward voyag-
ing.

Anemones
And dog-tooth violets, starry trilliums, meet
Like shy, sweet children, there about his feet.
To his old heart, all these
Are sacred from long centuries of springs,
And dear with promise of companionings.

But not till Summer brings her pulseless heat
Is joy complete
For him whose years pass like a runner's feet.
Then the long moonbeams pierce his boughs,
and green
Glowworms light all his mossy, dark demesne.
His youth is with him once again; the keen
Old life-lust burns
In sapless veins and branches needleless.
Not his the quailing and the sharp distress
Of human Age; he spurns
The prop of pity and the crutch of care.
He is a King,—oh, hew him, ye who dare!

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Literature

A Musical Pioneer

THE only regret of the several thousand friends of the late Theodore Thomas who will be sure to read his *Autobiography** will be that it is too short, that it does not tell enough about his remarkably long, significant and interesting career. It fills only a scant 90 pages of the first of the two volumes Mr. Upton has arranged, which together run to more than 700 pages. Yet, brief as the sketch is, it provides a graphic and fascinating account of the trials, struggles, hardships, disappointments and final triumphs of this musical pioneer. And to those who knew him only as he appeared in public leading his great orchestra it presents Theodore Thomas (without any conscious contrivance on his part) in a new light, revealing, besides his known perseverance, his indomitable will and unfailing courage, beneath the somewhat brusque exterior the kindly nature of the man, his humor, sympathy and amiability: qualities of mind and heart unsuspected by the thousands whom he educated to an appreciation and enjoyment of the loftiest music.

Throughout his life of seventy years Theodore Thomas was one thing—a musician. His mind was single, his purpose was steadfast and his devotion to his art was complete. And he writes as one who did things rather than one who told about them. By way of preface he says:

"I wish to begin with a statement, to which my friends will bear witness, that I never intended to write my autobiography, or anything else; I desired only to preserve my programs—representing over half a century of a very important part of the history of music in America—in some permanent form, and this is the result."

His little autobiography gives a clear and succinct record of the development of music and musical taste in America

from the time of his coming in 1845, when "the metropolitan city was a provincial town of two-story houses and the pigs ran through Broadway and ate the refuse," and when "the only resource open to an instrumentalist was to join a brass band and play for parades and dancing," down to the present year.

Mr. Upton's contribution to the first volume comprises thirteen chapters of "Reminiscence and Appreciation," wherein Mr. Thomas's own account of his labors is well supplemented with fuller dates and details. There are many delightful and characteristic little stories of the man—exemplifying his great strength, physical, mental and moral, his simplicity and modesty, his brusqueness with strangers and his constancy in friendship, his love of culture, his American patriotism—and several examples of his caustic wit in dealing with the boor in public, the bumptious amateur and the recalcitrant singer or instrumentalist. The following story is told of his aversion to public speaking:

"Once in Cincinnati, at a banquet given to him, he was called upon to reply to a toast to his health. It is said that he arose, tried to speak, murmured a few words and sat down, like Thackeray at the Boston banquet, whereupon Michael Brandt, the 'cellist, rose and said that Mr. Thomas ought not to be expected to make a speech,—'He is a *Lieder ohne Worte*.'"

For his second volume Mr. Upton has selected some 1,200 of the most representative programs from the 10,000 made and used by Mr. Thomas in the half century of his leadership. These attest the great conductor's unique skill in program-building and his catholicity of taste, and form, as Mr. Upton justly says, "a complete musical education system." They make a record of the highest value to historians, conductors and musicians in general, and they are introduced by an equally valuable essay by Mr. Thomas, setting forth his method of program-making and commenting on the encore habit, on habitual late comers and on the modern orchestra technic.

* THEODORE THOMAS. *A Musical Autobiography*. Edited by George P. Upton. Vol. I, *Life Work*. Vol. II, *Concert Programs*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$6.00 net.

A final record of "Works Introduced into This Country" by Mr. Thomas is a disappointment and lacks the expected value because of its many inaccuracies and misstatements. Mr. Thomas was in the habit of putting the words "First Time" after a title on his programs when the work in question was to have its first performance under his direction, by his orchestra, or in the city where the concert was given. Mr. Upton seems to have taken those words to mean invariably "First time in America." His assurance, therefore, that the list "may be relied upon as correct" becomes worthless.



Anglican, Presbyterian and Independent.

LECTURES and treatises on Church History from an avowedly denominational point of view still appear in considerable numbers, as well as theological expositions and sermons which bear unmistakably the stamp of the particular religious communion from which they sprang. They are not of necessity the product of offensive partisanship, but are often due to the desire to set forth worthily the faith of one's fathers, or to instruct the adherents of a particular communion in the duties which lie nearest and in those features of one's religious inheritance that are most commendable. Such productions, especially in Church history and biography, should be used with caution and with full comparison with works more nearly impartial, but they have their value in stirring the adherents of a Church to interest and loyalty.

As illustrative of the best spirit among Anglicans we may mention Dr. Plummer's *Lectures on English Church History*.¹ The period chosen is the intensely dramatic and important one of the conflict of Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Puritan in the seventy-five years preceding the execution of Archbishop Laud and the death of Charles I. Dr. Plummer takes great pains to be fair, and he is by no means blind to the

faults of the Archbishop and the King, nor those of Elizabeth and James I, yet he is a thoroughly convinced Anglican and his lectures are partisan history. His ability to suppress unimportant details and to enforce essentials, his orderly method and clear English make his book a delight to read.

One who has been taught to think that there is no longer a Broad Church school in the Church of England should attend to the sermons of Mr. Rashdall,² from which he will learn that the spirit of Maurice and Kingsley and Robertson is very much alive. The author is liberal in theology, and one of his best discourses was delivered before the "Churchmen's Union for the Advancement of Liberal Religious Thought." He writes to correct the impression that "liberal theology necessarily leads to a negligent or disrespectful attitude toward all external expressions of the religious life," and his aim is to win over men of culture to a more cordial attitude toward the Church.

The alertness and enthusiasm of the High Churchmen in the Episcopal Church find interesting expression in the sermons of Bishop Grafton.³ Readers of THE INDEPENDENT do not need to be told that the Bishop of Fond Du Lac is an able writer, and his sincere devoutness as well as his narrow faith come plainly to light in this plea that men become Christian, and also Catholic, but "Catholic, not Roman."

Passing from Anglican to Presbyterian, the careful lectures of the late Dr. Hastie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, are deserving of first mention.⁴ Dr. Hastie was a worthy representative of the more conservative Scotch theologians, a man untouched by the modern critical movement, yet a learned scholar and an able thinker. By the Reformed Theology he means Calvinism, without dilution or modification, inclusive even of absolute predestination

² CHRISTIUS IN ECCLESIA: *Sermons on the Church and Its Institutions*. By Hastings Rashdall, D.Litt., D.O.L. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

³ CHRISTIAN AND CATHOLIC. By the Rt. Rev. Charles C. Grafton, S.T.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

⁴ THE THEOLOGY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN ITS FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES. By the Late William Hastie, D.D. Edited by William Fulton, B.D. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

¹ ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY, FROM THE DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP PARKER TO THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES I. By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

and the *decretum horribile*. His exposition is unique in the stress it lays upon the influence of Reformed Theology upon modern faith in the personality and self-communicating will of God.

How many can remember in the old family library Dr. Gillett's "History of the Presbyterian Church"? Those two imposing volumes covered only the history of the Presbyterians in the United States, but Dr. Reed⁵ relates also the fortunes of the Presbyterian Churches in Switzerland, Scotland, The Netherlands and wherever the Presbyterian polity has been extended. He writes in utmost sympathy, even as a partisan, but he has collected many facts not easily accessible, including statistics of the officers, members and contributions of all Presbyterian Churches and Missions in the year 1904.

Mr. Beveridge's account of the Westminster Assembly⁶ aims to be a brief, popular manual, and, like all histories of that council, it is much enlivened by copious extracts from the quaint and entertaining journal of Robert Baillie.

Scottish Presbyterianism has no more useful and honorable minister than Dr. Alexander Whyte, senior minister of Free St. George's, Edinburgh. His studies in Bible characters are innocent of criticism, but beautifully devout and sweetly Christian. The present volume⁷ is composed of original, somewhat visionary, studies in the Life of Christ.

The Congregationalist Dr. Jefferson may be given the English title Independent. His Shepard Lectures at Bangor Seminary⁸ are straightforward utterances of common sense on the subject of preaching. He knows how to put things and what things ought to be put. His views on the importance of preaching, his statement of the need of good preaching and his plea for a return of doctrine in preaching will make a deep impression wherever they are read. There are many books on the Christian ministry, and few are smaller than this and few more valuable.

⁵ HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES OF THE WORLD. By R. C. Reed, D.D. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. \$1.25.

⁶ A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY. By W. Beveridge, M.A. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

⁷ THE WALK, CONVERSATION AND CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.

⁸ THE MINISTER AS PROPHET. By Charles Edward Jefferson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents.

Dr. Adler is certainly independent and not very orthodox, either as a Hebrew or as a Christian. But there can be no question either of the ability or the sincerity of the leader of the Society for Ethical Culture, and his sermon-essays,⁹ in which he shows how one is led through righteousness to God and how religion is the necessary complement of a life of duty, are fitted to do great good. Perhaps there is no greater need of the time than that morals should come to their own in prayer and sermon and in the life of Christian Churches, whether Anglican, or Presbyterian, or Independent.



Rome in Colors

So many volumes, good, bad and indifferent, have been made about Rome that the announcement of a new book on that time-worn subject does not at once arouse great expectations. But one has only to glance at the first two or three illustrations in this newest work on the ancient capital of the world* to settle into his chair for an hour of rare enjoyment over the pictures alone. There are seventy of them, excellent colortype plates, made by the Hentschel process, from paintings by Alberto Pisa—paintings which must be beautiful indeed, for even in these reproductions the artist succeeds wondrously well in conveying something of "the grandeur that was Rome," and yet more of the haunting dream of the Eternal City as it is to-day. "Color," says Ruskin, "is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart." And in richness and refulgence of color no city in the world surpasses Rome. Something of its pure brightness, its splendid sky, its pulsating air, has been caught by this painter-lover in his sketches of ruined temples, arches, columns, uprearing their yellowed and weatherbeaten marbles from worn old pavements or new growth of brilliant flowers; his glimpses of the silent Campagna; of the Colosseum, on a spring day, at sunset and in storm; of medieval churches and within historic gardens and cloisters. We should like to

⁹ THE RELIGION OF DUTY. By Felix Adler. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.20.

* ROME. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Text by M. A. R. Tucker and Hope Malleon. London: Adam and Charles Black. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York. \$6.00.

buy the gorgeous flowers his buxom peasant girls so temptingly proffer, and with gift of coin and friendly greeting gladden the heart of his Little Gleaner in the Campagna.

The book exists primarily for its pictures, and they are its abundant justification. They were well worth making into a handsome volume. Yet the text is almost as fascinating as the illustrations. In a prefatory note the authors point out that the task of avoiding hackneyed ground was not an easy one, but that they have attempted to present some aspects of Rome as they have themselves seen it, and they have drawn on their long acquaintance with the city and, above all, with its inhabitants of the old school and the new. Discoursing of the city's history, briefly; of Roman building and decoration; of the Catacombs; of Roman regions and guilds; of the Campagna; of the manner of living of the inhabitants; of Roman princely families; of Roman religion and Roman cardinals, and of "The Roman Question"—before and since 1870—they give a wealth of information as interesting in itself as it is entertainingly told.



Southern Writers. Edited by W. P. Trent. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This volume is "designed primarily for use in schools and college classes in the South." It contains biographical sketches of 86 Southern writers, with selections from their works, and covers the entire period of Southern literature. It is divided into three parts. The first deals with the "literature of the Colonies and the Revolution," which consisted mainly of records taken from the diaries and letters of Colonial gentlemen. The second part is devoted to the "literature of the Old South," which covers the period from the inauguration of Washington to the assassination of Lincoln, and much of it consists of speeches made by distinguished Southern statesmen. The author thinks the lack of literary activity at this time "was due to no mental or spiritual defects on the part of the Southern people, but to conditions inseparable from a rural aristocratic system." But this is really begging the question. The people did not have these "conditions" thrust upon them. They made them and

fostered them because they had the aristocratic rather than the artistic temperament. They preferred being the kind of men they were to being any kind of authors. The third part has to do with the "literature of the New South." After the war the Southern people come down to stern reality for the first time in the history of their civilization. Now reality is the last thing Southern people are born fitted for. Their traditions, minds and spirits are against such a disillusionment. This is proved by the fact that they boldly created and maintained a romantic, almost medieval, civilization in the nineteenth century, and they would be living in it yet if the odds had not been against them during the Civil War. But after a fashion they are submitting to the progressive inevitable, and when reconstruction was over their literary renaissance began. Lanier, Russell, Page, Harris, Miss Murfree gave the South a prestige in the world of literary art which she never had before except through the writings of Edgar Allan Poe and perhaps Henry Timrod. But Professor Trent thinks that writers of fiction in the South during the past ten years have not realized the high promise of those pioneer novelists of the "New South," and many will agree with him in the opinion. Like every book of its class, this volume will meet censure both for what it includes and for what it excludes, but on the whole it is a praiseworthy effort, and in the main a successful effort, to redeem the South from the charge of actual literary sterility.



The National Administration of the United States of America. By John A. Fairlie, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

The Government of the United States is fast coming to have a greater amount of administrative work than any other Government in the world. It is quite time therefore that we had a comprehensive view of its intricate and extended operations. This Dr. Fairlie has given us in a book that is at the same time full, readable and authoritative. From the administrative powers of the President to the work of the Smithsonian Institution, we are permitted to see the Government in action and to get expert

opinion as to the efficiency of its present activity, as well as suggestions for its improvement. Everywhere we are given a careful scholarly summary of the best thought of the wisest men who have given the subject their consideration. The historical evolution of each administrative department is also given with admirable accuracy. Every chapter is preceded by a list of the best works upon the subject under treatment. At the close of the book is a full list of the cases in which the courts have decided the powers and limitations of our national administrative system. The book has been written, in fact, from the primary official records and elaborated by the work of investigators in special fields. The arrangement of the book is simple. After the President, Dr. Fairlie treats of the Senate and House in their administrative work. The Cabinet as a whole follows, and then the State Department, Treasury, War, Navy and Justice, etc. Since the problems of administration are the great problems of the present an ordered presentation of the national system may serve as a model for State and local administration, which, as the author suggests, is now a disorganized class. The work must be of use to all who wish accurate knowledge of the administrative work of our Government and, as the reviewer has had occasion to know, will be welcomed by many officers of our Government who have long hoped for such a work done in a scholarly manner.



The Principles of Economics. By Frank A. Fetter. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

There are evidently more things in the economic world than are dreamt of in Dr. Fetter's philosophy. The amiable optimism with which he regards the workings of the present system of industry takes small account of the injury and suffering coincident with it. That some 12,000 persons are killed and 138,000 wounded on the railroads and trolleys yearly; that during 1900, 6,468,964 wage-earners were partially unemployed, and 2,069,546 male wage-earners were unemployed for from four to six months; that fraud and graft, including adultera-

tion of goods, are generally prevalent, are not so much as considered in his blissful account of the operations of modern industry. He partially disavows, it must be admitted, the consideration of what ought to be as a part of the work of the economist. "It is the first duty of the economist," he writes (p. 17), "not to preach what should be, but to understand things as they are." But on a later page he declares that "we must rise to the standpoint of the social philosopher and consider the more abiding effects of wealth"; and so in the fulfilment of this duty a very considerable part of the volume is given up to the justification of things as they are. Tho having acquaintance with the new, his philosophy is essentially of the old and reveals but few modifications due to an understanding of modern thought and modern conditions.



From the Garden of Hellas. By Lilla Cabot Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The volume is made up of a fairly representative set of selections from the Greek Anthology, translated into English verse. The manner of execution and the general effect of the modern measures may be judged by the following epigram from Agathias, which the reader will recognize as the model of Ben Jonson's well-known "Drink to me only with thine eyes":

"I love not wine, but shouldst thou wish
That I its slave might be
Thou needst but to taste the cup,
Then hand it back to me.

"Wine that thy lips have lightly touched
The steadiest head would turn.
And yet from such sweet cup-bearer
The wine how could I spurn?

"For unto me that cup would bring
From thy dear lips a kiss,
And while I drank would softly tell
How it received such bliss."



Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions. By H. Munro Chadwick. Cambridge, England: The University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. xiii, 422. \$2.50.

Mr. Chadwick's book is essentially the work of a specialist and it will appeal chiefly to students who are interested in

the minute details of Saxon civilization and government in England. Social rank in the pre-Norman period of England was largely determined by compensations and fines—by wergelds as they were called—which were paid by men who had broken the law or done injustice or wrong to another man. A wrong done to the king had to be condoned by a certain measure of compensation. For the same wrong done to an archbishop the compensation was less. It was again less for a bishop or an earl and tapered down in amount until it reached the ceorl, who stood at the bottom of the social scale so far as freemen were concerned. All these wergelds were according to a fixed scale, and it is with a view to making them understood that Mr. Chadwick has devoted five chapters of his book to the monetary system of England in Saxon times. The administrative system and the constitution of the National Council are dealt with in other chapters. These systems, as treated of by Mr. Chadwick, have a much more general interest for ordinary students of English history than the chapters on the wergelds and the monetary system. They have this wider interest because some of the institutions concerning the origin of which Mr. Chadwick writes with such care and with such detail have continued in some form down to the present time. In fact, a study of Mr. Chadwick's work reminds us how well England was organized for governmental, ecclesiastical and social purposes in Saxon times, and how much of this civilization has been permanently interwoven into the economy of local government in England as it exists to-day. To the specialists for whom Mr. Chadwick has written his "Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions" will be most serviceable, and it is from these students that appreciation for a painstaking contribution to the history of England in the pre-Norman period will assuredly come.



A New Era in Old Mexico. By G. B. Winton. Nashville, Tenn.; Dallas, Tex.: Smith & Lamar. \$1.00.

Dr. Winton was prominently connected for a number of years with the mission work of the Southern Methodist Church in Mexico, but at the last General Con-

ference, he was made editor of *The Christian Advocate*, which is the general organ of the church. The volume is an intelligent and suggestive appreciation of the country and the people and of the modern forces at work there, both in the Christian and industrial world, and which are creating the "new era."



The Hills of Freedom. By Joseph Sharts. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

The scene of this story is laid in a village on the south bank of the Ohio River, at the close of the Mexican War, and when the abolitionists were beginning to operate their "underground railroad" for the rescue of slaves. It is cast in the form of a comedy, in which the author caricatures irascible old age, love and youth with much clever wit. The publishers have been at some pains to make the book attractive and the illustrations by S. J. Dudley are as unique as they are suggestive.



Christianity as Taught by Christ. By H. S. Bradley, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

These sermons were delivered by a Southern preacher, in the very heart of the dogmatic South. They proclaim some of the most advanced views of the higher critics. They are astonishingly free from theological restraint or the earmarks of any creed, and yet the author has never been tried for heresy. On the contrary, he is the most popular preacher in his section, except with the watch dogs of its doctrines. Dr. Bradley is well equipped in scientific knowledge and religious scholarship to maintain his advanced position; and these sermons created more interest than any delivered in the South for many years because the author has succeeded in presenting the teachings of Jesus with a sort of secular sincerity. His style is not marked by any particular literary excellence. The sentences do not always lie down decorously upon the page, charged as they are with the informal vitality of a young man's mind and spirit who cares for the truth with a natural human heartiness, and who without the least shadow of irreverence is happily emancipated from purely theological conventions.

The Personal History of the Upper House.
By Kosmo Wilkinson. New York: E. P.
Dutton & Co. Pp. 352. \$3.00.

Mr. Kosmo Wilkinson's "The Personal History of the Upper House" brings to mind three other books dealing with the House of Lords and the aristocratic families of England, each written from a different point of view. These are Pike's "History of the House of Lords," which is the only complete history of the Upper Chamber in existence; Sanford's "The Great Governing Families of England," and Howard Evans's "Our Old Nobility," which treats of the governing families of England from a Radical standpoint and goes into detail as to the origin of many of the aristocratic families long represented in the House of Lords. Mr. Wilkinson's book comes nearest in style, tho not in point of view, to Evans's "Our Old Nobility." This book was written in the early eighties for serial publication in *The Echo*, then under the editorship of Passmore Edwards, the foremost exponent of Radicalism in the English daily press. There is no preface to Mr. Wilkinson's book, but the remarkably free style in which it is written suggests that it may have had an origin somewhat akin to that of "Our Old Nobility," and appeared in serial form in some English Conservative newspaper. Mr. Wilkinson is an admirer of the House of Lords, particularly of the House of Lords as it is constituted to-day; also of its policy since its great conflict with the House of Commons over the repeal of the paper duties in 1860. But there is no partisanship in his estimates and judgments of the men who have figured prominently in the history of the peerage since the reign of King John and of the men who have achieved fame or notoriety in the House of Lords since the Lords and Commons began to sit apart in 1483. He gives almost as much attention to the hoodlums and buffoons of the peerage as to the statesmen it has produced. He presents sprightly vignettes of the disreputable as well as of the reputable and the famous, and in writing of the disreputable he is so free in his style as to come very near the "Mainly About People" columns in some of the English halfpenny daily newspapers. On the other hand, there are some really master-

ly characterizations, especially, among those of later times, of Scott's Duke of Argyle, Chesterfield and the Earl Grey, who in 1832 carried the Reform Act and bore down the opposition of William IV and the Tory peers. Mr. Wilkinson has read widely for his work, but references to authorities are few and far between, and here and there he makes statements which seem to need the support of good authorities. "The Personal Story of the Upper House" is not put forward as a work on constitutional history. Mr. Wilkinson acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Pike and disclaims any intention of going over the ground covered by the "Constitutional History of the House of Lords." But notwithstanding this disclaimer Mr. Wilkinson weaves into his narrative a fair amount of constitutional party history, some of which is new and informing, and in particular he makes clear and popularly understood the relations which have come to exist between the Lords and the Commons and the attitude of each House toward the other.



The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

A succinct criticism of *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, at first blush, would be that he hadn't any! But, at the end, he seems to have worked out a sort of morality through growing unselfishness and a genuine affection. The way in which certain conventions of British society strike a girl born and bred in a Turkish family has a vivacious verisimilitude.



The Way of the North. A Romance of the Days of Baranof. By Warren Cheney. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Alaska is a comparatively new field for the novelist. We have had an Epic of the Dog in Alaska, but not so much about the human inhabitants. In "The Way of The North" we are carried back to the days of Russian dominion and the unlimited autocracy of the Fur Company. The story moves and lives for a good many pages, which lets us down with a greater shock when it stumbles into the foul morass of a situation which has swamped too many skalds of the

North. There is nothing in the nature of the man, no fatality in the circumstances about him, to prepare the reader for the fall of the priest. It is an unnecessary and obnoxious blot; and if it be a concession to a supposed taste for the salacious it is all the more a dishonorable blunder. There is no working out of a problem in life or character, no regenerating remorse, no growth of power through suffering; the incident is squalid and unclean as an Eskimo hut and spoils an otherwise fine and unusual book.



Literary Notes

EDITH WHARTON'S latest story, "The House of Mirth," of which Book I was completed in the June *Scribner's Magazine* and reviewed in THE INDEPENDENT three weeks ago, will not be published in book form until October.

....The twenty-fifth, or index, volume of "The Historians' History of the World," by Henry Smith Williams, LL.D., issued by the Outlook Company, has been finished and is now ready for delivery to subscribers.

....The astonishing growth and development of our great Northwest is neither appreciated nor understood in most of the United States, so the *World's Work* has done well to devote the greater part of the August number of that magazine to that region apropos of the Lewis and Clark Centennial. It is unnecessary to say that the photographic illustrations are numerous and beautiful.

....In picking out books to take into the country on a vacation one cannot go astray if he loads up with Macmillan's twenty-five-cent paper-bound novels. They are books that are still "alive." Some recent titles are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "History of David Grieve," "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," H. G. Wells's "The Wheels of Chance," Robert Herrick's "The Real World," and Winston Churchill's "The Celebrity."

....A dainty and handy edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works is being published by Scribner at \$1.00 in cloth and \$1.25 in limp leather. The type is good; the volumes convenient to hold in the hand as one lies in a hammock. An especial interest is given to this "Biographical Edition" by the introductions of Mrs. Stevenson, telling of the circumstances under which the stories and essays were written.

Pebbles

Redd: "How much does that chauffeur cost you a season?" *Greene*: "Repairs, fines or salary?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

....JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES ON THE COAST.—"We regret to chronicle the sad fact that our esteemed, handsome, debonair friend, Mr. James A. Carey, the editor of the *Adjuster*, two weeks ago met with an accident that may cost him the permanent use of his right hand. A careful perusal of the editorials in the last edition of the *Adjuster* sustains the proof of his injury. The editorials were evidently written by Mr. Carey's accomplished feet."—*Pacific Underwriter*.

....Miss Frances Keller, of the Women's Municipal League, of New York, illustrated admirably at a recent dinner party a point which she wished to make in reply to a man who had said "women are vainer than men." "Of course," Miss Keller answered, "I admit that women are vain and men are not. There are a thousand proofs that this is so. Why, the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." There were six men present and each of them put his hand gently behind his neck.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

....JACK LONDON AS A MUSICIAN.—An Eastern newspaper says that Jack London, on his last visit to New York, was introduced in a *café* to a musician. "I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life." "How was that?" the musician asked. "There was a great flood in our town in our boyhood," replied London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued." "And you?" said the musician. "Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the piano."—*Wasp*.

....YOUNG YET.—The Rev. Dr. William Emerson, of Boston, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, recently made a trip through the South, and one Sunday attended a meeting in a colored church. The preacher was a white man, however, a white man whose first name was George, and evidently a prime favorite with the colored brethren. When the service was over Dr. Emerson walked home behind two members of the congregation, and overheard this conversation: "Massa George am a mos' pow'ful preacher." "He am dat." "He's mos' pow'ful as Abraham Lincoln." "Huh! He's mo' pow'ful dan Lincoln." "He's mos' pow'ful as George Washin'ton." "Huh! He's mo' pow'ful dan Washin'ton." "Massa George ain't quite as pow'ful as God." "N-n-o, not quite. But he's a young man yit."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Editorials

Reform Work in Philadelphia

So far as measures for the prosecution and punishment of the leaders of the ring are concerned, the reform movement in Philadelphia has been retarded, but with respect to other matters of great importance it is under no restraint and has lost none of its original force. Prosecution of the leaders of the ring upon criminal charges has been delayed and thus far prevented by the attitude of the District Attorney, who admits that for two years past he has been employed as counsel by the ring contractors and that he—the public prosecutor—was recently preparing to defend them in court against expected demands from the Mayor and the reform organizations for damages. The man has been closely associated in various ways with those whom the reformers are pursuing. He is now temporarily disabled by an accident, and the Mayor has deferred until after his recovery the application of a final test which shall show on which side of the dividing line he has decided to stand.

This delay encourages the ring and its friends. In the Councils there are signs of a reaction and of a renewal of the old opposition to the Mayor's policy. He ordered a suspension of ring contractors' work on the great filtration beds in order that the character of that work, believed to be grossly fraudulent, might be ascertained by experts of national reputation. He is met now by a demand that the work be speedily taken up again, because the city's water supply is in sore need of purification. That has been true for many years. But now certain State authorities have been publicly inspecting the sources of pollution. Dangerous and disgusting contamination is thus disclosed (as it has been many times in the last two decades) and this, of course, supports the plea for an immediate resumption of work under the ring contracts. Such are some of the obstacles which the reformers now encounter in some parts of their broad field of activity.

But they are not restrained from ex-

posing the almost incredible election frauds from which the ring's power has been derived, or from purifying the lists by means of which not less than 80,000 fraudulent votes have been cast for the ring's benefit. This is really the most important of the investigations which the Mayor and his allies have undertaken. There can be no enduring reform in Philadelphia until provision for honest elections is made. Dishonest elections, fraudulent lists of voters, the use of these lists by repeaters, the stuffing of ballot boxes and other crimes of a similar character have been the foundation of the entire structure of public robbery and municipal treason. Wisely do the reformers bend their energies to the purification and protection of the ballot box.

Under the rule of the ring every policeman was required to procure the registration of from 5 to 10 names (commonly fraudulent and fictitious) from his dwelling house, if he had one. Other municipal employees were expected to do as much. In addition every disorderly house, every man selling liquor without a license and every keeper of a cheap lodging house who gained something by violating the sanitary regulations, provided as many fraudulent registrations as were suggested by the officers to whom they looked for protection. Repeaters roamed about the city on election day. Sometimes they were imported from Washington, Baltimore and other cities. There was no limit to fraud, no restraint. In some election districts the election officers named had no existence, like a majority of the fictitious persons registered for voting under their supervision.

Directed a few weeks ago to report all fictitious and fraudulent registrations of which they had knowledge, the police brought in 31,817 names. The number should have been nearly three times as great. Some of these men had sought to obey their orders; others had been true to the ring, expecting probably that it would soon be restored to power. Reform organizations were making a

similar inquiry at the same time. In one ward they found 2,927 fictitious names where the police had found only 1,226. And so the policemen were ordered to go over the ground again. This second inquiry is not finished, but in five small election districts, where only 62 fraudulent registrations were reported at the end of the first one, the same investigators have now found 614!

There are ring men in Philadelphia who ought to be sent to the penitentiary. Large sums of stolen public money ought to be recovered from them by the city. But attempts to punish these scoundrels by prosecution should not be permitted to divert the attention of reformers from the more important work of making elections honest. For upon a foundation of fraud at the polls, as we have said, the whole foul superstructure of theft and protected vice and unpunished crime and legislative corruption has been supported.

These fraudulent elections have placed the leaders of the ring in office and kept them there; have demoralized the police and other municipal employees, making them the agents of thieves; have caused the official protection of crime and of such vice as has been found in the infamous dens of the White Slave traffic; have permitted the ring to rob the city by great contracts for public works; have enabled the ring to negotiate for such monstrous agreements as the gas lease; have sent rascally representatives to the State Legislature, there to do the ring's bidding concerning franchises for public service corporations and "ripper" bills designed to perpetuate the ring's power by tying the hands of any Mayor who should unexpectedly turn out to be honest.

Without enduring reform at the ballot box, reform in municipal administration can be only temporary and spasmodic; with it, permanent and thorough administrative reform can easily be had by a city where a majority of the voters want it.

But even when the votes are honestly cast and counted much may be lost if national questions and national party divisions are dragged in to affect elections which should relate exclusively to local and municipal issues. Reformers in

Philadelphia are even now contending against purely partisan influences, shrewdly invoked by a ring that was Republican in name and that was allied to the Republican organization of the State. To break the force of these influences the newspapers that have so effectively promoted reform are now continually urging their Republican readers to observe that the ring is denounced by so eminent and so representative a Republican as Secretary Root, and to accept these assertions of Secretary Bonaparte:

"When a man is in politics for what he can get out of it, he belongs to no party at all. His fraudulent professions of party loyalty are aggravations of his offense. There is no more reason for saddling the crimes of the Philadelphia gang upon the Republican party than there was for saddling the crimes of the Gorman-Rasin ring in Maryland, in the old days of boss rule, upon the Democratic party."

These appeals to the people lead us to infer that many worthy voters in Philadelphia have yet to learn that municipal administration is business and should not be a matter of partisan politics; that the question to be asked concerning a candidate for municipal office is whether he is honest and competent, and not whether he stands for a high protective tariff and insists upon keeping the Philippine Islands.



New Light on the Origin of the War

THE secret history of the origin of the Russo-Japanese war is being disclosed sooner than was expected, owing to the publication of many letters and official documents in the Russian journals for the purpose of clearing one and another prominent man of the responsibility of the gigantic blunder. Altogether there is revealed a disgusting mess of graft, favoritism and intrigue which makes it quite impossible to hold any longer to the theory that the leaders of Russian expansion in the Far East were moved by unselfish and patriotic, altho mistaken, motives.

The old rule of the French police service, "*Cherchez la femme*," becomes, when applied to international difficulties.

"Cherchez le financier." In this case the financier is Mr. Bezobrazov, who, according to *l'Européen*, is more than any other man responsible for this deluge of blood and the misery it will entail upon millions of his countrymen yet unborn.

We all knew that the spark that precipitated the war was the cutting of timber upon the Yalu River, in Northern Korea, by the Russians, and that the diplomatic negotiations for the purpose of bringing Russia and Japan to an agreement were delayed and rendered fruitless because all the notes exchanged had to be sent to Admiral Alexief, Viceroy of the Russian possessions in the Far East, for his consideration, but it was a mystery to the world why the Yalu timber was regarded as of so great importance to Russia that a war with Japan should be risked to secure it, and why the two nations could not have settled their differences through their representatives at St. Petersburg or at Tokyo without having to consult Admiral Alexief at every step.

It now appears that the withdrawal of the Russian troops from Southern Manchuria in the fall of 1902 was not a mere feint, but resulted from the determined efforts of Mr. Witte and other farseeing statesmen to induce at least the partial evacuation of Manchuria as the only means of preventing a disastrous war with Japan. In January, 1903, the Russian representatives in the three countries concerned—China, Korea and Japan—Mr. Lessar, Mr. Pavlov and Baron Rosen, met at St. Petersburg, and insisted upon the continuing of the evacuation in good faith. In this they were supported by Mr. Witte, Minister of Finance, and Count Lamsdorf, Minister of Foreign Affairs, but were opposed by General Kuropatkin, Minister of War, who, unfortunately for his future reputation as a general, gained his point.

Nevertheless in view of the insistence of Secretary Hay on keeping the door open, and the backing which England gave to Japan, it is probable that some compromise would have been ef-

fected with China if the busy Mr. Bezobrazov had not appeared upon the scene with his pockets full of concessions and prospectuses of companies for the exploitation of Manchuria. He had an abundance of money, and, what was more important in a bureaucracy, an apparently irresistible pull at St. Petersburg. He wanted to develop the oil region of Fuchun and to light Mukden by electricity, and to run trolley roads throughout the province. He interfered as one having authority in the management of the railroad, the army, the navy and foreign affairs. The conciliatory policy adopted by the Russians toward the Chinese authorities in Manchuria was, in his opinion, altogether wrong. Instead of being helped, they should be worried and bullied into a proper submissiveness. With this object he advised that the predatory bands of brigands known as Chun-guses should be encouraged rather than suppressed in order to make apparent the need of the strong arm of Russia to maintain order.

At first Admiral Alexief, then Governor of the province of Kwang-Tung, complained vigorously of the pernicious activity of Mr. Bezobrazov, but his good will was secured by the promise that the office of Viceroy should be created for him by which he would become the virtual ruler of all Manchuria and of Siberia east of Lake Baikal. Minister of the Interior Plehve obtained from the Czar, August 16th, 1903, a ukase appointing Alexief to this position and putting him in charge of all diplomatic relations with China, Japan and Korea.

In the meantime Mr. Bezobrazov had persuaded the powers behind, about and upon the throne of Russia that the best way to make the Asiatic possessions profitable was by means of a chartered company of extensive powers, such as Great Britain has found handy in expanding the empire in India and elsewhere. No treaties or conventions, he wrote, ought to be regarded as obstacles to Russia in the accomplishment of her historic mission in the Far East, and her progress in the direction

of her matured aspirations could not be checked by diplomatic technicalities. May 31st, 1903, he launched the Russian Forestry Company of the Far East, empowered to carry on lumbering, mining, fishing, hunting, transportation and other industries. The Emperor, Empress and Dowager Empress are said to have invested \$750,000 each in this enterprise, and many other persons in high places contributed funds or their "moral support." The rich forests of the Tumen and Yalu rivers on the Korean frontier were first attacked in spite of the protests of many Russian officials, including General Kuropatkin, who had just returned from Japan and understood the temper of the people there. For the protection of the agents of the company a special forestry guard was recruited by Lieutenant Colonel Madritov from the bands of Chunguses, which seems rather amusing when we think of the bitter accusations the Russians have made against the Japanese for their alleged employment of such irregular forces.

By this time the Japanese had come to the same opinion as Mr. Bezobrazov, that the advance of Russia could not be stopped by diplomatic means, and accordingly they resorted with startling suddenness to stronger measures. But it must not be supposed that all those who invested in the Yalu timber business lost their money through the failure of the enterprise. Provision was made to repay the members of the royal family from the funds raised for carrying on the war which their speculation has caused. It is reported that Emperor Nicholas declined to receive his share of this money, but the two Empresses do not seem to have had a like reluctance to putting their hands in the war chest.

And now the world is watching to see if Mr. Witte as a business man and Baron Rosen as a diplomat can repair some of the damage done to their country by this unholy alliance of commercial and aristocratic interests, against which two years ago they both vigorously protested.

Doing What You Want to Do

THE spirit of vacation time is freedom. But freedom is more difficult to attain because it is less dependent upon external conditions than we think. We sign a declaration of independence when we knock off work, but we soon find that we are not free, only independent. A freedman rarely becomes a free man. We have become so accustomed to the chains of care and responsibility that when our feet are unshackled we walk with the same cramped step. We escape from the prison of conventionality with relief and joy, only to creep back into the cell when night comes, because we feel safer and more comfortable there. We take to the woods to get away from newspapers and spend an hour reading the old one that came packed around the coffee pot. We go on an ocean voyage to isolate ourselves from the world and we keep the ether for a thousand miles trembling with Marconi waves. We flee to the wilderness with loud rejoicings to escape the tyranny of the Goddess Fashion and we straightway set up her shrine in the wilderness and bow before her image and force all those with us to obey her ritual.

That is why vacations are apt to be factitious. We are obliged to spend them in company with ourselves. We have had to do what we did not want to do for so long that we cannot do what we want to do when we have a chance. We are turned loose in the paddock, but we do not kick up our heels. Our drill sergeant orders us to break ranks, but that is the one command that we cannot obey; so we march away with the rest of the company at the same measured pace, keeping touch with our elbows on each side. Our drill masters of fashion or finance have made us into uniform automata. Any drops of red rebel blood that may have been in our veins have long ago become etiolated. The average human being is endowed with only a little originality at birth and that is soon quenched. Most of us act like those interesting little playthings of the psychological laboratory, pithed frogs. A pithed frog looks like an ordinary frog and behaves with perfect froggishness in whatever situation he may be placed,

but he never does anything when he is left alone; he has lost the power of initiative. Now, as H. G. Wells has pointed out, society acts upon the individual somewhat as the psychologist on the frog, altho the operation in the case of human beings is more gradual and painful. But the result is much the same. People do their duty in a regular and orderly manner in obedience to social conventions and it is only in vacation time when they are set free to do whatever they want to do that they betray the fact that they are pithed, by not wanting to do anything new.

The chief object of vacations is to give one's embryonic or atrophied powers of spontaneous movement a chance to work, to give the individual a chance to develop his individuality. It is an opportunity for one to recover his normal sphericity of nature. A soap bubble is a perfect sphere because it is expanded by pressure from the inside. External influences alone, the long continuance of social pressure, will produce an apparently well rounded individuality, but on close examination it will be seen to be full of dents like a bowl of hammered brass; quite unlike the natural symmetry of character produced by growth under the control of some internal principle. The vacation season is a good time to work out the dents left in us by the elbows of our fellow men. In the city we are so crowded together that we become dodecahedrons, like oranges packed in a box. It is a test of our resiliency to see if we come back from vacation more symmetrical in character and intellect than when we dropped out of the crowd and with an expanded individuality.

Vacation gives us a chance to take out our idiosyncrasies and give them an airing. We can, or, rather, we may, sprout freakish ideas. But it would take something stronger than radium to start in most of us the spontaneous generation of thought. We follow the crowd because we are natural born followers. "Follow my lead" is one of childhood's games that we play all our lives. If we walk across a pasture lot we follow a path, modestly deferring our own judgment as to route to that of the first cow who meandered in that direction. Hampered

as we are by limited money and time, we think how easily we could spend a million dollars, but when we are called upon to tell what we would do with it we mention a few things quickly and then our imagination halts. So when we are given our thirty days of comparative liberty we find after a week that we cannot think of anything new to do. We cannot please ourselves any more than we can please other folks. And even to do nothing requires a concentration of mind and an intensity of purpose that only a favored few possess.



The Great Cities

THERE are now in the world nine cities of more than one million inhabitants each. Three of these—namely, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia—are cities of that new world which was only dreamed of five hundred years ago and was undreamed of when Thebes, Babylon and Nineveh vaunted themselves as important centers of civilization. No other nation than the United States has more than one of these big towns, the others being London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Canton and Tokyo.

The new State census will probably show a population in New York City of close upon four million inhabitants. The unrevised figure is 3,987,696. This is a gain of over one hundred thousand a year since 1900, when the first enumeration after the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn showed a population in Greater New York of 3,437,000. London has a population at present of 4,536,641. New York is thus a close second, and in all probability will overtake and pass London within another generation. The contention that this is improbable because the metropolitan area of London includes 6,581,372 inhabitants is unfounded, because we have to remember that the actual urban district of New York City includes Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, Elizabeth, Paterson and Yonkers, which are not comprehended in the municipal corporation of New York City.

For ten years past the opinion has been gaining ground that the rapid growth of great cities in the nineteenth

century will not continue throughout the twentieth. The new developments already achieved and to be expected in the utilization of electricity are undoubtedly to make life relatively comfortable in the country and in the suburban villages. The trolley car and the telephone wonderfully extend the area within which the man whose business is in the city may choose his residence. Electricity is increasing also the possibility of conducting manufacturing operations in relatively isolated spots. We shall not see a return to the busy industrial life of small river valleys that were well populated before the Civil War; but old dams are being rebuilt, and the electricity generated by water power is being conveyed to manufacturing towns intermediate in size between the industrial hamlet of earlier days and the large city. In such towns business often can be done to great advantage, now that the long distance telephone enables the manager to be in communication at a moment's notice with any of the great trade centers.

Notwithstanding all these facts, we are unable to share the "anticipation" of Mr. H. G. Wells, that suburbanism will probably by a natural population movement succeed urban congestion. We are much more likely to see a continuing congestion supplemented by suburbanism. In other words, we are likely to see the growth of cities enormously larger than any which has yet existed. There will always be a balance of advantages and disadvantages determining the spontaneous distribution of a population between the congested areas and the relatively open suburban spaces. City workers live out of town when the cost of going back and forth, including railway fare and loss of time, is less than the difference between urban and suburban rents. Every improvement in transportation carries the suburban area farther afield, but at the same time it brings new business to the center.

Inasmuch as the housing problem is, all in all, the most serious one that confronts civilization, because tenement house life as we know it in New York City to-day is practically destructive of home-making possibilities, this probability that the big cities will continue to grow bigger has its discouraging aspect.

It is not necessary, however, to be pessimistic. The spontaneous development of urban existence cannot be depended upon to improve sanitary and moral conditions; but they can be improved by human intelligence taking practical expression in a sound public policy.

One way has been found, and one way only, to diminish congestion and to reduce the tenement area. Population can by law be driven out of the most congested districts into less peopled regions. Most of the great cities of England have tried this plan; Paris has tried it; New York, in a small way, has tried it, and it always works well. The actual device employed is a simple one, and it admits of almost indefinite extension. It consists in razing the worst tenement house blocks and devoting the ground to public uses, such as new or wider thoroughfares, or converting it into parks or playgrounds. This has been done in New York City in the destruction of Mulberry Bend, now a public park, and in the opening of the Stanton Street playground.

In this policy lies the chief hope of making the great cities fit for human habitation as they grow to dimensions hitherto unimagined. The actual centers of these vast aggregations of humanity will be built up with towerlike business structures. The zone immediately surrounding the business center if left to develop without wise municipal direction would become an unspeakably unsanitary and immoral area, compactly built up with shops, small manufacturing establishments and tenement houses. It is this zone, always widening, that must be watched and remorselessly controlled, a larger and larger part of it being converted from decade to decade into open spaces. Forced into a far roomier zone beyond, the actual population can find there conditions where life can be made not only clean and tolerable, but in all ways excellent.



Overeating

PEOPLE always listen during hot weather with more equanimity to charges of overeating so that the recent prominence of the subject is at least timely. At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association,

held in Portland, about the middle of July, one of the morning sessions was occupied almost entirely with a discussion of the origin of the various digestive ills to which our American people are so liable, and a definite expression as to the causation of these ailments, by prominent physicians from all over the country. There was practically universal agreement that the source of most of the ills to which the American stomach is so liable is to be found in overeating, and especially in the overconsumption of what is known as proteid material. The proteids comprise the heavier portion of the dietary and include such articles as meat, eggs, cheese, peas and beans and the like. These are the most expensive portions of the diet, and it was pointed out that in other countries where economy in the matter of food is a more serious question than it is with us, much less of these materials is consumed as a rule.

Of course, it has often been said that as a nation we overeat. It is only in recent years, however, that the persuasion as to overconsumption of food has been justified by scientific observation, which indicate just why and in what manner overeating is serious. The work of two investigators especially was recalled to attention in the meeting of the Medical Section of the American Medical Association, and the extreme significance of their results emphasized. Professor Chittenden, of Yale University, in a book which was recently reviewed in *THE INDEPENDENT* on the "Physiological Economy of Nutrition," shows by experimental observation on three different series of individuals, hardworkers, those moderately occupied and those living sedentary lives, that scarcely more than one-half as much proteid material is needed in order to maintain the body weight and the equilibrium of nutrition than these people had been accustomed to use during the time preceding the observation. Folin, in the *Journal of Physiology*, in a series of articles at the beginning of the present year came to the same conclusion from the standpoint of physiological chemistry. Both

these observers pointed out that proteid material is needed by human beings only for the purpose of building up tissues. It is never needed as an energy producer. The fats and the sugars represent the energy producers. If more proteid material is consumed than is needed, it is simply excreted, but before excretion it exists in the circulation for some time as irritant material and then throws a lot of needless work on the excretory organs in getting rid of it.

One feature of the overeating problem was particularly emphasized. It was pointed out that when persons eat slowly there is much less tendency to overeat. If the food is brought thoroughly in contact with the palate and the various taste organs on the tongue during the course of mastication, then the appetite is satisfied with much less than when the food is bolted. This is true in general for all kinds of food, and has been experienced by every one with regard to the sugars and fats, but is also eminently true for meats and cognate materials, only here the less amount needed makes the possibility of overconsumption much easier. Americans are well known to be a nation of fast eaters, and especially to have the habit of washing down their improperly masticated food with coffee, ice water and other unsuitable liquids. Hence, the accusation of insufficient mastication has a special significance and was emphasized by American physicians from all over the country.

Very few people realize how inadequate is their process of mastication under ordinary circumstances unless this is actually demonstrated to them. Physicians who have to treat cases of stomach trouble and are under the necessity of using a stomach tube not infrequently find that one of the best effects of this method of investigation and treatment is the actual demonstration to the patient of what large lumps of material are swallowed without having been masticated. Pieces of potato that sometimes evidently have been entirely untouched by the teeth are found in the stomach contents and

block up the stomach tube, making the evacuation of the stomach contents very difficult. This same thing is true for most forms of food. Unfortunately for this state of affairs the human stomach was not meant to crush materials in order to prepare them for digestion. The gizzard of the birds is a thick muscle, the action of which, helped by the pebbles, which birds instinctively swallow, serves to replace other mastication apparatus. Notwithstanding the fact that during the past month, as for centuries before, many a city boy has been sent by his country cousins hunting for hen's teeth, none of them have been found. The gizzard effectually supplies for the absent teeth. In human beings, however, teeth are a triumphant gift of provident mother nature, and the stomach is only a thin walled receptacle for food, with just muscular force enough in it to move the gastric contents on to the intestines, but without any active crushing ability.

The result is that when unmasticated food reaches the stomach it fails to pass out properly, and as a consequence delay of the gastric contents leads to dilatation of the gastric walls. Another and even more serious accident sometimes occurs. The pylorus of the stomach, the gate through which food passes to the intestine, is composed of a rather strong ring of muscular fibres. When larger pieces of material approach this ring they are usually refused exit. Occasionally, however, irritated by the presence of such unusual lumps, the pylorus attempts to make up for the lack of mastication, and during the egress of such material helps to crush it. After a time this exercise of an unusual function leads to overgrowth of the muscular fibres of the pylorus, and as a consequence, the opening from the stomach into the intestines becomes so tightly shut that ordinary liquid material does not readily pass through and the consequence is, for another and more serious reason now, delay the stomach contents with consequent dilatation of the stomach walls.

It will thus be seen that from two

different standpoints mastication is the most important and the most neglected process in eating. There are some further considerations, however, that serve to emphasize this importance. It is now thoroughly recognized that the stomach itself is by no means the important digestive organ that it used to be considered. It is mainly a receptacle for food material which helps man to store away sufficient food at one time, to enable him to pass a considerable period, some five hours, at least, before another meal will be required. It used to be thought that most of the process of the preparation of the food for absorption was accomplished in the stomach. This is now known not to be true. The stomach has been completely removed from a number of patients for cancer and other serious conditions, and such patients have proceeded to gain in weight and strength, accomplishing the digestion of food without any serious drawback. It is necessary that they take food in smaller quantities and at more frequent intervals, but nature even compensated for this, by bringing about an enlargement of the upper portion of the intestine, which to some extent, at least, supplied the place of the absent stomach.

It will thus be seen that if the stomach only passes on the food material conveyed to it the process of digestion will be very well carried out in the intestines. At the present time it is well known that not a few persons, owing to abuses of gastric digestion, have no proper secretion of gastric juice, and that none of their digestion is accomplished in this hitherto supposedly so important organ. Such persons are never in as good health as normal individuals, but usually suffer few digestive symptoms. As a matter of fact, if the stomach motility is unimpaired—that is, if its ability to receive food and pass it on to the intestines without delay be retained—then digestive disturbances are rare. The two elements which are the most frequent causes of disturbance of stomach motility are overeating and insufficient mastication. Both of these make calls on the mus-

cular walls of the stomach that they are unable to fulfill. The two ills form a vicious circle. People overeat, because they do not masticate enough, and so do not properly taste the food which they are consuming. They overeat of proteid material because this is not required in near such quantities as has hitherto been considered, and requires careful mastication in order to make its taste felt sufficiently to satisfy appetite. The cure for stomach ills then is not the taking of drugs and ferments for gastric stimulation, but the accomplishment of the eating process with the care and completeness which so important an element of animal life requires. But then people do not want advice as to their bad habits, but something that will enable them to continue in them with impunity.



The Help Problem

THE help problem will soon be upon the American people. The Kansas corn farmers and the Dakota wheat growers are calling loudly for assistance. The harvest is certain to be upon them without power to gather it. The outlook is that we shall repeat the history of 1903 and 1904. It is estimated that in the former of these years at least one-sixth of the whole income of the agricultural States was lost. Where the crops were gathered at all they were gathered hastily and by such uneducated hands that a great deal went to waste. Thousands of bushels of corn were never harvested and thousands of bushels of wheat rotted in the fields. Later in the season large acreages of potatoes remained undug until winter, and of the enormous crop of apples the freeze of November took many an orchard before it had been touched by the pickers. At the time this was not so much regretted, as prices were very low; but in the spring the price of apples in New York City ranged from three dollars and a half to six dollars per barrel, while potatoes were selling at one dollar to one dollar and a half per bushel. Again in 1904 the harvests suffered enormous loss from lack of help to gather them in the field and to place them properly in storage. Altho wages were high,

higher than in the cities, help could not be obtained on the farms at any price. Every effort was put forth to induce men and boys to leave our crowded streets, where they had little or no work at all, for the open country and good wages. A contractor with a road to build or canal to dig could easily get hundreds of men in gangs and for less remuneration than they would get on a farm. This herded element is not wanted in the city; there is scant work for it there at all times and there is no adequate support. Only the politician is glad to see the tenement house fat and overflowing.

So serious was the condition in 1904 that there was a systematic attempt in the Western States to press all tramps into service. This was done sometimes by arresting them and sentencing them to work in the harvest fields—a procedure not likely to add largely of this element to our laboring class in the future, for these fellows will give a wide berth to the harvesting States. We are now facing the same condition of affairs, and from some of the States it seems likely to be a more serious problem than ever before. Farmers have got the job and can furnish summer work for every idler in our cities. How are we going to break up the herds and get the hands where they are wanted? Of our newer immigrants only about three per cent. can be coaxed away into the class of farm help, excepting only those agricultural people who come to this country to form colonies, or settlements rather, in the group form. There are large sections in Wisconsin and Michigan which take up the Hollanders and the Swedes, and the same distribution is made of Danes, Norwegians and Welsh.

Our problem is greatly accentuated by the rapid development of the Southern States. Since 1860 the valuation of Southern products has increased two hundred and fifty per cent., and the negro is no longer adequate to the demand for help. In 1903 Southern mills used over 2,000,000 bales of cotton, but eight years before that they manufactured only about 862,000 bales. The Gulf States have forged to the front as fruit States, while the new citranges, created by the Agricultural Department at Washington, will extend the orange orchards half way to

the Ohio River. A large share of the old whites prove unable to adapt themselves to rapid progress, but there is an increment of the people fully capable of keeping pace with the times. Meanwhile there is less black labor to be had than at the close of the Civil War, and this supply is considerably decreased by drafting the negro into the Northern States. Two and a half million of whites also have gone to the North since the Civil War, while in return only about one million of Northerners have turned Southward. The tide now is the other way, and with enormous exploitation of possible Southern products the cry for help is fully as great as in the West and North. Every Southern State has an immigration bureau and there has been a good deal of successful effort to secure the better class of this influx from Europe—Germans and Poles preferring the Carolinas, while Italians and Japanese are becoming the fruit growers and rice farmers of the Southwest. There are 30,000 Italians in Louisiana and altogether 100,000 Italian farm laborers in the Mississippi Valley. Colonies of Scandinavians are being established in Alabama. The Japanese Government has an agent in Florida with a colony of Japanese agricultural students, and another in Texas. On the whole there is a better prospect ahead for a supply of help in the Southern States than in the North and West.

To the solution of this problem of help—that is, mutual co-operation—we must set our economists and our schools; may we say also our politicians? At one of our recent college commencements the President said:

"It will take very earnest work and very intelligent on our part to root the prejudice against hand labor out of our schools and out of the higher strata of our social life altogether. Industrial education must be met half way by those who are engaged in classical teaching, and our colleges must recognize the great fact that God made the hands as well as the head. Indeed, the one most important need just now is the exaltation of hand labor."

There certainly is something wrong in a social and educational system which compels us to let a large share of our annual produce, every pound of which is needed for the maintenance of the growing population of the world, go to waste.

We must learn not only to produce more but to waste less. It seems the depth of folly to apply labor and brain to the creation of that which we can neither harvest nor store. So far as the solution of this problem rests upon a more enlightened view of toil and the glorification of the hands our schools should be allied positively with the industrialists.

General Booth has probably the most experience of any living man in handling the herded crowd. He tells us that it is impossible to break up the congested masses into individuals. He undertakes to move not men, but families. The family, in his judgment, constitutes the social unit with which we have to deal. The farmer must readjust himself so as to hire families. Looked at any way it is a complex problem, as much of it possibly hanging upon education as upon instinct. Looking over a half dozen lists of college graduates recently and their chosen employments, we found barely one who had deliberately selected land tillage. The choice was nearly as mischievous in its relation to nearly all other producing industries. The percentage headed toward the professions is decreasing from year to year, but there are more who are going into "business"—whatever that may be—probably mercantile employments.

The shortage will, however, continue to be a serious factor so long as the Southern States keep up their present pace of development. Nor will the West and Northwest find relief on the present lines of social economy. Our immigrants must be persuaded to shun the cities, where they are not needed, and go into the country, where there is room, land and compensative labor for every one. It is a cheerful item of daily news that the Kansas farmers have secured a large number of boys from our colleges to spend their summer vacations in the wheat and corn fields. These boys with athletic muscles and quickened wits proved last year to be the best help obtainable.



Not the least of the reforms which have followed the uprising of the people of Philadelphia against the ring in that city has been the transformation of the municipal Civil

Merit in Philadelphia's
Civil Service

Service Board, which had been merely a ring agency, in the operation of which "pull" was substituted for merit. An appointment made last week shows how complete the transformation is. The office of Chief of the Bureau of Highways had been made vacant by a removal, but it was held temporarily by a trustworthy man whom the Mayor had selected. Notice was given in the press that a civil service examination for the place would be held. Working in the Navy Yard at day wages was a structural engineer named Hunter, who had been in the city only two years. He was urged by his wife to take the examination. At first he declined, saying that he had no political influence and was unknown. At last, however, he consented to make the experiment. His family physician and a neighbor signed his application. At the close of the examination it appeared that only one applicant had passed, and this was Hunter. Even the Mayor's friend, to whom he had given a temporary appointment, which he desired to make a permanent one, had failed. But who was Hunter? Neither the Mayor nor any other person connected with the city Government had ever heard of him. Inquiries were made, and after several conferences with this man from the Navy Yard the Mayor appointed him to the office, which carries a salary of \$4,000 a year. The public does not yet know whether Hunter is a Republican or a Democrat. No boss or ward leader had ever heard of him. This case appears to be an excellent exemplification of the true principles of civil service reform. It also furnishes proof of Mayor Weaver's sincerity and of the fairness of the officer whom he recently placed at the head of the Civil Service Board.



Federal Authority at New Orleans

Measures for controlling the epidemic of yellow fever in New Orleans are now to be taken by the Federal Government, at the request of the authorities of the city and the State. This transfer of management should, and probably will, put an end to the absurd little war between Louisiana and Mississippi in the lakes and sounds north of the city, and New Orleans will

have all the assistance and protection that can be given by the trained surgeons of the Marine Hospital Service. But they should have been placed in charge when the first case of the fever was discovered. New Orleans, with its innumerable cisterns and other breeding places for mosquitoes, its lack of sanitary drainage, and its intimate commercial relations with infected ports, invites an epidemic of this fever every year. When an epidemic appears there, the resulting injury is by no means exclusively local. Adjoining States and the entire Gulf coast are in danger, and business throughout the South is affected. Therefore the authority of the Federal Government should continually be exercised to exclude yellow fever at that port, as well as at other ports on the Southern coast line, and to suppress it by scientific treatment after it has been admitted. There is ample warrant for such action in the Federal Quarantine law of 1893, which says that whenever State or municipal authorities shall fail or refuse to enforce quarantine rules and regulations promulgated by the Secretary of the Treasury, "the President shall execute and enforce the same and adopt such measures as in his judgment shall be necessary to prevent the introduction or spread of such diseases." Every Southern port exposed to yellow fever infection should be guarded by national authority. If the first cases at New Orleans had been under the unquestioned supervision of Marine Hospital sanitarians and physicians, many lives would have been saved, and an epidemic might have been prevented.



Fifteen Thousand Miles to Hear Scientific Lectures

American scientists have always been envious of their British brethren because they could attend their scientific meetings with so little expenditure of time and money, and the undeniable superiority of the British Association for the Advancement of Science over the American Association has been often ascribed to this advantage. This year, however, the Association will endeavor to prove that the interest of their meetings is not de-

pendent upon their being held on the tight little island, for it has embarked upon the longest scientific excursion ever undertaken. The Association meeting will be held in South Africa, and about 400 members and guests have left Southampton for a voyage of 6,660 miles to Cape Town, where the first part of the session will be held. After a few days they will adjourn to Johannesburg, 800 miles away, where the rest of the papers will be read. At the close of the meeting a trip by rail of some 600 miles further into the interior of Africa will be made to see the greatest falls in the world, the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, which only a few years ago were altogether inaccessible to the ordinary traveler. The peripatetic philosophers will have their lectures given under peculiarly favorable circumstances. At Kimberley Professor William Crookes will lecture on diamonds; at Johannesburg the metallurgy of gold will be the topic; malaria, the sleeping sickness and the rinderpest will be discussed in the regions devastated by these diseases, and papers on the Kaffirs, Bushmen and Hottentots will be illustrated by the natives themselves. Now that the British have set us such an example of imperialistic science it will be in order for some one to nominate Manila as the next meeting place of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.



**Package
Bread**

Now that we get meat, vegetables and fruits sterilized in cans and jars, and milk is kept clean and pure, and the water supply of our cities is carefully watched, it is time to turn our attention to the practicability of getting clean bread. When one has seen bread carted through the streets uncovered and carried in the arms of a dirty driver into the restaurant he is inclined to go to some other eating place which is probably just as bad. The man who put up biscuits wrapped in waxed paper in a sealed package made a great fortune, and we hope the same reward will go to the baker who first puts upon the market bread that is so protected as to be secure from contamination by careless handling.

Bread, cake and even pies can now be made by machinery without the touch of hands in any part of the process, and it would be easy to protect the food the rest of the way to the mouth. Our leucocytes will get enough exercise in killing off what few million microbes will get into our food in spite of us, and we should take care not to give them any more to do than is necessary.



As part compensation for the murder of a German subject in Morocco last year the Kaiser has secured for a German firm the contract for building a stone pier in the harbor of Tangier. It is to be paid for by the Moroccan Government and will become the property of the Government at the end of three years—if nothing happens. This is in accordance with the Kaiser's well-known policy of utilizing such incidents for the extension of German commerce, and doubtless this is only the first installment of the compensation. For the murder of two German missionaries in 1897 he exacted from China the lease of the city and port of Kiao-chau for 99 years, together with an indefinite quantity of mining, railway and commercial privileges. Are dead missionaries more valuable than other men, or is human life cheaper in Europe than in Asia?



The yellow fever epidemic should result in the extension of the practice of cremation in the place of burial for infected cases. No one would wish that his death should be the cause of the death of others from the spreading of the disease from his body, perhaps years later. Authorities differ as to how long yellow fever germs buried in the ground maintain their virulence, but all are agreed that the fire of the crematory puts an end to them instantly and forever.



A provincial Governor who deliberately and publicly defies the national Government of the island and denounces the Supreme Court cannot reasonably hope to be elected President of Cuba. President Palma is more fortunate in being opposed by such a candidate than Cuba is in having so turbulent and reckless a man in high office.

Insurance

The Mutual Reserve Life Attacked

A REPORT made to State Superintendent Francis Higgins, covering an examination of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company by Chief Examiner Isaac Vanderpoel, charges concealment of judgments against the company amounting to \$182,767. The report also alleges an exaggeration of the company's surplus of more than \$300,000 and a settled policy of procrastination in the payment of death claims. The real estate holdings of the Mutual Reserve are further held to have been overvalued. The report under consideration likewise shows in detail how insurance at one time amounting to \$1,923,000.73 finally yielded its beneficiaries \$906,656.74, there having been deducted \$293,655.30 on account of an indebtedness ascertained by the company to exist against the assured, with a further deduction of \$722,688.69 retained by the company for the various alleged violations of contract by the assured. Many of the beneficiaries have been subjected to much suffering and distress because of great delay on the company's part in the payment of its just debts to policyholders. The commission paid by the Mutual Reserve Fund for securing the membership of the Northwestern Life Assurance Company of Chicago in 1900, according to the Vanderpoel report, "never seems to have been received by it." The receiver's reports since the insurance was effected show no revenue from this source and the commission went to third parties. The names of the executive officers of the company and their salaries are reported as follows: Frederick A. Burnham, President, \$39,000; George D. Eldridge, Vice-President and Actuary, \$31,000; George Burnham, Jr., Second Vice-President, \$17,000; G. W. Harper, Treasurer, \$6,500; J. W. Bodin, Medical Director, \$6,500; William Porter, Comptroller, \$4,160; C. W. Camp, Secretary, \$3,900; R. L. Jones, Assistant Secretary, \$2,600; W. T. Eldridge, Assistant Secretary, \$2,560.

Upon the appearance of the report here briefly summarized the management of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance

Company supplied all of its policyholders with a complete copy of the official report and accompanied it with its answer to the same. The company showed that the Department examination added to the assets \$82,360, and but \$7,862 to the liabilities, making the excess of gross assets over gross liabilities \$74,498 greater than the company's statement. The company's defense of its method of reporting unpaid judgments appears to be purely technical. The criticism of the company's real estate valuations in the Vanderpoel report is met by the statement in rebuttal that the Department reappraised the real estate and manifestly employed a far more rigid rule than in the examination by the same Department in 1902. At that time the company valued its real estate at \$707,660, while the Department's appraisal was \$758,471. The company valued the same real estate (all located in New York City) for the current year at \$714,998, while the Department's appraisal is now but \$683,571. An independent appraiser of the highest standing valued the same property on January 9th, 1905, at \$725,000. The company also takes exceedingly vigorous exception to the criticism of its settlement of claims. It calls attention to the fact that almost the entire amount delayed in payment belongs to the Assessment branch and says, quite pertinently it would seem, that had the company paid amounts not legally or justly due the members must have been called upon to pay additional assessments therefor. Denial is made that unnecessary delay has been permitted in the approval of assessment claims. No reply appears to that portion of the report dealing with the commission paid for the reinsurance of the Northwestern Life.

THE CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The Continental Fire Insurance Company, of which Henry Evans is President, has recently published its one hundred and fourth semi-annual statement. The results of the first six months of 1905 are shown in the following gains: Reserve for insurance in force, \$158,033; net surplus, \$763,663; gross assets, \$936,661. The total assets of the Continental are \$15,479,814, the cash capital \$1,000,000 and all other liabilities \$6,959,489, leaving a net surplus of \$7,520,325.

Financial

Large Orders from Japan

SINCE Japan began to look to New York for subscriptions to a considerable part of each of her loans, a portion of the money thus borrowed has been left here to pay for war supplies and railway equipment. Additional obligations for railway material have very recently been incurred under conditions which probably indicate Japan's determination to retain and extend her influence in Manchuria. Orders very quietly placed a short time ago for steel bridges, locomotives and cars require payments amounting to about \$5,000,000 to the manufacturers and more than \$2,000,000 for transportation across the continent. They call for 350 small steel bridges (\$500,000), 150 locomotives (\$2,225,000) and 2,000 steel cars (\$2,000,000), and the manufacturers are required to furnish them with the least possible delay. To save time, all this material is to be carried across the continent by rail, and it will be shipped from Tacoma and Seattle to Yokohama, there to be transferred to transports that will land it in Korea; for it is intended to be used for an extension of the new railroad (now completed from Fusan to Seoul) from the Korean capital into Manchuria. The present situation in that part of the world seems to give to these orders an interesting political significance. They may indicate Japan's policy of expansion.



American Capital in Nicaragua

THE recent establishment of a Consulate of the United States at Port Dietrick, Nicaragua, and the appointment of Edwin W. Trimmer to the office thus created, have directed attention to the extensive investments and operations of a powerful American syndicate in the northern part of the little republic. A company capitalized at \$20,000,000, and controlling a subsidiary railway corporation capitalized at \$10,000,000, has obtained from Nicaragua exclusive concessions for mining, lumbering, transportation by rail and steamship, telegraphing, etc., in a tract covering nearly one-third of Nicaragua's entire area, including the navigable river Coco, and

extending from one ocean to the other. It has already built up a port at the place where the new Consulate is situated, and this port takes its name from the company's Managing Director, James Dietrick. The leading members of the syndicate are capitalists prominently connected with the Standard Oil Company, the steel industry at Pittsburg and our railways. It is in the northern part of Nicaragua that the company's property lies, and the concessions are said to cover mineral deposits of great value. Such investments in Central America have naturally followed the beginning of canal work on the Isthmus by the United States. They probably foreshadow American control, political as well as industrial, of the entire country as far north as the Mexican boundary.



AFTER a trial of two or three years, the St. Paul, Alton and Burlington railroad companies have abandoned the age limit of 35 years for new employees.

....Large mills for the manufacture of structural steel are to be built on Staten Island by capitalists formerly associated with Mr. Carnegie.

....Exports of manufactures in the fiscal year ending with June exceeded those of any previous year by \$91,000,000. Their value was \$543,620,297, against \$452,445,629 in 1904, and only \$183,595,000 ten years ago, in 1895.

....There will be only seven mills on the dollar for the creditors of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, the woman who borrowed large sums by asserting that she was the daughter of Mr. Carnegie. To meet \$2,000,000 of debts there is \$14,000 in assets.

....Dividends announced:

Union Pac. R. R., Preferred, \$2.00 per share, payable October 2d.

Union Pac. R. R., Common, \$2.50 per share, payable October 2d.

Niles-Bement-Pond Co., Common, 3 per cent., semi-annual, payable September 20th and December 20th; 1½ per cent., each date.

Niles-Bement-Pond Co., Preferred, quarterly, 1½ per cent., payable August 15th.

St. Louis & San Francisco R'way, 2d Preferred, 1 per cent., payable September 1st.

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Survey of the World

The President's Address to the Miners

Mr. Roosevelt
went to
Wilkes-Barre,

Pa., on the 10th, and there addressed a convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. His audience of 60,000 was almost exclusively composed, however, of members of the anthracite miners' union, and he was introduced by the union's president, John Mitchell. After Cardinal Gibbons had spoken briefly of the elevation of labor during the last 2,000 years, of the opportunities of American workingmen to rise, and of the need of friendly relations between employer and employees, Mr. Mitchell recalled the history of the great strike, saying that largely as a result of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts the conditions of life and labor in the anthracite district had been materially improved, bitter antagonisms had passed away, and there was a bright prospect of permanent and honorable industrial peace. Mr. Roosevelt spoke at first of the great importance of the welfare of the wage-earner and the farmer. To promote this welfare, something could be done by legislation and by organization, so long as organization was managed with wisdom and integrity and a just regard for the rights of all; but the most influential factor was the character of the men themselves. Such a society as the Total Abstinence Union was a great help. He read parts of a letter sent to him by a Catholic priest, who urged him to support the cause of this society, and who also said:

"There is one discouraging feature of the wage scale among the workmen of this coun-

try. The higher the wages, the more money they spend in the saloons. The shorter the hours, the more they are inclined to absent themselves from home. An apparent disregard for family ties is growing among the poorer classes, which will eventually lead to a disregard for the blessings our country affords them. Hence, with an increase of wages a corresponding movement for better manhood, nobler citizenship, and truer Christianity should be set on foot."

The tendency to go wrong, Mr. Roosevelt said, must be offset by such agencies as this temperance society:

"I strive never to tell any one what I do not thoroughly believe, and I shall not say to you that to be honest, and temperate, and hard-working and thrifty will always bring success.

"The hand of the Lord is sometimes heavy upon the just as well as upon the unjust, and in the life of labor and effort which we must lead on this earth it is not always possible either by work, by wisdom, or by upright behavior to ward off disaster. But it is most emphatically true that the chance for leading a happy and prosperous life is immensely improved if only the man is decent, sober, industrious, and exercises foresight and judgment. Let him remember above all that the performance of duty is the first essential to right living, and that a good type of average family life is the cornerstone of national happiness and greatness. No man can be a good citizen, can deserve the respect of his fellows, unless first of all he is a good man in his own family, unless he does his duty faithfully by his wife and children.

"I strongly believe in trades unions wisely and justly handled, in which the rightful purpose to benefit those connected with them is not accompanied by a desire to do injustice or wrong to others. I believe in the duty of capitalist and wage-worker to try to seek one another out, to understand each the other's point of view, and to endeavor to show broad and kindly human sympathy one with the other."

He also believed, he continued, in the work of the great temperance societies and similar organizations, but most of all he believed in the efficacy of the man himself striving continually to increase his own self-respect by the way in which he did his duty to himself and to his neighbor.



The Monroe Doctrine

The President made a long address on the 11th at the Assembly grounds in Chautauqua, N. Y., to an audience of 10,000 persons, his subjects being the Monroe Doctrine and national supervision of corporations doing an interstate business. The Doctrine, he said, had been gaining recognition abroad because of our growing willingness to admit our own obligations under it to foreign peoples. It must be understood that under no circumstances would the United States use the Doctrine as a cloak for territorial aggression:

"Should any of our neighbors, no matter how turbulent, how disregardful of our rights, finally get into such a position that the utmost limits of our forbearance are reached, all the people south of us may rest assured that no action will ever be taken save what is absolutely demanded by our self-respect; that this action will not take the form of territorial aggrandizement on our part and that it will only be taken at all with the most extreme reluctance and not without having exhausted every effort to avert it."

We were not required by the Doctrine to interfere for the prevention of the just punishment of a nation south of us by a foreign Power, unless this punishment should take the form of territorial occupation. In the case of an attempted collection of foreign debts by force he preferred that this country should step in with some arrangement for the satisfaction of just obligations. It was our duty to help upward our weaker brothers. In his judgment, ethical influences were gradually becoming more powerful in the dealings of nations with each other. He described the condition of Santo Domingo when it appealed to us for help. "Society was on the verge of dissolution." At least one foreign Power was upon the point of applying force and was prevented from doing this only by our unofficial assurance that we would help

the republic. Speaking of the treaty still pending and of the temporary arrangement made, Mr. Roosevelt said that because of this arrangement all revolutionary movement had been completely discouraged, and that the 45 per cent. turned over to the insular Government by our agents exceeded that Government's receipts when it was taking the entire revenue. Thus the harassed people of Santo Domingo were freed from the curse of revolutionary disturbance and could turn their attention to industry. If the Senate should consent, our Government would examine all foreign claims against the republic "and see that none that are improper are paid." The only effective opposition to the treaty, he predicted, would come from "dishonest creditors, foreign and American, and professional revolutionists."

"We have already good reason to believe that some of the creditors who do not dare expose their claims to honest scrutiny are endeavoring to stir up sedition in the island, and are also endeavoring to stir up opposition to the treaty both in Santo Domingo and here, trusting that in one place or the other it may be possible to secure either the rejection of the treaty or else its amendment in such fashion as to be tantamount to rejection."



National Control of Great Corporations

Turning to the question of supervising and controlling great corporations, Mr. Roosevelt said that further legislation was needed. Unfortunately, some very wealthy corporations were exhausting every effort which could be suggested by the highest ability, or secured by the most lavish expenditure of money, to defeat the purpose of existing statutes. Such conduct was in every way perilous. He believed that it could be ascribed to only a relatively small portion of the rich men engaged in handling the largest corporations. Their attitude was harmful to the nation and to all rich men. Having exercised moderation with respect to the criminal provisions of the law, the Government was now convinced that in some cases, those of the beef packers, for example, leniency must no longer be shown. If the present law should prove to be inadequate or defective, defiance of it must lead to further legislation:

"This legislation may be more drastic than I would prefer. If so, it must be distinctly understood that it will be because of the stubborn determination of some of the great combinations in striving to prevent the enforcement of the law as it stands, by every device, legal and illegal. Very many of these men seem to think that the alternative is simply between submitting to the mild kind of governmental control we advocate and the absolute freedom to do whatever they think best. They are greatly in error. Either they will have to submit to reasonable supervision and regulation by the national authorities, or else they will ultimately have to submit to governmental action of a far more drastic type."

He should oppose much more severe legislation, but the course of some great corporations might cause the enactment of it. As these corporations by a resort to every technical expedient and to obstructive tactics had taxed to the utmost the machinery of the Department of Justice, Congress might well inquire whether other means of making the laws effective should not be sought. It might suffice at first to pass a bill empowering some branch of the Government to remedy abuses in connection with railway transportation. But in the end, and at a time not very far off, further action should be taken, probably in the direction of requiring corporations engaged in interstate business to take out licenses conditioned upon their obedience to the laws. There was danger that denunciation of abuses committed by certain rich corporations or men would be misinterpreted as an attack upon rich men generally. But in an immense majority of cases the straight-dealing man who by ingenuity and industry benefited himself must also benefit others. For the interest of all, the activity of those of exceptional business ability who so guided average men that their labor resulted in increased production, should be encouraged. But some of these exceptionally successful men used their energies not for the common good, but against it, thus not only wronging smaller and less able men—whether wageworkers or small producers—but also forcing other men of exceptional ability to do wrong under penalty of falling behind in the race. There was need of legislation to deal with such abuses. We should not try to go too fast, he said in conclusion, in procuring the desired

laws, and we ought always to proceed by evolution rather than by revolution. Our ideal should be a combination of all proper freedom for individual effort with a guarantee that the effort should not be exercised in contravention of the eternal and immutable principles of justice.



Arctic Explorers Rescued

All except one of the 37 members of the Arctic exploring party sent out under the command of Anthony Fiala in June, 1903, by the late William Zeigler, of New York, have been rescued and brought to Norway by the relief steamer "Terra Nova," commanded by William S. Champ, who was Mr. Zeigler's secretary. One sailor had died from natural causes. Fiala passed the winter of 1903-04 in Teplitz Bay. There, in November, his ship, the "America," was crushed by the ice. Afterward he made three unsuccessful attempts to reach high latitudes. His furthest point north was 82 degrees and 13 minutes. He lost with the wrecked ship a large part of his supply of coal and food, but the party was sustained by supplies left on Franz Josef Land by several expeditions.



Secretary Taft's Party in the Philippines

The visit of Secretary Taft and his companions to the Philippines appears to have had an excellent effect upon some of the visitors as well as upon the islanders. A majority of the members of Congress have been convinced that Philippine products ought to be admitted free of duty at our ports. Mr. Hill, of Connecticut, will no longer oppose a removal of the duty on tobacco and cigars, and Mr. Shirley, who represents a tobacco-growing district in Kentucky, agrees with him. Opposition to the free admission of sugar and other products has also been overcome by the statements of insular producers, who have been questioned by the visitors at several meetings held for this purpose. Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, says that at the coming session of Congress a bill providing for the free admission of all Philippine products will be introduced and supported by Mr. Payne, the chairman

of the Ways and Means Committee. Many speeches have been made at banquets in Manila. The most notable were those of Secretary Taft. At the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce, on the 8th, he said that the pledges given by Mr. McKinley would be fulfilled, and that until they were fulfilled the Americans would retain control of the islands. Self-government would be given as fast as the people were fitted for it. Referring to the unpopularity of the new internal revenue law, he remarked that people who refused to pay just taxes were not fitted to govern themselves. He sharply condemned the law which will restrict trade with the islands to American ships after July 1st, 1906. At a banquet given on the 10th by Dr. Harty, the Catholic Archbishop of Manila, he spoke at length of his visit to Rome and his very agreeable association with the representatives of the Catholic Church. Mr. Roosevelt, a Protestant, he said, desired as President to act toward the Catholic Church as he would have a Catholic President act toward Protestant Churches. At a dinner given by natives, on the 11th, the Secretary spoke of the views of the American people and the policy of the Administration. In the States, he said, there were some who had the real imperialist idea of extending American influence in the Orient by purchase and conquest. A larger number would have been glad to avoid taking the Philippines, but now felt that they had become trustees and protectors of the Philippine people and must meet the responsibility. A third class favored immediate independence for the Filipinos, some because they desired to rid the States of the burden of governing them, and some because they believed the islanders could govern themselves. Mr. Roosevelt was the chief exponent of the second of these groups:

"He believes that it is the duty of the United States to prepare the Filipinos for self-government. This will require a generation, and probably longer, and the form of self-government will be left to the individuals who will control the two nations at that time. It follows that the President—and he himself desires me to say this to the Filipinos—feels charged with the duty of proceeding on this policy and maintaining the sovereignty of the United States here as an instrument of the

gradual education and elevation of the whole of the Filipino people to a self-governing community."

The Filipinos, he continued, who desired to rule the islands must educate their children in the principles of democracy, and should learn that the foundations of a self-governing nation are industry, thrift and intelligence. There would surely be a popular assembly in 1907, if no insurrection should exist. He favored some changes affecting the administration of justice, in order that there should be no suspicion that the courts were under executive influence. There would soon be free trade with the States. This, with new railroads, would promote prosperity. His own policy, the Philippines for the Filipinos, had undergone no change. It was the policy of the President. Any one opposed to it should not remain in the Government service on the islands. He had been told that Governor Wright was suspected of not accepting it, but the truth was that the Governor was "its staunchest exponent." [At an earlier banquet Governor Wright had been attacked by Señor Herrera, president of the Federal party, who asserted that the Governor was not faithful to the policy of his predecessor.] Congressman Bourke Cockran, at one of the dinners, said that he had opposed annexation, but was now convinced that the United States was God's instrument for shaping Philippine prosperity. He promised to assist earnestly the unselfish development of the islands under the policy of Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Taft.—On the evening of the 12th there was a grand ball in the marble hall of the Government House. Miss Roosevelt, in honor of whom the ball was given by the citizens of Manila, wore a costume in the making of which the Filipino women had been engaged for three months. On the following day the visitors sailed for the southern islands.



Labor Controversies A strike of the workmen employed in various places by the American Bridge Company began on the 9th. The company employs union men only and has an agreement with them, but it sublet a contract in Boston to a firm that employs non-union men. This was the cause of

the strike, which involves from 15,000 to 20,000 union workmen.—A strike of the Hebrew journeymen bakers in New York, beginning on the 5th, has been accompanied by much riotous conduct on the "East Side" of the city, where many of the 400 shops of the employing bakers have been attacked. The 3,000 strikers demand a ten-hour day, higher wages and recognition of their union. At last accounts the employers were still withholding such recognition.—The movement of freight on the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads has been much affected by the withdrawal, on the 1st, of 1,500 of the 1,900 telegraphers employed, strike and lockout having been ordered at about the same time. Demands for an increase of pay and for changes in the rules were met by some changes as to the effect of which there is a conflict of testimony. They were not accepted. Arbitration has been suggested by Governor Johnson, of Minnesota. The union has consented, but the companies decline to seek a settlement in that way.



Venezuela Final judgment in the case of the Government against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company was given on the 7th by the Court of Cassation. The original decision of May last is confirmed and the concession is annulled. A suit for damages, based upon the allegation that the company aided the revolutionists under Matos, is still pending. Agents of the Government are in the United States to obtain evidence as to the alleged purchase of a gunboat for Matos with money contributed by the company. A protest against the decision had been formally made by the corporation. It is said that our Government will await the report of Judge Calhoun, who is making an inquiry in Venezuela. Remarks in Venezuelan newspapers regarded as organs of the Government indicate that the appointment of Judge Calhoun for this mission was not welcomed by President Castro. Local representatives of the French Cable Company, whose concession or contract was recently annulled by the same court, say that the company will continue to fulfil the terms of the contract, believing that it is the victim

of "demagog justice," and that it expects no intervention in its behalf until it shall have been molested. A protest has been sent to the French Government. A suit against the company for damages, upon the ground that it assisted Matos, is pending, and representatives of Venezuela in Paris are striving to convince the French Government that the charge is well founded.



The Peace Conference

The facts that the first week of the peace negotiations at Portsmouth has passed without the withdrawal of either party and that the envoys are now engaged upon the thorough discussion of Japanese proposals, clause by clause, give grounds for the hope that the meeting will not be fruitless. Just what these proposals are cannot be said, as so far no official information as to their character has been given out. The Japanese have been more reticent to reporters than the Russians. Mr. Witte has stated that it is his earnest desire to have the Japanese conditions and, in fact, all the proceedings of the Conference made known to the public, but that Baron Komura refused to consent to it. It is known that the Japanese proposals consist of twelve clauses and it is generally surmised that they are as follows:

1. The recognition of Japan's predominating influence in Korea.

2. The relinquishment of the Chinese-Eastern Railway by Russia as far north as Harbin, Russia to retain control of the railway across northern Manchuria connecting with Vladivostok.

3. Japanese control of the Liao-tung peninsula, including Port Arthur and Dalny.

4. The surrender of Sakhalin Island to Japan, its former owner.

5. The granting to the Japanese of fishing privileges on the Siberian littoral as far north as the mouth of the Amûr River.

6. The maintenance of the open door in Manchuria and of the integrity of China.

7. The complete evacuation of Manchuria by the Russian troops and its restoration to China.

8. The granting of commercial privileges at Vladivostok.

9. The surrender to the Japanese of all Russian warships interned in neutral ports.

10. The limitation of Russia's naval strength in the Far East.

11. The recognition by Russia of the principle that Japan is entitled to remuneration for the cost of the war.

12. The cancellation of all the mining concessions in Manchuria granted by China to the Russians.

Of these conditions it is understood that the Russians object most strongly to the cession of Sakhalin and the payment of an indemnity.—Owing to the fog on Long Island the Russia and Japanese envoys going by water from Oyster Bay were delayed and did not reach Portsmouth Harbor until the morning of August 8th. Mr. Witte was already there, for he had left the "Mayflower" at Newport and had gone by rail to Portsmouth by way of Boston. The Russian and Japanese envoys and their suites first took breakfast with Admiral Mead at the Navy Yard at Kittery, Me., and then were taken in carriages to Portsmouth, N. H., where Governor McLane received them in the courthouse, after which they went to their lodgings in the Hotel Wentworth at New Castle. The first session was held in the rooms provided at the new storage warehouse in the Navy Yard at 10 o'clock on the following morning, at which details of procedure were arranged. The Russian credentials were presented, but Baron Komura explained that as he had supposed that no business would be done at the opening session he had neglected to bring the Japanese credentials. He, however, explained verbally what they were, and upon returning to the hotel in the afternoon sent them to the room of Mr. Witte, who nevertheless filed a protest upon the minutes against this irregularity. The credentials and powers of both parties were found mutually satisfactory and approved at the opening of the second day's session, after which Mr. Witte asked for the Japanese peace terms. Baron Komura suggested that they be presented and discussed one at a time, but Mr. Witte objected on the ground that this would cause needless delay. Accordingly Baron Komura gave a brief

note containing a summary of the conditions to Mr. Witte, who placed it at once in his inner breast pocket and the Conference adjourned. The Russian envoys and secretaries and advisers then remained at the Navy Yard for six hours longer considering the proposals and preparing their reply. Long telegrams were sent to the Czar and replies received, but Mr. Witte stated that he had not asked for or received instructions from St. Petersburg. The Russian reply was presented promptly on the following morning. It stated that some of the conditions proposed by the Japanese could not possibly be accepted. On Saturday afternoon, however, one of the clauses, said to be that relating to Korea, was taken up and three clauses on Korea, Manchuria and China were finished in the Monday morning session. No session was held on Sunday, the Russians attending service at the Episcopalian Church. The notes exchanged are in French and English, and these languages are most used in the conversations. English would probably be used but for the fact that Mr. Witte does not understand it, and Baron Komura insisted as a point of honor on opening the Conference in Japanese, to which Mr. Witte replied in Russian.

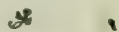


English and French Fleets

Portsmouth, England, has during the past week been the scenes of an international meeting which may have as important an effect upon the peace of the world as the meeting at Portsmouth, N. H. The French and English fleets combined off Portsmouth, and the two squadrons, comprising altogether seventy vessels, were drawn up in parallel columns as King Edward on the naval yacht "Victoria and Albert" reviewed them. The French squadron then entered Portsmouth harbor, passing by Nelson's flagship, the "Victory," which was flying the tricolor. A dinner, followed by a ball, was given by the British naval officers to the French officers, at which the Prince of Wales presided. The crews of both fleets were also entertained, and at night paraded the streets together arm in arm for hours, singing the French and English national songs.

Admiral Caillard and eighty of his officers, together with nearly as many more French visitors, were then taken to London, where they were given luncheon at Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. A still greater and quite unprecedented honor was the luncheon given the visitors by the House of Commons in the historic Westminster Hall. The Lord High Chancellor and the Speaker of the House, both in their robes of state, presided, and Premier Balfour proposed the toast to "The French Navy," in which he emphasized the identity of interests of the two countries represented and the importance of their friendship as a guarantee of the peace of the world. There were some five hundred men at the tables, and in the galleries as spectators were over 300 ladies. The unusual popular enthusiasm has created a favorable impression on both sides of the channel, and the event is regarded as an offset for the recent diplomatic victory of the Emperor of Germany over France in the Moroccan difficulty.—Parliament has been prorogued without any promise by the Premier that an election will be held in November, as the Liberals desired. The House of Commons now stands as follows: Conservatives, 312; Unionists, 58, making altogether 370 Government votes; Liberals, 217; Irish Nationalists, 82, making 299 Opposition votes. The Government's majority of 71 is ten less than last February

the new Swedish Ministry, under Christian Lundeberg, will have no further reason for not proceeding with the negotiations for a legal settlement of the problem. Emperor William of Germany, who on his yacht "Hohenzollern" recently paid a visit to King Christian at Copenhagen, is reported to be in favor of Prince Charles of Denmark for King of Norway, notwithstanding his leaning toward the English. Prince Charles married in 1896 the Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward.—Notwithstanding the prospect of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty, the Swedish and Norwegian press devote considerable space to the comparison of the military forces of the two countries. A recent estimate is: Sweden, infantry, 75,600; cavalry, 2,500; artillery, 450; total, 78,500 men, with 240 guns. Norway, infantry, 55,140; others arms, 14,878; total, 70,018 men, with 186 guns. Sweden has 65 vessels of war, 11 of which are armored; Norway has 51 vessels, four of them armored.



The Away from Rome Movement

The Evangelical Consistory Council of Austria has published full reports of the Away from Rome Movement from the beginning of the agitation in 1899 to the close of 1904. During these six years there have been 31,578 converts to the Protestant Churches, the Lutheran and the Reformed, and of these 29,330 have come from the Catholic Church. The numbers have slightly decreased each year, but it is universally conceded that the religious character of the movement has deepened. In 1899 the number of converts was 6,385, in 1900 it was 5,058, in 1901 it was 6,639, in 1902 it was 4,639, in 1903 it was 4,510, in 1904 it was 4,362. On the other hand, during these six years 5,902 persons severed their connection with the Protestant Churches of Austria, and of these 5,746 went to the Catholic Church. The total gain of the Protestant Church over against its great competitor has accordingly been 24,238 in six years. For the first time the head of the Catholic Church has recognized the importance of this agitation and the Catholic churches

Norway Votes Secession

On Sunday, August 13th, a referendum vote was taken in Norway on the question of secession from the union with Sweden. The popular enthusiasm in favor of it was so great that the day was celebrated as a general holiday rather than a formal election. The vote was practically unanimous for separation. According to the latest reports, 321,197 votes were cast for it and only 161 against. The objection raised by the Swedish Riksdag, that it was not certain that the action of the Norwegian Storting in dissolving the union was approved by the people, must now be considered answered, and

of Austria have recently published an official pronouncement of Pope Pius X, addressed to the hierarchy and the faithful of the Empire, urging them to combat the movement with all their power. In this document the Pope laments the fact that the historic fidelity of Austria to the Catholic Church is endangered by this apostasy of thousands. It is officially addressed to Cardinal Gruscha, the Archbishop of Vienna, and to the other archbishops and bishops of Austria.

Macedonian Reforms

On May 8th a joint note from all the European Powers providing for the international control of the finances of Macedonia was presented to the Sultan, who delayed replying to the note until recently and then rejected the scheme. Another note, couched in more peremptory terms, was at once drawn up and signed by the representatives of the six Powers and has been again presented to the Sultan, who will hardly dare to refuse or longer delay the reforms stipulated. According to the program adopted at Mürzteg in 1903, two Powers, Russia and Austria-Hungary, were to control the administration of the turbulent vilayets of Macedonia. This has accomplished something in the way of bringing order out of chaos, but not so much as was expected of it. This arrangement will expire in October, and according to the new plan each of the six signatory Powers will appoint a financial delegate, who will assist the civil agents of Austria-Hungary and of Russia. They will supervise the collection of all taxes and tithes and the expenditure of all money for administrative purposes.

German African Wars

It is reported that the natives have risen in German East Africa and that the outbreak in this colony may be as serious as that of Hereros in German Southwest Africa, which occurred in January, 1904, and is not yet subdued. There has been a year and a half of hard fighting, with no glory or permanent advantages to compensate for the great loss of life and expenditure of money. Like most such

"little wars," this has seriously disarranged the financial plans of the Government, and has brought down upon it much sharp criticism for mismanagement before and during the war. Altogether the German Government has expended about \$65,000,000, and the end is not yet in sight, for the natives, to whom warfare is the normal mode of life, can continue their tactics of raiding and retreating indefinitely, and the country is too extensive and barren for effective policing. The losses in the army from disease are nearly as great as those from battle. Typhoid fever has caused the death of 14 officers and 341 men, or nearly 4.5 per cent. of the entire force. At the time of the rising, January, 1904, there were on duty in the colony 42 officers, seven officials and 772 men, together with 800 horses. Since that date reinforcements to the number of 665 officers, 196 officials and 13,653 men, together with nearly 12,000 horses, have been sent out from Germany. The total losses in action up to date amount to 41 officers, 83 non-commissioned officers and 305 men killed or missing, and 53 officers, 109 non-commissioned officers and 303 men wounded, or a total of 894 officers and men of the regular corps killed or wounded in action. The number of deaths from disease or in consequence of accidents amounted to 18 officers, 63 non-commissioned officers and 393 men, or a total of 474 deaths. In addition, 119 officers and men of the colonial reserves also fell or were wounded in action. Moreover, murder, disease and accidents accounted for one officer of the local reserve and 127 men who were either farmers or reservists or both. Thus the rising has so far cost the lives of some 1,100 Germans, probably exclusive of women and children, and 512 men have been wounded in action. The total percentage of losses in killed and wounded amounts to 8 per cent. of the officers and 19 per cent. of the non-commissioned officers of the force. Moreover, 425 members of the expeditionary corps have been invalidated home, and of these 307 have been finally examined, with the result that 238, or over 77 per cent., have been classed as permanent invalids.

The Coming Political Realignment

BY JAMES ARTHUR EDGERTON

[The author of the following most suggestive article was born in Ohio thirty-six years ago and was educated in common schools, academy, normal school and college in that State. He went West when twenty-one and engaged in reform politics for a number of years, also in newspaper work at Lincoln and Denver. Two years ago he came East, and since then has been doing editorial and special writing in New York.—EDITOR.]

ISSUES are born, not made. They arrive on the scene unexpectedly, confound the politicians and break and make parties by their advent. They are not unheralded, but all men are not gifted with the power to read the prophetic signs of their coming. The ability to discern these harbingers and to shape one's course accordingly marks the statesman and the natural leader.

Has a new issue arrived in American politics? Are we on the eve of a realignment of existing parties or the formation of a new party on this issue? There have been so many false alarms of this sort that the natural tendency of the man of the world will be to answer these questions in the negative. Yet the false alarms themselves are frequently heralds of the true upheaval. The attempts at revolution that, like small waves, fall short and run back down the sands, are often the precursors of the fuller tide that sweeps all before it and reaches the mark.

Recent political history records many of the smaller waves. First there was the Greenback movement, which reached high water mark in the early eighties and fell back. Then came the People's Party, polling over a million votes in its first campaign, in '92, reaching well toward the two million mark in the congressional elections of '94, then fusing with the Democracy and attaining its climax in the first Bryan campaign, of '96. Populism was still a potent factor in 1900, and in 1904 the large Socialist vote of nearly 400,000, the Populist vote of over 100,000, and the overwhelming victory of Roosevelt, due in no small degree to radical support as a rebuke to Parker and reactionary Democracy, showed that the advance tide had by no means spent its force.

Present political conditions may be

imagined to resemble very closely "the era of good feeling" under President James Monroe over eighty years ago. Yet that itself was but the prelude to the fierce struggle between Andrew Jackson and the younger Adams in 1824, resulting in Jackson's election to the Presidency four years later. From that initial point of 1824, by the way, political upheavals have appeared regularly in sixteen to twenty year periods. Thus in 1840 came the William Henry Harrison campaign, with its unprecedented partisan enthusiasm, resulting in the election of the first Whig President. In 1860 Lincoln, the first of the Republican Presidents, was elected. In 1876 was fought the memorable Hayes-Tilden campaign, the result of which is still disputed. In 1896 came the momentous Bryan campaign, with its phenomenal vote. The periods are thus seen to run 16—20—16—20. Under the same rule the next great struggle should come in 1912, or sixteen years from 1896. But in most instances there has been at least one campaign preliminary to the crucial one; thus the realignment may be expected to show itself very distinctly in 1908. In that event it should even now be forming. Without binding ourselves too closely to these figures it yet remains a fact that there is a certain periodicity in these political upheavals, accelerated or retarded, of course, by outward circumstances.

Are the present outward conditions such as would hasten this result? Is there now an issue worthy the name between the two great parties? The tariff no longer excites, free silver no longer alarms. On the rate question there is apparent unison. No partisan feeling to speak of apparent anywhere. Yet history shows that out of these political calms arise the tempests. The old issues

are assuredly dead. Is there a new issue that is alive?

Outside the merely partisan arena the signs are plentiful. Public opinion is focusing on industrial problems as never before. A Federal Grand Jury is investigating the Beef Trust. Lawson is exposing Standard Oil. The Equitable Assurance Society has drawn the attention of the world to business corruption. The magazines and leading papers are filled with industrial and political reform sentiment. Mayor Dunne is inaugurating municipal ownership of street railways in Chicago. Mayor Weaver, assisted by an aroused public conscience, has defeated a long-term gas franchise in Philadelphia. If these things are indicative, the new issue is to be found in the industrial field. What is it?

To me it seems so plain that the way-faring man can read:

Public ownership.

Go out into the highways and ask the first dozen men one may meet. Out of the dozen it will be found that at least eleven are thinking of some form of public ownership or control. For municipal problems, municipal ownership. For insurance problems, State or Governmental insurance. It is in the very air. It is in the hearts of the American people.

Yet the phrase public ownership is too vague. There must be some definite point. Municipal ownership cannot become a national issue for the very reason that it is local in its application. What is the general public utility on which this public ownership sentiment will focus and make of it an immediate objective for a national movement?

It seems to me that both President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, the leaders of the two great parties, have answered this question. They may have done it unconsciously, but they have done it none the less effectively. They have pointed to the natural and inevitable issue—the railroads. One has spoken for Government control, the other for State ownership. Each has taken a step toward the definition of the issue. The people themselves will take the other step; and that step will be:

Government ownership of railroads.

There is an issue that will be alive, that will never down until it is settled. It is already before the country, placed there by the President, placed there by Mr. Bryan, and placed there by the very logic of the situation.

It embraces, at least indirectly, almost every other industrial question. Ida M. Tarbell has shown how the Standard Oil monopoly was built up through the railroad rebate. Charles E. Russell is showing how the Beef Trust was built up by the railroad rebate. It is reasonable to suppose that other trusts have been built up in the same way. It is not impossible that here may be found a key to the whole trust question.

The anthracite coal strike is fresh in the public mind, as is also the disclosure growing out of that struggle that the coal-carrying roads are for the most part the owners of the anthracite mines. Presumably the railroads also own other mines in other parts of the country. Certainly they have the power of making or breaking a business, of building or destroying a town, of hurting or helping an entire community. Are not these powers too great to be lodged in private hands?

Assuredly also the railroads interfere, or attempt to interfere, in the Governments of most of the States and of the nation itself. For example, it is notorious that in the State of Nebraska two great railroad systems took turns in electing the United States Senators, and both combined to elect the Governor. Two other systems have shown a like paternal interest in the affairs of Kansas. The instances could be multiplied indefinitely. Such conditions are certain to continue so long as these great public utilities are permitted to be used as instruments of private greed.

Government ownership of railroads is not a new thing. It is already an accomplished fact in most of the nations of the world, and the movement in that direction is being accelerated every day.

Why not? The public would not tolerate the private ownership of its wagon roads. Why should it tolerate the private ownership of its railroads?

The mighty sentiment now being created in this country favorable to municipal

ownership will naturally seek a general outlet, a national expression. It will just as naturally take the form of a demand for Government ownership of railroads. The Hearst newspapers and others are already forecasting this result. Added to this urban sentiment will be an even stronger demand from the farmers and the fruit and stock growers. Let the tide once start and it will be irresistible. Years ago great communities in the South and West voiced this demand through the Farmers' Alliance. The Knights of Labor and other organizations of workers echoed it. But the time was not yet ripe. The cities had not been awakened. Many things have happened since then and are still happening to arouse the people of all sections to the dangers of private operation of this most public of all utilities. All the people who favored Government ownership before favor it still. The next movement will not have the handicaps of the former one. With the rate issue forming the storm center in the next Congress, that movement cannot be long delayed. It is impossible that the corporation coterie now controlling the United States Senate will permit any bill to pass that body that means anything. The people will then seek some other way out.

Three incidents that came under the writer's own observation, and in which he played some small part, may not be without interest, as they furnish side lights on the situation.

The first occurred in Nebraska during the legislative session of 1893. The then famous Maximum Rate Bill was the chief measure up for consideration. The writer was a newspaper correspondent and clerk of the railroad committee in the House, by which committee the bill was framed. At a critical stage of its progress he was given credit by the press for saving the life of the measure. All this necessitated a more or less thorough study of the question. At that time he became convinced that State control would never solve the problem. The question in its very nature is a national one. Railroad traffic is nearly all interstate. The upshot on this very bill bore out that conclusion; for the meas-

ure was nullified, for all practical purposes; and that not by the State courts, but by the Federal courts.

The second incident occurred many years later. For a long time the writer had urged Mr. Bryan to take up Government ownership. At one of the talks among other reasons urged by the Democratic leader against such a step at that time was that it would crowd every other issue to the rear. Now that he has espoused what really amounts to Government ownership, I wonder if he still believes that it will crowd every other issue to the rear. If so he is undoubtedly right; for it is the biggest immediate question before the American people.

The third incident occurred in the Summer of 1903. Convinced that the reactionary forces would capture the Democratic party, the writer called at Denver a national conference to form a party chiefly around the railroad issue. The result of that conference was the reuniting and revivifying of the People's Party and the placing of the Watson ticket in the field in 1904. While the movement did not assume the proportions that had been hoped, as the time was not even then ripe, enough was done to show that the issue is vital. As for the plan, it is not yet too late for its realization. And if one of the great parties does not adopt Government ownership, the formation of a party around this issue, that will eventually sweep the country, is inevitable. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the phenomenal rise of the People's Party in the early nineties was chiefly due to a protest in the West and South against railroad domination. Especially was this true in Kansas and Nebraska, where the old anti-monopoly movement had been strong. The first People's party platform declared for Government ownership, as every platform has done since. In the same way that that movement arose a greater movement may come in all sections of the country, and from like causes.

There will be sufficient time between now and the next Presidential campaign to demonstrate to the country that President Roosevelt cannot force through Congress an effective measure for Gov-

ernment control. Unquestionably the people are with him. Just as unquestionably the railroad politicians in his own party are against him. Already the railway interests are massing for the fight. Some bill may pass, but if so it must be one that they approve. This is not the kind of a problem that can be solved by half-measures. If Mr. Roosevelt sincerely pushes the fight he will inevitably split the party, as Governor La Follette did in Wisconsin. It will be remembered, by the way, that La Follette's fight was on the railroad issue.

If the President consents to accept a meaningless bill he will find that he has started a fire that cannot be put out in such a way. There will be time to show that the new law is inoperative, and there will be a public demand for a more stringent measure. In the meantime a new national convention will be approaching, a new leader will be to choose. The Republican Party will have to take a decided stand one way or the other. Whichever way it goes it will force a split of greater or less dimensions. But who believes that as now constituted it will dare throw the railroads and allied corporations overboard?

What of the Democratic Party? If it would not follow Mr. Bryan with the comparatively moderate demands he made up to 1904, will it follow him with the added and more radical demand of State or Government ownership? That he will press this issue his best friends are now convinced. That the present party organization will be against him is just as certain. Does not the Democracy face the same danger of disruption as the party in power?

Of course, there is the remote possi-

bility that the anti-railroad members of Congress, irrespective of party lines, may rally to the President and force through a genuine rate bill. If so an immediate political realignment would have come. But of this there is not much hope. The railway attorneys and supporters in the Senate are by no means confined to one party. That a majority of that body can be found to pass a bill against the wishes of the corporations few believe. The issue must go to the people. When it does, a readjustment of party lines is certain to follow.

All the time there are the minor parties that must be taken into the reckoning: The small but determined army of Populists, under the lead of the virile and aggressive Watson, demanding the Government ownership of railways and telegraphs; and the half million Socialists, under the eloquent Debs, standing for the collective ownership of all the tools of production and distribution. Then there is always the possibility of the rising of the labor unions and the uniting of the radical and anti-monopoly forces in a new political organization that would make the Farmers' Alliance upheaval of fifteen years ago seem a Summer zephyr by comparison.

While the other trusts are being exposed, it is time that some attention were being paid to this greatest of trusts, of which the others are but branches. Through its rebates it has fed them. It holds State Governments in its grasp. It is preparing for a struggle with our national Government itself.

Is it not time that the American people should take the railway companies out of politics and should claim their highways?

NEW YORK CITY.





Portsmouth—Past and Present

BY DR. C. ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

[Portsmouth and its environs, which as the stage setting of what we hope will be the last scene of the greatest war of history has now the attention of the world focussed upon it, is interesting in itself, as the following sketch shows.—EDITOR.]

A SHORT while ago, when the Naval Appropriation bill was being discussed in Congress and a considerable amount had been allowed the Portsmouth Navy Yard, a Congressman from the Southwest arose and asked, "Where is Portsmouth?" The gentleman was promptly informed by a member from Kansas that "Portsmouth is in New Hampshire." Every citizen of Portsmouth who heard of this incident felt at that time that there was little excuse for such a question. Now, at any rate, since the Russo-Japanese Peace Commission has met at Portsmouth, the city is sure of its future fame.

Portsmouth is the picturesque seaport city of New Hampshire and is the only seaport in the State. It is at the mouth of the deep Piscataqua River, which lies between it and the State of Maine. The

river broadens out to form an excellent harbor, and over this is a fine view of the Atlantic. A chain of beautiful islands extends out from the city to the sea.

Tho a city of only ten thousand inhabitants, Portsmouth was originally settled in 1631 and is one of the oldest settlements in America.

David Thomson, an adventurous Scotchman, with ten men landed at Odiorne's Point in 1623. They were the first white men to touch New Hampshire soil, and their landing place is only about three miles from Portsmouth. On this point Thomson and his men built a stone fort, which they employed as a place for both defense and worship. Parts of the fort remained until a few years ago.

Altho relatively unimportant to-day as a shipping port, Portsmouth was dur-



Panorama of Portsmouth from the Harbor

ing both the Colonial and Revolutionary periods one of the most important seaports in the British colonies. In shipbuilding and shipping it had extensive interests.

Portsmouth was the residence of the Royal Governors until the Revolution. The old Governor Wentworth house,

built in 1670, is still standing and in good condition. It is probably the oldest house in Portsmouth, and in it were born two Royal Governors.

The old Langdon house, built in 1784, has the distinction of being erected by a former Royal Governor of the same name, who proved himself to be an ear-



Naval Storehouse, Portsmouth Navy Yard, Where the Peace Conference is Held

nest patriot for the American cause. He assisted in seizing the powder at the neighboring fort in New Castle in 1774 and in having it transported to Washington's army at Cambridge. Later he helped supply clothing from Portsmouth to the poorly clad patriots at Valley Forge.

Beneath the shades of the classic elms

say that it was the most beautiful in the town.

Another quaint and attractive old colonial house is that still standing by Little Harbor and built in 1750 by Governor Benning Wentworth. He was the first Royal Governor of New Hampshire after the State was separated from Massachusetts, and his stormy rule of



St. John's Church, Portsmouth, N. H.

about the Langdon house Louis Philippe of France, in 1780, passed many a pleasant afternoon while on a visit to Portsmouth. In after years, when occupying the throne of France, he often inquired of Americans about Portsmouth, and would refer with pleasure to the old Langdon place. George Washington, who visited at this house, would always

the province continued for twenty-five years, until 1766. This gentleman, when well past his youth, wooed and won his beautiful housemaid, Martha Hilton, who had no dowry save her bright eyes and rosy lips. When the old Governor and the lovely Lady Wentworth went in state to church each Sabbath it pleased the godly to forget the servant lass and

to smile sweetly upon the great lady as two black pages bore her rustling train down the aisle—a great change from the day when the bare-footed girl boasted that some day “I shall ride in my own coach.”

After the Governor's death Lady Wentworth married a Colonel Wentworth, not related to her former husband. At their house Washington and Lafayette were afterward guests on their visit to Portsmouth.

Immediately across the Piscataqua from Portsmouth is the island in the State of Maine on which the navy yard is situated. This island was purchased by the Government and the navy yard founded in 1800 regardless of the will of the original owner, who desired the property to descend in his family by entail “as long as the grass grows and the water runs.” The navy has constructed many of its early ships at this yard, and among the most famous of these is the old *Kearsarge*.

The navy yard is a twenty minutes'

drive in a rather roundabout way from the town, or is more easily reached by ferry. Besides the fine new building to be used for the sittings of the Peace Commission it contains a number of other large buildings, the Commandant's residence, officers' quarters, naval hospital, marine barracks, naval prison and one of our largest dry docks.

On Seavey's Island, which adjoins the yard, 2,000 Spanish prisoners were quartered during our Spanish War. Only a few days ago a large point of land projecting from the navy yard and called Henderson's Point was blown up in order to allow the largest battleship safe entrance into the dry dock. In this explosion about fifty tons of dynamite were employed and a mass of rock several acres in size was blown up. The event attracted thousands of people to witness it, and the sight of an enormous column of water and rock over one hundred feet in high well repaid the spectators for their trouble. The explosion, which cost nearly a million dollars in labor and ma-



The Langdon House, Portsmouth, N. H. Copyright, 1905, by Detroit Photographic Co., N. Y. C.



Jackson House. The Oldest House in Portsmouth, N. H.

terial, was a complete success. The enormous rock forming Henderson's Point was entirely shattered and the hitherto dangerous channel entering Portsmouth Harbor was thereby rendered about three hundred feet wider and comparatively safe.

Guarding the entrance to Portsmouth Harbor, but situated in the little town of New Castle, is the interesting and historical Fort Constitution. First constructed in 1666, it was later on called Fort William and Mary when these sovereigns ruled England. However, the fort played no important part in defense or attack until the Revolution. On December 13th, 1774, "one Paul Revere arrived express with letters from some of the leaders in Boston." He brought information that British troops were embarking from Boston, fifty miles away, to take possession of and garrison the fort. This report caused great excitement. A company of citizens, true to the cause of independence, immediately formed and, marching to New Castle, they took possession of the fort and hauled down the

King's colors. One hundred barrels of gunpowder were found. The greater part of this was afterward used in the battle of Bunker Hill. The artillery was carried away and the fort just about to be dismantled when two men-of-war arrived from General Gage and recaptured it. A great deal of the older parts of Fort Constitution is still intact. The old tower still casts its shadow over the harbor's entrance and the loopholes look out, like many eyes, over the swiftly flowing waters. Recently great improvements have been made in the fortifications and now most modern guns have been mounted.

Portsmouth is the center of New Hampshire's great summer resort belt. Its neighboring beautiful shores, stately woods and picturesque drives make it most delightful for summer residents. The breeze is almost always from the sea and even in midsummer there is rarely an uncomfortably warm day. The whole coast about Portsmouth is dotted with summer cottages. An excellent system of electric cars belts the coast both north and south. These lines connect the close-



Peace Conference Room in the Naval

by summer colonies of York, York Harbor, Rye, Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head with Portsmouth.

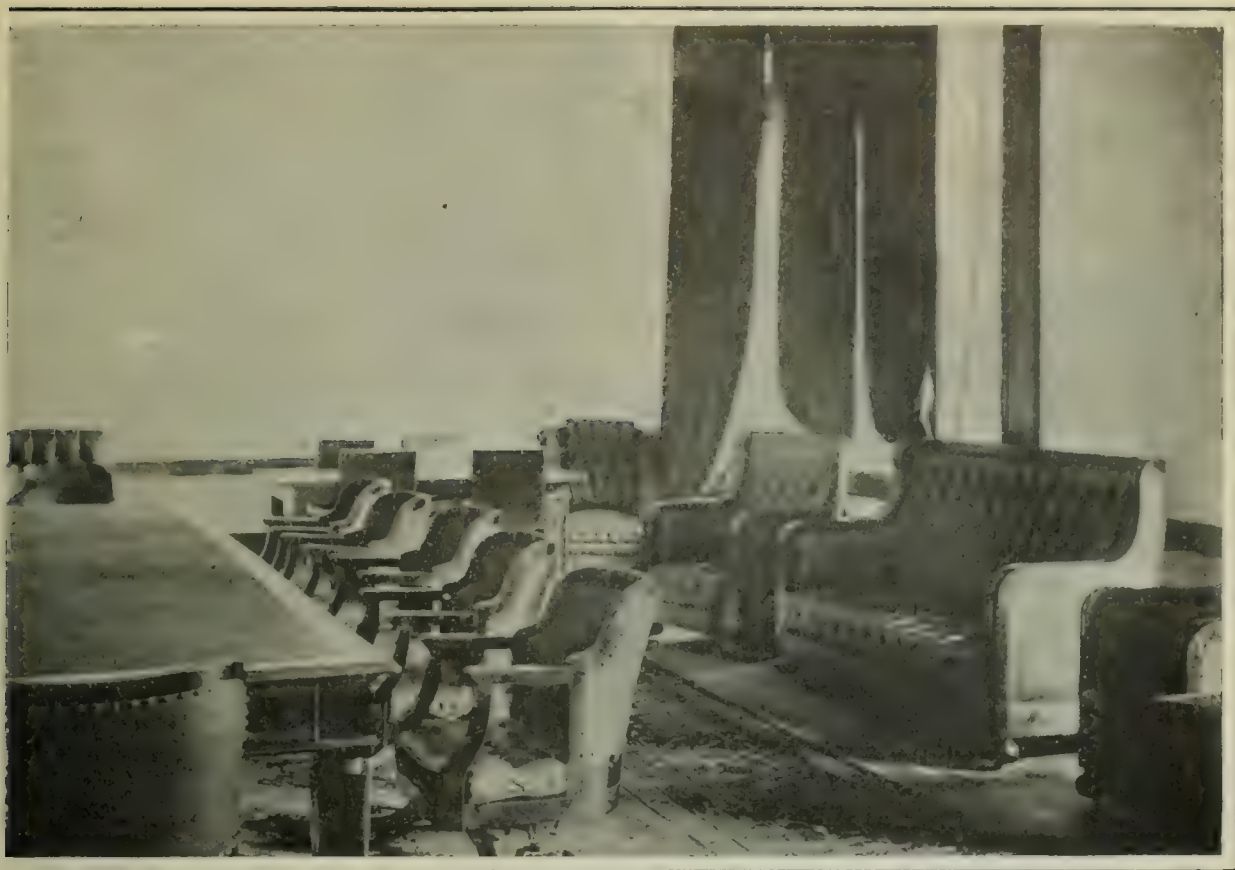
The Hotel Wentworth, the home of the Peace Congress, is near New Castle and is just three miles from Portsmouth. It is reached either by the picturesque Sagamore road or by the road passing over the chain of islands connecting New Castle with Portsmouth. This hotel, one of the most attractive summer hotels in New England, altho first established twenty-five years ago, is thoroughly modernized. It stands on New Castle Island and overlooks beautiful Little Harbor. From the Wentworth veranda Odiorne's Point, the landing place of Thomson, is plainly visible. The hotel consists of a large main portion, in which the Japanese Commission is now quartered; of an adjoining part, the Annex, which contains the Russian Commission, and next to that a third building, called the Cottage. The grounds of the hotel include several hundred acres. These are crossed by beautiful drives and shady paths.

The hotel faces the east and overlooks the ocean. Its white buildings stand out so prominently that they may be seen

many miles out at sea. From the rear verandas one obtains a beautiful view of the many green islands at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, and beyond the tall buildings of the navy yard and the church spires of old Portsmouth are silhouetted distinctly against the pale blue of the western skies.

The road to the old town of New Castle, one mile away, passes in front of the hotel and winds through shady groves to that picturesque village. On its way it passes the house of John Paul Jones's old fighting boatswain and the historic Walbach Tower. This tower was built by Count Walbach when a colonel in the United States Army and in command of Fort Constitution, nearby. The story goes that it was erected in one night during September, 1814, to guard the beach from British landing parties. The enemy failed to attempt a landing, however, and the tower still remains as a monument to the energy and patriotism of our brave soldiers.

Within the Hotel Wentworth's large dining-room, which seats four or five hundred guests, there are two long tables which the newcomer will immediately notice. One overlooks the breakers that



Storehouse, Portsmouth

roll in from the broad Atlantic and faces the rising sun. The other points toward the Conference Building in the navy yard and toward the setting sun. At the former every evening about 7.30 there sits the slight figure of Baron Komura, with Minister Takahira on his right and the remaining dozen or more of the members of the Japanese Commission seated

according to rank. At the latter table is seated about the same time each evening the impressive form of Count Witte, with Baron de Rosen at his right hand. The remaining sixteen seats at this table are also occupied by the Russians according to precedence. The conversation at both tables is quiet, tho animated. The merriment may come later.

HOTEL WENTWORTH, NEW CASTLE, N. H.



What of the Night?

BY ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO

WATCHMAN, what of the night?

The sun drops red on the hill,
And the dark draws near apace,
And the night wind wreaks its will;
And I—I have run my race,
I have fought my latest fight.
Watchman, what of the night?

Watchman, what of the night?

Is it fraught with many a fear?
Is it silent and dark and cold?
Is there never a comrade near,
And never a hand to hold,
Nor promise at last of light?
Watchman, what of the night?

Watchman, what of the night?

I have fought and fallen and lost,
I have fought and striven and gained,
And which at the heavier cost?
But a whisper still remained
Of an unrevealed delight.
Watchman, what of the night?

Watchman, what of the night?

Nay, is there aught to tell?
Can it prove more strange than this?
If I wake, why it is well,
If I sleep, why well it is,
So there come no dreams to fright.
Watchman, what of the night?

NEW YORK CITY.

爾 靈 山

203 Meter Hill

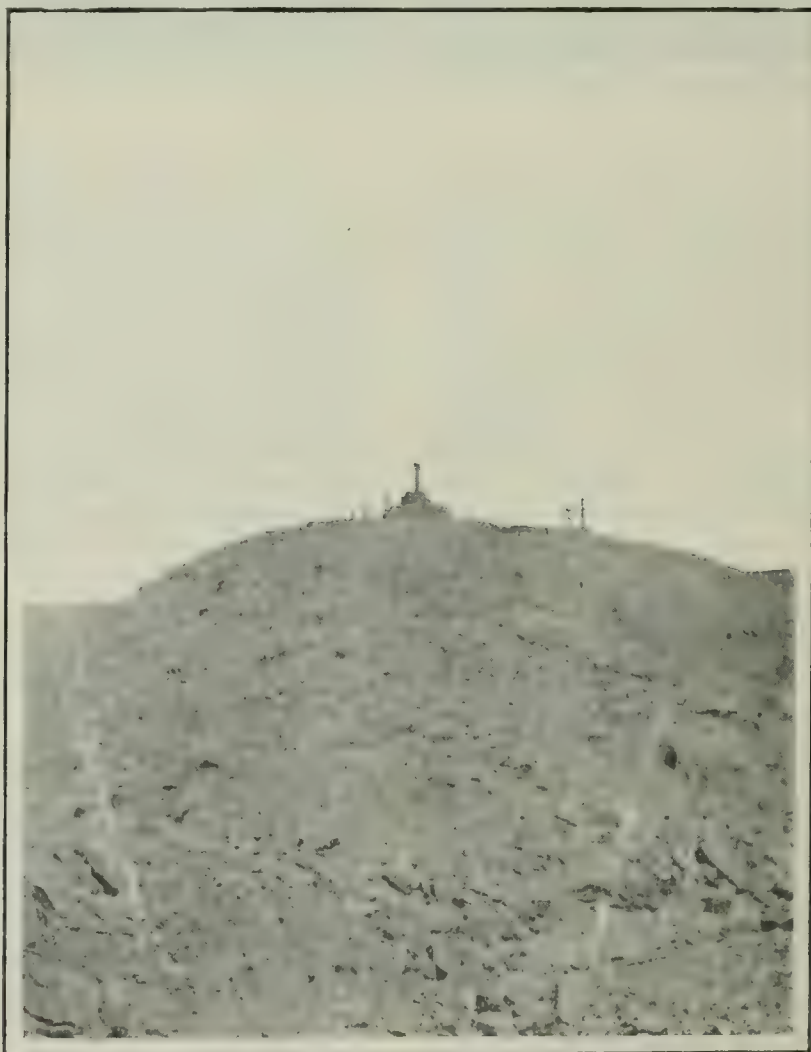
BY J. H. De FOREST

[This is the second article promised to our readers as the result of Dr. De Forest's trip to Manchuria. The three Chinese characters just above the heading are the first words of the poem written by General Nogi on the capture of 203 Meter Hill. The meaning is explained below. The translation of the Nogi poem is by Miss Charlotte B. De Forest.—EDITOR.]

WITH the total destruction of the Baltic fleet and the consequent hope of peace absorbing the attention of the public, interest in the recent battlefields will doubtless wane. Yet the places that have become historic by reason of victories won at frightful cost

will never cease to be intensely fascinating. Weeks before I saw the long line of fortifications around Port Arthur 203 Meter Hill had risen in my mind above all the chain of forts that constituted that almost impregnable fortress.

The whole Japanese nation was pro-



The Northeast Top of 203 Meter Hill. The central mound is made of sand bags that had been used for breastworks, and these support the wooden shaft on which is written "To the Memory of the Loyal Spirits of the Seventh Division." The whole is surrounded by wire suspended on posts made from railroad iron. At the right is the Russian Cross in memory of their dead

foundly affected by the terribly deadly struggle for the possession of this hill, which was taken and retaken day after day and night after night until its stony slopes were literally covered with corpses and the trenches near the top were filled with the dead of both sides. The daring charges of the Japanese against Shojuzan and Niryuzan and their undermining and blowing up of these forts were marvelous deeds, but the capture of none of these places, the construction of which had exhausted the skill of military engineers, touched the hearts of the Japanese people as did the bloody struggle of five days and nights that ended in the occupation of this 203 Meter Hill, which, by the way, was not a fort at all, but only an outlying hill with defensive trenches near the top.

General Nogi, the scholarly warrior whose name the whole world knows as the commander of the victorious investing army, wrote no poems over the downfall of any of those skillfully constructed forts, but after the terrible struggle over 203 Meter Hill he composed a stanza that, coming from his heart, went straight to the hearts of the millions at home as well as of the soldiers on the field:

O warriors, Your Spirits' Mount is steep!
Up its embattled sides ye scarce could creep;
And yet your glory scaled its deadly height!
Fierce shot and shell have torn its furrowed side,
In blood its altered face has deep been dyed.
With reverent awe the world beholds the sight,
Your Spirits' Mount!

The power of this little poem lies in the three words that open and close the verse and that stand at the head of this article, *Ni Rei Zan*, the ideographs of which mean to the eye of Japanese Your Spirits' Mountain, while the same words when pronounced mean to the ear 203. So not only eye and ear are caught by the sight and sound of these



The Russian Cross on 203 Meter Hill in Memory of Their Countless Dead

characters, but the deepest heart is touched of those who believe that the souls of the brave can be assembled over the battleground and comforted by the eulogies of grateful comrades.

Now for the story of the fight: This double topped hill stands five miles west of Port Arthur and the value of it is that it commands a clear view of the whole harbor, in which were lying five powerful battleships, to say nothing of the cruisers and torpedo destroyers. These were potentially the greatest peril that threatened the communications of Japan's army of half a million. If these ships could only be sunk!

Besides that, 203 Hill, being the end of the semicircle of fortifications, commands the rear approaches of several of the nearer forts and at the same time threatens communication with Pigeon Bay on the west. General Nogi wanted it badly from the very first, and as early as the middle of September he made a savage assault on three sides of the hill,



The Southwest Crest of 203 Meter Hill, with the Significant Wooden Pillars in Front of Which Are the Trenches Filled with the Dead

hoping to capture the trenches on the top. But he had to retire with heavy loss and wait until the siege had advanced sufficiently to make a decisive attack. This began on the 26th of November and lasted day and night until the noon of December 1st. Five times the Japanese planted their flag on the summit and five times the Russians with equal bravery and equally frightful losses succeeded in recovering the hill. Then came the sixth and victorious assault on the part of the Japanese, who now saw the trenches filled with the dead of both armies and the sides of the hill, especially the steep eastern slope, literally covered with corpses.

It was terrible, but it was the beginning of the end. Now at last Nogi's gunners had a chance to see what they were firing at. Heretofore they could reach the town and harbor easily enough by sending shells from their siege guns right over the range of hills on which were the forts of the enemy, but they could not see whether they hit anything or not. It was all chance work.

It had been one of the most trying experiences of the Japanese artillerymen

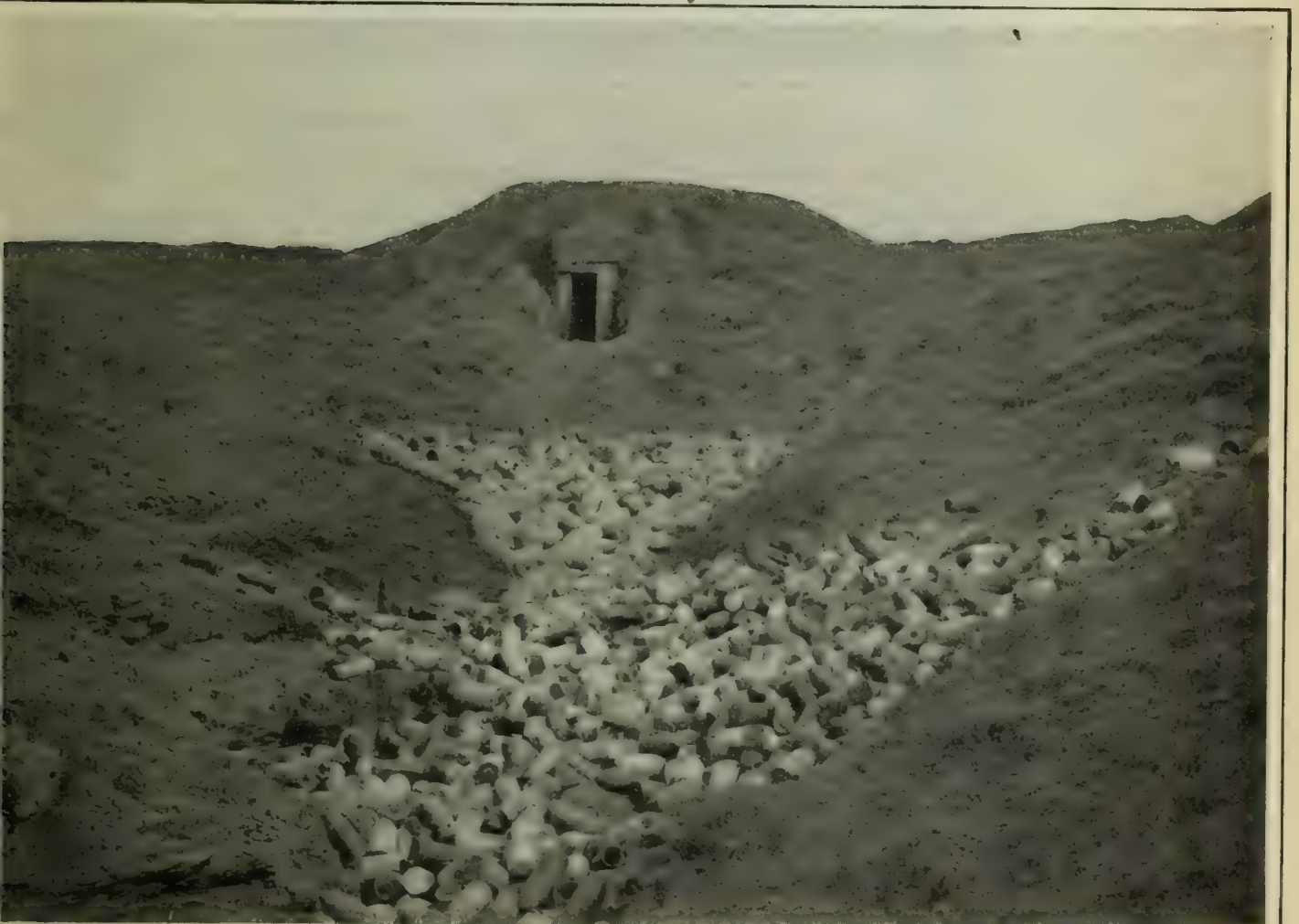
that they could not be sure of hitting those ships. "Why did you not use balloons?" I asked the colonel who had the guns in charge. "We did, but you can't send up a balloon high enough to look over a range of hills like these and see their immediate rear. Balloons are of little use save on plains."

But from 203 Hill every ship was in plain sight, with no possibility of escaping the coming shells. And there was no need even of dragging the siege guns up the hill and spending days in laboriously building platforms for them, for their aim could now be accurately directed from this peak. And then began the hot work of destruction on those battleships. In less than three days sixty-eight shells were seen to take effect, and one after another the ships gradually sank, until they all rested on the bottom of the shallow bay, where they lie now with broken masts, riddled funnels, ripped up decks and dangling davits. Stoessel knew that the possession of 203 Hill would mean not only the end of the Russian navy in the East, but also the speedy loss of Port Arthur, and so even after his men had been six times driven

off with frightful loss he made five more desperate attempts to recover the hill, but all in vain.

I have talked with the captain who led the three companies of soldiers in the last successful charge that took the hill. He is here in the Sendai hospital recovering from five wounds received later in the Mukden battles. But how he could have survived the deadly charges he repeatedly made on 203 Hill and have gone through those days and nights with only skin wounds is a veritable wonder. He read me from his official report the following facts: On December 1st at four o'clock in the morning he was again ordered to take 500 men and capture the hill. Two-thirds of his force carried sandbags and stones and made movable breastworks, to be pushed forward while the rest crawled up behind within hand-grenade distance. Then came the desperate struggle that lasted hours, one horror of which was that the distant Japanese gunners in helping their side

sometimes shot destruction and slaughter among their own men; another of which was that the Japanese were driven to the extremity of piling up the bodies of their dead to piece out their poor defenses. It must be remembered that this fight had been going on already five days and the top of the hill was so thick with the bodies of the dead that one could not walk without stepping on them. By ten o'clock the captain had reached the crest and planted the flag of the Rising Sun there, when immediately the seventeen ships in the harbor and all the near forts poured in a terrible storm of shells. He sent one man back to explain the desperate situation and get permission to retire, but the reply came to hold the place at all costs, as help would arrive at three o'clock. On this day alone he lost 273 of his 500, and in an earlier charge, where his regiment of some 1,500 men fought for the hill, only 60 or 70 came out unharmed. It is commonly said in Port Arthur and in the papers here that the



Unloaded Shells, After the Battle of Nanshan, North of Port Arthur



Glimpse of Trench Near the Top of 203 Meter Hill, Where Shells, Stones and the Dead Are Seen. The battle ended on December 1st, 1904. The photo was taken March 23d, 1905. The dead were once properly buried, but Chinese thieves have looted the trenches in hopes of finding treasures on the corpses and left them exposed

taking of this one hill cost the Japanese army 12,000 men in killed and wounded. From this can be inferred the Russian loss, which generally is much greater than that of the Japanese. The vast majority of the 18,556 Russian soldiers in the hospitals at Port Arthur that fell into Japanese hands came from 203 Hill.

General Nogi has the sympathy of all Japan in the loss of his two sons, his only children. One fell at Nanshan, just north of Port Arthur, while the other was killed at 203 Hill. One can imagine the deep emotion with which he wrote the words that open and close his poem,

O Mount of Your Spirits!

For me the hours passed all too quickly on this hill, consecrated by the blood of brave men on both sides. But the victory was won by the army that stands for liberty as well as loyalty, and so on

December 1st the power of despotism received one more irrevocable setback to make way for the progress of the East and of the world. To have visited this *Ni Rei Zan* was indeed an education.

We came down the steep eastern slope and took the carriage the commandant of the post had kindly given us. As we rode toward the New Town a terrific explosion was heard just over the hill to the right and a huge column of smoke shot up a thousand feet or more. Under Japanese direction Chinese coolies had been collecting unexploded shells of all sizes in and around the town and carrying them to a safe place behind the near hill. Some one blundered in handling a shell and as it exploded the shock set off the whole pile and the workmen close by were torn into shreds.

SENDAI, JAPAN.

The Sense of Smell in Ants

BY ADELE M. FIELDE

[Miss Fielde is widely known for work as lecturer at the League for Political Education in New York and for her books on China, which she wrote from her experiences as a missionary in the Far East from 1865 to 1890. In recent years she has spent her summer vacation at Woods Hole, Mass., engaging in biological investigations at the famous laboratory there. This work in science she has supplemented by keeping throughout the year various nests of ants and studying and making experiments with them, so that now she is an acknowledged authority on ants.—EDITOR.]



A Worker Ant.—*Camponotus Pennsylvanicus*

ANTS possess all known senses except that of hearing. Leading a life that is mainly subterranean, they have little need of ears, and are compensated for their lack by a marvel-

ous sensitivity to vibrations reaching them through the solids on which they stand.

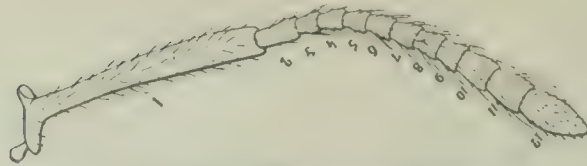
Their sight is less keen than that of many other insects, and a motionless enemy a half inch distant may remain undiscovered. The light by which they see is not perceptible to human eyes, being ultra-violet.

The ants make their way in the world and thrive vastly in all countries and nearly all climates by merely following their noses, which are more highly endowed than is the same organ in any other creature whose power of smell has been tested.

The ant's pair of noses, called antennæ, project from its face below the eyes and are jointed. Among the thirty-five hundred described species of ants the joints vary in number from four to thirteen, the number being always the



Larvæ and Pupæ of *Formica Subsericea*, Enlarged

Antenna of *Stenamma Fulvum*

same in the same species and sex. Each antenna is a competent nose, and each joint of an antenna appears to have a special function, or to be a sub-nose devoted to a particular use.

In 1901 I discovered the functions of several of these joints, using for my research work the common brown ant, *Stenamma fulvum*, which has twelve joints in its antennæ.

When an ant is removed from its own nest and afterward returned thereto it immediately seeks its old comrades in the deeper recesses and is manifestly at ease in its environment. It waves its antennæ and recognizes in the air the diffused odor of its home. But if the

same ant be dropped into any other ant-nest it instantly runs away, and, if it be unable to escape, tries to hide itself. It smells an alien nest odor and is afraid. But if the final, the twelfth, joint of the antennæ be cut off, and the ant kept in hospital till it has recovered perfect health and activity, it will then be unable to discern the difference in the odors of ant-nests and will behave alike toward all. It has lost the sub-nose, whose function it is to reveal the proper domicile to the ant inhabitant.

The next, the penultimate joint, is the sub-nose that discriminates between the ant's personal relatives and those of its own species who do not belong to its



Camponotus Americanus.—Winged Queens and Four Pairs of Workers, Engaged in Regurgitating.

community. As quickly and as surely as a man recognizes his friends and takes more or less pleasure in meeting them, so does an ant recognize its comrades and evince delight in their companionship. But the ant recognizes also the odor of blood relatives that it has never before met. This sub-nose performs its function only when in contact with some part of the body of the individual under consideration. It touches the newcomer, and if the odor or savor be familiar patting and caressing may follow, while if the odor be unfamiliar a battle that may last hours or days is likely to ensue. If this penultimate joint be removed the ant thus maimed ceases to discriminate between its blood relations and ants of other communities of its own species, and will permit ants from distant colonies of its kind to share its domestic cares and joys.

The third joint from the distal end, the antepenultimate, smells through the air the scent laid down by the feet of the individual and upon the path which it traverses.

An ant may make long journeys from its abode, and so long as its track be unbroken it can return there-

upon to its starting point. A thin layer of dry earth may be sprinkled upon the track and the ant can still follow the scent, but if the track be washed away

for a stretch greater than the length of the ant then the little traveler is lost and can proceed homeward only when the scent is again picked up. Over an undisturbed area ants may go to and fro on tracks laid down many days previously, each ant following its individual scent. But if the third sub-nose be removed the ant is no longer able to follow its track, and it goes out and in no more. It behaves like a blind person in the midst of his fellows.

The next two joints, the fourth and fifth, are those that smell the inert, developing young, and probably also the queen mother, having the same odor. So long as these sub-noses are intact the ants clean, tend and feed their infants with more than human assiduity. But after these sub-noses are removed the most diligent nurses cease attending to the ant-children



Stenamma Fulvum, Somewhat Magnified

and never afterward show the slightest interest in the work of the nursery. They no longer discern the eggs, larvæ

or pupæ to whose care they were formerly devoted.

Next above these joints lie the two that perceive presumable enemies, such ants as are of alien species and therefore predatory, rapacious or hostile. All normal ants detest strangers, and, with well founded fear of personal injury from them, they avoid or attack every ant of a species other than their own. But when these two sub-noses are removed, and the ants have recovered from the involved surgery, ants of many species and even of different sub-families will live together in harmony, regurgitating food to one another and behaving as if they had all hatched in the same nest. Animosity toward strangers has been eliminated by the removal of the sub-nose that made the strange ant odor apparent. This sub-nose, like the second, performs its function only when in contact with the body of the stranger.

There is little doubt that ants orient themselves when on their journeys by the sense of smell, such as men do by the sense of sight.

After an ant is deprived by aseptic surgery of a portion of its organs of smell it takes two or three weeks for it

to recover its normal health, even in the best of ant hospitals and under the care of a highly trained nurse. But a protected ant has lived in one of my *hôtel des invalides* a full year without a nose. One of the two antennæ is often lost by ants living in natural conditions, the prominence and delicacy of the organ making it peculiarly subject to injury in battle. But I have never found in natural nests a live ant that lacked both antennæ.

The long shaft, or scape, the joint nearest the head, does not smell, and its use is probably purely mechanical. This may be true also in many jointed antennæ of the joints nearest the scape.

The antennæ are full of nerve-cells and fibers that connect with the ant's brain, lying near the proximal end of the antennæ.

The sense of smell appears to do for the ant about all that the sense of sight does for man. It serves the ants in their dark abodes much better than could that of sight, and through its marvelously high development renders them most capable administrators of their own affairs.

WOODS HOLE, MASS.



The Dawn

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS

[Mrs. Weiss was a personal and literary friend of Edgar Allan Poe, who admired her poems. We have published her reminiscences of Poe.—EDITOR.]

THROW wide the casement,—let the dawning
in,—

The cool gray dawn that trembles in the
East;

Tho yet the starry splendor hath not paled
Nor night's low voices ceased;

Still on the borders of the sleeping wood
The sombre shadows brood.

Dew-wet the vine upon my cottage wall,
With sudden thrills among the glossy leaves;
A little bird chirps from its hidden nest,

Beneath the mossy eaves,
Preens its brown wings upon a drooping spray
And lightly darts away.

Rosy the dawn,—the morning star hath paled,
A silvery mist lifts from the distant wold;

The tall laburnums by the garden wall
Scatter their drops of gold.

The grassy lawn, wet with the midnight's tears,
A sparkling lake appears.

Lean from the casement—bathe your lips in
dew,

Breathe in the fragrance of the spicy vine;
Drink the fresh coolness of the summer dawn
As of life-giving wine.

So, strengthened for the burthen of the day,
Go gladly on your way.

RICHMOND, VA.

Archeology in Greece

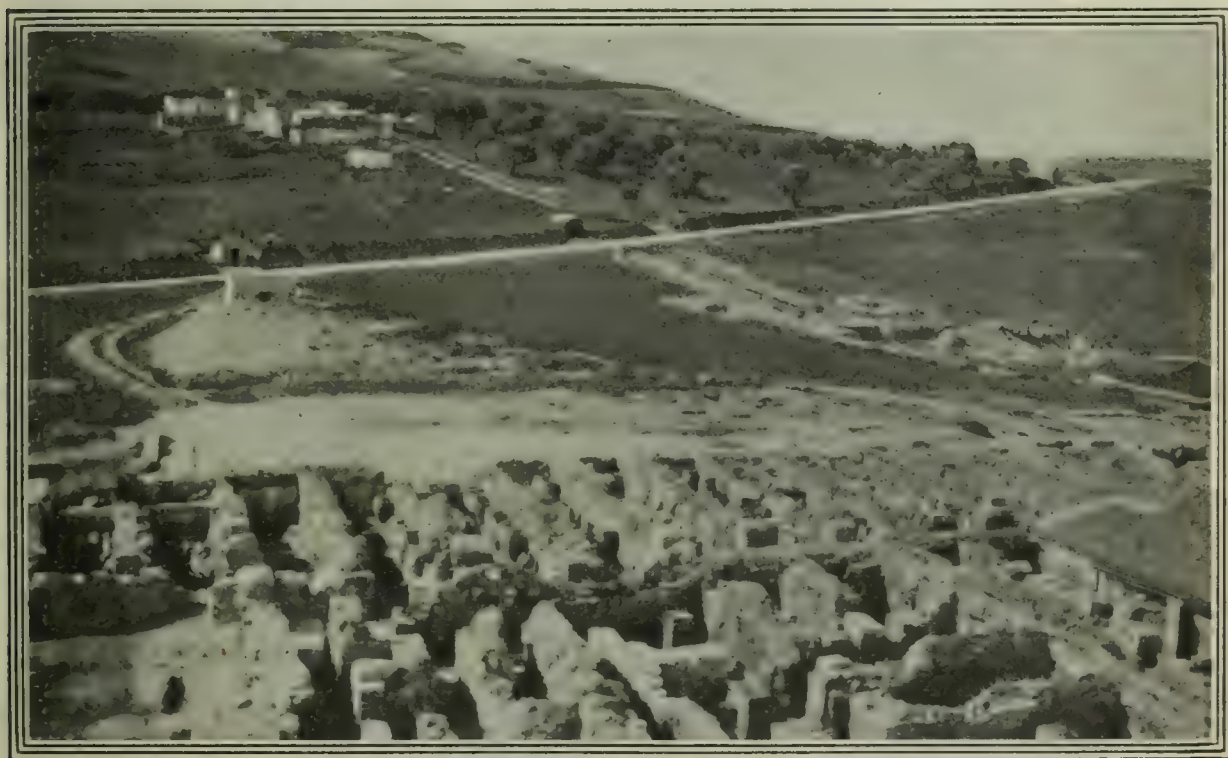
BY EDITH H. HALL

[In the winter of 1903-1904 Miss Hall was a fellow of the American School at Athens and also a European fellow of Bryn Mawr College. From March till July, 1904 she was in Crete assisting Miss Harriet Boyd at her most successful excavations at Gournia in Eastern Crete. This spring Miss Hall went on a small exploring trip in Crete and traveled through the Peloponnese, the Greek Islands and the principal archeological sites in Asia Minor, and in fact all the places mentioned in the following article.—EDITOR.]

EXCAVATIONS in the interest of Greek archeology are scattered over a field as wide as the ancient Greek civilization. But, unlike the ancient Greek civilization the field of the archeologist to-day centers at Athens. In Athens are situated the various archeological schools (French, German, Austrian, English and American), all of which have excavations under their charge. And even the excavators who work independently of these schools pass through Athens on their way out or back from their posts, both that they may use the school libraries and that they may talk over their finds with their fellow-archeologists, who, like the Athenians of

Paul's time, are always glad "either to tell or to hear some new thing." And so it is that the archeologist wintering in Athens may forget that he lives in the days of telegrams and newspapers and may get his archeological news by word of mouth reports or from the accounts given by the excavators themselves on their return.

The first news brought in to Athens last autumn came from Ephesos, when Dr. Heberdey, Director of the Austrian School, returned from an autumn campaign and gave an account of a Roman library he had finished uncovering, the best preserved ancient library known. It consists of a large central room open



A View of the Northwest Part of the Knossos Excavations. The trenches which cross the modern carriage road toward the village have now been extended to the top of the hill, where a Royal Villa of the Palace has been discovered and excavated. The narrow rooms of the palace in the foreground are magazines. The tall jars standing within these magazines were used for storing oil

at the front and approached by a flight of steps. On three sides of this room the walls are broken at regular intervals by depressions which are interpreted as cupboards for holding papyri. Below these cases runs a stone ledge some two or three feet wide, on which the manuscripts may have been spread for consultation. Back of the walls in which the papyri cases are, runs a narrow passage way. Its purpose seems to have been chiefly to secure a double wall for keeping the manuscripts dry.

Another building uncovered at Ephe-

archeologist of to-day is not confined to the sculptures he may wrest from the soil nor yet to the architectural order of the temple he is digging. His work includes a detailed examination of every stone and of every inch of soil on the site. Englishmen have long since felt that it was their duty to set on foot such a thorough-going study of the Artemision and determined last spring upon Mr. David G. Hogarth as the man to undertake the business. A more discouraging site it would have been difficult to find. There was no hope, in the first place, of finding



The Site of the Apollo Temple at Didyma, Where the Berlin Museum is Preparing to Conduct Excavations

sos last autumn was the Christian Church in which the Council of Ephesos was held in 341 A. D.

The firman, which the Austrians have obtained from the Turkish Government gives them the right of digging the entire town of Ephesos. The temple of Artemis, however, the Great Diana of the Ephesians, lies outside the town and outside the province of the Austrian excavators because it was excavated in 1869, before the Austrians obtained their rights, by J. T. Wood, an Englishman sent out by the British Museum. Methods of excavation have changed since those days. The interest of a trained

any more sculptures. Both the archaic pieces from the earlier temple, which was burned the night Alexander the Great was born, and those in the fourth century style from the later temple have been carried away to the British Museum. Moreover, the temple site has for years been used as a quarry. The squared, unadorned blocks which furnish invaluable evidence to an architect have been plundered for ordinary building purposes, while the finer architectural pieces have gone to decorate other buildings—*e. g.*, the columns in verd antique which are shown to the visitor at St. Sophia in Constantinople come



The Site of the Artemision or Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, as It Appears To-day

from the Artemision at Ephesos. In fact, Mr. Hogarth told me, when I visited the site in May, that there were doubtless more architectural pieces of importance from his temple built into a little Turkish mosque on the neighboring hill than there were to be found on the temple site itself. But this mosque does not fall

within his territory, nor will it for many years to come pass into the hands of archeologists, for beneath its floor are two or three graves, to disturb which would be sacrilege. Cows are cheerfully permitted to find shelter within its ruined walls, but the archeologist and his spade are prohibited. Finally, to add a last



A Turkish Mosque at Ephesos, Which Contains Within Its Walls Many Architectural Pieces from the Artemision

difficulty to the work, the whole temple site is under water, which must be pumped away before digging is possible, and even then there is the soft, sticky silt deposited by the Cayster to contend against and malaria, another foe of the archeologist. But one of the delights of excavating is the surprises which the ground so often has in store. In digging underneath the place where the cult-statue of the later temple stood, Mr. Hogarth came across a small hoard of gold objects. Many of these were thin, flat disks like those found in the shaft graves at Mykenæ, and were probably meant to be sewed as ornaments on garments. The decoration of these disks consists of naturalistic and spiral designs stamped upon the gold. Its style points to the very end of the Mykenean period to c. 1200 B. C. as the date of this treasure. These objects have been taken to the Tchinly Kiosk Museum in Constantinople, but are not yet on exhibition. They are important because they show to what early times the use of this temple site extends.

At Pergamon excavations are being carried on by Dr. Dörpfeld, Director of the German School. When Dr. Dörpfeld returned to Athens in November he brought back news about the Pergamon Theater. This theater is situated upon

a hillside which rises above one of the terraces on which the town is built. The terrace is narrow and serves as a high-way of approach to an Ionic temple, which stands at its north end. Accordingly it has always been a puzzle to see how the stage buildings, which would naturally have stood on this lower terrace, would have been possible without cutting off the approach to the temple. In examining the substructure along this terrace Dr. Dörpfeld noted a number of stone sockets scattered about over the area where the stage buildings would be expected to have stood. These sockets he considered to have been for the support of wooden beams which, in turn, supported a wooden stage building. The conclusion is that the stage buildings here were temporary in character and were in position only during the performance of plays. On his return to Athens, Dr. Dörpfeld noted similar holes for the support of beams in the Dionysiac Theater below the Akropolis. In accordance with his theory that the use of temporary stage buildings may have been quite general the end of the stadium in Athens was converted into a theater this spring by the erection of a wooden stage building just back of the hermae at its southern curved end. This arrangement left a semicircular space at



The Theater and Theater Terrace at Pergamon



A Nearer View of the Terrace Opposite the Theater, Showing the Stone Sockets in which the Framework of a Temporary Stage Building Was Supported

the end of the stadium for the use of the actors and a big semicircular sweep of seats for the spectators, and made, in fact, a convenient and commodious theater of the Greek type.

At still another point in Asia Minor, the site of the ancient Miletos, excavations are being carried on for the Berlin Museum by Dr. Wiegand. Until this year the work of his corps has been confined to Miletos itself, but this spring preliminary arrangements have been made to excavate the temple of Apollo at Didyma, a seat of Apollo worship which is older than either Delphi or Delos. In May the actual work of digging had not yet begun. Dr. Wiegand's attention was absorbed by the task of buying up the houses and khans of the temple site and of building houses for the evacuating inhabitants in another part of the village. According to Turkish law it is impossible for one man to own more than a limited amount of property, so Dr. Wiegand's friends and colleagues have come to his aid, and the various shanties about the temple are now owned by the most famous archeologists in Europe.

At Tiryns—to skip from Asia Minor to the Argolid—Dr. Dörpfeld was engaged during February and March in searching beneath the floors of the

Mykenean palace for remains of an earlier palace. He was successful in finding an altar which belonged quite evidently to an earlier stratum and also some earlier walls and fragments of pottery. The chronology of the Mykenean and preceding periods is so much better understood to-day than ten years ago as a result of the recent brilliant discoveries in Crete that all scholars of prehistoric archeology welcome fresh material from the mainland which they may examine in the light of the Cretan finds. The earlier palace at Tiryns fits in very well with the remains of earlier palaces which have come to light below floor levels of the later Mykenean palaces at Knossos and Phaistos in Crete. It belongs accordingly to the times of the twelfth dynasty in Egypt, or about 2000 B. C.

During the spring there are no excavations in Greek lands which can compete in interest with those carried on in Crete. Year after year the English excavator, Dr. A. J. Evans, has sent back word of some new and startling discovery at his Knossos palace. Last year it was a royal tomb, mention of which was made in the issue of *THE INDEPENDENT* of June 23d, 1904. This tomb consisted of a rectangular chamber built of well squared blocks. It was spanned by a gable roof and approached by a

"dromos" or descending roadway flanked by walls. Contrary to expectations, for the tomb had been plundered and had served as a quarry, some important finds were made in a corner of the chamber. Notable among them was a collection of well preserved bronze knives and swords of different shapes and sizes and some big clay jars painted in what Mr. Evans has termed the "Palace style," a bold and decorative style of vase painting in vogue from c. 1800 to c. 1500 B.C. When excavations

1903 it has yielded pottery of the finest Palace style.

The excavations at Phaistos and Gourniá in Crete are lying dormant this year that Signor Halbherr, of the Italian Mission, and Miss Boyd, of the American Exploration Society, may have time to bring up to date the publication of the finds they have already made. At Corinth also, where the American School is digging, no excavations have been carried on this spring owing to difficulties in obtaining rights from local land owners.



The Roman Library at Ephesus, Showing the Recesses in Which Papyri Were Kept

were resumed at Knossos in March of this year all the archeological world was saying "What next?" Within a month the annual discovery was announced. The digging began this year northwest of the palace. A narrow paved way had been noticed last year leading in a northwesterly direction from what Mr. Evans calls the "stepped theatral area," and had been followed as far as the modern village across the carriage road. This year trial trenches were sunk the other side of the village, and as the paved way again appeared, they were continued to the top of the hill, where a royal villa or summer house came to light. This is the second royal villa belonging to the Knossos Palace. Like the villa discovered in

The work of the Americans at present centers about the Erechtheion. Last year the Greek Government undertook some much needed repairs on this temple. The caryatid porch and the roof of the north porch had for a long time been in need of being strengthened, while one anta at the east façade with the architrave block which it supported had been in imminent danger of falling. Taking advantage of the scaffolding which was to be erected for these repairs, the American School secured the services of a trained American architect, Mr. G. P. Stevens, who has for two years been engaged on a set of drawings which, when completed, will show the actual state of every stone of the temple. Mr. Stevens's

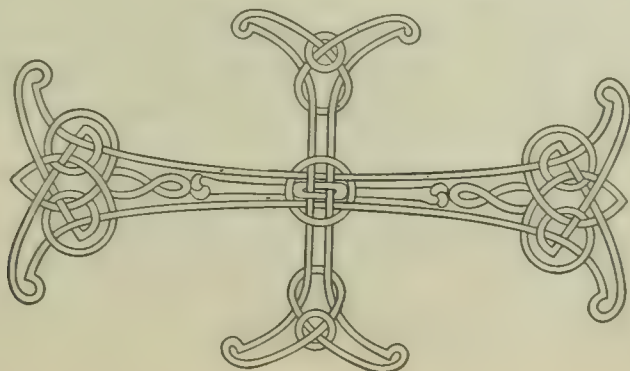
investigations have led to the identification of blocks of the Erechtheion which had become scattered over the Akropolis and its slopes and to the reinstallment of many of them in their proper places in the temple. Mr. Stevens has also shown by a series of careful measurements of existing blocks and a study of their surface workings that there were two windows, one on either side of the east door of the Erechtheion. The existence of these windows was also proved by the discovery of some fragments of the carved console blocks with which they were ornamented. It is quite likely that this discovery may in time throw light on the much vexed question of the use of the east room of this temple.

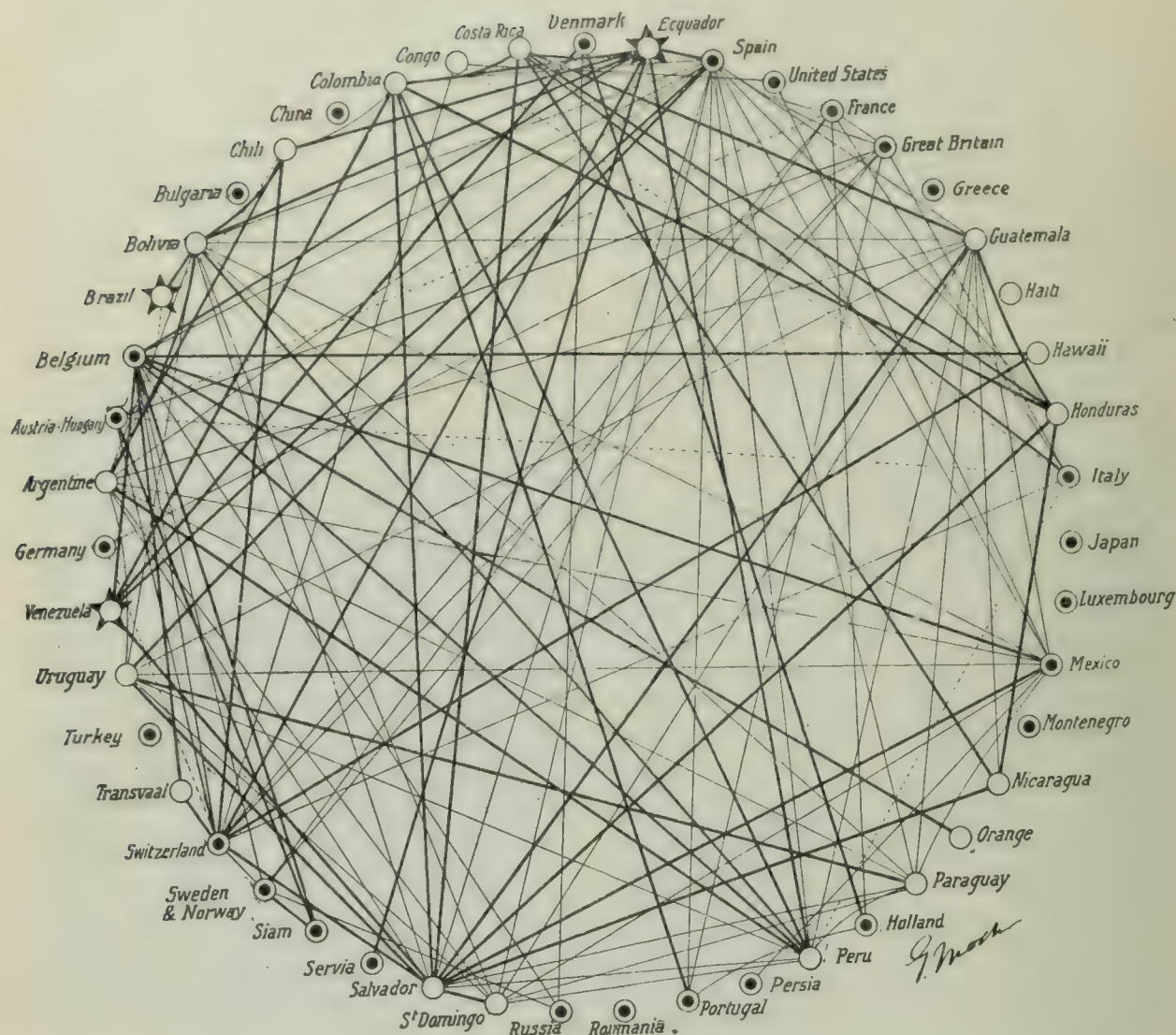
A year ago last winter, when in a course of out of door topography lectures Dr. Dörpfeld was lecturing on the Erechtheion, a Secretary of the Austrian Legation in Athens asked him why it was that the Erechtheion was so unsymmetrically built. The question suggested to Dr. Dörpfeld's mind the theory that the Erechtheion was never completed according to its original plan. He now believes that the architects of the temple had planned a long, narrow building, the long sides of which were each to be broken by a porch—*i. e.*, the north porch on the north side and the caryatid porch on the south, but that their plans were interfered with and curtailed because of the popular dread of disturbing the Pandroseion, an ancient sanctuary which lay just to the west of the present temple. This theory is not one which is likely to be ever proved by direct archeological evidence. It will probably remain a theory. Its plausibility is a matter which has been much discussed in

Athens, and this discussion, together with the interest taken in the repairs and in Mr. Stevens's drawings, has made the Erechtheion the center of interest during the past winter.

Finally, among the events which have lately interested the archeological world in Athens should be mentioned the International Archeological Congress, the first session of which was held in Athens from April 7th to 13th of this year. During a week of unbroken sunshine from the opening meeting in the Parthenon to the closing meeting in the University, archeologists from all over the world met to report on their work and to enjoy together that intellectual conversation and discussion which is stimulated now, as of old, by the fine, keen air of Attica. Apart from the information and help that the meetings gave to the student in his own department of archeology—epigraphy, sculpture, the practical work of excavating or what not—the congress offered much to enjoy. No one who was present will soon forget the long and stirring discussion, shared by German, French, English and Greek scholars, as to whether or not the Parthenon frieze which still remains *in situ* should be taken down and put within a museum. Nor will it be easy to forget a bright afternoon in the stadium, when a company of Greek actors performed "The Antigone" of Sophocles with an ease and fervor which would have been impossible to any of the foreigners present, tho they had taught Sophocles all their lives. The common possession of these and many other scenes will serve for years to come to hold together those who love Greece and Greek archeology.

WOODSTOCK, CONN.



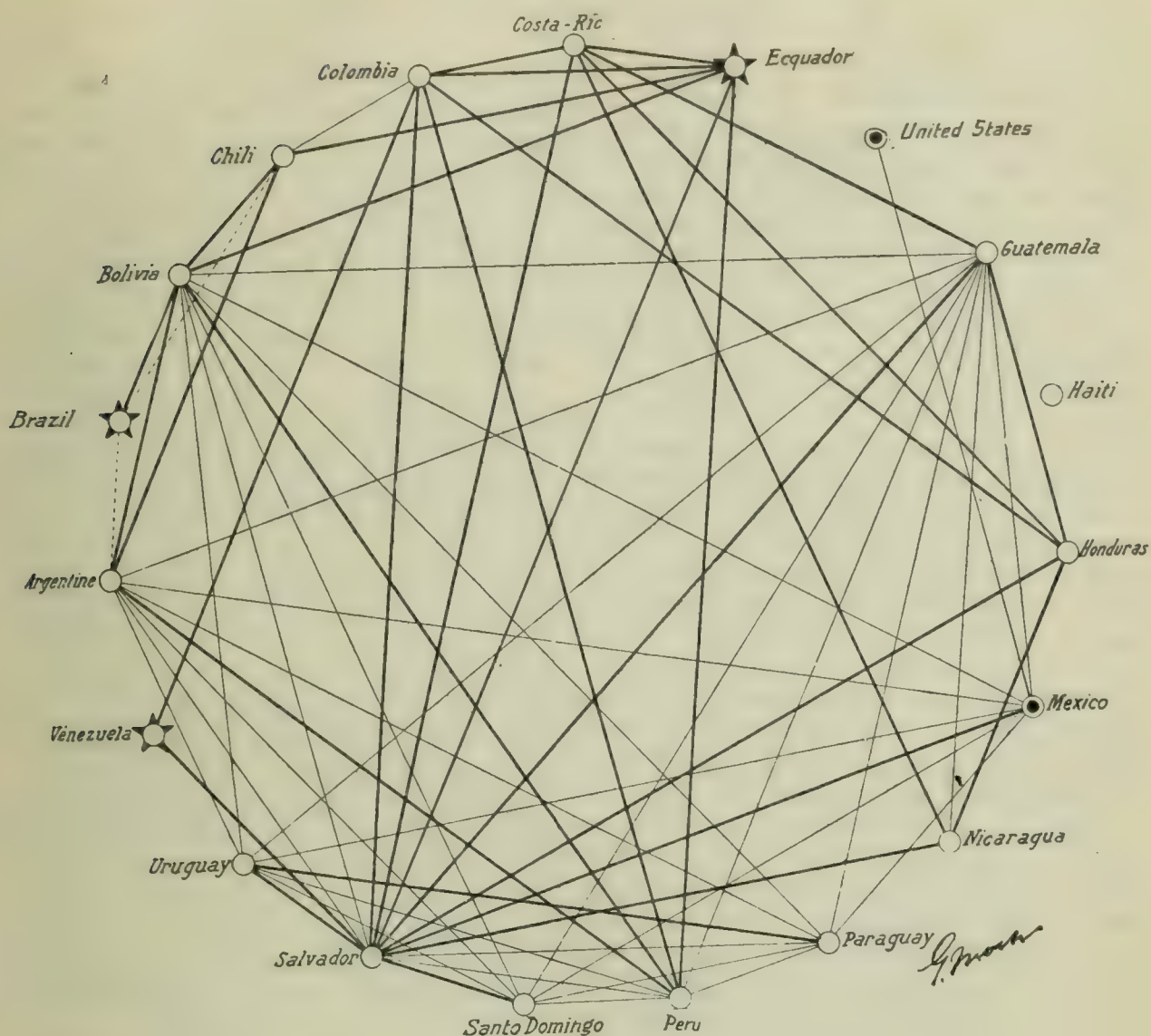


THE WORLD'S TREATIES OF PERMANENT ARBITRATION

The above graphic representation of the network of arbitration treaties now uniting almost all the nations of the world is copied with some modifications from the *Histoire Sommaire de l'Arbitrage permanent*, by M. Gaston Moch, President of the *Institut International de la Paix*, published in pamphlet form by the *Institut* at Monaco.

Ordinary arbitration treaties between two countries are indicated by light lines. Treaties providing for arbitration in all cases of disagreement between the two countries without limitation or reservation are indicated by heavy lines. Treaties under negotiation are indicated by dotted lines. Countries which have signed The Hague Convention for the peaceful solution of international difficulties are represented by double circles; those which have embodied the principle of international arbitration in their constitutions, by stars.

M. Moch enumerates 130 distinct arbitration treaties, but after eliminating those made by States that have since lost their independence, like Hawaii, Transvaal and Orange Free State, and the treaties with the United States which the Senate refused to ratify, he calculates that there were 113 treaties of permanent arbitration in force at the end of March, 1905. In the two great peace movements of 1902, which resulted in binding together the American nations, and of 1904, which did the same for European nations, the United States had no part.



AMERICAN TREATIES OF PERMANENT ARBITRATION

We are very sorry to have had to erase from the diagram on the opposite page the ten dotted lines, connecting the United States with some of the most important European countries, by which M. Moch expressed his hope that the Senate would yet consent to allow this country to join in the world movement for litigation as a substitute for fighting. M. Moch also credits us with an arbitration treaty with Peru which we are obliged to disclaim, for the treaty of 1887 does not contain any arbitration clause.

That leaves the United States in conspicuous and humiliating isolation, classed with such back-number countries as Turkey and China. So to prevent the United States from looking so lonely we have ventured to add to the diagrams lines representing our treaties with the Congo and with Mexico, altho neither of these, strictly speaking, comes under the term "treaties of permanent arbitration" as defined by the President of the International Institute of Peace. Our treaty with the Congo is, however, sufficiently strong to relieve us from any apprehensions of a disastrous war with that Power, and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo with Mexico, concluded February 2, 1848, provides that if arbitration "be proposed by either party it shall be acceded to by the other, unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference or the circumstances of the case." Since that date three disagreements between the United States and Mexico have been arbitrated, and being so confirmed by custom and precedent the treaty may be considered as much entitled to be classed among the world's arbitration treaties as others more technically correct.

Literature

Interpretations of Japan

"How do you people do it?" is a question my American friends have been asking me since the war began. For an answer I can point to Professor Nitobe's book on *Bushido: the Soul of Japan*.¹ At home in Nippon the following are usually taken as the essential elements in Bushido: Loyalty, filial piety, charity, righteousness, politeness, wisdom and faith.

Now for the West to understand Bushido, it must go back to the parting of the ways—the fork where the genius of the Eastern civilization parts from that of the West. With us of the Far East the State, the whole, is everything; with you of the West the center of the universe is yourself. What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own life? But in the unwritten codes of the samurai it is, "When your country calls look upon your life as lightly as a particle of dust." By State we of Nippon mean a good deal more than you do; it is more than a political organization called into being for the conveniences and necessities of the temporal life of ours; it is more than mere crystallization of social ethics. With us of Nippon the State is God in that it is the *rendez-vous* of all the ideal perfections of the spiritual activities in man. It is more than God with us in that the State is the embodiment of all the ideals of social and political activities of man. That is not all: the State, like God in the religions of the West, is far from being an abstract ideal and passive bundle of virtues. In State we live not only the spiritual life but the earthly as well, and in which we have our spiritual and temporal beings. The State to us is God plus the sovereign, plus government, plus society. It is therefore impossible for the men of Nippon to say, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."

Now Bushido is the unwritten code

which defines our relations and our duties to the State and our relations and duties to our fellow men. It is at once religion and ethics and law and etiquette. As you see, then, it is not a code of honor of a certain limited class of people in Nippon. To be sure, back beyond the memory of history, time was when Bushido was "the ways of the samurai." But now and for centuries back all has been different. "Bushido is the way which all the men of Nippon—from His Majesty's Ministers to boys and girls in a mountain village—should comprehend and walk in," said the late Yamaoka Tesshu to the Governor of Shiga, who had come to him for enlightenment on the deeper significance of Bushido, and that was some years ago. And Tesshu was a star which shone in the sky of our new day with all the lustres of the old days of the castle and of the sword.

Professor Nitobe's work is not exhaustive. It is the only work, however, on the subject given in a language of the West. It does not surprise us, therefore, to hear that since its first appearance, some six years ago, it has been translated into Mahratti, German, Bohemian, Polish, French, Norwegian and Chinese.

The Awakening of Japan,² by Okakura Kakuzo, is a story of the New Nippon after the brilliant and unscholarly fashion of Carlyle. In its poetry it sometimes forgets the conscience of the scholar for the nicety of critical judgment. Always, however, the author tells his stories as one to the manner born, and you must admit that it is a comfort in these days when good people seem to turn out volumes on Nippon with the fatal facility and fecundity of a summer land for weeds. Moreover, the writer seems to be something of an artist in English letters. There is something more than mere information in the following:

"The life of the Tokugawa daimio or samurai was not devoid of amusements. Besides his

¹ BUSHIDO: THE SOUL OF JAPAN. By Inazo Nitobe, A.M., Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

² THE AWAKENING OF JAPAN. By Okakura Kakuzo. New York: The Century Co. \$1.40.

fencing bouts and jiu-jitsu matches, his falconry and games of archery, he had his no-dances, his tea-ceremonies, and those interminable banquets at which he would recount the exploits of his ancestors. Moreover, much time might be consumed in the composition of bad Chinese poems beneath the cherry trees. He was often wealthy and often extravagant, for his contempt for gold was ingrained. He would squander a fortune for a rare Sung vase or a Masamune blade. The marvelous workmanship of the Gotos in metal and of the Komas in gold lacquer was the result of his patronage. It is to the disappearance of the daimio and the samurai that Japan owes her sudden fall of standard in artistic taste."

Another thing: Many guests we have had in Nippon from the far Western shores—gentlemen, representatives of the Western civilization which plumes itself on its gallantry to women. Not a few of these gentlemen—and women representatives, too—have yielded to the temptation of writing books. They have written of our women more than once. I have yet to meet a work of these excellent gentlemen and ladies from the civilized West that did not libel the Nippon woman whenever he or she spoke of her. Of one thing I am very sure, that there is no set of beings so vilely, heartlessly, persistently, so blackly wronged in English prints as the Nippon woman. And here comes one of her own brothers writing in English. It is the only fair thing that I have been fortunate enough to read in English about our women. I take pride and pleasure, therefore, in calling attention to the following:

"Time alone can decide the future of the Japanese lady, for the question of womanhood is one involving the whole social life and its web of convention. In the East woman has always been worshiped as the mother, and all these honors which the Christian knight brought in homage to his lady-love the samurai laid at his mother's feet. It is not that the wife is less adored, but that maternity is holier. Again, our woman loves to serve her husband; for service is the noblest expression of affection, and love rejoices more in giving than in receiving. In the harmony of Eastern society the man consecrates himself to the State, the child to the parent, and the wife to the husband."

In the manufacture of *Young Japan*³ Prof. James A. B. Scherer shows how

³ YOUNG JAPAN. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.

hard he worked. On almost every page you can see "the sweat of the brow." The reading which he has done in the preparation of the work must have been herculean. A large portion of the book would make an excellent school textbook. Pity that heaven has not given him a pair of eyes to see and ears to hear. The author tells us that he once assigned to a class of Japanese youth toward the close of the war with China an essay on "The Noblest Deed I Ever Heard of." Ninety per cent. of the youths took the case of the Chinese Admiral Ting, whose suicide followed the surrender of the remnant of the once famous Ping-yang squadron, then in the harbor of Wei-hai-wei. "And this, forsooth, was the noblest deed of which they had ever heard!" remarks the author. And the gentleman who could exclaim in the above fashion, I fear, has never so much as read the a b c of the heart and mind of the East.

*A Maid of Japan*⁴ is a rather attractive title for a frail volume in these friendly days for all things Nipponese; much better than so many tales told of Nippon by enterprising quills from over seas, nevertheless, the volume is quite unworthy of the author of the "Letters from Japan." To be sure, the tale deals, with some insight, of one phase of that national passion for learning in the characters of Nakayama Brothers; at the same time one can hardly help wondering what it was that prevented the author—who has enjoyed such an exceptional opportunity to read into the life of our land and people—from giving to the Western readers many things of which they do not know and many things that would be interesting to them.

Perhaps the chief merit of the joint work of Mr. Higashi Katsukuma and Mr. H. Irving Hancock on the Kano school of judo⁵ is that it is made comprehensible to the Western readers. Beyond doubt, it is the most comprehensive work on the subject in English. Naturally, to make the matter intelligible to the majority of Western

⁴ A MAID OF JAPAN. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

⁵ COMPLETE KANO JIU-JITSU (JUDIO). By H. Irving Hancock and Katsukuma Higashi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

readers, the work is rich in the number of illustrations. In fact, almost all the different stages in the evolution of some of the most important tricks are exhaustibly illustrated by half-tones from photographs. Mr. Hancock has written a good deal on the art of judo, and in the preface to the present volume, he calls it "the final volume on the subject." Of the cleverness of Mr. Higashi in the practical application of judo, the American public is no stranger to it. ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ.

An Analysis of Revivalism

VERY timely and helpful at the present moment, when there is a general feeling of expectancy in the churches, is Professor Davenport's volume on *Religious Revivals*.* The revival in Wales under Evan Roberts, which has attracted the attention of the serious and the commendation of even the most sober-minded for its very practical results in conduct, such as the wiping out of old feuds and animosities and a general payment of debts, has provoked many of the churches to attempt an imitation—an imitation rather of the outward and primitive features of the revival than of the genuine conversions which have resulted from it. To all who are endeavoring to further the cause of religion by harking back to the old revival methods Professor Davenport's book contains a serious warning—a warning all the more likely to be heeded because Mr. Davenport is in hearty sympathy with real religious work and regards conversion as a genuine and necessary experience in most normal lives. Revival methods, however, and the phenomena which accompany revival preaching of the old-fashioned kind are relentlessly analyzed, and to a believer in the gift of tongues, in trances and in violent and sudden conversions of hundreds of sinners simultaneously it is somewhat dismaying to face the array of facts gathered by Professor Davenport which prove that these phenomena are common to primitive religions the world over—Mormonism, Voodooism and the Indian ghost dance

religion all furnishing excellent examples—and that among Christians they are seen in their highest development among the most emotional and ignorant, as for instance in a negro camp meeting. The scientific and psychological explanation of these phenomena is clearly given by Professor Davenport. He takes as the basis of his work M. Gustave le Bon's "Psychology of the Crowd" and Professor James's "Psychology of Religion" and shows conclusively that the wild excesses of a camp meeting are to be attributed to the nervous instability of the individuals, such natures easily losing their balance under the hypnotic influence of the preacher and the crowd. The contagiousness of the attacks is due to suggestion, acting first on the most emotional and unstable, but gathering force with the numbers affected, until even the most sober and best balanced may be swept into the vortex. The Kentucky Revival of 1800, the Revival in New England under Jonathan Edwards and the English revival under Wesley are used as illustrations of Professor Davenport's theory, and the influence of the great revivalists is analyzed to illustrate the part which hypnotism has had in each revival period. The evil results of religious orgies are clearly pointed out and Professor Davenport draws a suggestive parallel between the ease with which a Kentucky crowd may be converted and the equal ease with which it may become possessed of a lynching mania. The latter chapters of the book are somewhat disappointing. Instead of calm, scientific analyses or a logical drawing of conclusions, Professor Davenport indulges in an exposition of his own theories and ideas, and even if the reader be in sympathy with the views expressed, he cannot but regret that a scientific work should be made the vehicle for so much dogmatic expression of opinion.

The Story of the Congo Free State. Social, Political and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa. By Henry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S., Member of the New York Bar. With 125 illustrations and maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Mr. Wack's aim is to prevent the American people from being misled by

* PRIMITIVE TRAITS IN RELIGIOUS REVIVALS. By Frederick Morgan Davenport, Professor in Sociology at Hamilton College. New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. 323. \$1.50.

the campaign started in this country by the Kongo Reform Association, whose headquarters are in Liverpool and whose methods are said to be inspired by a clique of Liverpool merchants interested in the⁴ Kongo rubber trade. This association has, it is implied, enlisted the services of British and American missionaries to sustain its charges of cruelty against the Belgian administrators of the Kongo Free State, and Mr. Wack desires to show that not only are the British merchants false in their assertions and hypocritical in their attitude, but that behind their complaints there is a political conspiracy by which British statesmen are seeking to rob King Leopold II of his Belgian Empire and share the spoils with France, Germany and Portugal. The book may be considered either as a descriptive account of King Leopold's colony or as a polemic. From the former point of view it is well written and informing, tho it does not add much to the excellent work by Mr. D. C. Boulger. It is necessary to call attention to the remarkable similarity of certain chapter headings and of many paragraphs in Mr. Wack's book to those in Mr. Boulger's, a point on which the reader can easily satisfy himself. As a polemic it is plain that from the second page of the preface

until the last in the volume Mr. Wack writes from a prejudiced, anti-British standpoint. Besides, his evidence in behalf of the Belgian administrators is no stronger than that of English, German and American observers against them. Even the Belgian Commission has found cases of violation of the law. In view of these facts we cannot see how the cause of justice in the Kongo is to be furthered by this book.

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Semiramis and Other Plays. By Olive Telford Dargan. New York: Brentano's. \$1.25.

Miss Dargan takes the literary drama very seriously. Her volume contains three pieces. Two are in blank verse, of the high heroic type, and are curiously suggestive of Dryden and Corneille—"Semiramis" and "Carlotta." Tho they are pitched in a key which strikes one nowadays as strained or even false, they both contain some very fair passages, particularly the latter, which is concerned with the wife of the unfortunate Maximilian of Mexico. The third is an ill managed arrangement of the life of Poe, with a decidedly Byronic interpretation of the part of poet. They all show strong feeling and rather feeble thinking.



Native Making Butter at His Home in Botandana (Kivu). Wack's "Story of the Congo." (Putnam's.)

A Short Constitutional History of the United States. By Francis Newton Thorpe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.75.

Mr. Thorpe has tried in this condensation of his larger works—"A Constitutional History of the United States" and a like history of "The American People"—to tell us "(1) the origin of our civil system; (2) the principles on which it is founded; (3) the adaptation of the plan of government to public needs, by amendment and construction, and (4) the interpretation of the principles of the Government by the supreme tribunal, the courts." All this he has done as a lawyer, not as a historian. To him the whole constitutional development is due to a series of legal controversies. The economic and political influences are little noticed. His chief sources have been documentary statutes, decisions of courts and debates in conventions and in Congress. Much of the result of this wide research is merely chronicled, not criticised. The author describes and sets forth but abstains from judgments. There is a lack of digestion and a want of perspective. This is especially seen in his account of the work of the constitutional convention. He first fails to set forth the great problem that confronted the convention: What scheme would make it certain that the States would perform their functions and that the central Government would do its work and no more? Then he fails to point out clearly what the convention really accomplished—the establishment over each individual of a double citizenship, a system in which each citizen was the subject of two States. This accomplishment and the securing of its permanency by resorting, not to the coercion of a State nor to the veto of its acts by the central Government, but to the courts—the making of the constitution and laws made in accordance therewith the *law* of the land, enforceable in the State courts, just as State law was enforced—this was the great accomplishment of the convention. All else was subsidiary, but Mr. Thorpe loses this central idea amid details of controversy of little permanent significance. This failure to give proper emphasis makes the book sure to fail as a text-book—a use for which the author designed it—except in the hands of a

very experienced teacher. In the absence of any other adequate treatment, however, the book will temporarily at least supply a real need. It contains a very useful index both of the Constitution and the book.

The House of Hawley. By Elmore Elliott Peake. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The Middle West is no longer inarticulate in literature. In spite of much subsequent inferior work Mr. Garland's "Main Traveled Roads" is still a classic on farm life in Iowa; Booth Tarkington, James Whitcomb Riley and others have spoken for Indiana, and in *The House of Hawley* we have a romance of Southern Illinois, the land known as "Egypt" and long supposed to be veiled in Egyptian darkness of ignorance and bucolic sloth. The head of *The House of Hawley* is a man of energy and holds its substantial rewards. Other characters are firmly drawn and have charm and individuality, especially two lovely daughters of the house; the landscape pictures are worth study:

"The fine yellow dust which lay four inches deep in the road rose behind the briskly moving carriage in an elongated cloud, like the tail of a comet. Across the prairie similar clouds were visible for miles around, above other roads; while the impalpable remains of many former clouds still hung in the atmosphere like a haze."

The folk who people "Egypt" are essentially Southern in speech, customs and temper. The book fails of greatness because the plot is too slight and does not trouble the deep places that exist in the life of every town, however isolated; nor does it ruffle the soul of the reader. Its sincerity does not save it from the commonplaceness of its main incident, which is too slender a thread to hold our interest. The dialect is not exaggerated and that is a positive merit and a relief to tired ears.

The Princess Passes. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

From the time of Romeo and Juliet hearts have been caught in the rebound and the preliminary practice of an unfortunate love affair serves the swain

well when he finds his true soul-mate. In *The Princess Passes* the hero tries to heal a broken heart by taking a mind diverting tour through the Alps, and diverted he is, first, by the new experience of driving a motor-car and, second, by an extraordinary boy, who gets all the best rooms and the only chicken at the inns, but who becomes the best and dearest of comrades. The descriptions of the road are unusually good and the breath of the high Alps is in the book.



Twenty-four Negro Melodies. Transcribed for the Piano by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, Opus 59. With a Preface by Booker T. Washington.

Selections from the Music Dramas of Richard Wagner. Arranged for the Piano by Otto Singer. With a Preface by Richard Aldrich. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. Each, paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.50.

The latest issues to come to us in "The Musicians' Library." The negro melodies constitute something of a departure from the previous collections in this excellent series in that they form a new musical work never before given to the world in any other shape. Each of the twenty-four has been amplified, harmonized and in other respects altered to suit the purpose of the composer, which was, he tells us, to do for these negro melodies what Brahms has done for the Hungarian folk-music, Dvôrák for the Bohemian, and Grieg for the Norwegian. The plan adopted has been almost without exception that of the Theme with Variations. While as compositions the results can hardly come to be considered as worthy of ranking with the lofty models which inspired Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's effort, they are extremely interesting as the work of a composer who is himself the son of an African black man and whose music is not alone the most ambitious, but also the noblest and best yet produced by the negro race. Mr. Washington gives a succinct account of the life and work thus far of the composer, whom he characterizes as "an inspiration to the negro," but when he writes of the negro folk-song as, apart from the music of the Red man, "the only distinctively American music," he gets beyond his depth. The Wagner book is altogether the most satisfactory collection of excerpts from the

works of that musical Titan that we have ever seen. The selection is wise and comprehensive, including representative and favorite parts from each of the eleven operas from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal," and tho the arrangements are not so full, and therefore nothing like so difficult to play, as the famed transcriptions of Liszt, they are yet thoroughly good and often surprisingly effective. Mr. Aldrich's preface is all that such a foreword should be.



How to Conduct a Sunday School. By Marion Lawrance. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25 net.

Commending a book on Sunday school methods and machinery is something like recommending a revolver: the better it is the more harm it is capable of doing. A Sunday school is a place where men and women of positive and earnest Christian character have an opportunity of influencing younger folks, and it is entirely possible for a Sunday school officer to become so enamored of new fangled report cards and birthday secretaries and the boys' messenger service as to make his school a place of fuss and feathers rather than of the sweet influences of godly men and women upon boys and girls. Ten years of steady contact with an honest blacksmith is worth more than all promotions in a school where "the third-year members pass through a blue arch, receiving a blue seal and a blue pin." Nevertheless there must be methods and machinery, and in many cases these might be improved greatly, and the observations of Mr. Lawrance, the conscientious and energetic Secretary of the International Sunday School Committee, make one of the best text-books of Sunday school methods yet published.



The Fugitive Blacksmith. By Charles D. Stewart. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Of all the rivers that run through the fields of fiction the Mississippi has had its fortunate share of exploitation. Mr. Stewart's *Fugitive Blacksmith* is no unworthy successor to "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," and we venture to predict immortality for Mr. Finerty, foreman of the "sandhouse,"—"tis me that pits the sand intil the hoomps on the

backs av locomotives"—and the generous host of "Stumpy" the tramp, with his wooden leg driven into the sand-pile while he luxuriously relates the devious story of his friend *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, whose wanderings we follow with amused interest until we agree with Finerty: "If I was radin' the likes av it in a buke I w'u'd not belave it—if it wasn't that ye can see 'tis thruel!" True the story is, tho in a whimsical fashion, and the people are veritable and valued acquaintances: Bill the blacksmith, his garrulous partner, the "girls" Miss Nellie and Miss Eva, and the delicious Finerty family we learn to know well, to respect highly and to leave with regret; and what more can we say of real or fictitious folk?

The Private Tutor. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

This is the story of a young American "cub" sent abroad with a Private Tutor to acquire culture and information, but who is disposed to acquire a mysterious countess instead. And it is a very good story, told with sufficient humor to make it almost a comedy. Such a book should sell well enough on its own merits. That is why it is unnecessary for the publishers to recommend it by advertising the author's lineage. He is eighth in the line of decent from Governor William Bradford, of Plymouth Colony. But he has done well in spite of this fact. A man should be very careful how he uses his pedigree as a kitetail to his genius, especially when the former comes to him from a Plymouth Rock Puritan and the latter shows an irreverent tendency toward light comedy.

The History of Negro Servitude in Illinois and of the Slavery Agitation in that State. By N. Dwight Harris. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

Dr. Harris has made a patient and exhaustive research among all manner of sources for the data for his volume and has thus been enabled to give a history packed with dates and other particulars. Too little is known by the general reader of the stubborn persistence of slavery, in one form or another, in several of the Northern States, and it is to be hoped

that this little book may correct some false impressions regarding at least one of the States. In Illinois, owing to the "indenture" system, the conflicting decisions of the courts and the existence of a strong pro-slavery sentiment in its southern section, a form of slavery obtained until as late as 1853, or perhaps later. A State Supreme Court decision in 1845 declared Illinois free territory, but it did not prevent numbers of negroes from being held to service against their wills. Dr. Harris throws much new light on the anti-slavery agitation, from its humble beginnings in the resistance to the convention project of 1823-24 to its climax in the "Anti-Nebraska" movement of the middle fifties, resulting in a Republican victory in 1860. The volume is stored with facts and must be of great value to all students of the subject.

History of the United States from 986 to 1905. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William Macdonald. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

This revision of Higginson's *History of the United States* is an extension of the former volume, which closed with Jackson's Administration. The earlier work is revised simply by an occasional change of the phraseology. The new chapters, which are quite evidently the result of the deeper scholarship of Mr. Macdonald, are also given their literary form by him and lack the charm of the earlier pages. The more scholarly conservatism of Mr. Macdonald is shown also by the shutting out of some old illustrations of the fanciful type and the introduction of new ones having real historical value. On the whole the work is one of the most valuable single volumes covering the entire period of American history that we have. Few details are given which are not significant of progress. The emphasis is in the main directed with admirable judgment. In its present form the book is to be recommended to any one desiring a brief survey of our history.

Miniatures. By Dudley Heath. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.75.

There is a peculiar charm about miniature painting. To catch and fix not only

the form and features, the pose and the characteristics, but also the spirit of the original and yet to have it all in miniature, or, as Pepys quaintly calls it, "painting in little," is by no means easy. But when miniature painting is done skillfully the art required has a perfection that is all its own. This is touched upon in Mr. Heath's volume on *Miniatures* in the Connoisseur's Library, but the chief object of the book is to present a historical account of the art which shall be suggestive and stimulating to further study and appreciation rather than to attempt an exhaustive catalog or an authoritative guide for the specialist. The literature now available upon the subject of miniatures is not so extensive but that there is ample room for the present book. Mr. Heath has taken up the consideration of his subject with enthusiastic zeal as well as with discrimination. He has been exceedingly happy in his reproduction of the colored miniatures that he has introduced. A feature of the volume lies in the fact that a number of more or less famous miniatures are reproduced in it for the first time. The book as a whole is a fine example of book making.

Iole. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Those who admire Fra Elbertus and those who detest him—and most people come in one of these two categories—will want to read this clever caricature of some of the peculiarities of Roycrofters. And besides these are eight beautiful pajama girls of innocence and *naïveté* such as were never before seen in books or out of them. The incidents arising therefrom are startling enough to titillate the most hardened novel reader. The course of love runs with unprecedented smoothness. Instead of requiring 400 pages to get one couple mated, as most novelists do, Mr. Chambers makes five matches in 140 pages. And we can hardly wait for the other three to grow up so he can write the sequel.

Economic Essays. By Charles Franklin Dunbar. Edited by O. M. W. Sprague. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

These essays have mostly appeared before in the *Quarterly Journal of Eco-*

nomics, published by Harvard University and of which the late Professor Dunbar was the editor. They treat, with a few exceptions, of strictly financial questions: taxation, banking and money—questions concerning which Professor Dunbar was recognized as an authority. There are also a few essays which treat of more general and less technical topics. Among these the "Reaction in Political Economy" and "Ricardo's Use of Facts" seem to us particularly good. The first of these is directed explicitly and the latter implicitly against the so-called "historical" and "ethical" schools of political economy and are models of lucid reasoning. In a brief but excellent introduction Professor Taussig pays a judicious tribute to the scholarly no less than to the administrative qualifications of his late lamented colleague.

French Classics for English Readers. Rabelais. Selected and edited by Curtis Hidden Page. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

If Rabelais is to be introduced into the home, doubtless this selection of Mr. Page's is to be recommended, as it seems perfectly innocuous. But we cannot help thinking that an edition or a criticism which presents Rabelais exclusively by such sides as the Abbey of Thelene and the institution of Gargantua does, as a matter of fact, fail to abstract the quintessence of his Pantagruelism.

The Lodestar. By Sidney Kennedy. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

One of the pleasantest of summer books, where the road winds leisurely along through blossoming lanes and smiling fields, where maidens fair sit on doorsteps flecked with sunlight and flickering leaf shadows, where a millionaire summer resident, active as quicksilver, makes a Methodist fair a memorable occasion; where various things happen and always felicitously.

Hester of the Grants. By Theodora Peck. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

One of the perennial crop of historical novels dealing with the American War for Independence, the scene laid in Ver-

mont when it was part of the Hampshire Grants. There is plenty of incident of the good old-fashioned kind, tho we are thankful to be spared a few of the Indian horrors usually dished up for our delectation in Revolutionary tales.



Literary Notes

A HANDY pocket edition of the novels of Lord Beaconsfield is being published by John Lane, New York, at 75 cents in cloth and \$1.00 in leather.

....“Foolish Finance,” published by Luce & Co., Boston (75 cents), is a more reliable guide to the prospective speculator than most of the financial advice now being given in books and magazines, and is much more amusing.

....A new edition of Bernhard Berenson's study of the life and paintings of Lorenzo Lotto, which we have twice reviewed and commended in THE INDEPENDENT, is imported by the Macmillan Company. (\$2.50.)

....The latest section of the great Oxford Dictionary of the English language covers the alphabet from “Mandragora” to “Matter,” and is edited by Dr. Henry Bradley. In its 227 pages there are more than 6,000 definitions of words between these limits.

....The marine paintings of the late Edward Moran, illustrating important events in our history, are reproduced in half-tone, with descriptions of the scenes and incidents they represent, by Theodore Sutro, in a volume entitled “Thirteen Chapters of American History,” published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. (\$1.50.)



Pebbles

THE PROPER REMEDY.—*Old Gentleman*: “I want to get copies of your paper for a week back.” *Editor*: “Hadn't you better try a porous plaster?”—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Willie had an awful cold

That turned into the croup,

And every time that Willie coughed

His tonsils looped-the-loop.

—*Cornell Widow*.

....“Have you ever been hissed off the stage?” asked the girl who was thrilled at having met a real actor. “Oh, no,” he replied. “When I'm off the stage I always try to be among friends as much as possible.”—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

....A West Philadelphia lad took a nosegay to his teacher one morning last week. The teacher accepted the flowers with many thanks.

During the day she had occasion to correct him for inattention. This hurt his feelings so much that after school he walked with a proud air up to the teacher's desk. “Well, Sammy,” asked the teacher. “What can I do for you?” “Do you know that bunch of flowers I gave you this morning?” he began. “Yes,” replied the teacher. “Well, I didn't give them to you; I only loaned them.”—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

....COULDN'T RETRACT.—A pig-headed Arkansas editor issued an obituary of the leading citizen of his town. When the leading citizen called at the office the next morning and requested that the report of his death be denied the editor refused to accommodate him. “We are never wrong here,” he said in a lordly way. “We never print denials or retractions in our sheet.” But the leading citizen protested, and finally the editor said: “No use talking, sir; we can't deny your death. The best we can do for you is to put you in to-morrow's list of births.”—*Boston Traveler*.

....POWER OF ADVERTISING.—*Excited Gentleman*: “It's all through your wretched paper.” *Editor (who is used to it)*: “What's the matter now?” *Excited Gentleman*: “You stated the day before yesterday that a thief had entered my room, broken open my desk and stolen a sum of money, but that fortunately he had overlooked the gold watch which usually lies in the bottom drawer.” *Editor*: “Well, the facts are stated correctly.” *Excited Gentleman*: “They're correct enough. But what is the result? The infamous man came again last night and took the watch.”—*Madame*.

....A well-known lawyer is telling a good story about himself, and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning, not long ago, the young autocrat of the office blew into the office and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed: “Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball game down the park to-day and I am going down.” Now the attorney is not a hard-hearted man and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little lesson in good manners. “Jimmie,” he said kindly, “that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you come over here and sit down and I'll show you how to do it.” The boy took the office chair and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair: “Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day. If you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon.” In a flash the boy responded: “Why certainly, Jimmie, and here is fifty cents to pay your way in.” There are no more lessons in manners in that office.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

Editorials

The Hope of Peace

THE High Commissioners of the two countries have not come so far to return in instant and angry rejection of each other's terms. They are four men of experience and wisdom. They know the horrors and the dangers of prolonged war. Now there is a chance for peace. If peace be haughtily rejected, if neither side should be willing to yield a point, the choice thus made would be a conflict of years and the exhaustion of both nations. If this opportunity be lost there will be years and years of wearing war with mutual injury and loss.

For if the war is not now ended it means that Russia, further defeated—and it is likely she will be—will retire beyond Harbin, very likely as far as Lake Baikal, and take time to reorganize and strengthen her army. Meanwhile Japan may hold all Manchuria and even Vladivostok and the coast to the Amûr, but she will have to maintain a powerful army on the continent, and for a series of years live in a state of constant war, ever threatened and ever unable to do any vital injury to her enemy. She cannot reach European Russia and very little of Russia in Asia. The bulk of the Empire, everything vital, will be far beyond her attack. It is inconceivable that she could send fleet or army to St. Petersburg. She must fight at that great disadvantage. She cannot hope to make peace at Moscow, as Alexieff promised to make peace at Tokyo. It will be a wearisome and ruinously expensive war and by a nation far from rich in resources and credit.

And if Russia is unwilling to make peace, but chooses ten or twenty years of war, she will be in even a sorrier plight. Her financial credit will be gone; she will be unable to borrow money to carry on the war and she cannot squeeze it out of her impoverished and starving people. They tell us that the people of Russia are now eager to continue the war because they will not endure the humiliating terms of peace. We do not believe it. The war will be even more intensely unpopular. Give Russia peace and she can

develop self-government through her municipal and provincial councils, grown into a Parliament of the people, and with that will come fresh prosperity. But war means the tyranny of the military junta, whose power will grow with the necessities of military rule. Liberty asks peace, just as war cries for a dictator—*Inter arma leges silent*.

And what military success can Russia expect? She is bound then to lose her whole Pacific coast. To be sure she can plan and hope to recover it all when she has reorganized her army, but that is a vain hope. Once lost the Pacific coast will be lost forever. Japan is now willing to yield to Russia all the coast from Vladivostok to Kamchatka; but can it be expected that she will be as concessive after she has taken Vladivostok and her vessels are riding on the Amûr River? Once lost, we say, Russia can never hope to send another conquering squadron to the Pacific. She could only fight by land; and, once driven back from Harbin, she can never carry an army by land, the railroads being in the hands of her foe. Besides, Manchuria and Siberia will recruit the armies of Japan, for Japan will hold and control Manchuria so long as the war lasts, and its millions will be added to her own. It will take at least ten years for Russia to build a new navy and reorganize her army so as to be able to cope with that of Japan. Think of the railroads she will have to build even to get her armies to the field, while Japan will have plenty of roads she has already built or rebuilt, and all the wide sea for her transports. In ten years China will be a very different Power from what she is now. Then China will be, like England, Japan's ally and will be able to protect herself and to aid Japan against Russia.

We see accordingly absolutely no hope for Russia in prolonging the war and much loss to Japan. Peace is essential to the prosperity of both nations. So we rejoice that the Japanese terms were not immediately rejected with scorn. The fact that both parties were willing to discuss the condi-

tions is most hopeful. It gives time for the Russian people to get over their first fit of passion and to come down to business, remembering that every year of war increases the loss of territory she will suffer and the amount of indemnity she will have to pay. Even more than Japan, Russia needs peace.

And the world wants peace. While we hope, and with some reason, that the present conference will find a way to end the war, we yet remember that either party may refuse to accept any terms of agreement. Then will not all the nations unite in a protest to Russia and Japan? Will they not ask that the scope of the powers of The Hague Court be increased and that the questions between the two combatants be referred to The Hague, to settle what is right with no loss of honor to either party? What the nations say through The Hague Japan and Russia will heed. So we ask that if the present conference can agree on no terms its members ask the Court of The Hague to settle their differences and do justice to both. When, at Portsmouth, in the darkest hour, we had nearly lost the hope of further negotiation, with the agreement to discuss the first of the terms the sun came out bright after the rain and a brilliant rainbow spanned the sky. Let it be the good augury of peace.



Mr. Roosevelt at Chautauqua

THE subjects of the President's address at Chautauqua were well chosen. No intelligent American can afford to be ignorant of his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine or of his policy with respect to the application of it. The question is one with which a majority of our people are not sufficiently familiar. Such explanations as were made by him last week are useful, especially when they are accompanied by so clear an account of the issues in a pending case that illustrates the latest and the logical development of the Doctrine. If we insist upon preventing the forcible occupation of territory south of us by European Powers whose aim is to collect debts, we must either accept the hostility of those Powers, with all that this implies, or assume the responsibility of providing for a reasonable settlement of the claims.

This is what the President has sought to do in the case of Santo Domingo. He has sought to do it in the interest of American as well as of foreign creditors, and his purpose has been both to assist the little republic and to promote international peace. His provisional arrangement, which has not been sanctioned by a ratified treaty, is working well. Honest collection has doubled the republic's revenues, deposits for the benefit of creditors are rapidly increasing, revolutionists are discouraged, and the people are engaged peacefully in productive industry. Thus far the provisional arrangement is a forcible illustration of the advantages and the justice of his policy concerning the application of the Doctrine to problems of this kind. Final success—which, we think, can be foreseen, if the Senate's approval be not withheld—will furnish to the countries south of us proof of our sincerity and friendly purposes far outweighing any number of promises and declarations in public addresses.

At the coming session of Congress the treaty covering that provisional agreement should be ratified. "The only effective opposition," Mr. Roosevelt says, "will probably come from dishonest creditors, foreign and American, and from the professional revolutionists of the island." He has good reason to believe that certain creditors who do not dare expose their claims to honest scrutiny are striving to stir up sedition in the island and to excite opposition to the treaty in this country. But will the Senate give weight to the pleas of dishonest creditors and to the arguments of professional revolutionists in Santo Domingo? We infer from the President's words that there are Americans among the dishonest claimants. In due time they should be named. Their influence could not survive such publicity.

Mr. Roosevelt's very brief reference to the need of legislation "conferring upon some branch of the executive Government the power of effective action to remedy the abuses in connection with railway transportation" does not indicate, we are confident, any loss of interest on his part in such provisions for rate regulation as were made in the Esch-Townsend bill. In this address he was dealing with the whole broad question of

the national supervision and restraint of great corporations, and the difficulties of the Beef Trust case led him to give prominence to the problems suggested by industrial combinations rather than to the injustice of railway discrimination. Clearly, he has been much impressed by the defiant attitude of some of these combinations and by their strenuous efforts to defeat the purpose of existing laws. This is shown by his repeated denunciation of them. He warns them that if they do not submit to "reasonable supervision and regulation by the national authorities," to "the mild kind of governmental control which we advocate," they will "ultimately have to submit to governmental action of a far more drastic type." But at present there is no provision by law for such national supervision and regulation. Probably the combinations in question desire that there shall be none, but this is not a refusal to accept control and regulation under an existing statute.

There is a law against the making and the maintenance of such combinations. In certain railroad cases it has been sustained and enforced, altho it was not aimed at railroads. Against industrial combinations, at which it really was aimed, it has not been effectively used. It is to this law, we presume, that the President refers when he says that "the effort to prevent all restraint of competition has been ill-judged." If it is not a good law, it should be repealed. One way to procure the repeal of an objectionable law is to enforce it. Public opinion will then demand repeal or the substitution of a statute fitted to existing conditions. If strict enforcement of the Sherman act should cause the repeal of it, a law providing for supervision and regulation might then easily be enacted. But that repeal will not be caused by continued "moderation in attempting to enforce the law's criminal provisions." In some cases, as in those of the beef packers, he says, "it is impossible longer to show leniency" in this respect. Many persons cannot see that leniency should have been shown in any case to those who had clearly violated the statute and incurred the penalty.

Great corporations engaged in interstate business will eventually be

placed under national supervision and regulation. Such regulation and restraint will take the place of feeble and occasional attempts to prevent the maintenance of combinations designed to suppress or control competition. If the combinations should be able to prevent not only an enforcement of the Sherman act, but also the enactment of laws for national supervision, the advocates of a more intimate connection between the Government and the great industries and railways would be rapidly increased in number. But, in our judgment, the exercise of the power of supervision and regulation by the Government cannot long be delayed. At the present time there is need of a plain exposition, by some man of courage in whom the people have confidence, of the unfitness and inexpediency of parts of our national statutes relating to combinations and to corporations engaged in interstate business.

"The effort to prevent all restraint of competition, whether harmful or beneficial, has been ill-judged; what is needed is not so much an effort to prevent combination as a vigilant and effective control of the combinations formed, so as to secure just and equitable dealing on their part toward the public generally, toward their smaller competitors, and toward the wage-workers in their employ."

If Mr. Roosevelt, taking these words of his own as a text, should explain why that effort was ill-judged, why it cannot be made successful and ought not to be, and what difficulties, of many kinds, the Government has encountered in its occasional attempts to make it effective, he would add a very considerable public service to the long list of those already placed to his credit.



Poetry for Vacation

It was in the rural mood, the mood of field and forest, of wood-craft and bird-craft, that three weeks ago we wrote of "one book" to take and read in vacation. That "one book" was by a choice writer of forests and fields. But there is a more human mood, equally fit for vacation days, limited by no bog

or hill or shore, alike full of nature and full of man; and that mood requires the large rest and peace of poetry. John Burroughs invites to local study; he is for the vacation play that is also work, when the book must be consulted to see if it agrees with the life of squirrel and meadow lark and orchis and fern and cat-briar about us. Such books of plant-life and animal-life keep one busy in field and forest, and one such book, and several such, should be taken. But there are more hours that simply refresh the soul, hours to rest on the veranda, to read, with not much labor, perhaps a meaningless tale merely to waste the afternoon or, perhaps, somewhat more to invite one's soul with the world's best thought and utterance of both nature and man.

And that requires poetry. Poetry can never go out of fashion. It began in the dancing youth of the unlettered tribes, when joy and play made the measures of shout and song keep step with the measured feet. And still youth turns as quick to verse as a bird tumbles out of its nest on its untried wings; and still the choicest laurel-crowns we assign to him who can wed the best word to the noblest thought, so that its lesson can be sung to marching feet.

So with your nature-book take also a book of humanity, a book of poetry. What shall it be? Let it fit your own taste and gift. Human nature is large and men and women are many. We do not say, Take Shakespeare, as we do not say, Take the Bible. They are assumed, known to every one, not to be especially read at vacation time. We have known a friend—not a pedant—to take his vacation rest and pleasure reading the Iliad through in Greek; and others do we know who take this time to read over again their Virgil and Horace; and yet others find a not over strenuous delight in Goethe and Schiller or Racine and Hugo. But we are considering the bulk of us, English-reading people, to whom foreign languages are a study, not a holiday refreshment.

What English verse shall then the townsman take to the seaside or the mountains for the choicest quiet hour? Take the best, we say. Take that which will give the noblest thought, the purest

spirit, the freest faith in man and the surest faith in goodness and God. In poetry it is the spirit of it that one wants first, and next the expression of it. It is not necessary that it be too easy, too trite. We may exclude for this reason Longfellow and Bryant, and Pope, Southey and Wordsworth. They are hardly poets for a vacation, but rather to be served up quick and hot, at some "Golden Treasury" counter, or in some pocket volume of their choice short poems. Similarly the humorous poets, Hood and Holmes, are excluded. They are for the library, not for the satchel. For the long leisure hour of the vacation weeks we want something larger and more serious and worthy.

It is impossible to choose only one book. But choicest of all of the elder poets are Spenser and Milton. Spenser is not read enough now. Who has read through the "Faery Queen"? Who even knows his "Prothalamion," the daintiest bit of verse ever put into English words? How it lingers on the tongue? Who would not bid "Sweet Themmes" to flow on and on, and never "end my song"? And with what a delightful liberty of leisurely Alexandrines the verses of the "Faery Queen" conclude the meandering intertwining rime of their stanzas of knightly love and war! Spenser is a poet for the disburdened rest and peace of vacation weeks.

And so also is Milton. They tell us that Milton is hardly read now. So they tell us the Bible is not read; we do not believe it. But Milton is not like Spenser, steeped tho he was in Spenser, as well as in the classics. Milton is a poet to be read at leisure, the "Paradise Lost" once a year; and five of the minor poems quite as often. They can occupy a fairly long vacation, and one will be fed with something beyond chaff. "Lycidas" is the poet's poem, the test by which one can decide whether he really loves good poetry. It is a poem to be committed to memory and to be a part of a wise man's mental furniture. It is surcharged with the modern spirit of faith, courage, Christianity, but set in the fashion of the classic pastoral; and twice the poet finds the pagan fetters too tight for him and breaks away to return again, and a third

time he breaks away, and is satisfied not to return, but to remain among "the solemn choirs and sweet societies" of the "saints above." Take Milton.

But are there no later poets? Yes. There are Shelley and Keats, for their worshipers; and there are Burns and Coleridge; and there are the two Victorian poets, Tennyson and Browning. But of the two last one is enough. A single taste, for a single summer, can hardly embrace them both. Tennyson, the master of measured music, the painter of words, the teacher of all of us how to say a sweet, true thing truly and sweetly. "The Brook"—it flows as the water flows—the words bubble and babble on the pebbles. Tennyson is the prophet of hope rather than of faith, of questions that ask an answer but fail to find a sure response. His *Idyls of the King*, and especially that which tells of the search for the Holy Grail, touch the highest mark of noble and tender sentiment, with assurance that somehow failure and loss will work out good. Let those that will take Tennyson and be satisfied.

Or Browning. There is pleasure and task for deliberate souls. No longer is it music of verse, and no longer is it hope in doubt. It is rugged words and rugged faith. Not many will choose him, but for those who will no voice of prophet or bard is like his.

But is there no American poet whom one can take as a chief companion in the forest or by the sea? Yes. Lowell and Lanier; they reach our high-water mark. Poe is out of the running. He is good for an hour. The others—when shall we have a really great poet from our soil, one to rank with the five or six great poets of Britain?



Publicity Topsy-Turvy

AMERICANS are supposed to have a sense of humor, yet there is probably no people on earth so addicted to doing ridiculous things in a perfectly naïve, matter of fact and even professional way. A beautiful example is afforded by American ideas on the subject of "publicity" and American practice in turning "publicity" topsy-turvy.

It will be conceded, we suppose, that the word "publicity" by derivation and

centuries of usage denotes something opposed or contrary to "privacy." There would seem to be a certain fitness, therefore, in associating publicity with things that are of public interest and concern rather than with private affairs. By the common consent of mankind also "there is a time for all things" under the sun, and there are times when even matters of grave public concern may wisely be shielded from publicity. Of such concerns military plans and diplomatic negotiations have hitherto been regarded by reasonable folk as important examples.

These simple principles of world wisdom are curiously unacceptable to the American mind. With the aid of newspaper editors and reporters we have worked out a theory, as distinctively "American" as Dingleyism or the Monroe Doctrine, that the only proper subjects for publicity are private affairs, especially the more intimate relations of husbands and wives and those relations of foreign Powers to one another which, if commonly talked about, would get the whole civilized world by the ears in the shortest possible time and raise to the *nth* Power all conceivable possibilities of slaughter.

Acting upon this theory American newspaper men lost no time in presenting their compliments to the peace commissioners of Russia and Japan on their arrival at New York, and, with urbane assurance, inviting them to disclose forthwith their instructions, mental reservations and miscellaneous ultimatums. When, with equal urbanity, the plenipotentiaries declined to reveal their intentions and their "past," the newspaper men were not insulted; they were not even aggrieved; they were only surprised—naïvely, wonderingly surprised. And these same newspaper men, whenever news runs dry, will doubtless go on for years to come writing funny paragraphs to prove that "foreigners," unlike Americans, have no sense of humor!

All this, however, is only one-half of the American theory and practice of publicity. The other half is quite as interesting and more important. It consists in the assumption, tenaciously held and religiously regarded, that matters of real

public concern, upon which every citizen should be fully informed, ought to be very carefully covered up, and that to reveal them, or even indiscreetly to allude to them, is always a grave breach of decorum. Chief among such concerns are the fidelity or faithlessness of all public servants, the management of political parties and the conduct and accounts of public service corporations.

An official having been elected or appointed to a position of public trust should be "honored" and in general taken at his face value. To inquire too curiously into the conduct of his office is to "open the door to scandal," which is annoying to any administration. In like manner, party bosses are deserving of the esteem of mankind. Their services are indispensable. Moreover, they are astute men, and for ordinary humans to question them too closely or call them to account is a presumption that no sane politically minded person would think of being guilty of. That is to say, he would not think of inquiring into the boss's conduct in so far as it is political. If, however, the boss should be so unfortunate as to fall upon domestic difficulties that would be another matter altogether. These should be fully aired in the "sunlight of publicity." The newspaper reporter should by any means, lawful or unlawful, obtain possession of the originals of any tender epistles that may have passed between the gentleman and his wife, and especially any that may have passed between him and other ladies, and should print them in full. If possible, he should reproduce a complete series of family daguerreotypes, or other portraits, revealing the development of facial expression since infancy.

As for public service corporations, their case is even clearer. The public has bestowed franchises and other valuable considerations upon them, and has devoted a large part of the time of its legislators and executive officers to hearing and granting corporate requests. How exceedingly indelicate, then, it is to intimate to these beneficiaries that they should render any account of their service to the public that has thus aided them! It is like asking your guest when he departs to leave a written statement informing you how many towels he has

sent to your laundry bag, or whether he has slipped a cake of your soap into his portmanteau, and what fees he has left for your maids and butler. Such demands can have no other effect than to substitute hard and practical business methods for the gracious amenities of life.

Such, in brief, is the well-established American theory and practice of publicity. We are aware that we shall be regarded as old-fashioned and unpatriotic in suggesting that it is altogether a topsy-turvy business. Nevertheless, at the risk of being thought queer, we venture to record our conviction that as a nation the American people would in the long run be happier, to say nothing of showing a more "decent regard for the opinions of mankind," if they could persuade themselves to adopt the older and, as we believe, more reasonable view of publicity. We should like to live to see the time when public affairs shall be regarded as public and private concerns as private.



An August Month

AUGUST is well named. Blessed month of grapes, pears and peace. At last summer has got through shaking us with thunderstorms. The grass is in the barn, the wheat is in the granary, or it is ready for the thresher. The stock broker is at a loss for excitement. There is yellow on the fields and there is yellow in the sky. Blackberries blacken the hill-side glens, where the heads of boys and girls show far away among the bushes. To-morrow there will be blackberry pies. It is curious how everything has a hidden meaning and a secret fitness: strawberry shortcake, raspberry jam and jelly, plum pudding, blackberry pie—all these were in the very *nature* of things.

Why the birds will not any longer sing is hard to find out, nor need we be inquisitive. Our catbirds will at least talk with us till our collie, greedy of companionship, comes with a pathetic eye and wishes to know what friends we have beyond and above himself. Why, you jealous pet! this world is big enough for a dozen friendships. Why should the birds be expected to sing all through the year? Do we not ourselves find sly

paths in the woods and look out into the valley as a fox looks out?

Yet it is a good month for picnics. There is a leisure, just before hop picking and corn cutting and just after oats and wheat have been stored. Did you ever go to a farmers' picnic? If not, you do not know the American people. The whole population of our cities should be turned out into the country through the whole of this month. If they cannot afford to stop work so long let them take hold with the farmers in the fields. There is need enough for every one and many would never go back into the smoke and the crowd. Is there not an easy solution of the help problem—to take the city out into the country while the vineyards and orchards are just ripening their fruits? Here are the hands and there is the work and the food. Picnic day in the country is not a mere frolic day; it socializes, bringing the scattered people together. On the contrary, picnic for the city crowd is good only because it scatters. By way of the picnic our factory hands learn that there are looms in the woods and that water power has something to do in the world besides run machinery.

August is vacation month—that is, the school buildings are closed; but, on the contrary, the great big schoolhouse is just opened—the house without a roof. "The fact is," writes a college boy, "I have really learned more during my vacation than at any other time. Camping in the Adirondacks and serving as waiter at hotels have taught me some lessons I could not get from text-books." This is probably true of all the thousands of young folk who do not go to camp, but are only let loose into the country. Once get a boy to look for himself and he will find the world is piled up with books of which the fields everywhere are printed pages. Arnold White speaks of our "universal half-education." We have not learned, with all our study, to see well. It is not only what *is* about us to which we are blind, but what is *going on* about us. The eyes and the ears have not got over their savage inheritance: watching for the things to eat and the things that are dangerous. When the painter Rosseau drew an oak a peasant said, "Master, why are you making that oak when it is already made?" A mar-

velous deep question! Is not most of art hung on the walls of people who cannot see the very same things before they are painted? Does this sort of art teach these people to see better or not to look at all? Surely the greatest gallery of art is the unpainted forest, the hillside farm and the valley meadows. Vacation helps us into the bigger schoolhouse, with the larger library and pictures that live and grow.

The orchard and the vineyard are now the witching places. We do not mean the vineyard where the vines are cut down to three or four feet and the trellises are only rows of posts, where the bunches hang mechanically; but the vineyard where vines can grow a bit free and climb and swing their clusters in the wind; where occasionally a tendril grasps a neighboring tree and lifts itself up among the butternuts or the apples. There is nothing so full of fun and frolic and of good nature and of general boyishness as a grapevine. The fruit is better than mutton for strength and certainly more delicious. It was a sorry joke when carelessly eaten beefsteak charged appendicitis over to grape seeds. But why swallow the seeds? You will hardly get the flavor of a Lady or a Lindley grape by sliding it whole into the stomach. Nature arranged it so you should get a perfect taste while rejecting the seeds. However, never stop satisfied with less than four or five bunches of grapes. Eat them before dinner, then make your dinner of them and take a few bunches for dessert.

Every kind of fruit has its charm and its season, being less delightful out of season. The first apples ripen, through the heart of the apple belt, about the middle of July, and the first pears a little sooner. During August they lie all over the orchard floor in careless profusion. How beautifully the Astrachans fit into the green sod with their crimson cheeks. Nature did not intend to create very early apples. These are the work of human selection and artful breeding. We have been widening the orchard season just as we have enlarged the size of our fruits and are improving the flavor. It is, however, hard to tell what is Nature's share in horticultural progress.

Every one should grow more fruit

than he needs. A dozen cherry trees can be planted along the fence on a line one hundred feet. These will bear bushels of bird food, if not wanted by human folk. Let the songsters have one such row on every ten-acre homestead. Sow your lawns occasionally with cracker crumbs also for the little fellows that prefer grain. A happy home is worth it. It is strange how familiar one may get with the birds, with cats out of the way. These prowlers have a beauty of their own, but with their claws they know only war. Truly, but it is a fine thing to let the chipping birds have safe houses in the grass. They look up at us as we pass as if to say, We know you; you are all right. We can trust you. What an accursed thing it is not to be trusted by our weak and harmless neighbors. After all, the underlying thought of Nature is not strife, but mutual helpfulness. There are scores of co-operative birds and only half a dozen marauders and destroyers. Man's true place in nature is to subdue the evil disposed and foster the right-minded.



Political Boycotts

THE first boycott, that which gave the name to the weapon, was political. Its purpose was to make English law impracticable in Ireland.

Just now the Chinese merchants and people have united in a boycott which is both political and international. The sole purpose of it is to affect legislation in this country. They agree to refuse to buy American goods so long as America continues to insult and abuse their citizens who visit this country. They are perfectly justifiable in the boycott, for our law excluding Chinese is an insult to the nation; and the manner of its execution has been worse. It is not strange that the people of China are indignant and their method is effective. Already and immediately President Roosevelt ordered the officers in charge of immigration to show decency and courtesy in their discreditable task. The subject became a matter of serious consultation in the Cabinet; our consuls were directed to report the nature and extent of the boy-

cott; and a protest was made to the Chinese Government against so much of the boycott as prevented the unloading of American vessels in China. That is a treaty right which we can insist upon; but we cannot compel Chinese to buy what we land in their ports. There they have the advantage. The free will not to buy is as essential as the freedom to buy. A stout "No; we don't want it," is final. A boycott is effective; and such a boycott as this would be felt here in America. It would be a serious loss to men who have influence in legislation. It would be felt on the Pacific Coast, where the shipping trade with China is carried on, and where it would suffer. In this boycott, a perfectly justifiable one, our sympathy is with China.

Another sort of political boycott, a local one, is developing in certain of our Southern States. Its purpose is to secure a repeal of the laws against what are called Jim Crow cars. These laws forbid people of any discoverable tinge of negro blood from riding on the same seats, or in the same cars, with white people—that is, unless they ride as servants or as nurses of white children. Precisely as against China, the legislation is in its very terms an insult to the race. And precisely as with the Chinese, the administration of the law is unjust. The law requires equal accommodation to both races, but that is not given. It is first-class price for third-class accommodation. The most refined ladies are driven into seats with the lowest characters. They are not allowed a berth in a sleeping car. They must sit with smokers in filthy compartments and with filthy people, no matter if they can afford to pay for the best accommodation. We have a long letter from a woman in very honorable official position in Washington, who has just buried her mother, her death hastened by the fact that she, a colored woman of years, willing to pay for the best the road could give, coming from Texas was compelled to sit up three nights on hard seats, in smoke and filth, with not another woman to help her when too weak to move without assistance. Intelligent men do not

like to have their wives and daughters and mothers thus treated as no better than brutes, and it is not strange that they are finding the boycott.

Everywhere throughout the South, where this cruel law has been enacted, the negroes are inaugurating the boycott. They refuse to ride in the trolley cars. That touches the pockets of the owners of the lines, for the negro patronage is not small. They walk, or they organize hack service.

In Tennessee the Jim Crow law went into operation July 5th. No trouble was expected. There has been none. The negroes simply refuse to ride. At Knoxville, Chattanooga, Memphis and in other cities they walk or establish a hack service for their picnics. There is a dearth of cooks in the fashionable districts. It is a question, says a correspondent, whether any decent negro will brave public opinion by riding on the cars.

There is an amusing side to the subject in Florida. There the law went into effect July 1st. Accordingly the street cars assigned the front seats to white people and three back seats to colored people. But there is in Jacksonville a car line run by colored people, and they put the colored people in front and the white people behind. On the white lines not a colored person would ride. They planned to test the matter in the State court. A negro took a seat with the white people and refused to leave. He was arrested; but the State's Attorney refused to prosecute. The law was already unpopular. After a few days, and no trial, a negro took a white seat on the colored line, and was arrested by the colored conductor, bound over and sent to jail. He was then released by a writ of habeas corpus, and a day set for hearing. When it came up for trial Judge Call declared the law unconstitutional and discharged the prisoner. The matter will go to the Supreme Court, where it will be settled whether class legislation is against the constitution of Florida and the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States.

The boycott can be very unjust and cruel, but it can also be a very useful

political weapon. It touches influential pockets, pockets that may even hold legislatures.



Secretary Taft in the Philippines

Plain speaking is what the Filipinos heard from Secretary Taft at Manila, and it will do a few misguided patriots good. He told them distinctly that the United States does not propose at any assignable time, and probably not for a generation or more, to give independence to the Philippines. We have a responsibility there for peace and order, and we propose to exercise it. But this involves on our part, and especially on the part of Congress, the duty to consider absolutely the interests of the people there; and this is what is Mr. Taft's desire and that of President Roosevelt. We wish we were as certain of the good will of Congress. The tariff which we have imposed there, with the coastwise shipping restrictions, needs to be removed, giving the Philippines practical free trade; and Secretary Taft sees this and will use his influence with Congress. But Congressmen are apt to consider our interests, as exporters, rather than theirs, as importers. It is of much importance, of course, to give the greatest political self-government to our colonies, but industrial progress is of quite equal necessity. What Lord Cromer has done for Egypt has been done wholly by industrial means, improving the conditions of life, and the political reform may follow later. We have done much, and done well, for the political development of the islands, but now the chief need is that which Secretary Taft and his party of Congressmen will, we hope, press upon Congress.



Alice in Wonderland

Mr. Howells must be happy in these days. His favorite contention, the dominance of the "Young Girl" in American life, upon which he has insisted until it has become a fixed tenet of his literary and social creed, has a most charming illustration in the triumphal progress of the young lady

affectionately if somewhat fatuously called the "Princess Alice." Photographs of Secretary Taft's party taken on ship or on shore have the Young Girl as the most prominent figure, even eclipsing the Secretary, which is something not every one can do. She holds the center of the stage, and the papers report that both in Hawaii and Manila the crowds gathered to see the party anxiously questioned each other: "Which is Miss Roosevelt?" not "Which is Secretary Taft?" We are assured by those who know her that the "Princess Alice" is a simple, unaffected young girl, and every good American wishes her with all his heart the thoroughly "nice time" which is her birthright. As for the deposition of the reigning Princess after four years, so that unlike her prototype in Wonderland she will shrink from her present exaggerated stature to normal size without the aid of the magic mushroom, she needs no sympathy of ours nor of any man, as, according to Mr. Howells and according to fact, she will, as a young American girl, have a position superior to that of any foreign princess, whose destiny she need not envy.

Graft of Old Since George Washington became President the United States has expanded from a fringe of Atlantic settlements across the central prairies to the golden mountains that edge the Pacific slope. Our population has increased from three millions to eighty millions. Dozens and scores of men are worth as many millions of money, while only George Washington then approached the million limit. Equally it is natural that speculation and graft measure in larger terms and amounts now than then, but they are mistaken who believe there is now more relative public dishonesty than there was then. Professor Shepardson, of the Department of History in Chicago University, calls attention to the fact that Peter Faneuil, giver of the Cradle of Liberty to Boston, was engaged in the liquor business, and a smuggler of liquor at that. Indeed, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was in-

dicted for smuggling. Congress was not ten years old when one of the best known Senators was indicted for accepting a bribe. And we believe that there are relatively quite as many men who serve their country not for profit as there were in the days when George Washington refused to accept any salary. Secretaries Taft and Root sacrifice many times their official salaries when they accept office. The country is growing better rather than worse.

Sanitary Standards Simultaneously with the reports from Washington of the excellent sanitary work done on the Isthmus of Panama comes an announcement from Tokyo that the Japanese emigration officers have advised the Japanese Government not to send laborers there because the sanitary conditions are so bad. These statements do not conflict. It is merely a question of relative standards. We have done better than the French, but we are still behind the Japanese in the management of the health of large bodies of men. When we compare the very small death rate from disease in the Japanese army during the most severe war that history has known with the shameful losses among our soldiers in peaceful camps during the Spanish-American War we must confess that the Japanese have earned the right to criticise us. But we may hope some time to see Panama setting an example of cleanliness and health to our home cities. Already we see a curious reversal of former conditions in the fact that Havana now quarantines against New Orleans. One of the lessons of the present yellow fever epidemic is that no city can afford as a matter of business to have slums. It costs too much to maintain them.

Passive Resistance As a method of political opposition the refusal of individuals to pay taxes or render service to a Government deemed by them illegal or unjust seems to be growing in favor. In three European countries such "passive resistance" is being encouraged by party leaders. In

England many men have had their goods seized and sold at auction rather than voluntarily pay taxes for the support of schools under the control of the Established Church. In Hungary the managers of the majority in the Lower House of the Diet, holding that the Fejervary Ministry is unconstitutional because the House has passed a vote of no confidence in it, urge all patriotic citizens to refuse to pay taxes or render military service. Local officers are advised that they will be acting in obedience to law if they refuse to collect taxes and to recruit, and if in consequence of adopting this "correct attitude" they lose their places, they are promised full compensation "on the restoration of normal conditions," which, being interpreted, means when the Opposition get into power. At the Zemstvo Congress in Moscow last month a resolution was adopted favoring all forms of resistance, short of absolute force, against the unjust acts and orders of the Russian officials. One member went so far as to say that even if General Trepoff obtained the Czar's signature to an unjust measure they would refuse obedience. Such a citizens' strike has often been resorted to in this country as well as elsewhere, but it is a dangerous weapon, very liable to abuse. To make each individual the judge of the justice or legality of the acts of Government is a line of conduct asymptotic to anarchy.



The Athanasian Creed

The agitation in the Church of England for deliverance from the Athanasian Creed grows apace. A memorial has been drawn up and signed by over ninety of the resident members of the University of Cambridge, all communicants of the Established Church, asking the Archbishops to take as speedy steps as possible to relieve the Church of the necessity of repeating the damnatory clauses. "Taken in their plain meaning" these clauses, they say, "go beyond the warrant of Scripture, and are a grave offense to the consciences of a large and increasing number of loyal Churchmen" and "a great and growing danger to the Church." Among the names

are nine masters of Cambridge colleges, professors of divinity and distinguished lecturers and fellows. And two-thirds of them add that not only the damnatory clauses but the whole Creed should be excluded from the Prayer Book. The American Episcopal Church has never had this Creed. They dropped it from the beginning. They accepted the spirit of Isaac Watts's comment on his poetic version of one of the imprecatory Psalms: "Cursing one's enemies is not so evangelical a practice. I have therefore given certain verses of this Psalm another turn."



Correcting the Calendar.

The eccentricities of the solar system have always been a great annoyance to the orderly mind of Frenchmen. That the year should not be evenly divisible into any of its subdivisions, the week, the day or the hour, and that the month should contain an unequal number of days and that the days of the week in different years, are inconveniences which we all recognize, but the French alone have had the courage to attempt to correct such of these irregularities as are within human power. The reformatory spirit is once more active in the French Republic. The revocation of the Concordat now, like the overthrow of feudalism by the Revolution, has revived the attempts to reform and secularize the calendar. The religious holidays as such have all been abolished, but in the place of them, and very conveniently on the same dates, are established *fête* days, the legal names of which have no ecclesiastical taint. It is not proposed to decimalize the days as was done by the radical reformers of the Revolution, nor do we hear of Brumaire, Thermidor, Prairial and Ventose as yet, But Camille Flammarion, the astronomer whose vision perceives the astral bodies of the theosophists as well as those of his profession, recommends the adoption of a new calendar. He would have a month of 31 days follow every two months of 30 days each. The extra 365th day, and on leap years the 366th, would not be called by the name of any of the days of the week, but would be

given special names. This is something like the Revolutionary calendar devised by Laplace, with its year of 360 days and five extra *Sansculottides*. A still more radical scheme is proposed by M. Léon Bollack in *La Revue*. He would have a week of five days instead of the sacred seven or the Revolutionary decade, both of which he considers too long a period of uninterrupted work, as is proved by the modern tendency to make Saturday a half or whole holiday. The ordinary year would thus be divided evenly into 73 of these quintads. Like Flammarion, he would have the year begin with the spring equinox, March 21st. It is obvious that all these schemes for reforming the calendar are actuated by the double motive which Luther gave for taking a wife, to please himself and to spite the Pope.



There constantly comes news of fresh discoveries in Bible lands. One of the serious questions has been as to the burial customs of the original inhabitants of Palestine, whom we call the Amorites. It has been supposed that they burned their dead, but there is a report of a late discovery of several burial caves which are dated at 2500 B. C. by Egyptian scarabs, and where the dead are laid side by side. Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, who is in charge of the American School of Archeology in Jerusalem, this year has followed his exploration of the Dead Sea by a further exploration of the region to the south of Palestine and especially the ruins of Rehoboth, where he has found a multitude of inscriptions. The American School at Jerusalem is not properly housed. It needs a place for library and museum, and we should be glad to hear from any one who would give \$10,000 for the purpose.



We regret to record the death from yellow fever of Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans. He was on a visitation to country parishes, but on getting news of the invasion of yellow fever returned to the post of danger and duty and immediately received the fatal infection. Clergymen and physicians are the soldier heroes in this war, if they do not run

away but face the danger, greater than in battle. We had expected the cardinal's hat for the Archbishop, who had served honestly and faithfully, if not always wisely, as the Papal Delegate in Cuba and the Philippines. He will have a higher honor in the memory of the city of which he was a most distinguished citizen and of the Church of which he was a high prelate.



John M. Poag was an American martyr. He was a sheriff, and every sheriff and every policeman should be ready to be a martyr. He had charge of the jail at Senatobia, Miss., and a mob of masked men came to take out a prisoner charged with murder. He believed in doing his duty and declared that no mob should take a prisoner from under his charge except over his dead body. So he defended the jail and was shot and killed. The people of Tate County propose to raise a statue to his memory, and they ask help from sheriffs and others the country over for the statue. Sheriff Poag's example was of priceless value and the blood of that martyr will be the seed of justice in a land of lynch law.



They say that the signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by the mosquitoes, which annoyed the members of the convention so much that they were in no mood for longer deliberation. Will the mosquitoes at Portsmouth produce a like effect in accelerating the signing of a treaty of peace? Now that we hold mosquitoes responsible for so much evil, it would be pleasant if we could credit them with doing a little good in the world.



Archbishop Harty gave a great dinner to Secretary Taft and his party of visiting Americans. That was well. Those islands are Catholic in religion, and Archbishop Harty is their highest ecclesiastic, and an American citizen. The ecclesiastic and the civilian, the head of the Church and the representative of the nation, did each other equal and worthy honor.

Insurance

The Supervision of Life Insurance Companies

The affairs of the Equitable and other recent sensational disclosures in the business of life insurance have aroused a wide popular interest on the part of those who are insured as well as those who are not thus protected. Public attention because of this has been attracted and focused upon the methods of supervision employed by the insurance departments of the several States. In this connection an article in *The North American Review* for July, by S. Herbert Wolfe, an actuary, who has conducted many examinations on behalf of various State insurance departments, has much interest by reason of the authority with which Mr. Wolfe speaks. As Mr. Wolfe very forcibly points out in his paper, a great defect of the present system of insurance supervision in the United States arises from the circumstance that in each State the supervising officer is a part of the political machinery of his own State. Because of this and of the fact that the office is far too frequently bestowed as political spoil it comes about that men of no technical equipment, or with an equipment that is totally inadequate, are placed in control of investigations which demand special training and much experience. The present conditions have outgrown the laws framed before the enormous development of the insurance business took place. Whatever else may be the result of the Equitable dissensions, certain it is that by attracting the attention of the people to prevailing conditions in the insurance world it is exceedingly possible that much good may ultimately result therefrom. The question of investments is another matter to which Mr. Wolfe has directed particular attention to good purpose. He strongly deprecates the control of subsidiary companies by giant insurance concerns. He has made it clear that if the supervision of insurance companies is to be worth anything the time is close at hand when more rigorous standards must be established that shall

safeguard the interests of policy holders more after the fashion whereby depositors in savings banks are protected. The only thing now needed to effect so desirable a transformation from what is to what ought to be is the realization on the part of the policy holder of the necessity for it.



CERTAIN changes have recently been made in the rulings of the Post Office Department which will have an important bearing upon the business of the so-called wildcat insurance companies. For a long time it has been the custom of the Post Office Department to remain blind to the acts of fraudulent insurance concerns until complaints from victims accompanied with facts and data were received, upon which proceedings might be based whereby the wildcatters could be excluded from the use of the mails. The new regulation emanating from the Postmaster-General will materially facilitate proceedings undertaken against those offering wildcat insurance to purchasers. It requires post office inspectors to take action in all cases where they know of existing fraud, as well as in cases where newspaper advertisements lead them to suspect it. Where the use of mails is denied to suspected persons it will devolve upon them to produce evidence showing that the suspicion was not well founded. The action of the Department is a step in the right direction, as the unrestricted use of the mails is vital to the business of the insurance impostor.

....The adoption or at least the careful testing of automobile fire engines was recently urged upon the Philadelphia Fire Department by the *Public Ledger* of that city. Such engines are now satisfactorily used in New York, Boston and Hartford, and why not in Philadelphia?

....The Supreme Council of the Royal Arcanum, yielding to the widespread demand, will hold a special session at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, the last of this month. The rate question will have consideration.

Financial

More Favorable Crop Reports

THE Government's August crop report (published on the 10th) is even more favorable than the report for July. It points to a crop of 2,698,000,000 bushels of corn, or the largest on record, against last year's harvest of 2,467,480,000. The yield of wheat will be 709,731,000 bushels. Last year's was only 552,400,000. Minor cereals are in good condition, each of them promising an increase. Corn is not yet out of danger; wheat is safe. In the last fiscal year our exports of wheat (including flour in terms of wheat) were only 43,797,000 bushels, against 120,000,000 in 1903, and an average of more than 210,000,000 for the six years preceding. Exports in the coming year may be from 175,000,000 to 200,000,000. It should not be forgotten, however, that the very large crop in the Canadian Northwest will yield a heavy surplus to be sold abroad.



New York's Telephone Service

THE Merchants' Association of this city, in April last, took up the subject of telephone rates and service with the New York Telephone Company, intending to bring about a reduction of the rates if they were found to be excessive. A special committee was appointed, consisting of Clarence Whitman, chairman; J. Crawford McCreery, John C. Eames, Herman A. Metz and Frederick B. De Berard, secretary. To this committee the company agreed to furnish every facility for a thorough inquiry. It also undertook to readjust its rates in accord with an equitable basis of profit, mutually accepted, if such a readjustment should be warranted by the facts disclosed. The inquiry was made, with the assistance of financial and electrical experts, and the company then reduced its rates, adjusting them to the basis as to which an agreement had been reached. This involved a reduction of \$1,525,000 in annual revenue. It was a notably successful undertaking on the part of the Merchants' Association, and the management of it as well as the final result

have been highly creditable to both the Association and the Telephone Company.

The committee's report, with accompanying papers, has now been published in a handsome volume which is a contribution of enduring value to what may be called the literature of such investigations. The limits of our space will not permit us to set forth in full its reasoning and conclusions, but the report as a whole is a model of its kind, conservative, effective and in accord with the established principles of enlightened commercial practice. For sixteen years ending with 1904 the average annual net earnings upon the investment were 11.12 per cent., but in 1904 the net was 14.64 per cent. It had been agreed that 10 per cent. was reasonable, and the reductions were made without delay to accord with that accepted basis. Among the subjects considered, and as to which the committee's conclusions are expressed, are investments, comparisons with other cities, replacement outlays, reasonable margin of profit, graded charges for service and the method of recording calls. The committee argues against the expediency of competition and opposes a regulation of rates by law so long as proof is shown that they are reasonable in their relation to the cost of service. It has been convinced that the service under examination is not surpassed elsewhere in adequacy or efficiency. This is the largest municipal telephone system in the world. In the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx (Brooklyn is excluded) there are more than 150,000 telephones. London has less than 100,000, Paris about 50,000, and there were 67,000 last year in Berlin.



OUR exports of cotton cloth to China increased from about \$4,000,000 in the fiscal year 1904 to \$27,750,000 in the year ending with June last.

....The People's Trust Company of Brooklyn, of which Edward Johnson is President, in its statement issued July 1st shows resources of \$17,832,006. The capital and surplus are \$2,700,000, and the deposits exceed \$15,000,000.

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Survey of the World

The Situation on the Isthmus

Digging has been almost wholly suspended on the canal route and may not be resumed until several months hence. In the meantime all hands will be engaged in preparatory work that has been neglected. Chairman Shonts and Commissioner Ernst returned from the Isthmus last week, and the Chairman talked freely about what he had found there. To some he even said that a year had been lost by a bad beginning. His inspection of the route showed that little or no provision had been made for housing or feeding the employees. The price of food was very high. Eggs were selling at 10 cents apiece. All of a laborer's wages was required to pay for his meals. Railway tracks for use in the cuts were sinking in the mud; the dirt taken out by steam shovels could not be carried away. At the railway terminals there was a great congestion of freight. The situation was a disheartening one, and the Zone was inhabited by thousands of dispirited men. Therefore the work of digging was suspended, and Mr. Shonts set out to make proper provision for the employees. Houses and hotels are to be erected. Supply trains are now running every day to the camps, and numerous commissary stations have been established, against the protests of native merchants. Orders for more laborers were promptly countermanded; there will be no increase of the force until the preparatory work is done. By the use of modern railway methods the congestion of freight may be relieved within thirty days. In one interview Mr.

Shonts says that he didn't want the office he now holds. It was at first proposed, he says, that he should share the responsibility with Judge Magoon, but he insisted upon taking it all himself, and, to his surprise, Mr. Roosevelt accepted his terms. He had no disagreement with Chief Engineer Wallace except with respect to the inadequate preparations for housing and feeding the employees. Wallace said this work could be done later. Judge Magoon agreed with the Chairman in holding that it should have been done at the beginning. The present Chief Engineer, Mr. Stevens, accepted the place, Mr. Shonts says, upon condition that he should have only one boss.—W. E. Dauchy, engineer in charge of the Culebra division for the past year, has resigned. He was appointed by Wallace. The Advisory Board of Engineers will hold its first meeting in September.



Reform in Philadelphia

In obedience to the commands of Mayor Weaver's new Director of Public Safety, the police of Philadelphia recently made an inquiry to ascertain the number of fictitious names that had been placed on the voting lists of that city. Their reports showed 31,817. They were directed to go over the ground again, and now their second investigation shows 60,083 fraudulent registrations in a total of 375,812. In the Third Ward the fraudulent (3,284) outnumber the genuine (2,705); in the ward controlled by McNichol, Boss Durham's partner in contracts, the fraudulent (3,970) were 42 per cent. of the entire number. With

the aid of these lists, it has been customary for the Republican organization leaders to count about 80,000 fraudulent votes at an election. Some years ago the city, by a large majority, asked for a personal registration law but could not get one from the State Legislature. Republican leaders in the State are now talking of asking for a special session of the Legislature for the enactment of such a law and for the repeal of the "ripper" laws recently passed, which were designed to strip the Mayor of Philadelphia of his powers.—The Councils, composed mainly of members elected by the ring with the aid of these fraudulent lists, appear to be regaining the courage which they lost when the popular revolt compelled a withdrawal of the gas lease. By a vote of 32 to 5, last week, the Select Council adopted resolutions, introduced by a law partner of the deposed Director of Public Safety, providing for an investigation concerning the recent removals of public officers by Mayor Weaver and asserting that these removals were made "for political reasons." This action is commonly believed to have been suggested by United States Senator Penrose, and the resolutions were introduced by his personal representative in the Council, in whose ward 2,243 fraudulent registrations were found. All of the seven members of the investigating committee are representatives of what the Philadelphia newspapers call the "Gang," the President of the Council who appointed them having been nominated for Sheriff by the Durham-McNichol organization before the reform revolt began. At the same time, the Finance Committee recommended, in defiance of the Mayor's expressed wish, the negotiation of a loan of \$4,000,000 for the removal of grade crossings, altho there was about \$2,000,000 on hand available for this purpose. Mayor Weaver promptly responded to the appointment of the committee by saying, in a letter to its chairman, that this was just what he wanted. Pointing out that unlimited powers had been granted to the committee, he insisted upon a searching investigation of every branch of the municipal Government, adding that he desired to attend every meeting and to offer all the evidence he had obtained as to the con-

struction of the filtration beds, the new boulevards, etc. It is thought in Philadelphia that he is offering more than the committee desires to receive and use. The discovery has recently been made that the Mayor's predecessor, Mayor Ashbridge, signed a contract making a brother-in-law of Boss Durham architect for \$8,000,000 worth of projected hospitals and other public buildings.



Similar Movements Elsewhere This revolt in Philadelphia has caused uprisings against ring rule in some other parts of the State. Chester County, which is near the city, has been controlled by a Republican machine organization under the direction of a politician named Eyre. Owing to a formidable protest of independent Republicans against the machine, the Eyre County Committee somewhat unexpectedly came over last week to the support of reform, adopting resolutions commending Mayor Weaver and calling for the repeal of the ripper laws and the enactment of a personal registration law at a special session of the Legislature. At the meeting, Mr. Eyre spoke in advocacy of the resolutions. A county ticket recently nominated was withdrawn and overtures to the independents for joint primaries were made. These overtures were rejected. At an all-day mass meeting of the independents, on the 18th, eloquent addresses were made by Ex-Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh, Ex-Postmaster General Smith and Mr. Niles, formerly president of the State Bar Association. Mr. MacVeagh urged his hearers to make no compromise with the Eyre Republicans, but to keep them on the run. The State Republican organization, he said, was a corrupt and criminal organization masquerading as Republicans. As a lawyer, he deplored the errors of some members of his profession who had given opinions to be used against Mayor Weaver and also to assist Eyre in this county. The following "literally true" story had been told to him:

"One of the grafters in St. Louis whom Mr. Folk succeeded in getting into the penitentiary—ours are not there yet—when visited by a friend in his cell was asked:

"Now that you see, John, the awful consequences of your course, would you again accept a bribe for your vote, if you had it to do over again?"

"John answered promptly: 'Certainly not. I would be a lawyer and take the bribe as fees.'"

Mr. Niles sharply denounced the State Republican organization and attacked "Republicans of the baser sort, unfortunately known as the Pennsylvania brand," who had "blackmailed useful corporations by threat of unjust legislation and sold the people's rights, for bribes, to lawless aggregations of criminal wealth."—In Lehigh County a Taxpayers' League is suing the County Commissioners to recover a large sum paid out on contracts alleged to have been given to persons representing the concealed interest of one of the Commissioners and the Sheriff.



National Topics

It is now understood that there will be no extra session of Congress. Some months ago, the President intended that there should be one, beginning in October, for the consideration of the railroad rate question. More recently it was his purpose to call a session for November 13th, but he has since reached the conclusion that nothing could be gained by requiring Congress to assemble three weeks before the beginning of the regular session.—The Interstate Commerce Commission has begun an investigation as to the private car lines and their relation to certain railroad companies. These companies and the corporations owning the private cars are required to answer complaints that the agreements relating to the use of such cars cover the payment of unlawful rebates. The Commission intends that the proceedings shall show whether the present law is sufficient for the restraint of the private lines.—Reports from Delaware say that J. Edward Addicks has lost the support of the Union Republican organization and that notice to that effect has been given to him by Senator Allee, chairman of the Union committee and formerly his chief lieutenant.—Director Walcott, of the Geological Survey, de-

nies that any information obtained by the Survey has been sold or given, in advance of general publication, to any journal or person.—As a result of an official inquiry, several inspectors heretofore employed in examining fur gloves and caps bought for the army at the Schuylkill Arsenal in Philadelphia have been suspended. It is asserted that bribes were paid by contractors and that goods of poor quality were accepted.—Some time ago, the claims of France against Venezuela, for damages sustained by French citizens doing business in that country during the insurrection of 1901, were referred to Judge Frank Plumley, of Vermont, for final adjudication. They amounted to \$8,500,000. His awards, announced last week, give the claimants \$653,000.



Cuban Legislation and Politics

Recent events in Cuba indicate disregard for the advice of our Government and for some of the restrictions of the Platt Amendment. The bill, passed some time ago in the House, increasing the duty on rice from \$1.20 to \$2.75 per 100 kilos (220 pounds), was rejected last week in the Senate by a vote of 11 to 2. Its purpose was to give to Louisiana the Cuban market for rice, which is now supplied mainly by European exporters. After the proposed increase of duty, Louisiana would have had a considerable advantage, owing to the percentage reduction which is required by the treaty of reciprocity; but the cost of the rice consumed in Cuba would have been increased by about \$500,000 per annum. It is asserted that the bill was supported by our State Department and by Minister Squiers, and that President Roosevelt sent to President Palma a letter favoring the passage of it. The Senate passed the bill (recently passed by the House) providing for an issue of \$28,500,000 in bonds for the payment of the remaining claims of the soldiers of the revolution. Altho the majority fell short of two-thirds of all the members (which the Constitution requires for loan legislation), it is said that President Palma

will sign the bill. It is also required by the Constitution that in such cases Congress shall specifically assign permanent revenue for interest, but there is no provision of this kind in the bill. Some think the bill is at variance with the requirements of the Platt Amendment. An annual subsidy of \$266,000 for three years to the new railway from Havana to Santiago has been granted.—Governor Nuñez (of Havana province), the Nationalist leader who left the Fusion party after the nomination of Governor Gomez for the presidency, has entered into an agreement with the Moderate party, whose candidate is President Palma. The Nationalist vote is to be cast for the Moderate candidates, but Nuñez is to be consulted as to the second place on the ticket, is to be the joint nominee for the office he now holds, and will be permitted to name half of Havana province's candidates for the Senate and the House. This compact related also to the office of Mayor of the city. Mayor O'Farrell had been deposed and Señor Bonachea was acting in his place. After a time he was elected by the Council, but this election he annulled because he had not received a majority of all the votes cast. Then Señor Nodarse, a Moderate, was elected. Bonachea, however, had been the choice of Governor Nuñez, and on the 16th President Palma issued a decree making him Mayor, thus overruling Bonachea's own decision and annulling the subsequent election of Nodarse. It is expected, the dispatches say, that as a result of this action, a combination of Nationalists and Moderates will control the city and the province at the Presidential election.

Secretary Taft in the Philippines

At Iloilo, Secretary Taft and the legislators accompanying him had several conferences with the sugar planters. Their investigations showed, it is said, that the Philippine sugar was of an inferior quality and could not compete with the sugar of the States on even terms. The local Chamber of Commerce asked for the abolition of our tariff on Philippine products and a reduction of

the new internal taxes, saying that wages had been trebled since 1896, while production had decreased and there had been only a slight advance of market prices. Therefore many planters had ceased to produce sugar. At a banquet two natives urged that there should be given a promise of early self-government, to be followed by independence. In reply Secretary Taft said that the Government would not tolerate interference with its policy of preparing the Filipinos for self-government. Several generations would be required for this preparation. He advised the people to go to work and to avoid political agitation. Senator Scott urged them to respect the United States flag; it would protect them for a hundred years during the development of the islands. From Iloilo the visitors went to Negros and thence to Mindanao and Jolo.—At Manila the Federal party has accepted the Secretary's statement of the Administration's attitude toward the islands and will reconstruct its platform in accordance therewith.—Extensive preparations have been made for the reception of the tourists at Hong Kong and Canton from the 3d to the 6th of September. The Dowager Empress desires that Miss Roosevelt shall come to Peking.—To the planters of the Hawaiian islands, who asked for the admission of 50,000 Chinese laborers for a period of 5 or 10 years, the Secretary said that the Government did not favor a relaxation of the existing statutory provisions against the admission of Chinese of that class.



Labor Disputes

The telegraphers on the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads, who went on strike August 1st, have surrendered. About 1,750 quit work. The strike was ended by official order on the 19th, and a majority of the men resumed work at the old wages. Agitators were excluded by the companies, and the non-union men employed in strikers' places were retained.—At last week's meeting in Toronto, the International Typographical Union adopted the report of its committee recommending that on and after January 1st next the union insist upon an eight-hour day. The

meeting was addressed by the President of the United Typothetæ, who gave notice that the proposed change would be opposed in every legitimate way by the employers.—At the end of the strike of the Hebrew bakers in New York, last week, both sides claimed a victory. Higher wages were granted, but a majority of the employers now have the "open shop." About one-third of them have signed agreements with the union. This strike has directed attention to the unhealthful conditions under which these bakers work and to the fact that many of them die of tuberculosis. Labor Commissioner Sherman complains that he has not enough inspectors for the work of examining the shops and enforcing the laws.—The trolley employees in New Haven have asked for a wage increase from 21 to 25 cents an hour, and the company has refused to give it. This trolley system, with those at Hartford, Springfield and several other cities in Southern New England, is now owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, which exercises control through the agency of a subsidiary corporation.

The Chinese Boycott

At the end of last week, according to dispatches from Peking, our Government gave notice to China that all negotiations for a new Exclusion treaty would be discontinued pending a discontinuance of the boycott of American goods; also that China would be held responsible for loss sustained by reason of the boycott. Reference may have been made to the provisions of the Tientsin treaty of 1858 concerning the right of American citizens to sell goods in China. Edwin H. Conger, now Ambassador to Mexico, who was Minister to China for eight years and until a few months ago, will go to China as a Special Commissioner to inquire concerning the boycott, the negotiations for a treaty and the concession, held by an American company, for the projected Canton-Hankow Railway. Mr. Conger earnestly objects to the proposed surrender of this concession to China for \$7,000,000, saying that it would be a blow from which American

prestige in the Far East would not in many years recover.

The Peace Conference

The plenipotentiaries of Russia and Japan at Portsmouth have discussed in detail each of the twelve articles in the conditions proposed by Japan, and have come to some sort of an agreement on eight of them, but the other four, relating to Sakhalin, the payment of indemnity, the surrender of interned ships and the limitation of Russia's naval power, have been positively rejected by the Russian envoys, and at the time we go to press there is no evidence of a concession coming from either party. Sessions were held regularly during the week, twice a day, often lasting several hours, and after the consideration of the separate items, the terms as a whole were discussed on Friday, August 18th. Finding that the deadlock was not to be broken by further argument the Conference adjourned to meet Tuesday, August 22d. On Friday night President Roosevelt telegraphed to Portsmouth that he wished to confer with a Russian representative, and on Saturday Baron Rosen, who is the Russian Ambassador to this country as well as one of the peace envoys, visited Oyster Bay and spent nearly two hours with the President. Baron Keneko, who has resided in New York during the war as the financial agent of the Japanese, had previously paid several visits to Oyster Bay, from which it is inferred that President Roosevelt is exerting a strong personal influence to bring about an agreement. Both the Russian and the Japanese envoys have preserved a strict silence in regard to the proceedings, and the newspaper correspondents who swarm about the Hotel Wentworth are obliged to construct their voluminous dispatches out of such meager hints and suggestions as they can extract from the delegations and their unofficial *attachés*. The general nature of the clauses agreed upon and the points of difference are, however, pretty well known. The status of Korea and Manchuria, the direct cause of the war, was embodied in the four first articles, which were quickly adopted. Article I provides that Russia shall recognize Japan's preponderant influence

in Korea and her right to preserve order in the civil administration and to give military and financial advice to the Emperor of Korea, and that the territorial integrity of Korea shall not be infringed upon by Japan. In Article II both parties agree to withdraw their troops from Manchuria simultaneously. Articles III and IV provide for the restoration of the civil administration of Manchuria in accordance with the pledges made by Russia to China in the treaty of April 8th, 1902, and the maintenance of the "open door." By Article VI Russia transfers to Japan all the Russian property and leases on the Liao-Tung Peninsula, including Port Arthur, Dalny and the Blonde and Elliott Islands. Articles VII and VIII, relating to the Chinese Eastern Railroad, was agreed upon in the main after long discussion and some compromise on both sides. The southern branch of the railroad, running from Port Arthur, Dalny and Niuchwang to within ten miles of Harbin, is to be under the control of the Japanese, and the branch running through northern Manchuria and connecting Harbin with Vladivostok is to remain under the control of Russia, but Chinese imperial police are to be substituted for the Russian railroad guards. Japan agrees to protect the financial rights of all private owners of property and investors in railroads and franchises. Article XII grants to citizens of Japan the right to fish in the waters of the Russian littoral from Vladivostok to Bering Sea. All the above conditions have been accepted by Russia, but Mr. Witte declares that the loss of territory and payment of an indemnity involve such a sacrifice of national honor that Russian people will prefer to continue the war. In regard to Article V, relating to Sakhalin, it is argued that Japan had never colonized the island previous to its occupation by the Russians, and that Japan surrendered her claims to Russia over thirty years ago, and that it is not one of the points at issue in the war. Article IX, providing for the remuneration of Japan for her expenditures during the war, is refused on the ground that Russia is defeated, not conquered, and that she has never in all her history consented to pay an indemnity to a victorious Power. Mr. Witte says that Russia is willing to

pay liberally for the care of the Russian prisoners and wounded in Japan and all similar expenditures. In Article X Japan asks for the surrender of the Russian warships which have escaped from battle and have been interned in neutral ports, but not for those, such as the "Lena," at San Francisco, which have not actively engaged in the war. This is rejected as well as Article XI, which limits the naval force which Russia may keep in the Pacific.



The Russian Assembly

The plan for a national assembly, which was devised by the Commission under Minister of the Interior Bulygin and has been for a long time under discussion by the Council of the Empire in the presence of the Czar, was officially promulgated by an imperial manifesto on August 19th, the Feast of the Transfiguration. The new assembly will not be a zemsky sobor, such as in the early days of the empire used to regulate taxation and expenditures and even elect Czars, but a Duma, a purely advisory body, which may discuss and make recommendations upon such subjects as may be submitted to it and may call the attention of Ministers and chiefs of departments to infractions of existing laws. The questions to be discussed are to be submitted to the Duma by the Ministers and chiefs of departments, who may withdraw a bill at any time and who may attend the sessions to make explanations, but they are not entitled to vote in the Duma and are not responsible to it.

"The competence of the Duma shall extend (a) to all questions relating to new laws and the modification or amplification and temporary suspension or appeal of existing laws; also to making or altering appointments to the staffs of the Ministries and to the expenditure thereby involved; (b) to departmental, ministerial and national budgets and to other expenditures not provided for therein; (c) to the financial report of the Comptroller of the empire; (d) to the expropriation of any portion of the revenue or property of the State; (e) to the construction of railways by the State; (f) to the organization of stock companies involving exceptions from existing legislation; (g) to matters submitted to the Duma by imperial decree."

All bills passed by the Duma go to the

Council of the Empire, which is also an advisory body of functionaries, active and retired, and which has proved to be of very little force or independence of action. The Council reports its decisions and those of the Duma to the Czar, who has the right to adopt either the majority or minority report or to disregard them both. If the Duma and the Council disagree the bill is considered in joint session. A bill passed by a majority of two-thirds of the Duma is referred to the Czar, even tho it is disapproved by the Ministers in charge of the department concerned. The Duma is to be called and adjourned by the Czar. The members will have absolute freedom of expressing their opinion on matters within the competence of the Duma. The members will receive \$5 a day and traveling expenses, to be paid from the imperial treasury. Members are elected for a term of five years by a somewhat complicated system manifestly intended to cut down to the minimum the representation of the peasants and to exclude the city workingmen. The total membership of the Duma will be 412, of which 28 are to be returned by the towns. Elections may be held: First, in the provinces and territories; second, in the principal towns, which are named. In Poland, Siberia, the Caucasus, Turkestan and some provinces special regulations will govern the elections. The elections in the provinces and territories will be effected by a provincial electoral college, chosen, first, by the land owners; second, by urban electors, and, third, by delegates of the peasantry. Women, men under twenty-five years of age, students, sailors, soldiers, bankrupts and persons convicted of crimes or desertion shall not have the right to vote. Governors and the police cannot vote when exercising their functions. Land owners, mine owners and owners of industrial establishments of a minimum value of \$7,500 and clergymen owning lands are qualified to vote in the electoral assemblies. For the urban electoral assemblies owners of land of a minimum value of \$750 and owners of industrial properties of the first category are qualified. The peasantry electoral assembly shall consist of two delegates from each canton, chosen by the peasants belong-

ing to the cantonal and agricultural corporations. In cities, which are named, owners of real estate of the value of \$1,500 and owners of industries of the first category and persons paying taxes or rent of the tenth category are qualified to participate in the electoral assemblies. The urban and provincial assemblies will vote for deputies to the Duma by secret ballot, which also applies to the subsidiary elections. The first meeting of this Gosudarstvennaia Duma, or Lower State Council, will be held in January, 1906. This new Duma, since it has no real power and is based upon a suffrage limited to less than five per cent. of the adult male population, does not in any respect meet the demands of the Russian Liberals as expressed in the Zemstvo Congress, which adjourned the last meeting at Moscow with the determination to assemble after the promulgation of the imperial scheme for a national assembly for the discussion of its provisions and to decide whether they should approve of it or continue their agitation for a larger share in the Government. But the Czar has prohibited all discussion of the project, and the zemstvoists will not be allowed to assemble either in public or in private.



The Andalusian Famine

Distress and disorder on account of the failure of crops in Spain still continue and increase notwithstanding the official and personal efforts made to alleviate it. The greatest suffering prevails in Cadiz and Sevilla and in other farming communities of southern Spain. Bread riots occur frequently and bakeries and the houses of rich farmers are looted to obtain food. Thousands of laborers are kept from starvation only by the eating of wild roots. The Governor of Cadiz has telegraphed the Government that he cannot be responsible for the peace of the rural districts unless public works be inaugurated. Señor Romanones, the Minister of Agriculture, is doing what he can to supply food to the famine sufferers, but admits that the relief will be insufficient and only temporary. The real difficulty is traceable to the faulty methods of agriculture which have prevailed for centuries. Per-

manent relief can only be effected by Government irrigation works, and appropriations for the establishment of these he will ask of the Cortes when it assembles on October 11th. In an interview Señor Romanones makes the following very frank statement in regard to the situation:

"As Minister I am bound to declare that public order must be maintained, but if I were a laborer I should talk differently. The fact is the Government is systematically opposed by the landlords whenever it tries to carry out a work of general utility. The approach of the elections makes my position more difficult."

He has requested the railway to commence the work of repair and construction on all lines to give employment to the greatest possible number, and the Andalusian authorities have been ordered by the Government to start public kitchens for the supply of food to the starving.



Lord Curzon Resigns

The India Office has just published a White Book giving the correspondence between the India Office and the Viceroy in regard to the army administration, from which it appears that Lord Curzon cabled his resignation as Viceroy of India to the Government on August 12th, and that it was accepted. The difficulty arose from the complaints of Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in India, that he was hampered in his management of the army because he was under the control of the Viceroy's Advisory Council and subordinate to the Military Member of the Council, an officer of inferior rank, who used his own discretion as to the granting of supplies and ammunition demanded by Lord Kitchener. He protested that it was impossible for him to carry out his commission for the reorganization of the army so long as he was not given a free hand. This dual system of control might paralyze the Commander-in-Chief at any moment when the empire was in peril, and he proposed that the Commander-in-Chief be made Military Member of the Council. Lord

Curzon objected to this and proffered his resignation, but a compromise was arranged by which the powers of the Commander-in-Chief were increased, and the Military Commander of the Council was replaced by an official of less authority, with the title of Military Supply Member. For this post Lord Curzon recommended Major-General Sir Edmund Barrow. Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for India, refused to make this appointment on the ground that General Barrow was out of sympathy with the new arrangement and would not give it a fair trial. Premier Balfour pointed out to the Viceroy that the choice of members of the Council rested solely with the Secretary of State, saying:

"No greater violation of the Constitution can well be imagined than that this duty should degenerate into a merely formal submission to His Majesty of the views and recommendations of the Viceroys."

Whereupon Lord Curzon expressed his positive determination to resign in the following words:

"The main question is not the choice of individuals, but one of the principles underlying a future change in our administration. I am reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the policy of His Majesty's Government is based on principles that I could not conscientiously carry into execution. In the interests of the new organization it is desirable that I should be relieved of my duties with as little delay as possible.

"I loyally commenced the undertaking, and only resigned when I realized that conflicts were certain to arise between the Commander-in-Chief and the rest of the Government of India.

"I reflect with sorrow how little justification there has been for the claim you make of having rendered me your constant support."

His successor is to be John Elliott Gilbert, fourth Earl and Baron Minto. Lord Minto was born in 1845, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He served as Secretary to Lord Roberts in South Africa in 1881, and in 1883 to Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada. Lord Minto was Governor of Canada from November 12th, 1898, till December 10th, 1904.

The International Parliament

BY COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

(MEMBER HAGUE COURT AND OF HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT)

A FEW years ago the people of the United States lived in tranquil self-contentment, far away from the contests and complications of world politics. They had none the less a strong influence on the destiny of mankind by the moral force of their liberal and democratic institutions, which excited admiration and envy among less happily situated nations, notwithstanding the malignant watch which the spirit of reaction kept on every unpleasant feature in their practical working. This moral influence paved the way for a more direct participation of America in the common life of all civilized nations. When the moment for such participation arrived, when the powerful organ of the United States began to be heard in that discordant tumult of voices which is euphemistically called a "concert," it was hailed by all friends of liberty and of fraternity among nations with an unanimous outburst of confidence and of sympathy. We all felt assured that America, tho keenly watching her own interests, would upon the whole throw her weight into the scale of international justice and of peace. Nor were our hopes deceived. The representative man of that new evolution in American politics, the President who has been elected in the sign of this new departure, whose unparalleled victory may be called a plebiscite in its favor, has held such language, and, what is more, has lived up to it, as to give the lie to skeptics and high hopes to right believers. When President Roosevelt said, in the magnificent speech delivered after his election, that there is no Power so strong as to make America afraid of it, and no nation so weak as to have any reason to fear her, he laid down in a few words the program of a great nation which will neither suffer nor do injustice. And when he was the first one to bring an international con-

test before The Hague Court, when he took the initiative for a peace congress, when he keenly watched and resolutely grasped the first opportunity for a successful intervention on behalf of peace between Russia and Japan, he gave us to understand, through these facts, what humanity has to expect from a more frequent participation of America in her general affairs.

Democracy can have but one sort of foreign policy: Boldly to uphold the banner of international justice and fraternity. She may make ready for self-defense; this is a tribute she must pay to an unsatisfactory state of things which cannot be put away with a wave even of her powerful hand; but the spirit of aggression is in contradiction with her very nature, while the love of peace and of justice are essential ingredients of her mental complexion. The Star-Spangled Banner then, in its present powerful display, symbolizes better days for mankind.

American activity, whether in private enterprise or in public business, is characterized by a bold energy, by a go-aheadness, which sometimes takes the breath away from us more easy-going and more circumspect Europeans. It is a ferment of acceleration everywhere, and it is most beneficially felt as such in the case of the peace movement. Since America participates in that movement, we Europeans feel, as it were, emboldened to stride with larger steps toward our ultimate aim.

The meeting of the Interparliamentary Union for arbitration held last year at St. Louis marks a date in the history of that institution. At this meeting our American friends moved a direct appeal to the first magistrate of their country on behalf of a new Peace Congress; and never shall I forget the impression which President Roosevelt's clear and straightforward answer to that appeal made on us Eu-

ropean delegates when we heard it from his own lips in the White House. Accustomed as we are to the circuitous and oracular language which even the smallest agent of public power is wont to use in our countries lest he should commit himself to any decided course of action, taught to consider such affectation of cautiousness as an essential attribute of statesmanship, and to listen to such official stuff with a reverential awe, proportioned to its degree of unintelligibility, we felt something like a breeze of fresh air when the first magistrate of a powerful nation, on being asked by a society of idealists to take a delicate and bold initiative, answered, "Yes, I shall do it," in language of quite biblical simplicity. The sweet feelings of success, success clear and undeniable, not vaguely to be constructed by artifice of interpretation, which may prove misleading after all, but granted to us in plain, unmistakable words, filled our breasts with new hope and with a firmer belief in our cause. Those three weeks spent in the United States and that hour spent at the White House had a most invigorating effect on our souls. We had breathed American air, our lungs became dilated by it for the steep ascent still expanding before us.

But now our American friends are urging us on at a pace which it will be hard for some of us to keep. The American Group of the Interparliamentary Union proposes a motion for this year's meeting to be held at Brussels in August to the effect that all civilized nations should send delegates to a permanent International Congress—mind, a Congress—not a private meeting of men, holding a public position, indeed, but unprovided with an official mandate and wielding therefore no power but the moral force of their conviction and of their influence, but a body of official delegates, sent by the popular branch of their respective public Powers, invested with a mandate which gives legal force to their decisions.

The boldness, the magnificent radicalism, of that idea fills our souls with an admiration from which, alas! skepti-

cism is not absent; it wholly depends on the particulars of the scheme which of the two feelings shall ultimately prevail. I suppose that International Congress is meant to be a sort of legislative assembly for questions of international law, a popular complement to the present organization of diplomatic congresses which decide on these matters. This new organ is intended to do business, not occasionally, as diplomatic congresses are now wont to meet for the readjustment of things after some catastrophe, but periodically, for the laying down of permanent general rules of international law, the application of which would belong in the executive sphere to diplomacy and in the judicial sphere to international tribunals of arbitration. In its broad outlines I can see before me the matters to which the congress might extend, and I fully appreciate the utility of its introduction into the machinery of international legislation. Its periodicity would mean legal prevention of conflicts instead of a mere legalization of their consequences; its popular character would go very far to make principles of universal justice prevail over combinations of temporary expediency. Upon the whole, its realization would mean an immense step in advance toward the ultimate goal of general brotherhood.

What I see less clearly and where the chief difficulty lies is to define the amount of legal force which the decisions of such a congress shall be possessed of and the means of practically enforcing them. And here I warn our American friends of being misled by a fancied analogy between such an association of nations and the union of States in their great Republic. These States were never sovereign Powers till the movement which gave birth to their union at the same time and through the same instrument which proclaimed their emancipation; they have not behind them a history of feuds and antagonisms centuries old; their interests do in the main coincide; their particular mentality is immersed into a stronger feeling of broad American patriotism; their constitution makes the popular

assemblies paramount in legislative power, and the agents of executive power, up to the highest one, entirely dependent on the people's will. In Europe you have to reckon with conflicting national histories and mentalities, and with constitutions widely different between themselves and almost all of them much less democratic than the Constitution of the United States. The International Congress as proposed by the American Interparliamentary Group will have to reckon, in Europe, with a double difficulty, a vertically and a horizontally laid one, if I may so express myself, the former arising from the strength of monarchical prerogative in most European constitutions; the second from an energetic consciousness of independent sovereignty pervading all European nations. Neither will the monarchs be found willing to abdicate their privileges in foreign affairs, considered as their own domain through centuries, or even to share them to any large extent with a newly created International Parliament, nor will the national legislatures be inclined to fetter the absolute independence of their decisions by conferring on an international assembly the power to overrule and to control them in certain questions. I very much doubt whether even the United States, as a nation, would feel inclined to admit such a Power, placed in some respects above them, setting up limits to their national sovereignty.

Now I don't mean to say that these difficulties are not to be surmounted; what I intend to state is only this, that no scheme has any chance of practical realization which does not solve them one way or other. For this purpose you must either be content to give to the resolution of that congress moral weight only, or you must be ready to meet some arduous preliminary questions, which I shall try to indicate directly. In the former case the motion means practically a more elaborate and effective organization of the Interparliamentary Union for international arbitration. I should consider even this as a great step onward, since it is self-evident that a body of delegates, with a

mandate from their respective Parliaments, will carry greater moral weight and will have more influence at home than a gathering of men with nothing to lean upon but their individual good will. In the second case, if jurisdiction of some sort is to be vested in that International Parliament, you must begin by examining and defining:

1st. The relation in which it is to stand to the heads of States and their diplomatic representation, as acting individually or jointly as a congress;

2d. The questions which shall fall within its competence;

3d. The mode of its composition—namely, whether all nations shall send an equal number of representatives (as follows from the principle of sovereignty) or whether their representatives shall be proportioned to the population of each;

4th. The mode of passing resolutions; will unanimous consent be required or will the minority be expected to submit?

5th. The juridical value of these resolutions: will the nations represented bind themselves by a foregoing treaty to accept them as binding or will they reserve the ultimate decision to their own several legislatures?

Several other questions will certainly arise in the course of further discussion, but I think the aforementioned may sum up tolerably well the chief difficulties of the problem. If our American friends with whom that bold move originated have a solution ready for them, a solution which takes into account the history of Europe, the constitution and the psychology of European nations, their motion will be found ripe for immediate acceptance and for vigorous activity on behalf of its prompt realization. But if they are not yet so prepared their magnificent scheme will have to ripen in further discussions and preparatory committees, just as the idea of a permanent court for international arbitration ripened for several years in the discussions of the Interparliamentary Union, till it took shape in 1895, when an elaborate project of such a court was accepted by the Union and presented to

the Powers, a project on which The Hague Tribunal is based in the main outlines of its organization.

At all events, you will have the hearty support of the Hungarian Inter-parliamentary Group. The crisis which weighs upon us at the present moment, and which in its essence means simply a conflict between pretensions to arbitrary power and people's right, in no way affects our capacities for embracing higher ideals; it rather inspires us with a stronger enthusiasm on their behalf. Nor are our national energies broken by its trying conflicts; on the contrary, we feel rather invigorated than weakened by the struggle for national independence and constitutional

liberty which is again forced upon us. We had to fight for the preservation of these moral treasures through many eventful centuries; we could never enjoy them in peace and safety, because the spirit of conquest, of oppression and of arbitrary power prevailed in our vicinity. Experience has taught us, then, what a safeguard our neighbor's liberty is to our own and how the highest interests of each nation are dependent on the security of all. Even apart from the mere ideal feelings of universal brotherhood, toward which our souls naturally incline, national egoism is enlightened enough among us to seek for guaranties of its own welfare in the concord and solidarity of mankind.

BUDAPEST, July, 1905.



The Passing of the Household

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE dearth and insubordination of domestic servants, now so generally deplored, are not only an affliction to the mistress but a matter of concern to the sociologist, since they portend the rupture of a familiar and gentle bond between classes, and, if the consequence is to be flight to hotels and apartment houses, a breaking up of home life especially detrimental to the children.

The old English household, it seems, will soon be a thing of the past. The writer remembers one in England a good many years ago in which there were five servants whose united terms of service in that family were about two hundred and thirty years. They were thoroughly attached to that which was their home almost as much as it was the home of the master and mistress, careful of its interests, never letting anything which they could do for it themselves be done elsewhere, jealous for its hospitable name and honor. When the household was broken up by the deaths of its master and mistress they took their pensions and went into no other service. They were simple people, little educated, with vision

pretty much bounded by the limits of the country parish in which the house stood, entirely free from the democratic idea and from the slightest suspicion that there could be anything degrading in domestic service. Their manners, however, were perfectly good. The coachman, after serving fifty years, had a fit on the driving-box. He was offered his full wages as a pension, his house and command of his stable if he would give up the reins. But his answer was that if he ceased to drive the family he would die, and the medical man thought he would. He could not read nor write, but he was an excellent servant, very kind to his beasts, nor was he without sentiment. When his mistress was dying he sent her up a rose as his farewell.

On the other hand, the master and mistress lived at home almost all the year round, looking carefully after their household, and the servants were regarded as members of the family, not mere helps, and were duly remembered in the will.

This phase of life seems to be now passing away, even in rural England. It

is being numbered with the thatched cottage, the mail coach, the country inn, the line of reapers with their sickles and the women following to bind the sheaves, to the sound of the flail in the autumn air. Even rural society in England has been undergoing a great change. Popular education has kindled ambition. Railroads have begotten restlessness and drawn the rural population to the cities. The parish has ceased to be the limit of vision. The gentry are less resident. They wander away more to London or the Continent, and their households are broken up by their absence. Absenteeism is reckoned among the causes of the decline of agricultural England. In not a few cases it is compulsory. Incomes have been reduced by the fall of rents, while the encumbrances remain the same. The old manor house is let to the rich stranger and the old household is no more.

In the United States there can hardly ever have been a perfect counterpart of the old English household. Personal attachments of domestics to the master or mistress there no doubt were. But in the North households must always have been comparatively small, while character was always independent. If there was anything like the English household it was probably in the mansions of the South, when the master was paternal, as we may assume many of the Southern gentlemen to have been. Considering what the negro was and still largely is, while there were many better there were probably some worse things than a model Southern household. The fidelity of the domestic slaves to their trust when the families of their masters were left in their hands after the war seems to speak in favor of the relation. It was the plantation slavery that was the unmixed evil.

The present trouble is not new. More than forty years ago the writer was struck with the scarcity of American domestics and the apparent difficulty of getting anything satisfactory in their room. The master of a house in which he was staying had on Sunday to act as nurse, and in the afternoon the party, returning from a drive, found the two foreign domestics on the floor with a demi-john beside them. The writer was not surprised at hearing soon after that the

master and mistress had gone to live abroad.

One can hardly take up a social journal without reading the wail of the housekeeper, who cries that the parts are inverted, that she is the hired girl and the hired girl is the mistress. Public education, with all its advantages, has given birth to the democratic sentiment which revolts at the thought of calling any one master. In France or Italy a female servant wears the dress of her calling, much as a soldier wears his uniform. At Naples the wet-nurse is proud of her special costume. Here independence is our aim and boast, tho it is not seldom servitude veiled.

The head of a female organization complained to the writer of the low wages of girls and their rude treatment by the bosses in the factories. Some of her grievances were matters for the factory inspector; as to the rest, it was hinted that if the girls continued to crowd into the factories the competition would lower their wages and they might expose themselves to rough treatment, while there were abundant openings for domestic servants in houses where wages were fair and good treatment would be assured. The hint did not take at all. The girls, was the reply, wanted their independence.

The factories seem to be about the worst enemies of the household. Their coming is everywhere courted; yet to a residential city, at all events, it is not clear gain. Besides their smoke they bring a population which bears heavily on the school rate; they are thought not to be always favorable to morality, and they ruin the domestic service. In this instance, as in some others, great material gains may be partly balanced by a moral and social loss.

We had the other day the report of two ladies whom a benevolent curiosity had led to explore factory life in disguise. The life seemed neither refined nor attractive. The labor must be intensely monotonous and dull. The only bright features appear to be dress and flirtation. Nothing can possibly be learned in the factory which could be of the slightest service to a wife or mother. To the consequent discomfort of a home may probably be set down many of the

cases of wife desertion, an offense which appears to be on the increase. The same probably would be found to be sometimes the source of wife beating, which, with the tendency to resort to violence now prevalent, it is proposed to punish by public flogging, in the belief apparently that conjugal harmony would thus be restored. But, then, it must be owned the factory girl has independence after factory hours; limited tho dull and monotonous work; her Sunday to herself. She has companionship, which, where only one servant is kept, is lacking and which no doubt is often a cause of restlessness. She has the sentimental satisfaction of calling nobody master or mistress, tho a master she really has and a stern one. We cannot wonder that the factory, in competition with domestic service, has its attractions, inconvenient as the effect may be.

Of course, so far as the difficulty is individual, the blame rests not always on one side. There may be an inexperience or lack of temper on the part of the mistress. Inexperience, where so many have risen from the ranks, there is likely to be. But these are personal accidents; the sources of trouble are general.

For a remedy recourse is naturally had to importation. In truth, for labor of

the rougher kind in general we look little to the product of our public schools. From immigration no doubt a good deal of relief has been drawn. Swedes especially, we are told, have turned out well. But the democratic idea, if it is not congenial, seems to be easily contracted by infection. An acquaintance of the writer brought from Europe a perfectly trained servant, who remained excellent and contented till by a characteristic accident of American life the democratic idea was injected, upon which he found that domestic service was not the right thing and took his leave.

The choice, then, it seems, is likely to lie between Black and Yellow, neither of them congenial, neither of them capable of being turned into members of a real household. Yellow no doubt is far the smarter and he is wonderfully adept in combining all sorts of service and being at once butler, housemaid and cook. But there is something about him more positively alien to the character of the White than there is in the Black. However, this is a practical question which only mistresses of families who have had experience can decide. Sociology must be content with watching and recording the result.

THE GRANGE, TORONTO.



Affinity

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ONCE in a garden in the East
A zephyr blew across the close,
And as it swept the floral feast
It lost its heart unto the rose.
But duty held it on its way,
And called it North and South and West—
Returning on a winter's day
It found its love at rest.

The ages passed and still the soft
Enamored breeze held on its path;
Now near to earth and now aloft,
It cut its fate-appointed swath;
But never in its pilgrimage
Forgot that beauteous garden close;
Nor in the later days of age
Its heart-ache for the rose.

So I in that lost other state
Wherein my heart first met the tide
Of Life and Love—ah, blessed fate!—
A rose of beauty once espied;
And though the myriad years have passed
Since first on her my soul was set,
Again I came to her at last—
My own true love as yet.

NEW YORK CITY.



A Visit to the Great Rock Inscription of King Darius

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON, PH.D.

[Professor Jackson has the chair in Columbia University of Indo-Iranian languages, which means Sanskrit and Avestan, the ancient Persian of Zoroaster. In the study of the Zend-Avesta he is the leading American scholar, and his works on "Zoroaster" and "Avestan Grammar" are translated into German. In the summer of 1903 he visited India, devoting himself especially to the study of the religious customs of the Parsees of Bombay, who maintain the sacred books of the Persian Fire-worshippers, and his later visit to Persia is described below.—EDITOR.]

"Then Darius the King made a decree, and search was made in the house of the rolls, where the treasures were laid up in Babylon; and there was found at Achmetha in the palace [of Ecbatana], that is in the province of the Medes, a roll, and therein was a record thus written."

SUCH are the words of the Bible regarding the edict of the great Persian monarch who favored the rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem. But these rolls of perishable parchment, or the letters and epistolary correspondence mentioned in the Apocryphal Books and in the Greek classics, are not the only documents known to have been issued by Darayavaush, "Upholder of Goodness," as his name signifies in Ancient Persian. Our curiosity may be sufficiently aroused to wish to hear how these other writings have been handed down and how it happens that we are able to-day to listen to the *ipsissima verba* of the Great King.

The records referred to are the famous cuneiform inscriptions of Darius the Achæmenian. They are found carved on the ruined palace walls at Persepolis, chiseled upon a crag of Mount Alvand near Hamadan, hewn in the living rock that forms the tomb of Darius at Naksh-i Rostam, inscribed on a granite block found near Suez and

also at Kirman, ensculpt in a specimen of green basalt preserved in the British Museum, engraved on a crystal cylinder seal once used by the monarch himself, and, finally, impressed on tablets of clay discovered at Shushan, the palace. One monument of Darius, however, surpasses all the others in historic importance, boldness of conception and manner of execution; it is the splendid inscription cut on the side of the great Behistun Rock, in Western Persia, near the old Median highway between Hamadan and Kirmanshah.

This magnificent mass of mountain rock, which the natives call Bisitun or Behistun, towers precipitously seventeen hundred feet above the plain. A deep gully cuts a gash in one side of its sheer front, and on the face of this rocky *couloir*, at a height of more than three hundred feet above the crystal spring which bubbles from the mountain's base, Darius caused a large surface of the stone to be smoothed off to receive his royal edict. He then had his own image, of heroic size, sculptured in bas relief. Before him stand nine captive kings fettered and chained, upon whom, with raised hand, he pronounces sentence of death. Beneath his feet lies the prostrate form of a tenth, begging in vain for mercy. Behind the king are

stationed two of his trusty generals and counselors, and in a winged circle above his head floats the supreme god Ormazd, blessing and sanctioning the monarch's acts. Below and beside the sculptured group there are carved in three languages line after line of wedge-shaped characters, arranged in columns so as to tell the story of the scene and rehearse the achievements of the great king. In his own words Darius recounts how he became king by divine right and through his personal prowess. He tells of the battles he had fought and the victories he had won, the rebellions he had

who have discovered the cuneiform key, deciphered and translated the inscriptions, and opened to us the treasures of the past. Foremost among these pioneers was Grotefend, who in 1802 first solved the enigma of the nail-headed characters carved on the walls at Persepolis, tho his successors come in for almost an equal share of honor through their interpretation of the texts themselves. One name, however, must be mentioned above all the others, whether German, French or Danish; it is the name of the Englishman, Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, who gave to the world



View of Behistun Rock from the upper end. From a sketch after a photograph by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson.

crushed and the triumphs he had achieved in organizing and administering his far-reaching empire.

But how do we know all this? Whence comes this Daniel-skill in reading the mysterious handwriting on the wall? Why are we sure that the king and the "nine dervishes" do not represent Shalmaneser and the captive tribes of Israel, as was once suggested, or even the twelve Apostles, as a European traveler fancied over a hundred years ago? How can we be certain, also, that Semiramis did not carve the sculptures, as might be inferred from Diodorus Siculus? The ability to give a positive answer to these questions is due to the knowledge gained through the learning, skill, ingenuity and patient labor of scholars

the contents of the great monument of Behistun.

This mountain high and its sculptures had been known since the days of antiquity, but owing to the danger and difficulty of scaling the scarped rock to reach them no one attempted to solve the riddle of its inscriptions. Kinneir, in 1810, saw the bas-reliefs and tablets, but did not essay the task of trying to copy them. Ker Porter, eight years later, climbed half way up to sketch the sculptures, but did not reach the ledge to copy the texts. He speaks of the perils of the ascent, and adds that "at no time can it be attempted without great personal risk." Flandin and Coste abandoned without success the enterprise of climbing the rock, tho espe-

cially commissioned by the French Government to do archeological work in Persia. It remained for Rawlinson to make the hazardous ascent.

At the time he was a young military officer, between the age of twenty-five and twenty-seven, employed in training native recruits for the army of the Shah. While stationed at Hamadan he had already by himself learned to read the cuneiform characters, having copied and practically independently deciphered the short inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes at the Ganj Namah on Mount Alvand. Outside of the knowledge thus gained his only aid, for a considerable time at least, seems to have been the information that Grotefend had discovered the cuneiform key and that other scholars were beginning to interpret the Persepolis inscriptions which contained records of the Achæmenian kings. An appointment in 1835 from the Persian monarch took him to Kirmanshah, about twenty miles from Bisitûn, and gave him an excellent opportunity to attempt the climb to the ledge where the inscriptions are cut. This enterprise he successfully accomplished, and he made the ascent of the rock a number of times during his two years' stay at Kirmanshah. In this way he was able to transcribe a large part of the Persian column and to translate and prepare it for publication. His work, however, was interrupted for a considerable period by other duties and by active service for three years in the Afghan War. But he never forgot the great task which he had set before himself to finish. Giving up therefore a more lucrative and promising opening in India after the war, he returned to Persia in 1843, and the next year found him once more at Bisitûn. Risking life and limb again, he was able by frequent ascents of the cliff to finish the transcription of the Persian text and add a copy of the so-called Scythian, Median, Neo-Susian or Elamitic version of the great edict, supplementing this three years later, in 1847, by a revision of the whole text and a reproduction of the Babylonian column, which he secured through the help of a wild Kurdish shepherd lad, who performed the perilous feat of taking a paper squeeze of that almost inaccessible inscription.

This is not the place to enter into details or discuss the importance of the great decipherer's work or the later contributions based upon it by others. They are too well known to philologists to need repetition here; but as no one but Rawlinson had studied the rock itself the scholarly accuracy of his copy, made nearly seventy years ago, could not be tested in a number of points. It was one of the incidental purposes of my own journey to Persia two years ago to make the ascent of Behistun, if possible, and to examine some of the mooted passages in the Persian cuneiform text given by him.

I shall never forget that beautiful Easter Monday morning, April 13th, 1903, when Bisitûn in all its lofty majesty loomed up before me. With all I had read about it, with all I had heard about it, with all I had thought about it beforehand I had not the faintest conception of the Gibraltar-like impressiveness of this rugged crag until I came into its Titan presence and felt the grandeur of its somber shadow and towering frame. It seemed like some giant iceberg rising from the plain of the sea. Snow and clouds capped its peaks and birds innumerable were soaring aloft about it or hovering near the place where the inscriptions are hewn in the rock.

There, as I looked upward more than three hundred feet above the ground, I could see the bas-relief of the great King Darius. Prone at his feet lay Gaumata, the Magian usurper, who had seized the throne on the death of Cambyses. The line of captive kings was visible, and I could discern faint traces of the tablets above their heads inscribed with the "lie" each had uttered in his false claim to the crown, tho the letters at such a distance were quite illegible, as the characters are only about one and one-quarter inches high. The story of the fate of these rebel lords came back to my memory from the inscription. I could picture the awful torture and agonized death meted out to each by the king. Of the Median pretender, Fravartish, he says, for example:

"The rebel was captured and brought to me. I cut off his nose and his ears, and cut out his tongue, and I dug out his eyes. He was kept bound at my gate; all the people saw

him. Then I caused him to be impaled at Ec-batana [Hamadan]."

Such were the cruel punishments deemed proper to inflict upon national offenders in Darius's time. The five columns of ancient Persian writing and the tablets in translation continue the account of the reign of Darius, and they are of the greatest value in confirming Herodotus. All that Darius does is "done by the grace of Auramazda," the god in whom he places implicit trust. The great king lives again, speaking to his people and to us.

The surface covered by the inscriptions and sculptures is several hundred square feet in extent. The space occupied by the group of figures is over twenty feet in length and more than ten in height. The tables in the three languages, below and beside it, are fully as much again and more. The five Persian columns directly below the bas-relief are spread over a space of about twenty-five feet by twelve. The Elamitic version is around the ledge on the lower left-hand side and very difficult of approach; the Babylonian rendering is on the face of the rock jutting out above this. The supplementary inscriptions and sculptures are carved around and to the right of where the sculptures are. It would be possible with a good telescope to make out some of the inscriptions from below, if the light were favorable, but wholly impossible to read it all, as the projecting ledge of precipitous rock shuts much of it off from view. An ascent of the crag alone will suffice; this I determined to attempt, and an account of my experience and details of what I was able to accomplish in the way of revision are to be found in *The Journal* of the American Oriental Society, October, 1903.

In the first place, I found it possible to get somewhat closer to the inscriptions which are on the side of a ravine by climbing up the shaft-like gorge past huge boulders and fragments of fallen crags, which make the approach not easy. The peculiar formation of the rocky *couloir* then brought me face to face with the problem of reaching the ledge. Having heard from a Persian friend that it would probably be best to be let down from above, I had previously studied up some of the methods em-

ployed by the bird-nesters in the Hebrides in being lowered by ropes over craggy cliffs. A brief examination of the situation, however, showed that the only feasible approach was by climbing and being drawn up by cords. In less than an hour the preparations for the task were begun.

Meshed Ali, the owner of the caravan-sari nearest to the rock, found five men who were ready to undertake the ascent. A sixth, Kuli, the guide and best of them all, was added later; and the procession, with ropes and a ladder, was soon under way toward the beetling precipice. Whatever may be said against the ladders, which proved of little use, nothing can be maintained against the Persian goat-hair ropes, for their quality is excellent. The cords that bound the luggage on the caravan pack-horse, supplemented by ropes furnished by the Bisitûn guides, and firmly fastened about the chest with knots that only a Persian knows how to tie, were a pledge of surety against slipping and gave confidence for the climb. The stout protest of the guides against my riding boots were well founded, as the risks of the first day proved; but a happy substitute for these was found later in the native *givaqs*, resembling rough tennis shoes, which were loaned by one of the Persian bystanders and firmly sewn upon the feet with a heavy pack-thread needle. All then was ready. The exciting task began. The ascent of the first huge fissure in the side of the *couloir*, the clamber with torn hands and clothes along the brink of a precipitous crag, the tugging ropes that helped up the steep incline of the second rock, the scramble past the thorn bush that barred the way farther up, and the final tug and spring that brought to the edge of the ledge, together with "*Xaili rub*," "Very good," and the encouraging word of the guides, "No fear now, the danger is over," will not readily be forgotten. I could not help feeling a thrill for a moment and giving a wave to a tiny silk American flag which I had in my pocket. Only when one has stood on the narrow ledge by the side of the inscriptions and looked out over the magnificent plain far beneath, and listened to the dull murmur of the stream below as it bursts from the mountain's base, does

one know how to appreciate Rawlinson's work. It may interest others, as it did me, to know that he has carved his name in the stone a few inches below the very inscriptions which he first made known to the modern world. This he was entitled to do, and one is almost inclined to append after his simple "H. C. Rawlinson, 1844," the words of ancient India's homage—*Namo namah*.

It took a while to get used to the giddy hight and I devoted my attention first to examining the general condition of the rock; noting the sculptures, measuring and observing certain details in the tablets. It was almost too fascinating work to leave when time came on the first day to descend, but the experience cost me a sleepless night as a consequence. No sooner did dawn break than I felt myself irresistibly drawn again toward the rock and I was able to accomplish more on this second ascent. I also took some photographs, the first I believe that were ever taken on the ledge; they were "snapped" as I leaned over the precipice, held by the guides while focusing the camera and hastily taking the picture. Most of my time, however, I spent in verifying the text and copying special readings. This second experience and the two following days made it clear to me how much the inscription has suffered since Rawlinson's day owing to the water which trickles from above one part of its face. In places the stone has been washed away in great bands, but where the water has not come the letters are as clear and beautiful as when the royal sculptor laid his chisel and mallet aside. I may note that in the damaged portions I was able to restore a number of words by a careful examination of the dots, or indentures, which the heavy stroke of the engraver's chisel had made in carving the character.

In the course of my four ascents it was possible to verify more of the mooted passages, except in the upper part, and in general to prove the great accuracy of Rawlinson's transcript. I found likewise some entirely new readings, which I have regarded in my report to the American Oriental Society. I only regretted that I had not time and money to finish the whole work. Money is essential, as the natives required to be well paid for making the ascents. Time is indispensable for many reasons. The conditions are not always favorable; the wind, for example, is a serious matter, owing to the hight and the peculiar formation of the rock. On the last day, for instance, after I had finished all I could reach or clearly see, I begged the guides to let me use the ladder in order to examine some of the less certain readings in the upper part of the inscription. This they stoutly refused to do on account of the extreme danger from the high wind blowing at the time; and that afternoon I was obliged to start back for Hamadan. Time to rest is necessary, for the ascent is a physical strain and requires some athletic prowess, and there is considerable nervous strain owing to the exciting interest in the work and the necessarily intense concentration which taxes the nerves.

Regarding the descent, I may add that when I had been for hours on the cramped and narrow ledge the going down seemed much more difficult than the ascent, and it was a joy each time to hear my faithful Persian servant, Safar, who remained below, call out: "Now you are safe," when I passed the last dangerous place and reached the ground. The unloosening of the tight-bound ropes followed quickly with his aid. All had gone well.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY.





The Members of the Peace Conference at Portsmouth. Russians, from left to right: C. Berg, Mr. Pokotiloff, Mr. Witte, Baron Rosen and Mr. Nabokoff. Japanese, from left to right: Mr. Adachi, Mr. Otchial, Baron Komura, Minister Takahira and A. Sato. Copyright, 1905, Brown Bros., New York City

Diplomacy and the War

BY COUNT OKUMA

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE

[Count Okuma is regarded by many Japanese as their greatest diplomatist. He has several times held office in the Cabinet. At the time when Japan lost Sakhalin he was Minister of Finance and approved the purchase from Russia of her claim to the northern half of the island.—EDITOR.]

MEN are asking: "And what of the path in front of the war?"

There is one answer to that: it stretches afar. I do not hesitate to say that the final victory is certainly with us. If for no other reason, for this: that the cause of the march of things can never be stopped by a man's putting up his hand or even if so great a country as Russia does not like it. In her form of government, in religion and in many and diverse institutions that are fostered within her boundary Russia seems to have dropped behind the march, and for many days she has behaved with seeming impunity as an outlaw in the eyes of the law of evolution, whose pleasure it is that the fittest shall survive. And in this present war she has marched straight

into that sad realm where every battle spells defeat, and this, spite of her large country, spite of her boasted military prowess. It is not surprising; that often is the manner in which the passionless March of Things comments on a human power whose boast is despotism and the chief concern of which seems to be that the intellectual night over her people might continue. The fall of Port Arthur, that proud Pacific squadron of Russia that was, and the defeat of Mukden, they are the blows from which a Power can hardly rise. Nevertheless, Russia is a great country, and the vanity of a great Power is hers; having looked upon herself as the greatest military Power in the world for so long a time she has a great deal of trouble in con-

quering a certain mental inertia in reversing her viewpoint and looking upon herself and upon things and men and on the world at large from a new angle and in a new and correct light. Not easily would it be possible for her to persuade herself to bend her knees to Nippon. And when it comes to that, while there are many foolish men in Nippon, there are none so mad as to dream for a moment of our army pushing across the Ural and overrunning the European Russia, capturing St. Petersburg and so compelling the White Czar to ride upon a white horse and march out of his citadel in all the humility of a vanquished monarch to whom the victorious Power can dictate the terms of peace. For the sake of those who are fond of words let us suppose our financial power and military ability equal for the task; even then, what does it profit us in doing such a thing? In a word, this work of persuading Russia to part with her gold, glory and some of her territory all for the glory of Nippon arms is not quite as easy a task as is supposed in a certain corner of our country. There are a number of good people who would tell you that the internal troubles of Russia are getting to such an acute stage that she would have no other choice but to see the wisdom of praying at the feet of her enemy for the terms of peace which she, willy nilly, would have to accept. That is a beautiful way of looking at things, but to carry on the war with the hope that the internal development of the enemy's country would co-operate with us and compel its final defeat is, if one were to stop a moment to think of it, a rather foolish dream.

Nowadays he who fights understands the importance of fortifying well the position he succeeds in taking from the enemy before he would think of advancing to the second position. If a general, like the traditional wild boar of Kajiwara, only knows how to push forward, riding upon the wings of his temporary victory, and does not know the time and place to stop and make good the ground gained, he will find himself on a fine morning—and it is simply the question of time when he shall face such a fate—making a bitter acquaintance of defeat. And under such

circumstances one reverse is quite enough to prevent him from gathering the fruits of his former victory. And sometimes it does not stop there; he might even lose what he had had before he went into battle. To-day you look upon those huge defensive works constructed by our army along the path of its march in Manchuria with the eyes which have witnessed the one continuous and unbroken stretch of victories and you are tempted to say of them what a foolish expenditure of forces and money. If, however, you were in the position of men who are to map and carry on a war upon which depends the very life of their country, you would not think that.

As with the military tactics, so also with internal administration, and more especially is it true with diplomacy.

This is a trying day for Nippon. So many of her people have been accustomed in the past to the unbroken record of victory that we have ceased to make any distinction between a battle and victory; when we fight it is impossible for us to expect anything else but the news of victory. And we are about to face this critical hour of our national life with a rather careless ease. It is a sad state of things. "After a victory, if the general be proud and the soldier be indolent defeat homes in their camp," is a famous saying of ages. Often I have been censured for taking a pessimistic view of things. The very fact that I am blamed for taking a darker view seems to point to a necessity of a certain warning in this our victorious hour. I think very little of one who, drunk with success, takes the rosy view of all things and events. Nothing, in my judgment, affords a country so much of inward strength and confidence as to examine, from time to time, while she is engaged in a struggle of the gravest import, as we are to-day, the national determination to face whatever the fate and the future have in store for her—to examine with what spirit she is prepared to face the situation if all things were to take an opposite turn and instead of an endless march of victories, she be called upon to face the unbroken stretch of reverses. There is something decidedly unhealthy in a country which refuses to look upon the black side of the eventualities in the very height of her

prosperity and in the hour of her victory.

To be sure, hope is a wing of national aspiration, and a touch of optimism in the outlook is the most kindly fire that would keep our enthusiasm aglow. It might be said also that a show of national confidence in her ability of mastering the future and the events to be is essential to beat the enemy without battles and blood.

So far, however, as the exhibition of our national spirit is concerned there is no need of putting up anything like a diplomatic bluff. The fifth internal loans were taken up with an enthusiasm and cheerfulness not a whit less than the first—oversubscribed many times. And this simple fact, which is one of the many straws, eloquent with the tendency of things, might have a decided influence upon the Western mind, to which "money talks" so much. It might be added in passing that in all my readings of history I have yet to find a peer to the national enthusiasm of Nippon for the prosecution of the present war to the definite and decisive and successful end.

On the other hand, a country always pays, and rather dearly and bitterly too, for her overconfidence. Take, for example, the case of the fall of Port Arthur in this very war. It was noised abroad that we should take the stronghold by June, and when the month of June came and went the nation was assured that beyond doubt we should be within the fortress by August. When August came and went there was a tendency of reaction—a touch of disappointment among the people.

I do believe that both our army and navy are worthy of all our confidence; in my judgment, we have enough and to spare of the financial resources with which to prosecute the war to its successful issue; there is no misgiving, as I have said, as to the final issue of the struggle. At the present time what commands our deepest interest is how to bring out the speediest possible conclusion to the unhappy war without sacrificing the aim and end for which we have taken up arms, and thereby how to minimize the valuable sacrifices which are being made from day to day, and also how to turn the energy and enterprises of the nation

from the destructive channel into a productive field.

Diplomacy, strong and wise—to it the nation must look for solution. Also, along the battle front, a passive and waiting tactics. These are two principal means to bring about the desired result.

That the Baltic fleet had gone by Annam and passed into the China Sea is due to the sad inactivity of our diplomacy. If only our diplomatic activity had taken a strong attitude, strong enough to move our ally, England, it would have been out of question for France to interpret her neutrality in such a benevolent light as she has done. For if we were to take strong measures against the violation of neutrality by France we certainly would have threatened a world war. A great European war is something that England dreads more than anything else. It is not hard to see what would have been the fate of the Baltic squadron under just such strong diplomatic measures. To fight a hundred battles and gain a hundred victories are, nevertheless, not the best of good things. To defeat the enemy without fighting—that is the good of all good things.

Of late England and France have entered into a rather intimate understanding; the fall of Russia evidently is the cause of it. And the fall of Russia is due to the rise of Nippon. And the friendly relations between England and France is to affect materially the diplomatic policy of Germany. It can be seen, therefore, that the rise of our power has brought with it a radical change in the balance of power in Europe. At present, at any rate, Nippon seems to be the center of the world's diplomatic activities. And at this spacious hour one can hardly help but pray and hope for the activity of our Foreign Office, more alive and more energetic than of wont.

As for the military policy with which to face Russia, it is to carry on a passive war. There is no need for us to push our fighting line far into the hostile distances. We shall occupy and command the Russian coast lines in the Far East. Into the territory cleared by our army we shall send our farmers and our merchants. They are they who shall pull

out the Russian power in the East by the root. We shall continue to hold the command of the sea. And, after all that, we shall stretch out a strong line of defensive work along the frontier, and so, if they like, we can continue fighting the Russians as long as they please, without spending but a very little in expenditure and men. This, indeed, would be also a happy way of pushing the constructive work—the work that would make for the upbuilding of civilization in the con-

quered territories of Russia, even while the armies of two Powers stand face to face. It would profit Russia nothing to send a huge fleet to the Far East; where is she to put them, even if they manage to get to their destination?

If we people of Nippon were to pin our program along these lines and place our determination to carry out the same, there would not be a hair of misgiving hanging athwart the future path of the war.

TOKYO, JAPAN.



Augustine's Dream

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE eager saint, by day, by night,
Had followed devious ways that be
Among the secret things, for light
On the Eucharistic Mystery.
The treasure of monastic cells,
Old scrolls, old parchments, had he thumbed,
Old palimpsests had searched, and wells
Of philosophic fancy plumbed.
With holy hermits, darkly taught
By solitude, and set apart
In desert places, had he wrought—
And in the depths of his own heart.
But tho with such a dear desire
No man before the air had trod,
In vain he sought from gyre to gyre
The essence of the Lord Our God.

Sleeping, one night at last, he played
A boy again, along the shore,
And in the sand a hollow made,
And, happy in his dream, he bore
Drops from the falling wave to fill
The little basin with his shell,
And, going softly, not to spill
The clear sea-water for his well,
Looked up and saw a rosy child
Beside him paused. "I dip," said he,
While the guest gazed and gently smiled,
"Into this hollow all the sea."

Listening, the child, with lifted hand,
Turned, and they saw the foam-bows fleet,
And saw the tide creep up the land
And patter 'round their little feet.
Blue as some shining sapphire shield
On an almighty arm might hang
The vast deep lay, and all its field
With music of great movement rang.
Far, far, from sky to sky it swelled—
The wide and ever wandering sea—
Nor in the long horizon held,
But darkening to immensity.

Then slow, before his wondering eyes,
The child forsook that dimpled curve
Of rose and snow, and toward the skies
With many a sweeping upward swerve
Of pointed wings his stature grew,
Long-limbed as those that bear the rood.
And awfully against the blue
A great and grave archangel stood.
"Not thine," he said, "to pierce the power
That wraps, as space the farthest clod,
That wraps, as sunshine wraps the flower,
The essence of the Lord Our God.
Nay, Augustine," he cried, "less bold,
In that small hollow pour the sea!
But seek not in thy thought to hold
The measure of Infinity!"

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.



Evan Roberts and the Welsh Revival

BY GEORGE T. B. DAVIS

[Mr. Davis has just returned to this country from a journey through the Welsh revival district, and gives the following sympathetic account of this remarkable movement and its leader, from whom he was fortunate enough to obtain an interview. Mr. Davis while in England also studied the Torrey-Alexander evangelistic campaign, which has been so successful in London. This article is copyrighted in England.—EDITOR.]

S EVEN months after the great Welsh revival had broken out and had swept over the Principality like a cyclone, leaving in its wake over 100,000 converts and scores of transformed towns and villages, it was my privilege to pay a second visit to the redeemed land and to see at first hand some of the changes wrought by the great awakening.

I went first to Cardiff, where I heard that a large number of the churches were conducting open-air street meetings two or three times a week, these services for the most part being under the management of converts of the revival. I was told that the midweek prayer meetings were crowded and that every department of church life was going forward with an enthusiasm and virility unknown before the revival.

From Cardiff I went to Pontypridd and had the privilege of attending a prayer meeting held in a coal mine, a thousand feet below the earth's surface. The manager of the colliery in arranging for my visit told me that the prayer meetings had been held daily for six months and that they had been started by a revival convert. The man had formerly been a scoffer, and after his conversion one of his old comrades taunted him by saying that he was afraid to start a prayer meeting in the coal mine. The very next morning the convert started the prayer meeting and it has gone on without a break ever since. It is attended each morning by from 250 to 300 men.

The manager told me that since the revival the men did better work and that some of the worst characters in the mine had been completely transformed.

Never will I forget that visit to the colliery prayer meeting held at 6.30 a.m. My collier guide was Mr. D. Daniel, who is known as "the collier revivalist" and who held a mission in London during which there were over 100 converts. After descending rapidly through the utter darkness to the bottom of the shaft we walked through the dimly lighted tunnels some distance to a sort of double tunnel, where already scores of miners were sitting in the semi-darkness, each one with his lantern placed before him. The meeting was opened with the reading of a few verses of Scripture by a collier, followed by two or three prayers and several hymns. Brief words of exhortation were then given and the meeting ended with another prayer and a closing hymn. It was an inspiration to hear those Welsh colliers with their full, rich basso voices sing amid the surrounding darkness:

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

The weird scene presented by those consecrated miners sitting in the semi-darkness praising God and imploring His protection during the day will never be erased from my memory. It gave me a new and vivid sense of the glorious reality of the Gospel in every circum-

stance of life. It carried me back in imagination to the days of the early Church, when the Christians of Rome met in the catacombs in dim, underground corridors like those in which we were then assembled.

My guide up the shaft after the prayer meeting was a man who is the superintendent of a Sunday-school of nearly 400 members. He declared that the revival had transformed his Sunday-school, for whereas formerly the teachers as well as the scholars had been lukewarm, they are now filled with apostolic fervor. The face of my collier guide was frequently aglow as he talked with me.

Later I visited Loughor, where the revival flame first burned brightly under

the leadership of Evan Roberts. In the course of an interesting conversation with Mr. Roberts's mother and sister I learned that for years before the revival began he had been accustomed to attend Gospel services in the village chapels almost every night in the week. He was a leader in the work among young people and was for years superintendent of the Sunday-school at Pisgah Chapel, a branch of Moriah Chapel, where his first revival meetings were held. I had an interesting conversation with Mr. F. O. Harries, who was Mr. Roberts's schoolmaster during his boyhood. Mr. Harries told me that whereas it was the usual custom in other schools to have ten or fifteen minutes of Bible instruction at the



Evan Roberts. This photograph was taken by Mr. Davis and is considered the best picture extant of the famous revivalist.



The Home of the Miner Evangelist in Loughor, Wales

opening of the school each morning, he had always given over thirty minutes daily to teaching the Scriptures to his scholars.

From South Wales I journeyed through the beautiful hills and valleys of the Principality to North Wales, in quest of the leader of the great awakening, Mr. Evan Roberts. From friends I learned that he was resting at Wylva, a country residence near the village of Cemaes, in Anglesey. On alighting from the train I was engaged in making inquiries as to how I could get a conveyance that would carry me the five miles to Wylva, when in the good providence of God who

should drive up to the station but the revivalist himself.

After mutual greetings—I had formerly become acquainted with Mr. Roberts during the heart of the revival at Swansea—and an explanation of my mission, Mr. Roberts consented to give me an authentic narrative of how he began the revival meetings which so quickly astonished the entire world. Mr. Roberts invited me up into the carriage and during our five miles' ride gave me a graphic narrative of the great awakening. The sun shone brightly down upon us and the revivalist was in buoyant spirits as with glowing eyes he told of what God

had wrought. He had already been resting for some weeks and his daily exercise in walking, rowing and fishing amid the Welsh hills had once more put him in fine physical condition.

In response to my inquiries regarding the circumstances under which his meetings were commenced he said:

"For five months before the revival began I had prayed agonizingly for the

work. I wanted to do it and was determined to do it, but could not. This power was too strong to resist. At last I went home one Sunday to see my minister and told him I had come for a week to work among the young men of the town. He consented to my holding a week's meetings and said he *hoped* I would succeed. I said I *knew* I would have success. The special meetings be-



Evans Roberts and the Singing Girls with whom he began his revival work. He is now assisted only by Miss Anna Davies and his sister, Miss Mary Roberts.

Holy Spirit. Each day I spent from three to eight hours in prayer. Before that I had been a sound sleeper, but beginning in May, 1904, I awoke at one o'clock each night and prayed sometimes until 4 a.m. and sometimes until 9 a.m. This was while I was attending school at Newcastle Emlyn. Finally, six weeks before the revival began I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. After this had occurred I could not do my school

gan that same Monday night at 8 o'clock at the close of the church prayer meeting. At my first meeting there were sixteen present beside myself. Several of these were members of my own family. Before the meeting ended every one of those sixteen persons stood up and publicly confessed Christ. They had all been Christians before, but most of them had never confessed their faith. Some of them would almost rather have died

than have spoken in meetings about their love for Christ. It took just about two hours for the sixteen to confess, and the first meeting closed at 10 p.m. At the second meeting on Tuesday night six more confessed. The power was very strong. There was weeping all over the room. On Wednesday night five men and women from ——— chapel were present also and confessed. On Thursday evening we had a remarkable proof that God answers prayer. After ten had

the Baptist and the Independent Congregational churches.

"On Saturday evening a temperance meeting was held in the church from 7 till 8 p.m. I arrived when the first meeting was almost closed and spoke on the text, 'Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.' I told how drink injures the church, the family, the personal character, the reputation and the soul. That meeting was so fervid that it did not end until 12.30



Moriah Chapel, Loughor, Where the Revival Flame Began

confessed I was not satisfied and asked the Lord for another ten. The prayer was answered, for ten and ten only confessed, and the meeting ended at 11 p.m.

During these first four nights the meetings consisted chiefly of those who had already confessed Christ; they told how happy they were now. Never before in their lives they declared had they experienced such happiness.

"On both Thursday and Friday evenings people began to come in from the other churches in the village. On both evenings people were present from both

a.m. On Sunday night (the last meeting of the first week) the service began at 6 p.m., and at 9 p.m. we had a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire.

"Thereafter every night of the second week, except Tuesday night, scores had a baptism of the Holy Spirit. The meetings lasted until 2.30 to 5 a.m. The people wouldn't leave the place. Scores of strong, able-bodied men could be seen all over the building weeping and crying like babies. Every night some climax was reached. We never knew what the climax would be until we saw it.



A Revival Journey on a Revival Train. The Engineer, Fireman and Guard Are Ardent Revivalists

"The news of the meetings spread and on Saturday a letter was received from Aberdare asking the minister and me to occupy the pulpit on Sunday. The invitation was accepted, and before going to the meeting on Saturday evening I told my mother I would be home early, so as to rest before the Sunday meeting. But the Saturday night meeting was so hot that it lasted eleven hours and I reached home at 5.30 Sunday morning.

"There was no time then for rest. We had to drive at once thirty or forty miles to Aberdare for the Sunday morning service. I went for the day, expecting to return on Monday, but I didn't get home until Christmas—six weeks later! In

three days the town of Aberdare was ablaze with the Holy Spirit."

Mr. Roberts gave me this most remarkable narrative as we drove along in the carriage, up hill and down dale, on the way to Wylva. The sun shone down brilliantly. All along the road cottagers and farm laborers stood up and saluted the revivalist, their faces aglow with love and admiration, and he frequently doffed his hat in return while in the midst of a sentence. No matter how busily he was talking he never failed to see every one we passed and to salute them cordially. At one point the carriage stopped for a moment while Mr. Roberts shook hands with a grizzled Welsh farmer.

After concluding the story of how the revival began, Mr. Roberts went on to say:

"The power of the revival is prayer. Not long prayer, but short, and prayers filled with faith. If one or one hundred are moved to pray at the same time they do so because they do not pray to man but to God."

When I asked Mr. Roberts what he considered had been the chief characteristic of the meetings he said: "That is very hard to tell. There was such a variety in the meetings. No two were alike. There is an infinite variety in the working of the Holy Spirit."

In answer to my question as to how much longer he thought the revival would last in Wales, Mr. Roberts said that could not be foretold, but he believed that we had only seen a portion of it as yet.

"Do you believe the revival will spread over the whole world and reach even to heathen lands?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," he replied.

When I asked Mr. Roberts to give one or two suggestions as to how revivals might be brought about in every church and how every Christian might experience the revival flame, he said:

"The way to have a revival is by prayer and by *unity* in prayer. Each church should have a prayer circle and each Christian should be ready to surrender all to the Master. The Bible must be read daily. Let every church member read it daily, no matter how small a portion. The Spirit will show how much to read."

I then turned the conversation to the personal side of the revivalist and asked him what was his favorite Bible verse. In answer he said:

"It varies. As you go on in life one passage will be most forcible to-day, another to-morrow. My great passage until recently was, 'Lo, I am with you always;' but now since Wales has had the revival it is, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.' We have had the revival here and now we want the flame to go out and spread over the world."

Gospel song having been such a prominent feature of the revival—some have

even termed it "a revival of song"—I was anxious to know what hymn had become the revivalist's favorite. In reply to my query he said:

"Of the Welsh hymns my favorite is 'Duw - mawr - y - Rhyfeddod-an-maith,' which is in English 'Great God of Wonders.' It is usually sung to the tune Huddersfield or Sovereignty. Of the English songs my favorite is 'Never Lose Sight of Jesus.'" Mr. Roberts had on a previous occasion told me that the latter was sung over two hundred times at a single revival meeting. Mr. Roberts declared that, of course, "Diolch Iddo!" the chant of victory which generally arises when a new convert is announced, was one of the prime favorites everywhere. "Diolch Iddo" means in English "Thanks be to Him."

I finally asked Mr. Roberts if he could give me one or two incidents of the revival which had most impressed him. After a few moments' thought he said:

"I will tell you two stirring incidents, for they will strengthen faith. The first occurred in the month of November at a place called Pyle in South Wales. While the meeting was going on I became very thirsty and walked down through the aisle and out of the building to get a drink of water. While outside I noticed a cab standing beside the church. I returned to the meeting, but could not be easy there; a voice told me to go out and speak to the cabman about his soul. So I went out, but when I got outside the cab had gone. Just then three young men came along. I spoke to them and one of them yielded. I was about to return when another group of three or four young men came by, and in response to my appeal two of them yielded to Christ. Then, most strangely, the cab returned and I spoke to the cabman and he also was converted."

"But the strangest part of the story has yet to come. I then entered the building for the third time during the meeting. We had twelve conversions inside the building and three outside—fifteen in all. There was one young man in the gallery who would not yield that night. Mr. Phillips, a minister, spoke to him, but he would not yield. On the opposite side of the gallery was another man, Mr.

Jones, with a notebook in his hand taking the names of converts. I said to Mr. Jones, 'Put this young man's name down,' and his name was put down. Then I prayed. When I had finished I asked Mr. Phillips if the young man would yield, and he instantly was on his feet giving himself to God. God answers prayer.

"The other incident which I remember vividly was about a young man seated in the gallery of a church during a meeting who wouldn't yield. They spoke to him about his soul, and I also pleaded with him, but he was very sarcastic and was determined not to yield. I took his hand and said, 'Before you go to rest to-night will you say these words, "Here I go to rest, but a condemned and lost man"?' I came down from the gallery at 11.55 p.m. and told the congregation that the young man would find salvation before the dawn. What was the result? The dawn came before 12 o'clock and the young man came down to thank me."

Just as Mr. Roberts finished giving me this incident our five miles' drive to Wylva concluded. Never will I forget that delightful ride with the famous re-

vivalist. In spite of his world-wide fame he is meek and lowly in spirit. He has a peculiarly affectionate disposition and one cannot be long in his company without loving him sincerely. Doubtless his life-work has only begun and a mighty field of usefulness lies before him in the future.

In some districts of Wales the part taken by the children in the revival was so prominent that it might almost have been called "a children's revival." It is especially remarkable that extremely young children prayed in public of their own accord. For example, there were two boys of seven years of age who often prayed publicly in meetings at the chapel in Loughor, where the revival broke out first. I have been told that in every case where children prayed publicly for other children and for grown people there was not a single failure of conversion within two weeks after the children had offered their petition.

I heard a beautiful incident of a child who went home at the close of a meeting and said to his father: "Father, why don't you pray?" "Oh," said the father; "let's not talk about that to-night. Just



Baptism by Immersion in Cromcerddin Brook, Glyncorrwg, Glam

run off to bed; we'll talk about that tomorrow." "But why don't you pray, father?" he asked again. "Run off to bed now; I can't talk about that tonight," said the father. Finally the boy said, "Well, daddy, I can't call you 'daddy' any more unless you pray." And the father was converted.

I heard also a striking incident of the spiritual insight of a child whose father was a drunkard. One night the drunkard had a dream which troubled him very much and the next morning he told it to his wife and little boy. He said: "I dreamed that there were rats crawling over my bed; I couldn't get them away. Three of them I particularly noticed; one of them was a great fat rat, the second was a very lean rat and the other rat was blind. I can't think what it meant." The little boy said, "Papa, I know what it meant." "What did it mean?" asked the father. "Well," the boy replied, "the big fat rat is the saloon keeper, the lean rat is mother and me and the blind rat is you."

A little five-year-old child was in one of the crowded meetings of the Welsh revival. There was a fearful crush in the house and how he got there without being crushed to death nobody knew. He got up and sang during the meeting "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam." They asked him why he was a Christian. "Why," he said, "because I gave my heart to Jesus two days ago and I want everybody to know about it."

The prayers of some of the collier converts are most touching and beautiful in their directness. One man prayed: "Lord, you know that I was the worst drunkard in ——." Then he stopped, thought a little and went on: "No, Lord, I wasn't the worst; there is one fellow who is worse than I was. Now if you will save him you will have the pair of us."

One man praying down in a mine said. "Lord, you know that the clothes I have on are the first decent ones I have ever had." Other men will get up and thank God for a happy Christmas and homes that have furniture in them and all things of that kind, showing clearly that their religion has transformed their daily lives.

A Member of Parliament attended a revival meeting, where he heard a

woman utter a prayer so beautiful that it deeply impressed him. Later, to his great astonishment, he learned that the woman was one of his own servants.

On the street of a Welsh village I went up to a policeman and asked him whether the revival was strong in his town. He declared that it was exceedingly strong—so strong, in fact, that every one in the village save himself was a member of the Church. Tho he had not himself confessed Christ, yet he declared that the revival had diminished drunkenness so greatly and uplifted the moral tone of the town so much that now he had practically nothing to do. He told me how the annual St. Mark's Fair in a neighboring town, at which he had been present a few days before, had heretofore been a scene of drunkenness and debauchery. The young men and maidens from farms from all the surrounding districts annually gathered together on that day, and in former years the policemen had been kept busy in stopping fights and quelling disturbances. This year, however, he declared there had not been a single disorderly scene. Instead a prayer meeting lasting several hours was held in the principal church of the village in the afternoon, while at night an open-air Gospel meeting was held, followed by a great revival procession through the town.

While I was still talking to the policeman several large brakes drove by filled with young people returning from a fair at another village, and they were as happy and joyous a group of young men and maidens as one would wish to see. As we looked at the smiling, shouting people the policeman remarked that if I had stood there a year before I would have witnessed a very different sort of spectacle as the young folks rode homeward in a drunken, swearing condition.

One of my most interesting experiences during my journey of investigation was what may be termed a revival journey on a revival train. It occurred during forty miles of my homeward journey after leaving Mr. Roberts. To my surprise and delight I learned that the engine driver, the fireman and the guard of the train were prominent leaders of the revival movement in their respective chapels. The engine driver, Mr. R. Williams, told me with pride that he was a

deacon in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church. He began driving an engine for the London and North-Western Railway at nineteen years of age and is now nearly fifty-nine, having been driving nearly forty years.

It gives one a fresh and delightful feeling of security to know that as one is be-

ing whirled rapidly through space the engine is in the hands of a man of God who has prayed for the safety of his passengers. Such an experience makes one long earnestly for the coming of that golden age when the glory of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.



The Engineer's Side of It

BY AN OLD TIMER

[The terrible wreck of the "Twentieth Century Limited" at Mentor, Ohio, not long ago makes the following article by a railroad engineer of especial interest.—
EDITOR.]

WHEN I began firing my first engine, in 1876, I went on the pay roll of an important company for those days. It had about 250 miles of track, which has since blossomed into a "system" with some 2,000 miles of line. There was no "pooling" of engines in those days. Each had her own engineer and fireman, who regarded her as their personal property. Whenever an engine laid in the house for a day after the completion of a trip you could always find her engineer engaged in putting her in trim for the next one. The fireman was also busy, with acid, tripoli, rotten stone and lampblack, cleaning and polishing her Russia iron jacket and brasswork, until the jacket shone like a mirror and the brass looked like burnished gold. A well-kept machine was truly a pretty sight, with her brass mountings everywhere. All this and the copper work must be cleaned and polished; the stack and front end cleaned and painted or rubbed smooth with emery and sandpaper and treated with a coat of tallow. Then the steam gauge, clock, oil cups and other brasswork inside the cab were cleaned and polished. Even the paint work of the cab was washed and oiled, and cab windows cleaned until they were without speck or stain.

It was a disgrace for a fireman to permit an engine to come out of the house unless she looked as spick and

span as a new dollar, for the men took pride in their appearance and performance. The engines on our road were named as well as numbered. We began with the "Pioneer," an old inside connected Taunton, which had been used in the construction of the road, soon after the war; then came the 2 and 3, bearing the names of the road's chief engineer and its headquarters city; No. 4 bore the name of the general superintendent, and No. 5 that of the president; then came a number of prominent directors and stockholders. After them we had the "Antelope," "Greyhound," "Gazelle" and "Reindeer." Next came the names of towns and counties of the State through which the road ran or was expected to run. Increase of business finally compelled the purchase of new engines, and I guess the officials ran out of names, for when the first of these new engines came to the road with only the numbers on them, the absence of names was regarded as a distinct innovation and we all felt that there was something lacking. In those days 12 miles an hour was the limit for freight trains and the management attempted to hold us down to this rigidly. All sorts of tricks were played to steal time, so as to enable us to exceed the speed limit, but we had speed recorders (which we named Dutch clocks) in the way cars, and if an engineer was convicted of exceeding the speed limit he got a thirty-day lay off, and

on repetition of the offense he was very likely discharged. We had a passenger division 90 miles long, and over this we ran a "flyer." This train consisted of three coaches and a baggage car, and we thought her wonderfully fast. Her schedule was three hours and forty-five minutes, including stops, of course, and on portions of her run she sometimes attained the "dizzy" speed of 40 miles an hour. Of course at the low speed of our freight trains we never had to crowd our engines, and as we were seldom overloaded it was no trouble to keep up steam. Trains were also comparatively few, and as congestion of traffic was not a factor we had little difficulty in figuring meeting points, nor were our minds burdened with conflicting directions contained in a great bundle of train orders.

Accidents due to lapses of memory or disobedience of orders by engineers or conductors were practically unknown. We sometimes had derailments, and occasionally collisions due to trains breaking into two or more parts and running together, but butting and rear collisions between two trains, owing to misinterpretation, forgetting or disobeying orders, failure to observe or obey signals or failure to flag, were really unknown. My recollection is that I had been ten years in the service before we had a butting collision, and that was due to a lap order given by a train dispatcher. It was a pretty bad mix-up, but fortunately no lives were lost. I remember that there was great feeling against the dispatcher, who disappeared immediately after the accident. I never heard what became of him.

Gradually, year by year, keeping even step with progress the country over, our methods of operation changed. Roadbed and bridges were improved and strengthened, heavier rails were laid, curves were eased, the line straightened in many places, and grades were reduced. We procured heavier engines, and the tonnage of freight trains gradually increased; the old engines were relegated to branch lines and to service on light local trains. One by one they went to the scrap heap. The Dutch clocks disappeared from our way cars. The speed limit of our freight trains was gradually

increased, to finally disappear altogether, until we understood that when we hooked onto a train we were expected to get it over the division with the greatest possible dispatch; if we failed to make our meeting points we got hurry up orders from the dispatcher and were asked to explain cause of delay. Trains increased in number and size, our time card became more complicated and the line was also crowded with extras. Congestion of traffic became a factor, and the practice of every man following his own engine became obsolete. The engines were pooled and the men became members of the "chain gang."

I well recall our first moguls, which made such a change with us engineers. They were Baldwins. I think it was in 1879 they came. They lacked a great deal of the brasswork of our older engines, and with their mammoth 18 cylinders and comparatively small wheels we looked on them as marvels of power. We had never before seen a Baldwin engine nor one of the mogul type, and, wonder of wonders, these engines were coal burners! I remember that our master mechanic did not dare trust them with any of his old men, and two strange engineers came along from the Baldwin works to take charge of them. With what awe we gazed upon these strangers and their wonderful new machines, and how we used to question the strapping young fellows who had been selected to fire the coal burners! They carried 160 pounds of steam, 20 pounds more than our standard engines, and they used to hook onto 10 or 12 loads more than our standards and "snake" them over the grades with ease—places where our old fellows generally had to double with their smaller trains.

With the coming of the moguls firemen were no longer required to scour and clean. Engineers were no longer held responsible for the running repairs on their engines, because they had no regular engines; it was "first in, first out," for both engines and men, and we seldom had the same engine two trips in succession. Instead of looking his engine over and making repairs, as he had formerly done, the engineer "chalked up" his repairs needed on the board in the engine house, and there were men

whose business it was to make those repairs and look the engines over before they went out. Pumps disappeared, to be replaced by injectors; steam pressure increased, and metallic packing took the place of hemp and soapstone. The sense of personal proprietorship and feeling for our machines disappeared; we gradually became mere cogs in the wheel, and the only interest we had in our engines was to get the work out of them.

With the increase in speed and tonnage, notwithstanding the increased capacity of our engines, we were compelled to crowd them to their utmost. "Nursing" an engine so as to economize steam and get speed and pull out of her became a fine art. We were relieved of the physical labor of looking after the condition of our engines, but the mental labor connected with running them and getting our trains over the road increased enormously. With the great increase in trains, the majority of them extras having no rights except such as were given by train orders, the necessity for caution and watchfulness in reading orders and promptness in executing them greatly increased. Then, too, our "card" trains became more numerous, and we had to figure on a greater number of meeting points for both regulars and extras (I am speaking of a single-track road), requiring finer calculation and greater care to get a train over the road without delay. Owing to congestion of traffic, also, card trains were more frequently delayed, which resulted in masses of train orders affecting the movement of all trains on the division.

In the early days an engineer starting out with an extra would probably get one order at the beginning of his trip. It would read something like this: "Run wild (or extra) from A to Z. Meet extra — at D." This order would take him over the division. He was only required to make his order meeting point and figure out his meeting points for card trains. No worry, no straining, to get his train over the road, and no possible confusion about the rights of his own or other trains. All was simple and plain. But now, how different! Instead of one or two orders it requires a dozen, maybe forty or fifty, for the same trip—regardless orders, time orders, annulling

orders, straight meeting orders, etc., of the 31 and 19 standard forms, each having some bearing on the others, and all having to be kept in mind and watched closely so that there may be no mistake about their accomplishment or the manner in which they affect the rights of different trains. And, withal, we must get our trains over the road with safety and dispatch—principally dispatch.

The increase in mental strain is piled on top of a great increase in physical strain. Whereas we formerly got lay off days, which we utilized for the purpose of putting our engines in shape, we are now continually in the harness, except when we have our names marked off the list for the purpose of getting needed rest—and when business is rushing it is not wise to mark off too often or too long at a time.

We know what it is for an engineer to forget. Lapses of memory on the part of those engaged in most ordinary vocations may be retrieved or corrected, or, in any event, they are not apt to endanger the lives and limbs of masses of human beings. But the engineer's lapse is more than likely to lead straight to death or serious injury to not only himself but to many others whose safety depends upon his care and watchfulness. It is for this reason that the public has been led to consider the mistakes of an engineer as inexcusable, as of more importance and consequence than the mistakes of other men. Yet the engineer is but human. His mind is as likely as that of another man to get on the dead center and refuse to act at a critical time. Why should the public expect more from him than it expects from other men?

For years the idea has been forced upon railroad men that they owe a special and peculiar duty to the public, independent of and paramount to the duties they owe both to themselves and their employers. They have been denied the right to strike to enforce what they have conceived to be their rights except in a manner prescribed by the courts, and only a short time ago an engineer in Pennsylvania was convicted of manslaughter for having slept on his engine, thus causing an accident that resulted in loss of life. The judge refused to consider the plea that the engineer had

been twenty-two hours continuously at work as any justification for his failure to perform his duty, holding that a man has no right to remain at work for so long a time as to render himself unfit to properly perform his duties, no matter what may be the consequences to himself. The court held that the public should be protected and no engineer has a right to sacrifice the public interest to what he may conceive to be his own interest or that of his employers. Theoretically the judge was correct, but practical railroad men will have no difficulty in understanding the impossibility of applying this theory to the exigencies of modern railroading. It cannot be done.

From an experience of thirty years, twenty of which have been spent in active railway service, I have no hesitation in saying that no class of men on the face of the earth have a keener appreciation of their responsibilities than locomotive engineers. "In case of doubt take the safe side" is a fundamental rule of train operation, a rule that is drilled into an engineman from the very moment he begins service as a fireman until it be-

comes a part of his life, a constant admonition to caution. He is drilled to regard the sacredness of a train order, the importance of a strict observance of signals and rules, the great need of caution and the absolute necessity of keeping his wits about him and never forgetting a meeting point nor the slightest detail of an order. He lives constantly in an atmosphere of caution, of admonition. The necessities of his calling, the responsibilities connected with it, become a part of his life. He lives in a world of his own and belongs to a class set apart from other men.

Now, I ask, is not this training calculated to develop men of keen and retentive memory, men who have a minute regard for detail, men who are more likely than others to strictly obey orders and observe signals, men who are unlikely to take unnecessary chances? If the people suffer from the errors of engineers to a greater extent than they believe they should suffer is it not right to take into consideration the services they are forced to perform before pronouncing judgment?



The World's Greatest Problem

BY A. E. WRIGHT, M.D.

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[Dr. Wright is one of the highest recognized medical authorities in England. He is the Pathologist and Bacteriologist of St. Mary's Hospital, London, and was lately Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School at Netley, and was a member of the Indian Plague Commission. The reader will judge of his radical medical views.—EDITOR.]

BY the accumulated effort of past generations you the reader and I the writer have arrived at the point where hunger, nakedness, exposure to cold and injustice and a civic oppression are to us nothing more than names of unrealized evils—old, forgotten, far-off things. One only of the problems that confronted man at the outset of his race still stands and confronts us practically unabated—the problem of disease. Over the processes of disease we have as yet achieved almost no directive control.

Let us consider how inappreciably little has been done in the matter of lightening the burden of disease. When we look around us we see that a considerable proportion of those who are born into the world die in infancy or childhood. At every successive period of life we see similar wastage. Only a very few accomplish in health the full term of their years.

All this is the handiwork of disease.

There is a further heavy tribute paid to disease in the form of ill-health and lowered efficiency of many of those who

survive. Out of almost every vigorous life there is a tale of weeks or months lost by reason of ill-health. But the most formidable evil occasioned by disease is the uncertainty of life and the resultant waste of human effort. A man addresses himself to his task and, by the labor of years, renders himself "ripe," as Nietzsche puts it, "for the uses of the earth," forms himself into an efficient instrument for executing a particular work, and then, perhaps before he has well entered on his project, he is touched on the sleeve by Death, and the labor of years goes to waste. Or a woman expends days and nights upon the nurture and upbringing of children and, through death, all that labor comes to naught. And it is practically always disease which has done it. The man of affairs will tell you that while you can insure against accident for the price of a song you will have to pay very onerous premiums for insurance against death by disease.

Of all the evils which befall man in his civilized state the evil of disease is thus incomparably the greatest. It ought, accordingly, to loom largest in his mind. In comparison with the chance of winning directive control over this evil every other thing ought to be counted as loss. The cutting off of a day from the Atlantic passage, the supersession of submarine cables by wireless telegraphy, the acceleration of trains and motor-cars, and objects of this order of importance occupy the attention of man. All these ought to be to civilized man, in comparison with any advance in the exploration of disease, as the small dust of the balances—as altogether vanity.

If the belief is nurtured that the medical art of to-day can effectually intervene in the course of disease, this ought to be dismissed as illusion. Putting out of consideration the case of one or two infective diseases which can to some extent be controlled by remedies placed in our hands by chance and, further, the case of diphtheria—a disease for which an effective remedy has been furnished by medical research—it may be affirmed with confidence of the medical art, as at present practiced, that it can do practically nothing to avert death from a

virulent bacterial invasion or to bring about a cure. The thoughtful and conscientious physician has absolutely no illusions on this subject. Confronted with an acute bacterial invasion, he does not conceal from himself, or from others, that he is quite in the dark and that he cannot foresee or determine the issue of the conflict which is in progress in the organism. That conflict will culminate, as the case may be, in the recovery or death of the patient. Fully cognizant of the limits of his knowledge, conscious also of the risks of ignorant intervention, the thoughtful physician dismisses from his mind all idea of active intervention between the organism and the invading germs of disease. He contents himself with laying aside the drugs, which he feels to be useless, and with looking after the feeding of his patient.

A "brainy" American physician told me the other day that it was the opinion of his profession in his country with respect to that Christian science which is the negation of the medical art that if only the Christian scientist had a little science, or the physician a little Christianity, it would hardly matter in serious illness which of the two was called in, provided that the patient had a very good nurse. It is many a true word that is spoken in jest.

Even if the medical art cannot control the bacterial infection it may be suggested that by surgical methods it is now said to be possible to cope effectually with any localized bacterial infection. That claim should be accepted with very respectful reserve. Inquiry should be made whether there is adequate theoretical justification for a method which extirpates the visible nidus of infection only, while invisible germs are left behind in the interior of an organism which has already, in the very fact that it has become infected, proclaimed aloud that it furnishes an eminently favorable soil for the propagation of the particular microbes in question.

If we turn from bacterial infections to diseases produced by disorders of the chemical machinery of the body we are again confronted by the impotence of the medical art. It cannot honestly be said that we have any real knowledge of the morbid chemical processes which are as-

sociated with gout, diabetes or Bright's disease.

If the conclusion is thus forced upon us that the medical art of to-day cannot cope effectually with disease let us turn and consider how far the problem of disease can be solved by the resources of sanitation, meaning thereby all those measures of disinfection, isolation and conservancy which are adopted for killing off the germs of disease outside the organism or, as the case may be, for holding these off from contact with the healthy.

The modern world prides itself on all these measures. That pride furnishes an object for consideration.

Conservancy must be credited with having lightened the burden of disease in the respect that it has, in the towns where it is applied, diminished the incidence of typhoid fever. It has further practically eradicated dysentery. It is doubtful whether much more can be claimed for it. The claim of disinfection and isolation to have diminished the spread of infectious disease is much less clearly established. It would seem that not very much has been achieved by these measures. And it is well to bear in mind in this connection that measures of isolation, disinfection and evacuation, severe beyond any measures that would be endured by any European population, have not, in the case of India, prevented the dissemination of plague all over that continent. It is also to be borne in mind that the program of isolation and disinfection is impracticable in the case of such a widely diffused disease as tuberculosis.

Above all we must keep always before us that the sanitarian of to-day goes about his work with scales of ignorance over his eyes. We do not even know to-day, tho all the world felt that it had certain knowledge on the subject yesterday, whether or no the infection of scarlatina is spread by the desquamated scales from the patient's skin. We are similarly ignorant with regard to the factors upon which the epidemic outbreak of plague depends. We know only that the current statements of the dependence of plague upon filth and of the spread of the infection entirely by rats or chiefly by rats rest on no positive

knowledge. In fact, these statements contain, in all probability, a large element of error. The same may be said with regard to the statements that typhoid fever is spread entirely by water or chiefly by water. It will thus be manifest that, by reason of our present defects of knowledge, the efforts of the sanitarian may quite well, in particular cases, be entirely misdirected.

The statement holds true even in cases where the mode of spread of disease has been definitely ascertained. Even in such cases as malaria, where the source of the infection has, by the memorable work of Ross, been traced home to the infected mosquito, it may, as has been conclusively shown by the careful work of James and Christophers, quite well prove impossible even to reduce the incidence of the disease by the most strenuous measures directed to the destruction of the external sources of infection. In short, the idea that the world will, by sanitation, be purged from the germs of diseases is a dream. That dream of preventive medicine must not hold us back from seriously attacking the study of the processes of disease in the human organism.

Is there, then, in our midst any agency engaged upon the study of the problems of disease? It will perhaps, suggest itself to the man in the street that the whole medical profession is just such an agency, and that our hospitals are institutions in which the study of the problems of disease is actively carried on. This is far from being the case.

Consider the life of the busy general practitioner. He has to go from house to house, from sick bed to sick bed, exploiting in the diagnosis of disease the knowledge which he has acquired in his hospital career and such personal experience as he has since accumulated. His diagnosis made, he applies to each case the accepted method of treatment and passes on. He has neither time, nor training, nor opportunity for research, and no one would wish him to desist from the useful work which lies ready to his hand to undertake research.

The same conditions, or essentially the same conditions, present themselves in our hospitals. It is not within the power

of the hospital physician, giving, as he does, his services gratuitously to his hospital, to devote to its service the whole of his working day. And even if he had his whole working day at disposal, nobody would wish the hospital physician or surgeon to give up to research the hours he now gives to the general hospital work. If he did so, the whole hospital service would come to a standstill, and the patients would be deprived of all treatment.

But, it will be said, there must surely be somewhere a body of scientific workers already at work upon the problems of disease. The fact that new achievements of medical research are from time to time announced in the newspaper press, it will be urged, bears witness to their work. In point of fact, there does exist such a body of workers. They pursue the task of research in the intervals of other work. But their research is carried on under hampering difficulties and with insufficient aid. Nor is it appreciated how small that body of workers is. Among forty millions and more of the British race there are, perhaps, at a guess, a hundred men who can continuously devote to the task of research any considerable fraction of their working day. We may possibly swell out the number of workers by, perhaps, another hundred if we include among those engaged in medical research physiologists, who prepare the way for future medical research by investigating for us the complicated mechanism of the animal body. But we might also, and, perhaps, with equal justification, deduct from the number of those engaged upon medical research, in the restricted sense in which the term is used here, those whose ideas of research are limited to a search for the causative agent of some foreign disease, and who deem that their task has been accomplished when the discovery of that causative agent has been achieved. Medical research proper begins at the point where the discoverers in question leave off.

We are not, in fact, making any effort worthy of the name to solve the problems of disease, and we have not in England any appreciable number of workers engaged upon the task of medi-

cal research. This is due to economic reasons. A young man who proposes to take up medical research as his life-work finds himself immediately confronted in his own person with those very fundamental and primitive problems of obtaining subsistence, and clothes and a shelter over his head. Even if appointed to one of the research scholarships which recently have been founded for the purpose of launching the student upon a career of research the problem will only be staved off a little. When early youth has passed, and physiological wants have increased (and I would not have it forgotten that wife and child and settled home may be reckoned among the physiological needs of man), the scientific worker often finds himself in a deplorable economical condition. He finds that he has embraced a career which carries with it the necessity of struggling day by day throughout life with the problems of the primitive savage, while all around him his compeers who devote themselves to the exploitation of such knowledge as is ready to hand are gaining for themselves every comfort and every reward that civilization can supply. Man after man is warned off by these facts from embarking upon a career of research, and man after man, having embarked upon that career, is drawn away from it.

It would be well if it were realized everywhere throughout the civilized world that every man and woman ought to do something toward making provision against the day when they themselves and those near and dear to them will be in the grip of disease. And in particular the careless rich, who nurture the comfortable faith that when disease arrives Dr. A., or B., or C., whom they know, or, failing him, Dr. X., or Y., or Z., in London, or Paris, or Berlin, will be able to cure their diseases, ought to be disabused of that belief. It would be well for them to realize that the wealth to which they trust to see them through all the eventualities of the future will, when their dark hour arrives, be found impotent to purchase for them any effectual scientific aid against disease. That scientific knowledge which alone can avail in the conflict with disease is—practically all of it—still to seek.

Literature

The Socio-Political Novel

THE spell of great issues comes upon our writers of fiction, and the novels that deal merely with the play and by-play of the eternal game of He and She show a relative decline in number, while an increasing number carry a message of social import. Not many of these latter entirely forget romance and its demands; but in most of them it is subordinated to the dimensions of an incident only. Of the eight novels chosen for mention here* romance has a notable place in but one, *The House of Cards*. In the others it is either absent or so adventitiously — in some cases so feebly — employed as to make its inclusion seem no more than a yielding to fictional traditions.

Each of these writers has a social message. The corruption of business and politics is the general theme, though Mr. Lefevre provides an interesting variant in his picture of the banking oligarchy, while Mr. Scott shows us the labor boss, and the author of *Sturmsee* essays to depict the misguided reformer. Each of

these, moreover, except the latter, may not unreasonably be suspected of radicalism. The things seen are painted in darkest colors, and the implication that only drastic measures will remedy matters is general. But it would be difficult to guess, from these pages, that any of these writers, excepting again the author of *Sturmsee*, has a definite social philosophy. They may be Populist, Socialist, Communist or Anarchist, for all

the reader may discover. They picture what they fear and deplore; but they stop short of a hint of the means of correction. Only the author of *Sturmsee* is definite in his social creed. He is frankly a reactionary, professedly a disciple of Spencer, and doubtless not wholly unsympathetic to Nietzsche.

One wonders why it is necessary in the social novel to employ so generously the

impossible. The truth about politics and business is bad enough, and its careful depiction is sufficient to shake any intelligent person from "the trance of everyday life." Yet nearly all of this group of writers have indulged freely in impossible situations and actions. We may readily excuse Mr. Lefevre for his startling episode of the young man and his fifty-four millions of gold bullion. The thing is a pleasant hoax, brilliantly conceived, obvious enough even for the undiscerning, and employed to point a moral and adorn a tale. But no such excuse can be framed for the utterly preposterous situations in which Mr. Migh-



Edwin Lefevre, author of "The Golden Flood" (McClure, Phillips)

* THE HOUSE OF CARDS. By John Heigh. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

THE MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

THE WALKING DELEGATE. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

THE GOLDEN FLOOD. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.

SLAVES OF SUCCESS. By Elliott Flower. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

THE PLUM TREE. By David Graham Phillips. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

STURMSEE. MAN AND MAN. By the author of "Calmitre." New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

THE ULTIMATE PASSION. By Phillip Verrill Mighels. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

els places his Presidential candidate, or many of the incidents through which Mr. Phillips passes his hero, including that of his presence at the Democratic convention. The attendance of a Mark Hanna at a national convention of the Democratic party manipulating wires for the nomination of a Bryan is a little too much for realistic fiction. Mr. Flower has also built upon a number of incredible instances, and the author of *Sturmsee* piles Pelion upon Ossa by electing a naturalized German, but three years in the country, the reactionary Governor of a Populistic State, and af-

terward marrying him to a German princess. We cannot conceive what end in either art or ethics is subserved by these indulgences in the preposterous.

Sturmsee is the most serious and the most purposeful of these works. It is informed with learning and reflection, and its plan is studiously developed. Yet it would be a mistake to call it a novel. Its characters are such as never were on sea or land, characters who speak not for themselves, but for the author. It is a preachment against reformers, settlement workers, co-operators, trade unionists, Socialists—against virtually all who



Illustration from "The Plum Tree" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

are doing something to redress the remediable ills of life as it is. There is much dialog of a kind. But the radicals speak only as the author would have them speak; and their impotent arguments are almost invariably put down by the Jovian utterances of the conservatives. It is a book which leaves a bad taste in the mouth and a sickening feeling at the heart. That such complacent brutality as that with which the author invests some of his characters—invariably those of cultivation, means and social position—can exist in the modern world bodes worse for the world's peace than all the prevalent graft and corruption.

Mr. Phillips and Mr. Herrick traverse much the same ground. Each picks up a country boy and takes him, step by step, to political and commercial power. Each of these subjects finds himself repeatedly, if not constantly, confronted by situations wherein his ethical standards must give way to the exigencies of business, and each as a matter of course finds sanction for his conduct in the maxim that "he must do or be done." Both novels are of the sort to hold a reader's unflagging attention. But the greater art, the truer realism, the more graphic narrative are unquestionably Mr. Herrick's.

Mr. Scott does well with his Buck Foley and his Maggie Keating; not so well, it must be confessed, with his Tom Keating and his Ruth Arnold. Foley, as is well known, is a more or less free personation of Sam Parks; and tho the subjective side of the character is neglected, he is presented objectively in clear and, on the whole, convincing outlines. The tale is an interesting and even powerful narrative of strife in and about a labor union between the forces of graft and those of honesty. The workingmen of the story are generally true types, as should be the case with one who knows his workingmen at first hand. But the author has somewhat overdone the matter of endowing them with faulty syntax and cheap slang. It is not art, but rather the prejudices of a middle-class constituency of readers, which demand such diction from workingmen.

There is not much to be said of Mr. Flower's *Slaves of Success* or Mr. Mighels's *The Ultimate Passion*. The

former is rather a series of sketches than a novel, and the chapters have very unequal merit. Both Azro Craig and John Wade seem to have justified their being, but we cannot see how the various characters in the chapter "The Cupidity of Carroll" can prove themselves ever to have been alive. Mr. Mighels's work seems to us faulty in conception as well as execution, and to serve no particular purpose. The author has done much better work than this and will doubtless do more.

It would be unfair to close this review without a particular reference to *The House of Cards*. The author, who hides a name probably well known by the pen-name of "John Heigh," has written an exceptionally bright and striking story. The corrupt league between business and politics is a leading note, but the strength and grace of the story lie in the narrative of the life and portrayal of the character of Kriemhild West, of the friendship of Eliot and Cards, of the bluff, hearty and honest personality of John Heigh. The author has a style all his own; he has the art of telling a story, of putting each incident, rightly proportioned, in its proper place, of making his characters speak for themselves and justify their existence. And, finally, he can blend social ethics and affairs of the workaday world with the loves and friendships of men and women without spoiling the romance or preaching a tiresome homily.



The Life of Balzac

THE rapidly increasing interest in Balzac has made the lack of a satisfactory biography very apparent of late, particularly in English. Miss Wor-meley's was well enough in its day, no doubt, but it naturally knew nothing of such recent discoveries and investigations as those of the Vicomte de Spoelbach de Lovenjoul, the great Balzac fancier. And it is this new material of various sorts that Miss Sandars* undertakes to compose with the old into a consistent life of the novelist.

There are two periods in Balzac's ca-

* HONORE DE BALZAC: His Life and Writings. By Mary F. Sandars. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.

reer which were enveloped until late years in well-nigh impenetrable mystery. Born in 1799 and brought up in Tours and Paris to the profession of law, he suddenly fades into obscurity in 1820, to re-emerge nine or ten years later, dragging with him apparently a great bundle of anonymous romances and a tremendous load of debt, of which he seems never to have freed himself. This is the first eclipse, which Miss Sandars, following in the wake of recent discoveries, attempts to irradiate. The second has to do with his exceedingly nebulous affair with Madame Hanska, the Polish countess, whom he met first in 1833 during her husband's lifetime, and who finally married him, after a devious and intricate courtship, in 1850, only a few months before his death.

With regard to the first count it now appears that all this indebtedness, of which his talk and correspondence were full and which was long suspected of being fabulous, has at all events a foundation in reality and was the result of divers business operations and speculations by means of which the young and sanguine Balzac had originally hoped to make himself a position in the world. As concerns the second point, however, explanation is by no means so clear. There is much which is still obscure in Madame Hanska's posture toward Balzac, to say nothing of his feeling for her—and particularly so as Balzac's letters are in many instances the only evidence in the case.

Miss Sandars explicitly disclaims all critical intentions. But her attitude toward her author implies a judgment. And that judgment, it seems to us, errs, if anything, in taking Balzac rather too seriously. It is too obsequious. Balzac, to be sure, is something more than a *farceur*, but he has a way of distorting and magnifying reality. His imagination is at once grotesque and grandiose. He has a taste for heroic caricature, which swells and deforms his own proportions as well as those of his characters. And the difficulty is further heightened by the circumstance that he appears to have had a singular faculty of disordering the imagination of those who came under his influence. From his own report, there-

fore, and that of his intimates it is very hard to distinguish the genuine from the factitious. And Miss Sandars's interpretations fail, in many instances, to make sufficient allowance for the medium through which so much of his biography has come to us.



What Is Protestantism?

PROBABLY most people would say that Protestantism is the religion of Jesus Christ as that religion has come down through the ages, but purified from certain harmful accretions false to its spirit and unfavorable to its growth by the work of Luther and the Reformers, and constantly brought nearer to perfect purity as generation after generation learns better what Christianity was in its earliest forms and corrects the Christianity of the day by that knowledge. A few years ago Adolf Harnack quite stirred the Protestant world by his book, "What Is Christianity?" which was a new effort to separate the kernel from the husk and get at the real heart and vital message of the Christian religion. A good many questioned his results, but most Protestants agreed that his endeavor to get at the core of things was good. As Protestants we have been trained to sweep aside traditions and that itch is in our blood. Sabatier's "Religions of Authority" was accorded about the same welcome, its particular statements questioned, but its basal idea, that Christianity is the religion that was taught and lived in Galilee and not something that has grown up since, met with general approval. So when the Abbé Loisy took his courageous stand for freedom in critical opinion, in "The Gospel and the Church," there was general Protestant agreement that he held the true Catholic opinion in maintaining the right of the Church to develop doctrines and add to her cultus. It was the acceded right of Catholicism to be the religion of the centuries. Protestants were content with the religion of Jesus.

But Dr. Sterrett, of the George Washington University, in an able examination* of these three most important re-

* THE FREEDOM OF AUTHORITY. By J. MacBride Sterrett, D. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

ligious works of recent years, agrees rather with Loisy, and maintains that Christianity is what it has become, not what it was in the soul of Jesus. Tho confessedly a Protestant, he describes the search for the essence, the kernel, as a vain and foolish thing, and the effort to get back to the faith of the New Testament as a "crab cry." He appears to speak even slightly of the "faith of a Galileean peasant," and yields his homage only to the Logos, the Christ of the Nicene Creed. He insists that Protestantism is also a religion of authority, tho just where the authority for Protestants lies he does not make clear.

The service of his volume is in calling renewed attention to the important works before named. It would appear, however, that the compromise position of Dr. Sterrett is untenable. If Christianity is the religion of the spirit, as the spirit was in the soul of Jesus, the search of Harnack for the real quality of that spirit is very much in order. If Christianity is what it has become, there is no escape from the position of Loisy, and we must include the images and the seven sacraments.

Dr. Sterrett writes entirely from the philosophical point of view, without consideration of the correctness of the historical opinions of those whose views he opposes. Indeed, the critical views involved he does not seem to understand correctly, or he could not write of Harnack and Sabatier as standing upon the same ground as Strauss and Renan. In the matter of the possibility of intellectual knowledge of religious verities he seems to confuse the denial of scientific knowledge with the denial of certainty, and he treats the Ritschlian position to scorn, but not to refutation. Nevertheless his work as a whole is able and it is written with an intensity and enthusiasm of conviction which make it eloquent.



The Stuarts

To the several co-operative histories now in process of publication another has been added which, judging from the first volume to claim attention, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *England Under the Stuarts*,* promises to be of unusual worth.

* ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS. By G. M. Trevelyan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

The design of the series, which is under the editorial supervision of Dr. Oman, the well-known professor of history at Oxford, is to utilize the results of the latest research and to tell the story of England as a unified whole, from the earliest times to the battle of Waterloo. It is, of course, impossible to predict in how far the work will escape the dangers common to such an enterprise, and especially the danger of developing into an encyclopedic, instead of a philosophic, history, but if all the writers enlisted follow the lines laid down by Mr. Trevelyan the prospect is certainly bright. Nor has the lightest task fallen to him. Not only does the Stuart era, with its romance, intrigue, bigotry and revolution, mark one of the most important milestones in the progress of humanity to freedom of individual thought and action; it presents problems which, so tinged with partisanship has been the generality of discussions concerning them, still demand settlement. True, much has of late years been removed from the realm of controversy thanks to the indefatigable labors of Dr. Samuel Gardiner, whose contributions to historical literature constitute an enduring and impressive monument to British scholarship, but the last word is far from said. Of the truth of this we are at the moment of writing reminded by the appearance of an extremely clever but not altogether ingenuous study, *The Adventures of King James II.** This is an attempt to reverse the judgment of history concerning the last of the Stuart kings, on the plea that it is unfair to measure him solely by the acts of his three years of kingship, and that in order to arrive at a correct estimate due account must be made of his record as soldier, sailor and civil administrator. The point is well taken, since there can be no doubt that James has received far less than his due from certain of the more important writers, notably among whom we would name Macaulay. But the present apologist unfortunately goes to the other extreme in his laudation of the "best of the Stuart kings," as he chooses to view his hero, and his slavish adherence to James's own memoirs and to the memoirs

* THE ADVENTURES OF KING JAMES II OF ENGLAND. By the Author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," "Rochester, Etc.," "The Life of a Prig," etc., etc. Introduction by the Right Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of James's friend Ailesbury stamps his work as an unmistakable piece of special pleading — uncommonly interesting throughout but unconvincing, for the record of James's intolerance, tyranny and folly will not down. Turning to Mr. Trevelyan we find a portrait which, if less vivid, is marked by undoubted breadth and fairness. The adjectives usually applied to the misguided James are conspicuously absent, several of the more unpleasant accusations are ruthlessly brushed away and an appraisal is made which we must regard as eminently just.

Impartiality and philosophic insight are, indeed, the prevailing characteristics of Mr. Trevelyan's work; the exceptions, due it would seem to an unconscious bias, being few and far apart, and of a nature exercising no perceptible influence on the value of the treatise. Recognizing the evolutionary aspect of the hundred years of Stuart rule, the historian, in the endeavor to show how the English people under the Stuarts solved the problem of attaining national unity and power—the same problem which the Continental peoples solved only through military despotism—by means of a free constitution, pays attention chiefly to principles and movements. Measures and men are by no means neglected, but the object steadily held in view is to express in concrete terms the growth of the inner life of the people in its social, religious, political and intellectual manifestations. Beginning with a highly realistic description of the conditions of town and country life at the time James I came out of Scotland, the period is unfolded in a series of dramatic pictures wherein the essentials of spiritual and intellectual change are clearly visualized. Unquestionably Mr. Trevelyan somewhat neglects the more material—and particularly the growth of commerce and of the colonies—but his incisive generalizations respecting economic progress almost atone for the more detailed examination one has a right to expect. His style is decidedly rhetorical, quick with sincerity and atmosphere and of a noteworthy picturesqueness. His scholarship is undoubted, wide and careful reading being coupled with a discriminative use of authorities. For the convenience of students his work carries a bibliography deserving of the name.

Nordenskjöld's Antarctic Expedition

FOR more than a quarter of a century men of science have been casting wistful glances toward the Antarctic regions. The vast area near and below the Antarctic Circle was almost unknown. In the early 40's three scientific expeditions—one British, one American and one French—found lands at the borders of the South Polar zone, and the *Challenger* touched the Antarctic Circle. Except for the reports of these expeditions and those of a few unscientific masters of whaling or sealing vessels the far South remained a mystery. It was, however, a fascinating mystery. The positive magnetic pole of our earth was hidden there, and because of lack of knowledge concerning magnetic activity in southern regions the science of terrestrial magnetism was at a standstill. Moreover, the rich collections brought back by all visitors to the far South suggested promise of extraordinary yields to investigators in every branch of natural science. The curiosity of Royal Societies and Geographical Societies as to the Antarctic regions bore fruit first in a few semi-scientific expeditions; then, in 1898-1899, in an important Belgian expedition, which passed a winter below the Antarctic Circle, and, finally, in 1902, in the dispatch of three parties—one British, one German and one Swedish—to make elaborate investigation of Antarctic conditions. All these parties were to winter in Antarctic territory and to make simultaneous observations, particularly in magnetism. The British expedition was to investigate the tracts south of the Pacific Ocean, the German expedition those south of the Indian Ocean and the Swedish expedition, under the leadership of Dr. Nordenskjöld, a nephew of the famous Arctic explorer, those south of Cape Horn.

The narrative of the adventures of Dr. Nordenskjöld* and his party is the first of the official narratives of these expeditions to be published. It is a tale of hardship, and, in a measure, of defeat. So far as the dramatic effects of polar exploration are concerned—the discovery

* ANTARCTICA: OR, TWO YEARS AMONGST THE ICE OF THE SOUTH POLE. By Dr. N. Otto G. Nordenskjöld and Dr. Joh. Gunnar Andersson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

of new lands, the attainment of high latitudes—the party did not accomplish much. Their field lay among the best known portion of the Antarctic lands, and the northernmost portion as well. At no time did they cross the Antarctic Circle, and their one comparatively short southerly sledge journey did not take them beyond points which had been previously seen, tho not visited. Their main geographical achievements were the filling in of coast lines passed over by their predecessors and in correcting previous charts, which were in a sad state of error. The other scientific results of the expedition have not been digested and published; but if one reads correctly between the lines of Dr. Nordenskjöld's book, the members of the party worked like beavers, and their results seem likely to be of very considerable value; and thus, of course, the main purpose of the expedition is accomplished.

But if they did not winter below the Antarctic Circle, at least they had plenty of thrilling experiences. The landing party was forced to spend two winters instead of one in their little hut; their ship, which was to relieve them, was crushed in the ice, and the crew spent an uncomfortable winter, on short rations, in a dismal stone hut. Three members of the relief party, who had left the ship to make a sledge journey to the headquarters of the leader, spent a still more uncomfortable winter in another stone hut. Here were three divisions of the expedition within a hundred miles of each other, each unaware of how matters were going with their comrades. Two of the parties were anxious about the ship; the third knew that their anxiety was well grounded, that the party was cut off from reasonable hope of immediate succor. And, presto! in one joyful week in spring every difficulty was cleared up. The parties met at headquarters, and a miraculous Argentine ship turned up to take every one home. It was like the last act of a comedy.

The expedition became more closely acquainted than any of its predecessors with the southern territory, for but one of these made sledge journeys—that, of Mr. Borchgrevink, to Victoria Land, in

1899-1900. It brings back more favorable reports than others concerning the lineable character of "West Antarctica" (if we are to adopt the nomenclature suggested by Mr. Balch and Dr. Nordenskjöld, apparently by simultaneous inspiration); it found grass and plenty of land where its forerunners had observed only lichens and ice. But the accounts of cold and storm endured by the Swedes are even more formidable than those of earlier explorers.

Their story is told in a sufficiently attractive fashion, tho it lacks somewhat of the personal touch that ordinarily vivifies narratives of polar exploration. Perhaps this comparative tameness is due to the unusually sparing use of the diary. But even the most commonplace of styles could not make dull reading of the remarkable adventures of the party.

There are two good maps, tho it is to be regretted that they are meager in names. The photographs, however, are inferior to those of Dr. Cook in his account of the Belgica expedition. The colored plates by Mr. Stokes, the American artist who accompanied the expedition throughout the first summer, are excellent.



Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. By Count de Montalembert. Translated by F. D. Hoyt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.

Montalembert's life of Saint Elizabeth carries one into the spirit of medieval thought so naturally that it is difficult to realize that the facts here given with the glamour of enthusiastic acceptance are the same as set forth in the piteous pages of Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy." Neither the young girl with her apron of roses, as she lives in the stories for children, nor the woman, worn out at four and twenty, brokenhearted by a false ideal, but the triumphant saint, from whom earthly suffering falls away unheeded before the heavenly glories on which her mind and that of the reader, perforce, are set, is the picture portrayed by the devout Count, whose heart ever dwelt in the thirteenth century. To him that was the golden age. Then the sway of the Mother Church was widest and strongest. Then the religious life reached heights unknown to the lukewarm love of

to-day. Then examples abounded of terrible enthusiasm, such as all forms of religious life can show, but which were especially numerous under the Romish influence of that period. To Montalembert even the mad tragedy of the Children's Crusade is a source of inspiration scarcely touched by pity and with no suggestion of horror.



The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork. By Dorothea Townshend. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

The life of the Great Earl of Cork covers a period which Miss Townshend has already made her own in the life of Endymion Porter. The Great Earl belongs to a slightly earlier period, as he was born in 1566, and began his Irish adventures in the year of the Spanish Armada, when Endymion Porter was as yet in his cradle. Until the publication of this volume the Great Earl has been chiefly known to genealogists; and the materials for his life have been found mainly in the Lismore papers, in the possession of one of his descendants—the Duke of Devonshire. From these ten volumes, five containing the Diary of the Earl, and the other five letters from his family and friends, and some of their replies, Miss Townshend has been able to draw a very complete and human picture of the Earl and his surroundings. We see him as a man full of life and energy, of clear-headed shrewdness, of generous kindness, and of quick, hasty temper, tenacious of his rights and ready to fight an unjust claim to the uttermost, but also quick to forgive, and like a "kind fool," to sacrifice the whole advantage for which he had fought out of compassion to his vanquished opponent. Boyle begins life as an adventurer in a new country—goes to seek his fortune in Ireland as a man goes nowadays to the Klondike or to the new Northwest. And he finds his fortune; for tho he landed in Dublin in 1588 with only the wealth he carried on his person—a little money, a good suit and a few jewels—he rose in a few years to be the first Earl of Cork and Orrery, the wealthiest landowner in the country and Lord Justice of Ireland. Nor was his wealth won at the expense

of the country he made his home. The Great Earl grew rich because he created wealth. He was an early captain of industry. He built towns, roads and bridges; introduced better methods of farming; cared for his timber; mined iron, lead and silver, and converted his iron into a wide range of articles from cannon to cutlery. He brought over and settled English tenantry on his lands, and cared for them like a benevolent despot, providing churches and free schools, and seeing to it that neither young nor old suffered for want of employment. But the story is not a simple record of the rise of a great man from poverty to wealth. Through it all runs the sense of insecurity, the high pressure of life, the turbulent excitement and hurly-burly of life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A man's prosperity is a sure index of the number of his enemies; and enemies enough had the Great Earl, from the time when as a mere boy he appealed direct from his accusers to Queen Elizabeth until he entered upon his long and bitter struggle with Wentworth, the Lord Deputy.



Robert Browning. By C. H. Herford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

There are one or two poets about whom it seems next to impossible to write without absurdity. Shelley used to be such; at present it is Browning. Even Professor Herford, when he enters upon this subject, appears to lose his balance. The necessity to be poetic, to live up to his matter, has been too much for him. As regards his style, it has resulted in a rich blend of sensibility and picturesqueness, like this:

"His [Browning's] imagination flamed forth like an intenser sunlight, hightening and quickening all that was alive and alert in man and Nature; her's [Mrs. Browning's] shot out superb or lurid volcanic gleams across the simplicity of natural chiaroscuro, disturbing the air with conflicting and incalculable effects of strange horror and strange loveliness."

While in criticism it has produced such transcendental jargoning as the following:

"Hence, while 'the finite' always appears, when explicitly contrasted with 'the infinite,' as the inferior—as something *soi-disant*, im-

perfect and incomplete,—its actual status and function in Browning's imaginative world rather resembles that of Plato's *πέρας* in relation to the *ἄπειρον*,—the saving 'limit' which gives definite existence to the limitless vague."

This is too bad of Professor Herford—particularly as his name has sufficient authority to give a kind of currency to this sort of thing among those who know no better.



The Fleeing Nymph and Other Verse. By Lloyd Mifflin. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Mifflin's poetry is distinguished by its admirable technical qualities. The sonnets by which he has won his reputation are remarkable for the ingenuity and the elaborateness of their art. Indeed, if there is any detraction to be made from his writings it is for their exceeding artfulness that they are to be criticised. It is a pleasure and something of a relief, therefore, to get from him a volume like this, made up chiefly of lyrics, in which technology gives way, to some extent, to feeling.

"Above the woods at close of day
The amber sky was dim,
Through filmy clouds of faded gray
We saw the crescent slim;
But lower, past the maple boles,
A pennant of the West
Flamed like a flying oriole's
Intense, refulgent breast."

Such verses as these may be artful, too; but the art is so simple comparatively as to produce an impression of sincerity, if that is the word, which is not always produced by Mr. Mifflin's more ambitious work.



The Belles-Lettres Series. Browning's *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon* and *Other Dramas*, edited by Professor Arlo Bates; Webster's *White Devil* and *Duchess of Malby*, edited by Professor M. W. Sampson; *Select Poems of Coleridge*, edited by A. J. George, 60 cents each; *The Gospel of Saint Matthew in West-Saxon* and *The Gospel of Saint John*, edited by Professor J. W. Bright, 40 cents each; *Selected Poems of Swinburne*, edited by W. M. Payne; *Robertson's Society and Caste*, edited by T. E. Pemberton; *Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois*, edited by F. S. Boas; 60 cents each. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

On the appearance of the first volume of this edition we described at some

length the series, which is planned to include some 200 of the books that are worth while. They are just the thing to carry with one on a journey, for they are cheap, not easily soiled, and light enough to hold in the hand while reading, even in bed. The notes are scholarly without being pedantic, and sufficiently numerous to give all needed bibliographic and interpretive information.



Literary Notes

FOR those of our readers who have a literary conscience that troubles them because they have not read all the great books of the world we call attention to the publications by E. P. Dutton, New York, of the works of Lord Bacon in one volume for \$2.00. It includes the "Novum Organum," the "Advancement of Learning," the "New Atlantis," the "Essays" and many others—all, in fact, of his philosophical works likely to be read by any except specialists, translated and provided with notes and prefaces. The print is small, but that does not matter so much with Bacon, for one does not have to read long to get a great deal to think about.

....In selecting pictures for illustrating Sunday school lessons the "Handbook of Religious Pictures," sold by the New York Sunday School Commission, New York City, for five cents, will be found very useful. All the photographs, engravings and half-tones of the scenery of Palestine and of celebrated paintings, ranging in price from one-half cent to \$20, sold by the various dealers in the United States, are here listed, so that one can find out instantly just what pictures are available on any subject and how to get them.



Pebbles

CONQUERING HERO'S THREE WISHES.—"You have served your country nobly," said the Mikado. "Anything you may ask will be granted." "I have but three requests," answered the Japanese naval hero; "don't erect a triumphal arch, don't present me with a house and don't let the girls kiss me."—*Washington Star*.

....**HIS ACCOUNT OF NO USE TO HER.**—*Mrs. Youngman*: "The idea! it's very funny you can't give me any money. My husband has an account here." *Bank Cashier*: "I know, Madam, but if your husband wanted you to have some money he should have given you a check." *Mrs. Youngman*: "But, my gracious! if he's got an account here can't you charge it?"—*American Banker*.

Editorials

Representative Government for Russia

THE representative government offered to Russia by the manifesto of the Czar is not what was asked for by the conference of the zemstvos, but it is an extraordinary advance on anything that would have been thought possible five years ago, and is not to be scoffed at or disdained. It is to be accepted and made the basis for a really satisfactory constitutional form of government.

By leaps and by bounds has liberty advanced in Russia during these few last years. For it we are to thank in part the feeble indecision of the Czar and in great part the conditions exposed or created by the war with Japan. Solomon was not thinking of the opportunity given for agitation or revolution when he said: "Wo to thee, O land, when thy king is a child and thy princes eat in the morning;" and the blessings of defeat in war have seldom been so exemplified as in the present conflict. In 1896 St. Petersburg was startled by the sudden outbreak of a strike, such as it had never known before. Thirty thousand men in 22 cotton factories were engaged. There was no Socialist propaganda; the Socialists were taken by surprise. The demands were moderate; there was no "revolutionary outbreak," but the workmen gained what they asked and they learned what organization may accomplish also politically. Public sentiment moved forward. Social Democrats and Social Revolutionaries spread their propaganda all over Russia. Between 1895 and 1900 there were 220 strikes, involving more than 200,000 men. Millions of revolutionary sheets in various languages, Russian, Polish, Yiddish, Armenian, were distributed in the factories, in the schools, in the rural districts and in the army. Education went on with amazing rapidity and got its best help from the repressive measures against the Jews, the Poles, the Finns and the Armenians. In 1902 the Czar was persuaded to allow the local councils, or zemstvos, to present suggestions

to St. Petersburg as to what was needed to relieve local conditions of dissatisfaction and unrest. A few answered in a tone that called for their banishment; they had answered questions not put to them; they had asked for representation in the imperial Government. But that they should have been so far recognized that their opinion was asked at all was a great thing, and a greater was to follow in the short space of two years.

In 1904 a Liberal Minister of the Interior, M. Svyatopolk-Mirsky, called a meeting in St. Petersburg of the presidents of the principal zemstvos of the country. He was removed from office and the meeting was forbidden, but it met all the same in November, for the conditions are such now in Russia that men have begun to speak aloud what formerly they dared not whisper to the reeds. This was unlike the meetings in 1902. Then in 400 separate towns 11,000 men had been asked to answer questions only as to local and industrial conditions and needs. Now a representative body of the empire met, 98 leading men present, unlimited in their topics and asserting their freedom of utterance. They met again in large numbers, still forbidden, in March of this year, and again in July. They asked for perfect personal liberty of conscience, of the press and of speech; equal rights for all social orders, enfranchisement of the peasants, and especially "a regular representation in a separate elective body, which must participate in legislation, in working out the budget and in controlling the administration." This was an amazing demand; it asked a peaceful revolution, and the remarkable thing is that this courage had grown in two years and that it was indorsed by every sort of organization in Russia and by what had been the conservative press. The demand could not be safely resisted. A second meeting of the zemstvos in March drew up a plan for representative government.

The official plan now proclaimed by the Czar comes far short of that drawn up by the zemstvos. Suffrage is not universal and voters must be property hold-

ers. The peasants can only vote for local electoral colleges, which will choose members for them. But the principal difference is that the new Parliament, called a Duma, will have absolutely no power except consultative. Whatever they do the Czar may reject. The representatives of the people can simply be heard. They can discuss pretty much everything and have freedom to discuss and advise. This really is all that Mr. Pobiedonostef, who has the credit of drawing up the plan, will allow, for the autocracy of the Czar must not be impaired. But there is advice and advice. Lord Cromer "advises" the Khedive. The Viceroy of India "advises" the Gaekwar of Barfoda. The Japanese have appointed an "adviser" to the Emperor of Korea. There is advice that must be heeded, and it will be a rash Czar who will reject the advice of such a Duma.

But it is amazing that he could have allowed so much. He has let the camel's head into the tent; indeed, he could not keep it out. You cannot stop at the letter *a*; the whole alphabet must follow. Freedom of speech is already largely achieved and the rights of free government follow as a corollary. These are stirring times; history is rapidly making. No man could have anticipated as the result of this war a political regeneration of Russia as sudden and complete as that which we have seen take place in Japan. But here it is, under our own eyes, as sudden and swift as the abolition of slavery in the United States.



A Change of Front Toward Japan

AFTER having for two years shown an almost indiscriminating sympathy with Japan in her contest with Russia, the American daily newspaper press has within a fortnight begun to adopt a tone of opposition which cannot fail to suggest unpleasant reflections. The arguments that are being put forth against the Japanese terms of peace are in themselves unworthy of intelligent men and are discreditable to the American people, if they really represent American opinion.

We do not know whether the news-

papers will prefer to have the public believe that a large sum of Russian money has been judiciously distributed—and unpleasant rumors to that effect have been in circulation—or would like better to be regarded as just plain incompetents, whose editorial comments have the quality of the conversation that goes on within the walls of institutions for the feeble-minded. It is enough to remark that they have placed themselves "up against" this alternative, and if they continue to address themselves on this particular subject and in their present vein to that being whom they are pleased to call "the intelligent reader" they will do so with amazing effrontery.

In saying this we do not here offer to pass any judgment whatsoever upon the justness or the expediency of the Japanese terms of peace. It may be that these terms are both righteous and wise; it may be that they are hard and absurd; we do not pretend to say. We are dealing only with the American newspaper arguments against them. These arguments are in substance two—namely, that Japan is a pagan nation, and therefore, of course, wicked in her dealings with a Christian Power; and, secondly, that if the civilized world permits her to extort these terms from her discomfited foe she will become so formidable an empire that Western interests will be imperiled.

The argument that Japan is a pagan nation has precisely the quality of that criticism which the committee of estimable clergymen made to President Lincoln upon General Grant, that he relied too much on his whisky, and it should be taken in the spirit of Lincoln's humorous reply. If Japan's achievements are a product of her paganism, the sooner the Christian world cultivates that particular kind of paganism the better off we shall be in both morals and worldly success. A nation that can conduct a Government without corruption, keep her word to the letter, do things instead of boasting and in maintaining a vast army on foreign soil lose fewer men by illness than in battle obviously has some of the

qualities that St. Paul recommended in the twelfth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans and which the Christian nations have not been too diligent to remember. Indeed, Emperor William, forgetting his Yellow Peril picture, now says that it is the Christian virtues of Japan that have enabled her to win against Russia.

As for the contention that by extorting these terms of peace Japan will become a dangerously formidable Oriental Power, it is worthy of that particular specimen of the schoolboy who occupies the dunce block. Japan either is a formidable Oriental Power or she is not. If she is, the concession of these terms of peace will not make her stronger; the denial of them will not make her weaker. If she is not formidable she will not be able to hold any nominal advantage that these terms may seem to give her. The real question is, What are her elements of strength and how are they likely to develop? If she has the resources and the military genius to dominate the East any refusal by the Western world to concede the advantages that she has won in the present war will amount to as much as did the withholding from her of the fruits of her victory over China. It is only a question of time when she will get what she wants. If she has the ingenuity and the industry to develop a vast manufacturing activity she will force her way into the markets of the East, whether the Western world wants her to do so or not. If her people have the vitality, the temperance and the frugality to multiply more rapidly than the people of the West, no cry of "Yellow Peril" will prevent their spreading over great areas that are now occupied by less vigorous stocks.

Only one thing can be accomplished by an ungracious attitude toward Japan in the present crisis of affairs. The nations that adopt it can incur her displeasure, as they did after the war with China. She will not retaliate by open hostility, but she will be a less friendly co-operator with them in advancing a policy of fair and equal trade opportunities for all competitors throughout

the Orient, and she will be less disposed to look kindly upon Western influences of every sort, religious, educational and political. The only real "Yellow Peril" is that which lurks in narrow-mindedness and animosity. The Japanese have shown themselves to be friendly in disposition and receptive of all genuine thought, invention and idealism. So long as they care for these things and are willing to do their part in promoting them the Japanese Empire cannot be a peril to any worthy interest.

If the Japanese terms of peace are wrong and unreasonable, let that fact be shown by discussing them on their merits. It is unworthy of the American people to protest against them on the ground that the Japanese are Oriental pagans or that their national advancement is a dangerous rivalry of American interests.



Revolution Within Churches

It is a serious question whether Churches can continue to exist after they have lost their distinctive tenets. Like a building that is shored up, can there be put under them new foundations?

Take the Mormons, for example. In the idea of the public, and indeed in fact, the most characteristic feature of the Mormon Church was polygamy. But polygamy is nearly passed away. So far as its practical bearings on life are concerned, polygamy is becoming obsolete. The rising generation will have none of it; not because it is contrary to the law of the land, but because it is contrary to the law of the human heart. It never worked satisfactorily and never could. A plural marriage still occurs now and then, but the social sense of the Mormon community is against it. The man with plural wives is an object of ridicule to Mormon girls, and the wives themselves are objects of pity. The girls of education scorn the idea of plural marriage, and no more do the young men favor it. It is the grizzled bishop of an earlier day, or the man of wealth and power, who would follow in the footsteps of the elders. But more often than he would have

it known his advances are met with scornful refusal.

But Mormonism survives the death of polygamy. It daily increases the number of its adherents. It holds the affection of its members. Its rule in politics is absolute. Every public school is, outside of two or three larger towns, a church school, teaching religion. There are no real political parties; everything goes as the Twelve decide. All the leading industries of the State, with the important exception of mining, are in the hands of the Mormons. They are not a large body, less than half a million people, below the average in intelligence, but ruled by shrewd, able men, and they are satisfied. The end of polygamy is not the end of the Church of the Latter Day Saints; and the reason seems to be that they have a large residuum of supernatural tenets, sufficient to hold them together, so long as they are believed. The absurdity of the Book of Mormon will one day be recognized and then the Mormon Church will fall to pieces.

Let us take another example: The Jewish Church in this country is very large and strong. It gains hundreds of thousands of adherents every year by immigration. It has perfect freedom, and it is using it. It has two distinctive rites, that of the Abrahamic covenant (circumcision), and the Seventh day Sabbath. What would be the effect of the loss of these two rites?

This is no idle speculation; it deeply concerns all Judaism. Already the seventh day is almost lost. There is a Friday evening service for those that will attend, but pretty nearly every Jew goes to business, and labors and does all his work on Saturday just as he does on Friday. His children attend a Jewish Sunday (not Saturday) school. Sunday is a day of recreation, and Saturday is not a day of worship. Indeed the younger generation is growing up with scarce any distinctive religious training. They are still taught that they are Jews, but they mingle with Gentiles, and see little difference. To be sure the Abrahamic covenant is maintained, more as a matter of racial sentiment, to please the elders, than as a matter of religious obligation. Some advanced Jews venture

to deny the importance of its continuance. It may gradually be lost.

And if the Sabbath goes, and the Abrahamic rite, what will be left of Judaism? If they go it will be because faith in the supernatural history of the Torah has gone before. There will be left no sanctions to Judaism as a religion, and all that remains will be the high ethics which it teaches. Already "Ethical Culture" has its pulpit within Judaism, and the more advanced Judaism differs invisibly, except in name, from Christian Unitarianism. Persecution has kept the Jewish faith strong, but the sun of absolute freedom has, as in the fable, forced off the cloak of ritual conformity, which no blustering storm could remove. There is serious likelihood that gradually, if not rapidly, Judaism as an organized religious force will disintegrate. Now it holds its power by the inherited faith of its wealthy older members and by the admirable character of its organized benevolences.

And what shall we say of the future of the Christian Churches? Their permanence and growth as Churches depends on their faith in supernaturalism. The one or two denominations that deny supernaturalism do not grow. Their young people either leave the Church or go back to a Church that repeats the Apostles' Creed. Our evangelical Churches grow, for they have not lost their faith. What would happen if their members came to a conscious disbelief in supernatural Christianity it is not pleasant to imagine. But we can get some idea of it from the growth and strength of other organizations whose purpose is sociality and mutual benefit, and which already to a considerable extent supplant the Church and usurp its functions. We now have Masons, Odd Fellows, labor unions, granges, and a legion more. They would multiply and grow strong, perhaps form a trust; but the sanction of religion would be lost, and a sad loss it would be to the world. Faith in the world to come has been a tremendous power for fixing and steadying character; and the substitution of the ethics of one's brief life for the ethics of Being and Eternity might make a very serious change in human character and human history.

Tariffs and Exports

At the recent National Reciprocity Convention in Chicago, commendation of the policy of seeking tariff reciprocity by treaty was discouraged because experience has shown that in the present Senate no treaty of reciprocity can be ratified. Conditions in the case of Cuba were exceptional; the rule has been established by the fate of the Kasson agreements. A treaty must have a two-thirds vote; a general bill changing the tariff rates needs only a majority, which would be sufficient for the enactment of such a dual tariff (of maximum and minimum rates) as the convention in its resolutions advocated "as the only practical method of relieving at this time the strained situation with which we are confronted."

When the convention spoke of a "strained situation" it had in mind the new German tariff (which will be enforced in March next), the coming effect of Germany's tariff agreements with other European nations, the attitude of those nations toward the admission of American products, and our approaching harvest, which will give us a large surplus of grain to be sold abroad. Last year we exported only 44,000,000 bushels of wheat (flour included), but this year we may be able to spare 200,000,000 bushels, and a great crop of corn will give us a large surplus of provisions. How are we to retain foreign markets for these products and for our manufactures? How shall we remove or overcome the hostility of those nations which have been led by our own prohibitory tariff rates to raise tariff walls against us? Not by treaties of reciprocity, because the Senate will not accept them. The convention says we must resort to maximum and minimum schedules.

Commercial treaties are friendly agreements; a maximum tariff, with a minimum behind it, is a kind of club. It suggests retaliation and tariff war, rather than friendly exchange of benefits. We do not say that it can be used only as a weapon of commercial warfare; but we think a treaty of reciprocity is to be preferred for solving

peacefully such a problem, for example, as is presented by the action of Germany.

The making of maximum and minimum schedules as they should be made would involve tariff revision. There are some—and they exert much influence—who would retain the present tariff intact as the minimum, and make a maximum by adding 25 per cent. to it. This would not do. It would tend merely to increase the hostility of those whom we desire to conciliate. The present duties are high enough for any maximum that could serve a useful purpose. High and low schedules could be arranged justly and with due regard to the entire situation only by a thorough revision and readjustment of all the existing rates.

This would be a revision of the tariff, and there ought to be a revision of it, for the benefit of the American people in their home market as well as for the promotion of our export trade. Revision should precede—and a fair revision would probably prevent—any experiment in the untried field of maximum and minimum rates. There are many duties that are practically prohibitory. They should be largely reduced. Others, no longer needed for protection, might well be removed. Our exports of manufactures last year were \$543,000,000. They included great quantities of highly protected products which were sold abroad in open competition with the similar products of other lands, and sold not only without the aid of any protection whatever, but even under a handicap of freight charges. If the American manufacturers of these goods can thus overcome the competition of foreign rivals abroad, they can defy it here at home without a duty.

It is our excessive tariff, excluding many kinds of foreign competing goods, permitting the exaction of high prices here, and thus enabling some producers to sell at very much lower prices abroad, that has excited the commercial hostility which is manifested in Germany's new tariff and new agreements with seven Continental nations. "We must not repose in fan-

cied security," said Mr. McKinley in his last public address, "believing that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing." Since 1891, Germany has seen her imports from the United States increase from \$96,000,000 to nearly \$225,000,000, or more than 134 per cent., while her exports to us during the same period have remained almost stationary, increasing only 12 per cent., or from \$97,000,000 to \$109,000,000. Buying more and more from us, she would like also to increase her sales to us, but our tariff bars the way. Therefore she seeks exchanges elsewhere, and our large sales of agricultural products in Germany will surely be cut down unless we promote here that exchange which she desires.

Could it be promoted by a maximum and minimum tariff? Probably not by such a dual tariff as those who now control the Senate would accept. A satisfactory readjustment of trade might be obtained by a treaty of reciprocity. Said Mr. McKinley at Buffalo:

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is a pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

But his party in the Senate has ignored the reciprocal treaties negotiated under his direction, and we presume that any new agreement of the same kind would share their fate. Only by a just revision of the whole existing tariff can the fundamental cause of "the strained situation with which we are confronted" be reached and removed. Such revision, necessarily requiring a sharp reduction of many duties, would make a tariff that every advocate of honest and equitable protection could support. If our export trade is to be restricted by foreign legislation, retaliation in any form will probably pro-

vide no remedy. But the losses due to such restriction may reveal the defects of the present tariff to many who do not now see them.



Nagging

IN Rudyard Kipling's latest story, "An Habitation Enforced," in the *August Century*, he alludes to the fall of elm branches in fair weather, and the question of the skeptical reader, "Do elm branches so fall?" was answered in the next number of the *London Times* by the following statement:

"On Saturday, just before my gardeners were due on the path underneath, a huge branch from one of my old elms here crashed down without any warning. There was no air stirring."

Once again the myriad-eyed observer is justified; and we call to mind catastrophes as crushing and as unexpected in the lives of men we know. An astonishing number of sudden revolts, separations and divorces occur after years of passive and uncomplaining endurance. People marvel and say: "He stood her nagging for twenty, thirty or forty years," as the case may be, "I should think he could put up with her tongue a little longer." That is precisely what he cannot do. The hen has never been considered a dangerous bird, but the hen-pecked husband is inoculated with a wee drop of venom at every peck, and he succumbs at last, in a spasm caused by cumulative criticism. The tiny perforations in his soul have been hiding-places for the bacteria of hate, which have silently bred spiteful colonies during slow years.

There are certain poisons, notably lead, whose toxic effect is cumulative. Particles remain in the system, gradually receiving accretions until the accumulated poison proves fatal. Criticism, especially of the domestic sort, usually called "nagging," has like properties. We can brace ourselves against a sudden gust of anger, and spring back to place with the elasticity of all living, growing things, but we must bend to a constant blast of criticism blowing regularly from one direction—bend, or break!

It is often asserted that trouble in gen-

eral and home criticism in particular is a polishing process. That depends. It more often corrodes. And poor human nature, bitten into by acids and rasped by harsh friction, is at last full of unsightly sores, morbid bruises and aching hurts.

There is desperation born of the very persistency of the torture: "Will it *never* end?" cries the victim, and we have here the psychological reason for divorces sought after long years of living in apparent amity. One can endure friction until the sensitive surface becomes raw; then it grows exquisitely painful and one literally "cannot bear it." The meek and "hen-pecked husband" at last may emulate the traditional worm and turn upon his torturer.

Unfortunately, it is usually some of one's own household who knows just where the raw spot in the soul is, and flicks it with a certainty of aim a stranger could never attain. If we have with infinite care blown us a little bubble of happiness or self-complacency it is the one who loves us who pricks the beautiful iridescent thing.

If a manuscript has been returned by the editor, with or without thanks, our neighbors may not know it, but the family will ferret it out and remind us of it by deploring the fact until we are driven to the verge of madness. If the dearest girl in the world sadly says "No" they find that out, also, and wonder endlessly what she could see in that Gibson-statured rival to prefer. "To be sure, he is handsomer than you are, but"—

If you lose a lawsuit, either as lawyer or principal in a case, you literally "never hear the last of it" at home.

A young man was forced into teaching mathematics, against stronger inclinations and greater love for another science, because of a failure to pass an examination in arithmetic in early life. He was so badgered and taunted by his family that in sheer desperation he specialized in mathematics, and even achieved some distinction therein, altho he is still reminded at times of his childish fiasco. But not every young man has so much grit; most of the nagging critics' victims are too hurt, sore and discouraged to attempt further and bolder flights. The wings are clipped and rarely grow again.

Criticism very rapidly corrodes the soul. It needs little enough discouragement. One of the chief obstacles to reform in prisons is that the punishment has destroyed the self-respect to which the reformer if he is to succeed in rehabilitating the man must appeal. Pride has been slowly eaten away, and pride is not a bad thing when it leads us to "conceal our own hurts and not to hurt others."

The nagging spirit is so unbeautiful wherever it appears that we would like to see it kept out of our magazines as well as out of our homes. The "scold" is not a pretty figure, but the attitude of some periodicals suggests her, standing in the doorway, with lean arms akimbo and shrill voice calling the public to hear her vitriolic and vituperative vocabulary of abuse. Mustard plasters will not heal the sores of the body politic, nor will cumulative poisons cure its diseases.



New Theories of Evolution

THE presidential addresses of the British Association for the Advancement of Science are usually of an epoch-marking, if not of an epoch-making, character. The presidents are chosen from the different sections in irregular rotation, and they generally take occasion to give a summary of the recent progress and the present state of their respective sciences. This year the presidential address was worth going to Cape Town to hear, for it was upon the subject of inorganic evolution, by the son of the discoverer of organic evolution. President George Howard Darwin, professor of astronomy and experimental philosophy in Cambridge, is the second son of Charles Darwin, and, in view of the tendency of modern biologists to lay emphasis upon other factors of evolution than natural selection, a tendency which has been jubilantly but unwarrantably heralded in certain quarters as "the death of Darwinism," there was much curiosity to see what view he would take of the controversial situation.

This curiosity Professor Darwin recognized, if he did not fully satisfy, by stating in the beginning of his address:

"It is not my object, nor am I competent,

to examine the extent to which the theory of natural selection has needed modification since it was first formulated by my father and Wallace, but I am justified in maintaining that the general principle holds its place firmly as a permanent acquisition to modes of thought."

He then proceeded to extend the Darwinian law of natural selection to the chemical elements. If, as recent experiments indicate, the atoms of radium and certain other elements are spontaneously breaking up and rearranging to form atoms of a different kind, the chemical elements are not to be regarded as eternal, but as permanent merely because of their stability under given conditions, a stability that might be suddenly disturbed by changes within the atom. According to Thomson an atom consists of thousands of particles of negative electricity moving in complicated orbits at a speed approaching 200,000 miles a second. Such a system, much more complex than the solar system, with only about 300 bodies, might maintain equilibrium for a million years or more, but could not last forever. It must in time decompose and re-form into another atom, which would be tested by natural selection to determine its fitness to survive.

This corresponds, as Professor Darwin pointed out, to a revolution which changes the form of a State, and he continues:

"These considerations lead me to doubt whether biologists have been correct in looking for continuous transformation of species. Judging by analogy, they should rather expect to find slight continuous changes occurring during a long period of time, followed by a somewhat sudden transformation into a new species, or by rapid extinction. The time needed for a change of type in atoms or molecules may be measured by a millionth of a second, while in the history of the stars continuous changes occupy millions of years. Notwithstanding this gigantic contrast in speed, the process involved seems to be essentially the same. The study of the stability and instability, then, furnishes the problems which the physicist and the biologist alike attempt to solve."

Thus Professor Darwin brings into the sphere of evolution the irreducible minima, the supposedly unchangeable atoms, the eternal units of the universe. The latest philosopher arrives at the same con-

clusion as the earliest, at the *πάντα ῥεῖ* of Heraclitus, "Everything changes." Suns and atoms, men and their social institutions, plants and species of plants, all have their life periods, and pass through the successive stages of birth, growth and decay.

Ideas are nowadays more contagious than ever, and a mode of thought prevailing in one science speedily spreads to all the others. So wherever we turn we hear such phrases as "relative stability," "dynamic equilibrium" and "limits of variation" in place of the old terminology implying definite and permanent classification.

Professor Bancroft calls all chemical compounds "phases of matter." Professor De Vries develops new species by catching plants at their "mutation periods." Professor Ross talks of "race suicide," and says "the career of a people is a parabola."

In the days of her infancy sociology borrowed much of her phraseology and theory from the older sciences, especially physiology. Now that she considers herself a full grown science she shows a disposition to pay these early obligations by extending her laws to other realms of thought and even over the whole universe. Almost simultaneously with Professor Darwin's Cape Town address, where he speaks of insurrections inside the atom, Professor Giddings, of Columbia, published quite unpretentiously in *Science* of August 18th a new law of evolution. He holds that the economic laws of increasing and diminishing returns do not apply solely to industrial establishments, but "that they are the laws of universal evolution," and that they are superior to Spencer's famous definition of evolution in that they can be used quantitatively. In their generalized form Professor Giddings words these laws thus:

"In any finite aggregate of competing things or organisms those survive in which the total amount of evolutionary transformation increases more rapidly than the net expenditure of energy; those perish in which the total quantity of evolutionary transformation increases less rapidly than the net expenditure of energy."

Apparently from this Professor Giddings would make efficiency the universal test of fitness to survive, and efficiency is to be determined by the ratio of the energy transformed to the energy dissipated. If this is correct the highest product of evolution in the mineral kingdom would be spongy platinum, which is capable of transforming an unlimited quantity of sulphurous oxide into sulphuric oxide. In the vegetable kingdom it would be an enzyme which can change sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide without itself suffering change, and in the animal kingdom the neurones in the brain of man, which can control both the platinum and the enzyme with very little expenditure of energy. Or, in other words, the aim of evolution is some kind of catalysis. But Professor Giddings's preliminary notice is so brief and abstract that we must suppress the temptation to comment upon it prematurely and await his further development of this promising theory.



Portsmouth and Shimonoseki

Now when the fate of Manchuria is being decided at Portsmouth it is interesting to recall the prophecy of that shrewd old Chinese statesman, Li Hung-chang. In a letter to one of the advisers of the Empress Dowager, believed to have been written by him almost on his deathbed, in 1901, he said:

"Many Chinese officials contend that Manchuria must on no account be abandoned to Russia. Those who hold this language do not understand the present circumstances, and are unable to look into the future. If we leave the Russians in possession of Manchuria no serious harm will ensue, for in that case friction will arise between Russia and Japan on the frontiers of Korea, and a conflict is bound to break out between the two rival Powers. In the event of war, should things take an unfavorable turn for the Japanese, it will be our business to join the Russians and help them to crush the Japanese, thus establishing a claim upon the gratitude of Russia, who, retaining Korea for herself, will give back Manchuria to China. If, on the other hand, the Russians are unable to withstand the Japanese, we can join with the latter and help them to drive the Russians out of Manchuria. Thus we shall get

back Manchuria without running any grave risks, while in present circumstances it might be difficult for us to recover possession of it."

In foreseeing the inevitable conflict between Russia and Japan and in pointing to the Korean frontier as the inciting cause Li showed himself a true prophet, but in regard to his own country he was much mistaken. So far from joining in to help the winning side, as he recommended, China has taken no more active part than a bone in a dog fight. Consequently she has no claim on the gratitude of either party and she is completely ignored in the conference which is deciding the disposition of her own territory.

Whether the calmness with which Li Hung-chang regarded the seizure of Manchuria by the Russians was in any degree induced by his income from the Russian treasury is not known. In 1898 a censor of high rank offered to prove that Li had received a bribe of \$1,000,000 from the Russian Government, and staked his head against Li's that the charge was true. As a result of the judicial investigation Li lost his head—but only his official one. He was dismissed from office and neither he nor his accuser was decapitated: a verdict which may be taken to mean "guilty but not proven."

But not to discuss further such purely personal matters as the sources of his income, Li Hung-chang certainly showed himself more perspicacious than the representatives of Russia, France and Germany at Tokyo when they protested against the treaty of Shimonoseki on the ground that to give the Liao-Tung peninsula, whereon is Port Arthur, to Japan would be a menace to the permanent peace of the Far East. Two at least of these three Powers which overthrew the treaty which Li Hung-chang had just signed have suffered for their blunder; Germany alone seems to profit by disorders anywhere on the globe.

The result of thus wresting from Japan in 1895 the fruit of her victory was simply that she had to fight again for it ten years later. Now she has conquered the same territory—and a little more, and at Portsmouth, instead of at Shimonoseki, she demands the same concessions—and a little more. If any of the European Powers are tempted again to interfere in behalf of her beaten

foe let them beware lest Japan raise her price in 1915.

Ten years ago, since there was difficulty in making China realize that she was beaten, Japan insisted upon the Chinese envoys coming all the way to Japan to sue for peace. Accordingly Viceroy Li Hung-chang met Count Ito at Shimonoseki, an insignificant seaport town in the eyes of the world, being only five times the size of Portsmouth, but nevertheless the scene of some important events. It was at Shimonoseki that our warships joined with those of the Dutch, British and French to punish the Japanese barbarians for a violation of international law and obtained from Japan an indemnity of \$3,000,000. In those days the Japanese knew nothing of international law and did not want to learn. But we said we would teach them a lesson, and we did, and they have learned it and they know how to ask for indemnity for themselves now. But in time we paid back our share of that fine for the misdemeanor of 1864. The money has been spent for Japanese schools and the incident is all forgotten, or so we hope.

Shimonoseki saw another sight not long ago, when off her coast Admiral Togo demolished the Russian fleet and took into her port Admiral Rojestvensky and some of his best ships as prisoners.

Diplomatic it may have been, but unfortunate it certainly was, that in 1895 Japan compelled China's envoys to meet hers on her own soil, for an ardent young Japanese patriot took it upon himself to avenge his country and shot Li Hung-chang through the cheek. As reparation for this attack upon the sacred person of an envoy under her own protection Japan stopped the march of her victorious armies toward Peking by granting an armistice, which she then, as now, had refused.

This time the peace plenipotentiaries meet on neutral soil, and if a Japanese *soshi* or Russian nihilist should shoot Witte it would not be to the loss of Japan, for we would be the ones to suffer for it.

In other respects, too, Shimonoseki differed from Portsmouth. There the Japanese were twice baffled and the negotiations delayed because the Chinese Government from ignorance or design had

not given its representatives full powers, while on her side Japan was represented by her Premier and her Minister of Foreign Affairs. This time, through a momentary forgetfulness on the part of Baron Komura, the Japanese credentials were left at the Hotel Wentworth until after the Russians had presented theirs. At Shimonoseki the Japanese had against them a former American Secretary of State, John W. Foster. The Russians, however, have not called for the assistance of any of our statesmen as yet.

But whatever be the changes in other respects, we all unite in the hope that the result will be different, that Portsmouth will succeed where Shimonoseki failed, in establishing "a just and lasting peace."



Is It Peace? As we write there is a pause in the negotiations at Portsmouth, and the President is trying to break the *impasse*. No one knows what his suggestion is. Some say it is what we suggested last week, the reference of the points left in dispute, chiefly Sakhalin and indemnity, to The Hague Court for decision. It would be hard for the Czar who proposed The Hague Conference to refuse; but the questions have been declared to involve the honor of the nation, which has been usually reserved from arbitration. We still hope for peace, no matter how much the Russians may say it is impossible. A country is always spoken of as feminine, and we recall her who, vowing she would ne'er consent, consented. Indeed, it looks a good deal like a bluff on the part of Russia. In fact, what can she expect? She can make better terms now than she ever can again. Let her refuse now to make any compromise, and she will lose Vladivostok and the whole Pacific Coast. It looks, we say, like bluff, but no one can prophesy what will be done in St. Petersburg, where

"Chaos umpire sits,

And by decision more embroils the fray."

We sincerely hope that at the last moment Russia may consent to yield Sakhalin, and that Japan may be willing to put her demand for indemnity into such

a moderate form as to save Russia's face.



Education for Show

We have received several letters protesting against the statements in an article about "Education in the South and the Aristocracy." We are not surprised. It represented it to be a current conception of education in the South that it is good chiefly for the show to be made of it, with titles and honors and vulgar display. We by no means indorsed our correspondent's testimony, altho we know that all over the country show of learning is too much the end sought, and even our highest universities solemnly agree how they shall distinguish their professors and students from the common world by their dress. But one correspondent writes from Mississippi:

The South has made wonderful improvements during the past few years. These improvements are made, not by club presidents and "prominent literary figures," but by men and women who spent time in college training themselves to become citizens of the South. The great trouble is that the average Southern parent has not the means to keep his children in college long enough. The great majority of those who have money enough are educating their children. You will find great numbers of students in the Southern schools who are working their way through, just as is done in the Northern schools.



Woman Suffrage Advancing

From all around the world comes news that women are claiming and receiving their equal rights as human beings and as citizens. In Australia the Assembly of Victoria last month passed a bill granting the franchise to women, and Mr. T. Price, the labor leader, who has recently become Premier of South Australia, announced it on August 8th as part of his policy, which has received the approval of the Assembly. In Russia the zemstvoists have seriously considered the propriety of basing their proposed constitutional Government on universal suffrage, in accordance with the petitions sent to them from many organizations in various parts of the empire. Considering the active part the Russian women have taken in the reform movement, from the education of the peasants to the throwing of bombs,

they certainly are entitled to a share in the freedom they have helped to gain. In the mir, or village commune, women who are heads of families have always voted, and if, as has been hoped, an indigenous democratic Government should develop in Russia from the germ of this ancient institution, some at least of the women would doubtless continue to vote. In the plan for a national assembly as drawn up by the Council of the Empire and retained, we presume, in the manifesto now issued by the Czar, women of the prescribed qualifications will have votes, tho they will have to cast them by proxy of husband or son. In Norway the women protested against not being allowed to vote for the separation from Sweden in the recent referendum, declaring that the feminine vote would have been unanimous in favor of it. Woman suffrage is one of the planks in the platform of the Socialists the world over, and in every country their strength is growing rapidly. In England, however, the extension of the suffrage to women property owners is opposed by some of the socialist and labor leaders, who see in it an attempt to increase the capitalistic vote, since working women would not be allowed to vote.



Railway Accidents

It has sometimes been said that the annual deaths by accident on our railroads are as many as in a great battle. This fact is emphasized by the report just issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the year ending June 30, 1904, there were 94,201 casualties to persons on the railways, of whom 10,046 were killed. The number is startling, and suggests the need of some system of greater care. There were 2,114 trainmen killed, and 1,518 watchmen, switch tenders and other workmen. Of these 307 were killed in coupling and uncoupling cars, and 4,074 injured. Of passengers there were 441 killed by collisions, derailments, etc. Of those not passengers or employees, there were 4,749 killed, 804 at crossings; at stations, 458; along the track, 3,446. There is a lesson here as to grade crossings and track walking. For 1895 one passenger was killed for every 2,984,832 carried, and one injured for every 213,651. But the trainmen's lives are much

more endangered. One trainman was killed in every 120 and one injured out of every 9. The use of automatic couplers has saved many lives. We fear that the automobile accidents would show an even larger percentage of casualties and deaths; but we remember that accidents happen to people who stay at home, if they are careless. That is the factor that cannot be eliminated.



Lord Kitchener and Lord Curzon have met and the civilian has fallen. While Lord Curzon is being acclaimed in England as one of the greatest viceroys India has ever had, we may keep in mind that the Indian native does not agree in this respect with the Colonial Briton. He holds that Curzon has been the representative of the doctrine of India for the English, and not of India for the Indian. Even the native princes do not like to recall the expense of their attendance at his durbar, and the magnificent superiority which he assumed as representing the Queen, and their successful resistance to the claim of Lady Curzon to the title of Vicereine. Doubtless he was a British statesman and extended British influence in Afghanistan, Tibet and Arabia, at the expense of the Indian taxpayer, but India did not learn under him to love Great Britain any more.



An interesting example of English insularity of speech is met with in the last number received of the London *Guardian*, which we are inclined to regard as the prince of all denominational papers the world over. Describing the figures on an ancient jar found in Crete it says:

"Behind him, two and two, marching in step, come eight men, wearing the Mycenæan loin-cloth and turbans or flat caps of pork-pie shape."

What shape is that? Probably seven-eighths of those who use the English language never saw a pork-pie and have no idea what is its shape. But the Londoner knows.



It is a rather disagreeable war of personalities that is going on in Geor-

gia between the two leading Atlanta newspapers which represent the two editorial Democratic candidates for Governor, Hoke Smith and Clark Howell. But still more disagreeable is the war over the dispensary in South Carolina, with its charges of petty graft, numerous and definite enough to discredit the claim that graft cannot find a nidus in the same region with lynching.



What a shiver must have run through the session of the British Association in Cape Town when the principal of a South African college told an awful incident to illustrate the moral danger which comes from giving too much education to the natives:

"He had heard of a young rascal, caned several times in the week at school for lying, cheating and stealing, going to a Christian Endeavor meeting in order to pass a note during the opening prayer to his inamorata for the time being."

Those black boys must be sinners of a dye to match their complexion. Who ever heard of such a thing as a white boy passing a note to a girl at church or during prayers?



An "airship" sailed successfully, in a very light wind, over New York last Sunday. But it was nothing more than a dirigible balloon, such as Santos-Dumont and others have made. It is something, but has very little promise of practical advantage, for it will always be very much at the mercy of the wind. What we want is an airship without any balloon. That will be revolutionary, and it will come. What a bird can do with feathers, a bat, a butterfly and a may-bug with vans, a man will yet accomplish.



We believe in Mr. Witte. He represents progressive Russia; and we are sure that he gave a sympathetic audience to the representative Hebrews who sought his interest for their co-religionists in Russia. The newly promulgated provisions for a national Duma do not exclude Jews, and if Witte's voice can control, the laws against them will be removed as fast as possible.

Insurance

Federal Supervision of Life Insurance

If any doubt existed before the conference between Senator Dryden, J. M. Beck and President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay on August 16th, it is now evident that there is a growing sentiment in favor of some kind of Governmental control of life and other insurance companies in the place of the State system which now prevails. With the President's indorsement this sentiment now verges upon crystallization, intensified doubtless because of the abuses that have crept into the supervision by States, which in certain cases have amounted to little less than official blackmail. Looking toward Governmental control some determined efforts to secure it have lately been put forth. Two bills for the Federal regulation of insurance have had recent consideration in Congress. They were respectively introduced by Congressman Morrell and Senator Dryden. Against these bills it was urged again and again that they both originated with the companies themselves. They are, of course, opposed to the hampering restrictions of fifty or more States if there can be secured the substitution of but one supervision, which shall be the Federal Government. From the point of view of the insurance companies their contention is well founded. One evidence of this appears in the item of expense under the present system of State supervision, which has in too many instances passed all legitimate bounds. According to figures presented by James M. Beck, some time Assistant Attorney-General of the United States and now counsel for the Mutual Life Insurance Company, in the *North American Review*, during the year 1902 twenty-eight States received from insurance companies, exclusive of property taxes, over \$5,000,000 in excess of the cost of the supervision exercised by the States concerned. One single State is said to have collected more than the Federal Government requires to examine all the National Banks in the country, and this entire sum, amounting to an annual charge of \$10,000,000 in the aggregate, ultimately falls upon the policyholders. If Federal supervision can lighten this burden it would seem that but little serious

opposition could spring up. President Roosevelt seemed to indorse this view when he said:

"It seems to me that what has occurred to the Equitable Life furnishes another argument for effective supervision by the National Government, if such supervision can be obtained, over all these great insurance corporations which do an interstate business."

The President has now gone even further than this and has expressed himself as heartily in favor of Federal supervision. Senator Dryden will in consequence have the full support of the Administration when his bill in its modified form is reintroduced at the next session of Congress. The Dryden bill as now framed provides for the supervision of insurance by the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The constitutionality of the measure will, of course, engage the attention of Congress.

THE recent report of Fire Commissioner Nicholas J. Hayes covering the work of his department in the great city of New York is an interesting document. To those whose knowledge of the Fire Department is limited to the chance observation of an engine and possibly its hose carriage dashing rapidly but skillfully to a fire, with the possible sight of a burning building now and then, the report will come as a revelation as to what has been accomplished by the New York Fire Department. A high state of efficiency, vigilance and harmony now prevails in the department. The fireboat fleet has been reorganized and made more effective than ever before and now contains seven fireboats. Further additions to this fleet will be made in the near future. The number of men employed in all branches of the New York Fire Department at the present time is somewhat in excess of 3,500 and is constantly growing.

...Life companies receive many odd requests. According to the *Agents' News-Letter* the claims department of a prominent company recently got this letter from a bereaved widow: "I take pleasure in informing you of the death of my husband, who was assured in your company. Please send me papers quick, so I can prove he is dead."

Financial

Railway Statistics for a Year

STATISTICS of the railways of the United States for the year that ended on June 30th, 1904, were issued last week by the Interstate Commerce Commission. They serve to remind us that we have in this country nearly half of the world's railway mileage—213,904 miles of road, and 297,073 miles of track. The increase for the year was 5,927, the largest for any year since 1890. Some of the Commission's totals are as follows: Locomotives, 46,743; cars, 1,798,561 (those of private car lines not included); passengers carried, 715,419,682; tons of freight, 1,309,899,165; average revenue per ton per mile, 0.780 of a cent, against 0.763 in 1903; capital outstanding, par value, \$13,213,124,679, of which \$6,339,899,329 was in stock and \$6,873,225,350 in bonds; number of persons employed, 1,296,121, a decrease of 16,416; wages and salaries paid, \$817,598,810; gross earnings, \$1,975,174,091 (an increase of \$74,327,000); operating expenses, \$1,338,896,253 (an increase of \$81,357,000); dividends declared, \$221,941,049. Of the entire capital stock, \$2,696,472,000, or 42½ per cent., paid no dividends.

A bulletin of the Census Bureau, also issued last week, makes the commercial value of our railway operating property \$11,244,852,000. This does not include \$123,000,000 for Pullman and private cars. One-eighth of this value is assigned to Pennsylvania, and a little less than one-twelfth to New York.

Practically all of the passenger locomotives and cars, the Commission says, were equipped with air brakes and automatic couplers. The same was true of the freight locomotives and a majority of the freight cars. But air brake appliances were still lacking for 258,808 of these cars. Owing to recent accidents (the collision at Harrisburg, for example) caused by the "buckling" of freight trains, the Commission decided last week to increase the minimum required percentage of air-brake cars in each train.

During the year 10,046 persons were killed and 84,155 injured. Of those killed 441, and of those injured 9,111, were passengers. As 3,632 employees

were killed and 68,067 injured, nearly 6,000 persons who belonged to neither class lost their lives. Probably a majority of these were killed at grade crossings or while walking on the tracks. It is noticeable that the number of passengers killed was considerably increased, having been one for every 1,662,267 carried, against one for every 1,957,441 in the preceding year.



NEGOTIATIONS are in progress for combining the seventeen wholesale drug houses of Canada in one corporation with a capital of \$6,000,000.

....English cotton mills have been making large profits. Those of 21 mills for some time past have exceeded 12 per cent., and recent reports of three show that dividends of 30 per cent. have been earned.

....California's crop of citrus fruits for the crop year beginning with November promises to be the largest on record, and will probably exceed 35,000 carloads, for which the growers will receive about \$12,000,000.

....The cost of steel mills, furnaces and shops either just completed, in course of erection, or for which plans have been perfected, at Pittsburg and in the Monongahela Valley, will exceed \$25,000,000, and they will furnish employment for 23,000 men.

....The *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore shows that about 41 per cent. of our exports in the last fiscal year originated in the South. Exports of cotton, cottonseed oil, cottonseed cake and meal, naval stores and phosphates, all exclusively from the South, amounted to \$431,980,911. To this should be added about \$183,000,000 for lumber, tobacco, cotton goods, petroleum, provisions, grain, coal, cattle and fruit.

....Dividends announced:

Atch., Top. & S. F. Rway. (Eastern Oklahoma Div.), Coupons, payable September 1st.

Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. (Preferred), quarterly, 1 per cent., payable September 1st.

Lord & Taylor (Preferred), semi-annual, 3 per cent., payable September 1st.

The Independent

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No. 2961

Survey of the World

The Fusion Against Tammany

It is so clear to the leaders of all the political organizations in this city that fusion is their only chance to win against Tammany that on all sides a willingness is shown to adopt this policy. A first question is, Who shall be the candidate? It is admitted that Mr. McClellan has made a reasonably good Mayor, who, they say, has done as well by the city as any man can while owing a first allegiance to the Tammany chiefs. The eyes of the opponents of Tammany seem to be turning toward Mr. Jerome. It is true that he has said he did not wish to be Mayor, but desired to carry on his work as District Attorney, and that he is as genuine in this feeling as Mr. Roosevelt was in his unwillingness to be nominated Vice-President none seem to doubt. The City Committee of the Citizens' Union held a meeting last Thursday night and, after a warm discussion, by a vote of 30 to 16 decided to favor the nomination of Mr. Jerome. The opponents declared that his nomination would be absurd, that he could not get the support of the workingmen and that there must be a new and strong issue if they expected to beat Mayor McClellan. Mr. Cutting, who presided, left the chair to make a strong speech in Mr. Jerome's favor, declaring that he was the best vote getter with the people. The Republican City Committee met the same day and declared unequivocally for a fusion of all organizations against Tammany, charged the McClellan administration with subserviency to the public service corporations and invited all organizations opposed to Tammany to hold a conference this week. The invitation says:

"The administration of Mayor McClellan

has squarely placed before the citizens of New York City the question, Shall the great public utility corporations continue to control and misuse the government of this city against the interests of all our people and for the sole gain of those corporations and the leaders of Tammany Hall? This question is of such extreme importance to all the citizens of New York as to justify the most earnest effort for a fusion of all elements opposed to the continuance of such a government by Tammany Hall. It is the purpose of the Republican party to effect such a fusion, and to give it full power in the coming election, with the support of candidates pledged to an administration of the affairs of this city under which the public utility corporations will not be the masters of the people of this city."

Some favor ex-Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn, as candidate against Tammany, but the drift seems to be for Mr. Jerome. Governor Odell says that if thought best he will accept Jerome, altho he would prefer a Republican.

Mayor Woodward of Atlanta

The League of American Municipalities held a session in Toledo, O., last week, which was attended by Mayors and other representatives of most of our leading cities. Among those present was Mayor Woodward, of Atlanta. In the course of a discussion of municipal ownership of public utilities Mayor Woodward began a violent attack on the general movement, which degenerated into incoherent utterance, showing that he was intoxicated, and the meeting abruptly adjourned. The affair has aroused deep indignation and humiliation in Atlanta, where the past weaknesses of the Mayor are well known. He was Mayor a previous term, and

saved himself only by a strict promise to abstain from liquor. At the end of his term he entered into the employment of a company which had secured favors from him during his term, and he secured the solid support of a large contingent of workmen, whose vote at the last municipal election turned the scale in his favor. The proposition now is to impeach him, with every probability that he, tho defiant, will have to yield to public opinion. The Atlanta papers say that his private behavior is no business of theirs; but that when he goes officially to represent the city, his personal indulgences in public meetings become a scandal at home and require stern action.

The President on the "Plunger"

A specially interesting, if not important, event of the week has been the experiments with the new submarine torpedo boat, the "Plunger," in which President Roosevelt took a prominent part. The "Plunger" had been very thoroughly and satisfactorily tested under the charge of the commander, Lieut. Charles P. Nelson, when, at the President's desire, it was taken to the Oyster Bay harbor, and on August 25th the President went on board, and remained on it for three hours during the repetition of the tests. At one time it remained under water for fifty minutes at various depths, while Mr. Roosevelt himself took part in directing its course by pressing the buttons. He had not intended himself to go under the water in the boat, but observing its working, and with the consent of Mrs. Roosevelt, he was persuaded by Lieutenant Nelson to take the venture, and he greatly enjoyed it.

Dr. Booker Washington at Saratoga

The report having been sent to the Baltimore *Sun* that at a Saratoga hotel Dr. Booker Washington escorted a married daughter of John Wanamaker to dinner, while Mr. Wanamaker walked with a gentleman friend, has made so much disturbance in the South, even leading ex-Mayor Drennan, of Birmingham, to resign from the Tuskegee Board of Trustees, that Dr.

Washington has felt obliged to make a public statement. He says:

"I did not escort any female member of Mr. Wanamaker's family to dinner at a hotel in Saratoga.

"During the last fifteen years I have been at the hotel where Mr. Wanamaker was on three different occasions when I was to speak at public meetings, as I was this time, and no comment was made of it.

"When in the South I conform, like all colored people, to the customs of the South, but when in the North I have found it necessary during the last twenty years, as stated fully in my book, 'Up from Slavery,' to come into contact with white people in the furtherance of my work in ways I do not in the South."

The Columbia, S. C., *State* says of this statement:

"What the *State* said in reference to Washington's association with whites in the North still holds good. We are quite sure that no money which is obtained through a commingling on social equality there can compensate for the loss of confidence and good feeling in the South. We are pleased to know, however, that he did not escort any female member of Mr. Wanamaker's family into dinner; we would also be pleased to know that he did not join Mr. Wanamaker's family at dinner."

Various Items

Indictments have been issued against Mr. Holmes, of the Agricultural Bureau, and several New York brokers and others for conspiracy in the matter of the cotton leak. Mr. Holmes avoided arrest until the beginning of this week, altho officers were in search of him.—Mr. Knabenshue's dirigible balloon made two very successful ascents over New York last week. The movement of the balloon was followed by eager crowds, stimulated by the announcement that one hundred dollar bills would be dropped into the crowd from the balloon.—The Marine Hospital surgeons seem to have the yellow fever epidemic so far under control in New Orleans that they promise that the fever will be checked before frost naturally stops it. At present the city has itself proclaimed a quarantine against fresh cases of infection out of the city, inasmuch as Baton Rouge and half a dozen other towns on the Mississippi have been found to develop nests of fever. Especially are the States of Mississippi and

Alabama stringently enforcing the quarantine.—The cause of the terrible explosion on the gunboat "Bennington" at San Diego, Cal., July 24th, by which scores lost their lives, has been investigated by a court of inquiry ordered by Secretary Bonaparte. The court finds that it was due to the carelessness of a fireman, who closed a valve instead of an air cock, which caused the steam gauge to cease to register. But while the pressure increased the machinist's mate in charge failed to observe conditions, as did the others under him, and that the explosion was to be expected when the fires became hot. But those chiefly responsible are dead. This accident will lead to a movement to revert to the old arrangement before naval rank was given to machinists.—The President has decided not to call an extra session of Congress.



**Death of
Mrs. Dodge**

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge died last week. She was an early writer for THE INDEPENDENT in prose and verse and it was at the request of the editor of THE INDEPENDENT that her most famous story, "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," was written in 1865. She became one of the editors of *Hearth and Home* in 1870, and in 1873 was chosen editor of *St. Nicholas*, choosing its name, and continued in charge from its first number.



**The Taft
Tour**

Secretary Taft and his party have completed their tour of the Philippines in the transport "Logan" and returned to Manila. The visit to the southern islands was marked by many picturesque incidents. At Jamboanga the transport was met by hundreds of proas, and the party received at the pier by 2,300 Moros, representing ten different tribes. A parade, fencing bouts and a baseball game between a Filipino and Moro team occupied the afternoon, and in the evening there was a boat parade and a sham battle with canoes. At Cebu they were met by a procession of 2,000 school children. Visits were paid to the Magellan Monument on the island of

Macton and to the sugar and hemp plantations. The Congressmen contributed \$150 to the famine sufferers here. At Jolo Miss Alice Roosevelt made such a favorable impression upon the Sultan of Sulu that he proposed to add her to his harem, and presented her with a pink pearl. The gift was accepted, but the offer of marriage was declined. The Sultan received the party in the open fields outside the walls of Jolo, where 8,000 Moros mounted on decorated ponies were assembled. The entertainment consisted of native sports, including a spear dance and a bull fight. It is explained that the Moro bull fight is not, like the Spanish, of a sanguinary character, but consists of a pushing contest between carabaos led by ropes. On August 31st the party sails for Hongkong, where they will separate. Secretary Taft and most of the Congressmen will sail on the Pacific Mail steamer "Korea" for Yokohama and thence to the United States. Miss Roosevelt and her companions and Senators Newlands and Warren and Representatives Longworth, Gillette and Cockran will go to Peking to be entertained by the Empress Dowager of China, and will sail from Yokohama October 7th.



**The Peace
Conference**

Whether there has been any progress made toward peace during the past week cannot now be said. The plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth have held few conferences, and these, so far as known, have been fruitless. Nevertheless there has been great activity outside the conference room which may have been more profitable than the discussions of the envoys. President Roosevelt has energetically continued his efforts for peace, and has had frequent communications with Portsmouth, and has appealed directly to the Czar. On Wednesday, August 23d, Ambassador Meyer spent three hours at Peterhof with the Czar, but nothing has been given out as to the nature or results of the interview. It was reported that the President urged concessions on the part of the Japanese in regard to Sakhalin and the indemnity and their ac-

ceptance on the part of Russia; that he suggested some new form of compromise and that he recommended the submission of some of the points in dispute to The Hague Court. Mr. Witte has denied all these reports in regard to the President's action, and also states that he has not asked or received from his Government any further instructions. Whatever may have been the cause, the Japanese envoys have shown during the week a willingness to continue the conference and make concessions. On coming together on Wednesday, the first session of the week, it is understood that Baron Komura offered to concede two of the four points on which there had been disagreement and to compromise on the other two. He agreed to give up the demand for a limitation of Russia's naval power in Pacific waters and for the Russian ships of war interned in neutral ports, and in place of an indemnity or reimbursement for the cost of the war proposed that Russia should pay 1,200,000,000 yen (\$600,000,000) for the northern half of the island of Sakhalin. This was rejected by the Russian envoys, who maintained their position that no indemnity or remuneration for Japan's expenditure for the war would be paid under any name, because it would be virtually admitting that Japan had been right in making war. Mr. Witte stated that Russia would pay gladly and liberally for the care of the Russian prisoners and wounded during the war, which is estimated at \$50,000,000. It is also believed that he expressed himself willing to concede the southern half of Sakhalin to Japan, thus restoring the status that existed prior to 1875, when the island was divided between the two Powers. Japan, however, insists upon the payment of the costs of the war by Russia as a matter of principle, these costs to date being estimated at \$900,000,000. As there seemed no prospect of an agreement the secretaries were instructed to prepare the final statements of the minutes of the meeting in French and English, and the conference adjourned to give time for this. On Saturday these protocols were

signed, and a private informal meeting was held by the four envoys from which even the secretaries were excluded, after which Mr. Takahira asked that another meeting should be held on Tuesday afternoon. This was agreed to by Mr. Witte.—Prince von Bülow, Chancellor of the German Empire, in response to an inquiry as to the attitude of Germany, made the following statement:

"Since the beginning of President Roosevelt's action the German Emperor, as well as his Government, has never ceased to advocate the cause of peace wherever an opportunity offers itself. Germany is interested as well as America in putting an end to the risks and uncertainties inseparable from every great war. The Emperor and the German people cordially wish that President Roosevelt's efforts may be successful."

Le Matin, a Paris paper, has telegraphed to Mr. Rockefeller, as "the richest citizen of the world," asking him "to remove the sole obstacle now hindering peace" by paying the amount in dispute between the peace commissioners.



The Anglo-Japanese Alliance The announcement is made that a new treaty of alliance between England and Japan was signed three days before the adjournment of Parliament and that the new treaty is wider in scope than the former one, but its provisions will not be given out until after the conclusion of the Portsmouth Conference. It is believed to include a recognition of a Japanese protectorate over Korea. The old alliance was purely a defensive one, providing that if either Great Britain or Japan were attacked by two Powers her ally would come to her aid. The new alliance may provide for common action for both defensive and offensive purposes. The reason why the Balfour Government refused to resign, altho discredited in Parliament, is now believed to have been because of the desire of the King to have the present Ministry complete the negotiations for this treaty, which might not be regarded with so much favor by the Liberals if they came into power. The announcement at this time of the signature of the

treaty is doubtless for the purpose of influencing the peace negotiations.



The Interparliamentary Congress

Last year the Interparliamentary Congress met in this country at St. Louis, during the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. This year it meets at Brussels, on August 28th, with fuller attendance of representatives of European legislative bodies than before. The Italian Chamber of Deputies sends 100 delegates, the British House of Commons 30, the French Chamber of Deputies 40. Among the Americans present are Representatives Burke, of South Dakota; Bates, Barchfeld, Dickerman, Moon and Palmer, of Pennsylvania; Boutell and Fuller, of Illinois; Goldfogle and Waldo, of New York; McNary, of Massachusetts; Norris, of Nebraska; Bartholdt, of Missouri; William Alden Smith, of Michigan; Slayden, of Texas; Wood, of New Jersey; Littlefield, of Maine; ex-Congressman Barrows, of Massachusetts, and Hayne Davis, of New York. The American delegates held a preliminary meeting and adopted two resolutions, one congratulating President Roosevelt on his efforts in the cause of peace, and the other asking the Norwegian Government to confer the Nobel Peace Prize upon Mr. Bartholdt for his efforts in behalf of arbitration. The draft of the model arbitration treaty drawn up by Congressman Bartholdt and presented to the Executive Council of the Congress is as follows:

"Article I.—All differences which grow out of the interpretation or enforcement of treaties, which concern diplomatic or consular privileges, boundaries, rights of navigation, indemnities, pecuniary claims, violations of the right of person or property, violations of recognized principles of international law, shall be tried by the International Courts established under this treaty and the treaty of The Hague.

"Article II.—All other questions of whatever character shall be referred to a Commission of Inquiry, constituted according to the provisions of the treaty of The Hague, or to a court constituted as provided herein and decided on appeal by a court of the Permanent Tribunal at The Hague, before resort to arms. Alleged violations of this clause shall be tried by the International Courts as provided for questions included in Article I.

"Article III.—Upon filing of a statement of its contention in a case of the kind included under Article II, either Power may serve notice that it will be proper for its treaty making power to accept or reject the decision; otherwise it will be considered that the decision of the courts shall be final as in cases coming under Article I.

"Article V.—There may be an appeal in all cases to the High Court of The Hague, unless the decision is unanimous, the question pecuniary and the amount adjudged is less than \$1,000,000. There must be an appeal to the High Court of The Hague before exercise of the right to resort to arms; for such right shall hereafter be exercised only after a decision by a high court of The Hague tribunal, either upon original hearing of a controversy or upon an appeal from a Commission of Inquiry or from a Court of First Instance.

"Article XI.—The number of judges to be selected for the trial of any controversy shall be five, unless otherwise agreed by the parties, or unless the number of nations in a case before the Court of First Instance necessitates for such case a larger number, and decision shall be by a majority of judges.

"Article XVI.—Nothing herein shall prevent entire freedom of action by all signatory Powers in a matter which concerns a Power not a signatory hereto. (This preserves the Monroe Doctrine.)"

The references to President Roosevelt in the opening address of Minister of State Beernaert were heartily applauded and the first action of the Congress was to send the following message to Oyster Bay:

"The Interparliamentary Congress at Brussels assembled sends greetings, and has the honor to advise you that it has passed resolutions expressing its high appreciation of your action in calling a second conference at The Hague in the interest of international peace, and its profound thanks for your noble efforts in the interests of humanity to terminate the Russo-Japanese war."



In Russia The reception given to the Czar's call for a Duma, or advisory assembly, instead of the legislative body asked for by the Liberals, is distinctly unfavorable, altho all expressions of disapproval are rigorously repressed by order of the Czar. The Central Committee of the Federation of Professional Societies was meeting at the house of the President, Professor Milyoukov, at St. Petersburg, to organize a campaign against the Duma project,

when the police entered and arrested all the members. Professor Milyoukov is well known in this country, where he lectured at the University of Chicago, and some account of his literary work is given on page 515 of this issue. Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, whose novels "With Fire and Sword" and "Quo Vadis" are very popular in this country, has also been arrested and imprisoned in his own house for protesting against the Russification of the Polish schools. A general strike of railway men and factory employees had been ordered in Warsaw, Lodz and other Polish cities as a protest against disregard for Polish rights in the plan for the Duma, but it did not last long. The revolutionary socialists are organizing demonstrations against the Duma in many parts of the country. The Municipal Council of Moscow passed a resolution to the effect that while the municipality appreciated the value of the Duma as a preliminary step, the noble purposes of the imperial act were possible only under the conditions guaranteeing freedom of speech and press and meeting and the inviolability of the person. The resolution was received with applause. The meeting empowered Prince Galitzin, the Mayor of Moscow, to convey to the Czar the expression of its opinion.—The Minister of the Interior has issued orders to the prefects limiting their powers to punitive authority, which, if carried out, will insure the independence of the peasant communes in the election of their representatives to the Duma. The peasants will have altogether 2,505 electors for the Duma; the land owners, 1,912, and the cities, 1,354. In the eastern provinces the peasant class will be predominant and they are likely to be in a majority in the new national assembly. Only 9,500 persons in St. Petersburg, including 137 Jews, will have a vote for representatives to the Duma, altho the population of the city is 1,500,000. Moscow, with a population of about 1,000,000, has 11,000 voters.—Minister of the Interior Bulygin, who drew up the original plan for the Duma, has resigned. Count Alexis Ignatiev and General Trepov are suggested as candidates for the position.—In the Caucasus peasant riots are becoming more common and serious. The

peasants on some estates compelled the nobles under threats of death to divide part of their estates with them or have refused to pay the usual fourth of their crops for rent. Some of the peasants are willing to pay a tenth, others nothing at all. On the estate of Prince Mukhransky the ringleaders of the peasants, who had been arrested by the police, were released by a mob of peasants, who held their ground until charged by the Cossacks, who had been sent to the district. In the Baltic provinces political murders and riots instigated by the revolutionary committees are frequent.—The court martial of 133 mutineers of the battleship "Kniaz Potemkin," which raised the red flag in the harbor of Odessa, has been completed. Eight of the prisoners were sentenced to be shot, but it was recommended that this sentence be commuted to life imprisonment. Of the others 19 were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment at hard labor.—Both the Russian and Japanese armies in Manchuria profess themselves eager to continue the war and confident of victory, and telegrams are repeatedly sent to Tokyo and St. Petersburg protesting against a premature peace. The rainy season is now over and a failure in the Conference at Portsmouth would probably be followed by operations on a more extensive scale than ever before. The Japanese have completed their lines of connection between the Yalu River on the frontier of Korea to Kai-Yuan on the railroad from Harbin to Port Arthur.



England's Food Supply

Since England is dependent upon other countries for five-sixths of her food, the question of what would happen in case this supply is cut off or interfered with by war is a very serious one. Japan and Russia have been able to carry on a war for over a year and a half without suffering from famine or even from unduly high prices of food, but it is evident that for England a long war would be an impossibility unless with a nation whose naval power was very insignificant. The Royal Commission, which was appointed in 1903 to study this problem and to recommend remedies to Parliament, has just published its report.

The Commission included Lord Balfour as chairman, the Prince of Wales, members of Parliament, financial and legal experts and an admiral of the navy, and they held fifty sittings and examined ninety-three witnesses. A large amount of valuable information was collected, but the members of the Commission were not able to devise any solution of the problem or even to agree upon any important recommendations. Only three out of the seventeen members signed the full report; all the others expressed reservations or presented other plans. The Commission found that the supply of cotton ordinarily on hand would suffice to keep the mills going for seven months, but that at times it has fallen to an amount insufficient to last longer than two and one-half weeks. The steel manufacturers require 71,000 tons of manganese a year, of which only two months' supply is in the country at any given time. Other manufactures are also supplied only a few months in advance, and a war would soon involve the closing of these and the throwing of the operatives out of employment, and the interference with the export of products would check those manufactures not so dependent upon foreign raw materials. But the food question is far more serious. Meat, eggs and dairy products could possibly be dispensed with, but bread at least must be had. The weekly consumption of wheat and flour in the British Isles is 150,000 tons, and the stock of these varies from about seventeen weeks' supply in September to less than seven weeks' supply in August. It is improbable that any war could altogether cut this off, since it is now derived from several sources. Five years ago Great Britain obtained 62 per cent. of her wheat and flour from the United States, but in 1904 this was reduced to 15.9 per cent., the balance being mostly procured from Canada and the following sources: India, 21 per cent.; Russia, 19 per cent., and Argentina, 18 per cent. Nevertheless the effect of a declaration of war would be to cause an immediate and great advance in prices, which would bear heavily upon the poor. Two remedies, or, rather, palliatives, are suggested, that the Government subsidize in some way the storage of grain or insure transport vessels

against capture by the enemy. It is thought that to have the Government buy, store and sell grain would be dangerous to commerce and liable to abuse, but if granaries were provided by the Government rent free the stock kept in the country would be increased. It is calculated that the expenditure of \$75,000 a year would store enough grain to last one week longer. In regard to marine insurance the Commission favored the indemnity scheme, by which the Government should make good to shipowners and shippers all or part of their losses by capture during the war. This, it is argued, would prevent a loss of the carrying trade and an abnormal rise in prices due to heavy war insurance. In opposition it is urged that there would be great opportunity of frauds on the Government from excessive valuation and even the intentional exposure to capture of worthless vessels.

Recent Fetes at Vevey

From an artistic point of view the most important of all the spectacles held in Europe this year has been the *fête* at Vevey, Switzerland. For three centuries and a half the vine growers of Vaudois have been organized to encourage the growth of the vine in their canton, and for nearly as long Vevey has been the scene of festivals held at varying intervals, in which the success of the vintage has been celebrated with something like Bacchic fervor. For many years these celebrations were purely local, they are still predominately so in all that concerns the conduct and management of the *fête*, and a Vevey tradition has grown up which is carefully cherished, but the audience is no longer confined to the little town or to the canton; the *fête* is a national event. It is now conducted on such a scale of magnitude, labor and expense that it can only be held at long intervals. The dates of the four previous celebrations were 1833, 1851, 1865 and 1889. In 1797 the expense of the *fête* did not exceed \$640; in 1851 it rose to \$12,970, in 1865 to \$28,000 and in 1889 it reached \$57,000. The number of spectators likewise increased; in 1851 it was 60,000; in 1889, notwithstanding the Paris Exposition was held the same year, the number of

spectators rose to 100,000. This year the spectacle is said to have cost \$100,000, and the number of spectators could hardly have been less than in 1889. Six representations were given in the amphitheater, seating 12,500 people. A correspondent of THE INDEPENDENT who was personally present reports that from an artistic and dramatic point of view the great spectacle was one of the most imposing and dignified that he had ever witnessed and that it was well worth crossing the ocean to see. To the old ballads and songs of Vaudois have been added modern music of a high order, composed by a young Swiss, who has already made a name for himself, Gustave Doret. The celebration is essentially a Swiss event, in which pastoral and rural life are idealized in a manner to render glad the heart of Virgil or Theocritus. The four seasons, beginnings with winter and ending with fall, were each represented in tableaux and song and dance, and the life of the sower, the reaper, the herdsman and the vine grower was depicted with charming episodes of rural recreation and scenes of domestic bliss. The best of it all was that it did not celebrate a traditional life alone, but brought out the poetry of the every day occupations of the peasants who took part. The costumes and the dances were of exquisite grace and beauty and the setting of the stage and the construction of the poem by René Morax were triumphs of art. Eighteen hundred actors and musicians took part, and in addition were flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and various floats bearing the Goddess of Spring, the Goddess of Summer and the youthful Bacchus. The dance of the dead leaves was worthy in beauty to be compared with the dance of the flower girls in "Parsifal."

Norway and Sweden

The Norwegian Storthing has formally requested Sweden to co-operate in the dissolution of the union, and Commissioners from the two countries, meeting at Carlsbad August 31st, will negotiate the points in dispute. It is understood that King Oscar is no longer opposed to the acceptance of the Norwegian crown by his son Charles. The following Com-

missioners have been selected: For Sweden: Christian Lundeberg, the Premier; Count A. F. Wachtmeister, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Staaf, member of the Cabinet without portfolio, and M. Hammarskjold, Minister of Education and Ecclesiastical Affairs. For Norway: Premier Michelsen, Foreign Minister Loevland, C. C. Berner, President of the Storthing, and M. Vogt, former Minister of the Interior.

France and Morocco

The Moroccan situation has become complicated by the arrest at Gharb, a town of Morocco not far from the Algerian frontier, of an Algerian merchant named Bouzian for some local disturbance. The French Government made a demand for his immediate release on the ground that he was a French subject. The Moroccan authorities refused to comply, the Sultan claiming that as Calif of Islam he had jurisdiction over all the Mohammedans in Morocco regardless of nationality. The French Minister at Fez, M. St. René Taillandier, thereupon gave as an ultimatum to the Sultan a demand for the release of Bouzian and the payment of an indemnity of \$2,000 for the outrage and of \$100 for each day of delay. So far the Moroccan authorities have shown no disposition to comply, and a military demonstration by the French troops on the Algerian frontier is likely to be the next move. The French headquarters is at Lalla Marnia, and from this point it would be easy to throw troops across the frontier and occupy the Moroccan town of Ujda, only 16 miles away. From this point to Fez is 200 miles, and it would be easy to threaten the capital. A naval demonstration in the bay of Tangier, such as was effective in securing the release of Mr. Ion Perdicaris, will probably be avoided, as Germany might in that case take occasion also to send ships to watch operations. It is not known whether the attitude of the Sultan is due to German influence or not. Ostensibly Germany approves of the French demands, altho the French Government has not asked for such approval.

Do Animals Reason?

BY PETER RABBIT

[We take it that "Peter Rabbit" did not actually write the article under his name, but on his haunches in a brier patch talked it to his friend, William J. Long, who took it down and sent it to us. Mr. Long is an intimate friend of the creatures of the woods, as all lovers of wild things know from his popular books, one of which is "Secrets of the Woods."—EDITOR.]

THERE was a certain professor, of whom the rabbit has heard, who used to demonstrate to his psychology classes that animals do not think, and this was the method of his proof: He had first confined a kitten in a cage, keeping food just outside a trapdoor, which he opened at intervals, and had continued the training until the kitten when hungry would always go to this particular door and wait to be fed. When the process was completed he brought the whole outfit into his psychology class.

Here the rabbit ventures to state the pretty little problem as it was presented to the truth seekers. Given the cat *a*, the cage *b*, the door *c*, the food *d*, we are to prove from *b*, *c* and *d* that *a* does not think. For such is your naïve conception of experimental animal psychology. You begin, of course, by assuming what you wish to prove: That the cat is a mechanical arrangement, with no more individual will than the lines and angles of a parallelogram.

While the class waited expectantly the hungry kitten was placed in the cage, the trapdoor was closed, and food was placed just outside. The rear of the cage was then taken away, but the kitten stood mewling at the usual door. Next the top and then the sides of the cage were removed, till only the front was left between the kitten and the food; but still she waited at the door and refused to go around to eat. Therefore, said the professor, animals do not think; they are altogether creatures of habit and reflex action. In a word, they are not willful animals, but *automata*, the *bêtes machines*, as the Belgian hare says of Descartes's ancient and primitive philosophy.

Now to a rabbit that looks like strange doctrine to be dispensed even to those guileless young men who study psychology in a monkey cage at the College of Educational Notions. There are also some things about it that need a commentary. The rabbit has ventured to

show, in another meditation, that while wild animals have undoubtedly strong natural tendencies they are probably far less governed by senseless and outworn habits than are men. You can, of course, make a fool of any cat or dog or child by judicious training; but only a human and very modern psychologist would ever infer from this proposition that animals and men are governed by reflex action. Suppose, for instance, that your professor had put in the same cage any ordinary hungry cat that had not received the benefit of his training, and after taking away one side of the cage the cat had promptly made her way out and eaten the food. Would that be a demonstration of the fact that all animals think and are therefore rational creatures?

The rabbit knows one very intelligent dog that, without training, will take no food from strangers, but only from certain people whom he trusts. Perhaps in her heart the professor's cat was but waiting for the hand that loved her to open the door. In that case we are justified by experimental psychology in claiming as a proved fact that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and experiments therewith." Certainly, from what he has seen of cats, the rabbit is forced to the conclusion that if the misguided kitten had been left to her own mother's training she might have fared better and have shown more intelligence than she did after a course with the Columbia professor. And all these things have set the rabbit to thinking in his brier patch to find out, if possible, how much reason there is in your theories of animal psychology.

The first thought which occurs to the rabbit's philosophy is that possibly your animal psychologists are like a young hound pup that occasionally goes hunting through the brier patch and that always barks loudest when running a back trail. In a word, why should you speak at all of animal psychology, as if it were something entirely distinct from your

own human kind? So far as the rabbit can learn from listening to your wise scientists, the laws of this amazing universe seem reasonably constant. There is no animal chemistry or animal physics—that is, no science or law that applies to the beast but that changes its operation when it enters a man. If there is any unity in the force or the God that runs the brier patch, then the laws of mind are also constant. Any truth, therefore, which you discover about your own mind—which constitutes your psychology—must apply to any mind wherever you find it, whether in heaven or hell, in the brier patch or the professor's easy chair. The only question, therefore, is whether or not the animals have a mind.

Most of your scientists and biologists, from Darwin down, agree that animals have rudimentary minds, and that all which you find written large in yourselves was long ago written small in them. Indeed, all that you now have is but a development of their rudimentary powers. Now psychology, as well as chemistry, knows no large or small, no animals or men, no yesterday or to-morrow, but only the laws of mind and matter. As one of your own naturalists has pointed out, you have discovered certain laws or principles of your own inner life, and that is absolutely the only measure or knowledge you possess to lay upon the life of any creature. To speak of animal psychology, therefore, is, upon the face of it, as unmeaning or purely redundant as a vocalization as to talk about animal gravitation.

At least so it seems to the rabbit, who has seen many a man go poking along his back trail and getting farther away from him at every step. In your animal psychology you seem to be proceeding upon the assumption that law is an arbitrary and variable affair, that it changes not only its gait but all its fundamental principles when it chances to run on two legs. In a word, you are running a back trail, to Descartes and his beast machine; you will never find the rabbit until you about-face and run the other way, with the naturalists who are trying to understand the animal as he is in his own skin and in his own brier patch, and not in the stuffed specimens or in the traps and

cages in which you frighten the wits out of him before you conclude that he has no wits and does no thinking. And this leads the rabbit to the queer subject and the amazing results of animal experimentation.

Another modern college professor has been watching caged monkeys and performing a variety of experiments on chickens, dogs, cats and guinea pigs shut up in cages with wire springs and trapdoors and other such unnatural devices, and from his watching and experimentation announces positively that the animal does not think; that "transferred associations"—that is, as it were, side jumps of consciousness, as if your nervous system were made of fleas—take care of him automatically. He has no reason, no will, and therefore no more psychology than a spring gun or the twitch-ups that some of your boys set for the rabbit in his own brier patch.

Here is another back track that you are running eagerly and noisily; for all such experiments seem to miss the whole question at issue. The point is not whether animals think habitually or are governed by thought, but whether or not they are capable of thinking. Animals are not governed by thought except in unusual circumstances, and any course of experiments to prove the fact is as superfluous as the misguided efforts of a certain ornithologist who collects fifty or sixty nests, with the eggs of each species of birds, destroying thousands of lives and much beauty to show that the eggs differ slightly in size and coloring—an utterly insignificant fact, since there are no two leaves alike in the whole forest, and one which every child and rabbit knows before the atrocious collecting begins.

An elaborate system of experimentation carried out with men in the same way would only repeat the fact, which you already know, that men in the mass are generally thoughtless; that they are largely governed by habits, appetites, passions, prejudices and traditions, and that there is little individual free will among them. Some of your biologists, like Haeckel, claim that there is none at all, and some of your exceptional, thoughtful geniuses often remark that

thought is the rarest thing among men, tho they have brains organized for that purpose. If thought is rare among men it will be vastly more so among animals, whose lives are so much simpler and more elementary than your own.

Again, the rabbit ventures to suggest that the experiments themselves are of a kind to prove nothing except perhaps your professor's short-sightedness and lack of humor. Traps and cages and spring doors and experiments are so utterly foreign to the animal's daily life that to draw a rational conclusion from their actions under such circumstances has about as much value as to judge men and women in a stock panic or when they are shut up in a burning building. If the rabbit could catch a Chinaman and fasten him in a devil wagon and fix the sparker and pull the lever and send him off whizzing and then watch his actions, he would conclude, after the manner of your psychologists, that men are governed by the peculiar form of reflex action known to you as hysteria and to us rabbits as the March madness. Yet the conditions would be no more confusing to the Chinaman than are those that confront the animal when he is taken from the woods and liberty to be shut up in one of your trapdoor inventions.

Against all such experiments the rabbit ventures to put the observations of your own naturalists and scientists which point to the exactly opposite conclusion. Over against the monkey cage experiments stand the records of men like Darwin and Wallace and Garner, the latter of whom spent twenty-five years watching wild and tame monkeys; against the caged cats and guinea pigs stand innumerable records of the wild animal's intelligence made by your own naturalists; and unless these men are all hopelessly blind or immoral—unless, indeed, your own eyes deceive you in watching your own pets—then the experiments are of little value in settling the main question at issue. A thousand experiments may prove to a professor's satisfaction that his particular caged animals are governed by blind fright or blind habit; but his deduction that animals cannot think is overthrown by a single fact or a true observation that

points unmistakably to the opposite conclusion.

To the rabbit there seems to be a field open for observation which your experimenters have largely missed in their psychological delusion. There is at present, for instance, a Danish scientist who is conducting a series of experiments to establish certain facts of animal life entirely independent of their psychology. To test the observation of one of your naturalists he has confined various members of the snipe family and has broken their legs and otherwise wounded them, and has then watched them pulling out their own feathers and using them as bandages, even weaving them into a kind of mat to stop the bleeding. A barbarous kind of experiment at best, and will only prove—that the rabbit well knows—that, like men, the animals vary widely among themselves, that some think and reason in a rudimentary way, while the majority lose their heads and are helpless in the face of a new situation.

While numerous experiments of this kind—tho the rabbit hopes they will be less cruel—may add enormously to your scant knowledge of animal life, it remains true that the mental quality of animals will never be determined by experimentation. A man whom you should experiment upon to determine his peculiar mental quality or genius would be as hopelessly unnatural as a man who has a hard iron poked into the back of his neck and a gleam of white light shot into his eyes and is told to look pleasant while his picture is being taken. An animal in a cage knows nothing of experiments, but he does know that you are watching him—which he instinctively dislikes, since to be watched in the woods is to be presently pounced upon by a savage animal—and he does feel more or less keenly your own mental attitude. He becomes at once unnatural and suspicious, and so long as he remains so it is utterly impossible for you to detect his thought or his habitual mental quality. As one of your scientists has pointed out, you are trying by a kind of quantitative analysis to determine the quality of a rudimentary mind and you are absolutely foredoomed to failure.

How then shall you determine the psychology of the animal? If a poor rabbit ventured to answer the question he would say: Not by experimentation, nor by hunting, nor by caging animals, nor by examining their anatomy as your biologists do, but by going among them quietly, with peace in your heart—which we understand—and observing, without apparently watching, all that they do in a wild and unconscious state. So you will find, as some of your naturalists are now doing, many suggestive and even startling things which your scientists have overlooked. Then, by sympathetic interpretation, judge what you see by what goes on in your own head under similar circumstances; for that is the only psychology you know, and that is the only possible way you can rightly judge any living action. When you meet a man whose language you do not understand (and your language, sad to say, is more an instrument of deception than of truth) you judge his thoughts and mental quality partly by his expression, but largely by his action—precisely as the animal judges you. You are bound, absolutely bound, by your ignorance of any other mental law or psychology to judge animals in the same way.

For instance (since it was the professor's cat that started this meditation), one of your naturalists records his experiments with a certain old cat which he shut up with her litter of kittens in a cage with a trapdoor to see if, after discovering for herself the secret of the spring which let her out of the cage, she would also teach it to her kittens. She discovered the secret readily enough, being a wise old cat in her way, and used it constantly to let herself out; but instead of teaching it to her kittens she drove them away from it repeatedly until they were large enough to begin to take care of themselves in the world, when she brought them to the door and showed them the way out and never entered the cage again. And your naturalist asserts—not as a fact, but only as a strong probability in view of her actions—that perhaps the old cat preferred to keep her kittens in the cage, where they were perfectly safe from dogs and

enemies, while she foraged for herself with a mind at ease.

Again, a Colonel of Engineers in your army, a careful and observant man, writes of a cat that had a litter of four kittens in a house where there was also a vigorous and inquisitive bull terrier. The old cat would take care of herself perfectly well, and while she was present she could also take care of her family; but whenever she went away for food the terrier invariably hunted up the kittens and made trouble by his rough playing. One day she took the kittens and carried them all to a neighbor's house where there was no dog. She visited them there and fed them for several weeks, but lived meanwhile with her own mistress. When the kittens were big enough the mother led them all back to her own home and the terrier, where with claws and teeth they proved able to take care of themselves. Nor did she ever again visit the house that had given her hospitality. And the officer ventures to assert that, tho cats are unusually stupid animals, this particular cat must have had a thought in her head to care for her little ones with intelligence as well as instinct.

The rabbit ventures no opinion as to the facts of these two observations, which he has taken at random from a score or more that have found their way into his brier patch. He has never crossed the trail of these two men, but he has seen many things among animals more remarkable than they record, and so he sees no reason why he should question either their honesty or their eyesight. The point is this: That your field naturalist and your officer here are probably much nearer the truth, and are certainly more scientific in their method, when they judge an animal's thought and mental quality sympathetically by what goes on in their own heads than are the experimental psychologists who regard the rudimentary minds of the animals as under a radically different law from their own, and who, by regarding themselves as superior beings, entirely apart from the animal and the question at issue, have thrown away the only possible criterion by which they can judge the animal's action.

There is, of course, an advanced psychology of self-consciousness, by which you first reason and then analyze your own mental states in forming a judgment, and this bears the same relation to the elemental reason that the higher mathematics bears to simple addition. The principles in both the latter are precisely the same, notwithstanding the fact that every boy can add two and two, while only a rare man in a million can by the same principle calculate an eclipse. So with the animals, they sometimes reason in adapting means to an end, but whether or not they ever analyze their own mental states is another brier patch, into which the rabbit does not now care to enter. He endeavors simply to point out that the principles governing your mind and his are essentially the same and that whatever little psychology you know of yourselves must serve you in interpreting our simple actions. Those of your naturalists who accept this evident fact seem to the

rabbit to be getting nearer and nearer the truth of animal life, however much your prejudices lead you to deny their observations or conclusions. As one Darwin remarked—and he was unconsciously repeating the wisdom of the Indians—the more one lives with the animals the more he is inclined to attribute to their thought and reason, and the less to their thoughtless instinct. On the other hand, those of your psychologists and naturalists who perform experiments with caged animals to determine their mental quality seem to the rabbit to be jumping merrily along a cold, back trail and getting farther away at every jump.

There is, however, an idealistic view of the universe—with which a thoughtful rabbit has some sympathy—by which you look out into space and see, across the whole creation, the back of your own head. Perhaps your experimental psychologists hope, by running the back trail, eventually to get far enough away from the rabbit's trail to meet him face to face.

STAMFORD, CONN.



To a Grosbeak in the Garden

BY IVAN SWIFT

WHEN, through the heaviness and clamoring
throng
Of mortal ways, I hear the mellow song
Of birds—the birds seem sent to me.
If this be my insanity
As men will measure it—so let it be!

When shadows that no will can drive away
Entomb me—then no sermon blesseth day
More true and sweet than that pure note
My ear hath caught afloat
From out the garden grosbeak's fervent throat.

Thou, crimson-cappéd messenger of God,
Seem'st not to feel the thorned and bitter rod
Of life. Thy hours are joyously beguiled
In melodies so wild!
Thy faith declared is "trusting as a child."

Full knowing that thy living days are brief,
Thou grudgest even an hour for sober grief;
Thy poems are scattered free without a name.
Nor hast thou thought of fame!
Is my divine aspiring yet my blame?

The world is wide 'twixt man and world's
divine,
And hearts are dull to such a song as thine;
But *I* have heard. Sing on, from tree to tree,
As thou hast sung to me,
And more shall find the God that guideth thee!

HARBOR SPRINGS, MICH.

Greek for Scientific Students

BY FREDERICK B. LOOMIS, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY IN AMHERST COLLEGE

IN looking at the commencement program of a New England college this spring, the writer, having in mind the question of the value of Greek to the scientific student, was struck by the difference in the grade of the diplomas given the classical and scientific candidates. While from a class of 82 five received their B. A. *summa cum laude* and 14 *magna cum laude*, not a single B. Sc. of either of the grades was given. Going back over the programs of the past six years a similar discrepancy was apparent, the following being the result: There were in this time 479 graduates, 78, or 16.3 per cent., being scientific. Out of the total number 54 received B. A. diplomas, either *summa* or *magna cum laude*. Four received B. Sc. diplomas of equal grade, which represents 6.9 per cent. of the high grade degrees, or less than half of what might be expected. Inasmuch as the candidates for the scientific degree do not present any Greek, and those for the arts degree have, with very few exceptions, had more or less of this language, some inference in favor of that training may fairly be drawn. It has further been the writer's experience in teaching biology (mostly zoology) that the classical students do a better grade of work in the subject than do the scientific. All his classes are composed of a mixture of both sorts, and during the first three years the scientific students were given a half year of zoology before the classicals came in with them, the latter even with this handicap doing as good or better work. The chief difference is in the character of the work presented, the tendency being for the classicals to turn out more accurate and thorough results.

It is the writer's belief that this is due to the better training obtained by the study of a language like Greek than is possible from a modern language. There are two main reasons why the Greek is the better, the first inherent in the language, due to its greater complexity and yet exact usage; the second in the manner in which the two are taught

the French or German being taught with the literary and artistic use emphasized. The second reason may be left with the mere statement, usually agreed to (as in President Hadley's recent article in THE INDEPENDENT), that the French and German are not as thoroughly taught in the secondary schools as are the Greek and Latin. Turning to the first reason, in Greek there are for nouns, adjectives and participles 3 declensions, and in each 3 numbers, 3 genders and 5 cases, each with its ending; for verbs there are 3 voices, 5 moods, 7 tenses and 3 numbers. This complexity is considerably greater than that of the modern languages, and when a student works out Greek sentences, extracting from each word its exact meaning by focusing on it this considerable number of tests, he cannot but concentrate his thought. This taking of a word and from each modification of its ending drawing a correct conclusion is the sort of training which develops accuracy, which is the requisite of a natural science. There is so much in such a science as zoology which attracts the attention and is of popular interest that the tendency is to learn merely statements about the animals. This, however, does not train the mind or develop a scientific thinker. Both are done by taking a fact and focusing on it the wealth of other facts and principles until a logical conclusion is reached in regard to the relation and bearing of the particular feature. The weakness of the mass of the so-called scientific students is their inability to concentrate, also the tendency to be easily satisfied. Inasmuch as it is chiefly the manner in which an undertaking is gone into, the best training is the one which develops the most thoroughness and accuracy, and to the writer's mind for this the Greek, on account of its extra complexity, is superior to the simple modern languages.

The mental exercise in the ancient language is as much superior to that in the modern as swimming is superior to walking as a physical exercise.

AMHERST, MASS.

The German Dress Reform Movement

BY ELSE OPPLER-LEGBAUD

[Mrs. Else Oppler-Legbaud was born in Nürnberg, where she spent her youth, and in 1899 went to Munich to study applied arts under the direction of Maximilian Dasidowich. When the noted artist Van der Velde settled in Berlin Mrs. Oppler became his first pupil. Later she returned to Nürnberg, and under the auspices of the woman's society, "Frauenwohl," opened a school for applied arts. The principal subject taught was embroidery, and the articles made by the pupils were chiefly designed after models made by Mrs. Oppler. In 1901 Mrs. Oppler took charge of the department for reform dress in the large store of Wertheim, Berlin. At the present time she conducts a private studio. Besides her regular work Mrs. Oppler is active in fulfilling orders in the line of interior decorations, particularly for artistic furniture. For her work she has received gold and silver medals at expositions held in Leipzig and Turin.—EDITOR.]

MODERN industrial art, which for the last ten years and longer has been exercising a revolutionary influence in Germany and which emanated on the one hand from the Japanese and English, on the other hand from the French and Belgians, aimed first to remodel the furniture, carpets, embroideries, books, glasses and vases and the many thousand fancy articles in our homes. Household art has so rapidly grown in popularity that we already live in a new world. In spite of all this, strange to say, on one point we have lagged behind, and only at this late date are we endeavoring to make up for what we have neglected, all that pertains to woman's dress; men for the present are hopeless. We cannot expect them yet to give up their monstrous apparel for even the bare mention of remodeling the tiresome black swallow tails and the stiff trousers provokes laughter and tempts good and bad wits to crack ill-timed jokes.

In the world, however, where woman

holds the sway, not only has there been for years the wish for a thorough reform of female attire, but such wish has also been given practical shape, or at least the way made smooth for carrying out such reform. Naturally the question at once

arises as to the causes of dissatisfaction with the dress hitherto in vogue and the reasons for our having outgrown it; furthermore, what better form of dress we are to substitute for the traditional form. If this were simply a caprice of fashion the movement itself could not be regarded as important or revolutionary, for fashion often varies its superficialities and toys with traditional forms without necessarily revolutionizing the same. We, how-



ELSE OPPLER-LEGBAUD

ever, enter the fray armed with ethical, hygienic and esthetic arguments, as a consequence of which the up to date woman, possessing the courage of her convictions, can no longer present herself to the public gaze in the laced dress of fashion made by the Parisian ladies' tailor, even if hundreds and thousands of women still remain indifferent to such

change, and we behold every day that blind worship of fashion to which we have been accustomed since we graduated from the nursery. But we have the consolation that every good movement increases slowly, but all the more surely in the end. Even if in the course of the next four years only a small number of women give in their adhesion we can console ourselves with the fact that this percentage, small as it is, represents the intelligence of the sex, which in itself cannot but give an impetus to the new idea.

An important factor in the matter is the striking contrast between our reform dress and that hitherto worn, showing a distinction both ethical and artistic. At present the fashions in dress of German women are entirely dictated from Paris, from a country the daughters of which are accustomed to other ways of living, and who take a materially different view of life from that of their

German sisters. Until now, however, we Germans have worn the same dress, altho belonging to a distinct race, and altho the corset dress pre-eminently characterizes the French woman.

The French woman moves in quite a different world from the German, and also differs in sentiment. She is more frivolous, and love and enjoyment form the ruling factors of her life. Those very peculiar and fine shadings of difference of which in France love is capable are distinctly evidenced in the entire conception and subtle cut of dress. The very word *demi-monde* and what it stands for have very characteristically

been imported by us from France. But what, may it be asked, have such women, who in Paris dictate the fashions to the Parisian tailors, to do with us German women, or the Parisian women in general? In France the woman is still, in the majority of cases, regarded from an erotic standpoint. The husband's mistress is frankly exposed to the public gaze. Naturally she will appear beautiful and in her dress unfold her physical

charms as much as possible, even heightening the same by the use of the corset dress. How different in general is the German woman! I purposely say "how different," meaning neither much better nor much worse, for in the subject under consideration it is not a question of worth, but of differences of character and habits. The German woman is more the comrade of her husband, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, and the instructress of his children; her home is her king-



MRS. MARGARETE POCHHAMMER,
One of the Leaders in the German Dress Reform
Movement

dom and she has a perfect horror of attracting attention. And as she is more faithful, phlegmatic and more serious, she has incorporated all these qualities in her entire appearance. The light and elegant qualities peculiar to the French type, in great measure due to the Parisian corset dress, are in the case of the German woman subordinated to more substantial elements. German women for the most part are lacking in gracefulness and often fail to attain it from fear of being considered affected. These differences also hold good in every particular and to the minutest details, differences, both ethical and mental, not arti-

ficially created, but which show themselves externally in the figure.

Now I would ask, Shall one and the same cut of dress be worn by persons of two such different races? Shall we Germans, or, rather, all we thinking women, shall we *nolens volens* wear a dress originating under such very different conditions and antecedents? Are we to quietly and servilely accept the ridiculous follies imposed upon us, these purely external changes of Parisian fashions,

which do not harmonize with our inmost feelings? No; our dress must be designed on quite different principles.

In its historical development our reform idea was primarily based on hygienic considerations. Only a decade ago the opinion was widely prevalent that the workwoman, who to-day is no longer restricted to the third and fourth class, first of all stands more in need of a healthy physique than the woman of society fulfilling social obligations



Reception Gown, by Clara Möller Reception Gown, by Else Oppler Mantle, by Else Oppler



Street Gown Designed by Alfred Mohrbutter. Red Silk Blouse with Embroidered Collar and Cuffs. Blue Velvet Skirt

only, and who by reason of physical inactivity is not required to make excessive demands on her body. As a consequence more careful attention was directed to the weakness of the female body, as a result of which the injuries caused by the corset dress became more apparent than ever. A number of able physicians such as Justus Thiersch, Rudolf Stratz and others demonstrated unremittingly by pen and picture the fearful deformities of the internal organs caused by corsets. Several societies were formed in Germany at the close of the nineties whose aim it was to bring about a reform in woman's dress; pamphlets were distributed, lectures given, and finally, by the establishment of periodicals devoted to the cause, led to the formation of headquarters for systematic propaganda.

These were, however, only practical and hygienic measures, forming as it were a substantial foundation on which a beautiful edifice could be erected. At this juncture the artists began to give

good and profitable assistance. The first movement had necessarily been brought to a standstill because these so-called reform dresses fulfilled simply the demands of hygienic and practical use. Thus the reform dress movement lost many adherents and prestige owing to its ugly and clumsy creations failing to appeal to popular taste.

Thereupon artists such as Fidus, Van der Velde, Schultze-Naumburg, Mohrbutter became the champions of dress reform; the critic Pudor demanded in no doubtful terms that woman's dress should follow beautiful forms. Van der Velde called attention to the psychology



Street Dress Designed by Alfred Mohrbutter. Jacket and Skirt of Etamine; Also Blouse of Changeable Silk

of woman and laid emphasis on the irresistible impulse of woman to beautify herself, partly opposing the woman's rights party, which was pursuing practical and hygienic aims only. This may be called the second phase of the movement, in contributing to the development of which, thanks to my position as man-

ager of a studio for artistic woman's dress in one of the department stores of Berlin, I have been instrumental. My chief aim is that of all artists who wish to effect a reform—namely, to create a sensible compromise between the sentiment for reform and the taste exhibited in Paris fashions and the hygienic and practical requirements of our fair sex. Our dress shall in no respect be inferior in gracefulness and elegance to the Parisian model. This can be accomplished even if we are now in the initial stages only. To be sure the task is a difficult one, owing to our having no traditions to build upon, whereas the Parisian fashions have no new problems to solve regarding the elementary forms and need only care for change. For a long time we have been hampered in our progress through the lack of good dressmakers, able to compete with the Parisian on technical grounds, artists to act as pioneers in the propagation of the health-

ful in form and material; finally the goodwill of the public at large, ready to incite and keep their eyes open. It is unfortunate to think how erroneous the popular conception of dress reform is and how the entire movement is retarded in consequence. Many a woman has had a perfect horror of reform dress, regarding it as nothing more than a flabby, badly fitting bag made of cheap material and depriving the wearer of the very last vestige of gracefulness and elegance. Such costumes, however, I am myself as strongly opposed to as any one. In this respect a change was absolutely necessary, and the attempt to produce such changes has succeeded and will continue to succeed. Men and women formerly opposed to our reform movement are gladly learning to again appreciate the female form as nature has fashioned it and are beginning to comprehend that the natural lines of nature as evidenced in the reform dress as opposed to the deforming corsets form the very basic conditions of dress reform. To attain this happy aim, when the eye rests and feasts with unalloyed delights on the soft and yielding form of the female body and its beautiful and untrammelled mobility is our hope. If, however, the question is asked in all seriousness whether one universal cut can be found for the new reform dress the answer would be in the negative as impossible, for the very reason that the one aim of the reform is to impart to these fashions the imprint of complete individuality. However varied the type of woman, the reform dress is never allowed to fit so closely to the body, in one part at least, as French fashion requires. When a belt is worn the dress is fastened either directly under the breast or rests on the hips, in order to avoid the wide loose dress, which is neither practical nor esthetic.

This form of dress depends in general upon the use to which it is to be put, whether it is to be worn at home, as a working dress, street dress or in society only. In the dresses worn at home much freedom is allowed in respect to color and form, for not being dependent upon the opinion of strangers one's own imagination has free play. Thus, for in-



Summer Gown Designed by Rudolf and Fia Wille.
Light Gray Cloth with White Appliqué and
Silk Embroidery

stance, it may happen that a wide and flowing garment will match the colors prevailing in the room. In this respect the dress worn on social occasions is related to that worn at home. In either case it depends whether the wearer's

movements are stately, or she is of a lively temperament, hence graceful and elegant. Of course, the former will not think of choosing chiffon or similar light material, but will prefer stiffer lines. In this very particular the new



Evening Gown. Designed by Else Oppl. r. Lilac Satin, Crêpe de Chine and Wine-Red Cloth. Embroidered Front

costume will as compared with French fashion evince itself capable of great versatility and striking richness of style. In the case of the working dress, however, a more important factor with German women, the fundamental aim is to make it practical in every respect. It is well known that dresses for factory girls have long been so made as to hamper all freedom of movement, and, what is still worse, are made so full as to easily expose the wearers to getting caught in the machinery. Many attempts have been made to devise suitable dress for hospital nurses, which makes a neat and pleasing appearance and is capable of being washed and ironed. Besides these there are dresses for gardening, school children, domestics, sport and other occasions, all of which intentionally deviate from the French cut.

Hitherto a practical street dress has caused us the most difficulty. We cannot go to the extreme of promenading in bloomers, but at all events we have succeeded in introducing the dress extending to the ankles to popular favor. Dresses worn with shirtwaists meet with most favor for street wear, and they are made with all possible variations of suspenders in order to distribute the weight of the material on shoulders and hips. In Alfred Mohrbutter's costume the shirtwaist dress is made with a bodice the main weight of which is borne by the hips. Mohrbutter has also designed a street dress the skirt and jacket of which is of etamine, the blouse being of changeable silk.

A very graceful effect is attained by a dress made of a light green summer material, with sleeves and insertion of white dotted mull muslin and hat of white chiffon, with flowers and gray velvet ribbon. The summer dress designed by me of pink gauze silk and lace insertion, through which narrow silk ribbons are drawn, looks fresh and airy and is especially adapted for young girls; whereas my society dress of green crepe, with long bodice and gold pointed sleeves, is intended for elderly ladies of stately and serious mien and is calculated to set off a well-developed body to good advantage. My costume of dark lavender Lib-

erty satin, owing to the color combination, makes a very rich and elegant impression. The lower ruches are of shaded red cloth, from very dark wine color to light pink. The tablier is of dark red cloth, here and there with open work, with pink satin puffed sleeves, embroidered with a severe ornament in dark gray and Turkey blue; sleeves and waist of light pink crepe de chine. With this dress a silver ornament, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, made for the purpose, is worn, which is intended to hold in the back the ends of the bodice-like waist.

"Le verité est en marche!" one is tempted to cry out on contemplating the immense strides the new costume has made of late years. At first a loosely worn dress without corsets was in society circles regarded as shocking. When authoresses, concert singers and art students began to adopt reform dress society easily became more accustomed to it, and people became convinced of the fact that woman's dignity and grace are enhanced by the dress. The new dress grew more popular from month to month. I can well remember what a sensation was created at the Munich Residenz Theater by those who were bold enough to appear in the new dress among the brilliantly gowned throng, dressed according to French ideas and stiff-laced *à la mode*, and how these pioneers of the reform dress had to suffer from the ribald jokes of the street. To-day the reform dress is met at every turn in Germany, in society, at theaters, concerts and in the streets, and it only depends upon artists and tailoresses in imparting variations to this dress to dispel the last trace of prejudice existing in conservative and court circles and to insure the new dress a brilliant future.

Tailoresses and dressmakers who from a technical standpoint were unable to cut the reform dress at first refused to aid in introducing a reform opposed to their interests. When, however, this one or that dared, after ail, to make the dress studios sprang up like mushrooms in a night, and to-day a German town will scarcely be found without one or two sartorial artists devoting themselves solely to making the reform dress.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

Does Wall Street Speculation Pay?

BY W. R. GIVENS

[Mr. Givens was until recently one of the financial editors of the *New York Times*, where he had unusual facilities for understanding all phases of Wall Street activities.
—EDITOR.]

AFTER every collapse in Wall Street prices the question is asked time and again, "Have many people been hurt in the decline?" The question is at all times superfluous. People are being hurt in Wall Street always, and the wonder is that there is ever enough public left to enable the Wall Street manipulators to carry on the speculative game. Pondering the matter one really is forced to the conclusion that it is only too true that a fool is born every minute. One might add that the majority of these fools seem to find their way to Wall Street. They come with their money; they stay temporarily, their money permanently. When they go, sadder of heart, lighter of pocket, richer in experience, the broken ranks are filled by new recruits and the good work of the slaughter of the innocents proceeds anew.

It should not be necessary, therefore, to ask whether or no there are sufferers in a Wall Street slump. That is not the basis upon which any Wall Street investigation should be commenced. The question asked should be, not do people lose, but do they ever win in Wall Street? Frankly speaking, and on the authority of many representative brokers and bankers, truth compels the answer that the many lose, the few win. It is not a subject upon which the brokers themselves care to dilate, for it behooves them to say as little as possible about the losses of their customers, and as much as possible about their gains. Did they frankly admit that the game was an extra-hazardous one for the speculator and that tho on the surface the chances seem even, the odds nevertheless are largely against the outsider, they would be very much in the position of the salesman who decries his own goods. Customers are the bread and butter of the brokers. Without them commission and brokerage houses could not live. He would be a poor broker, at once shortsighted and foolish, who ere the net

was properly cast, or the hook properly baited, would frighten the fish—more brutally speaking, the suckers—away. He is there not to discourage would-be speculators, but to encourage them; to advise and counsel in the matter of purchases and sales, if needs be, if his advice be taken, but in any event to do business. Were he to confess what is actually the fact, that eight out of every ten current accounts in his office show losses, that eight out of every ten accounts in the past in his office have shown losses, and that in all human probability the proportion of winners and losers will be at about this same rate from now to Doomsday, unless some wise man shall discover a law of winning which will be infallible, his customers would be conspicuous by their absence. Yet these are the facts. The percentage of losers to winners in Wall Street is as 8 to 2. This, it may be added, is on the conservative side so far as the losers are concerned.

All of this is apropos of a discussion the other day in a well-known banking house on the question which has been chosen for the title of this article, "Does Wall Street Speculation Pay?" The answer will readily suggest itself from the facts set forth above—that is, so far as the customer is concerned. From the broker's standpoint the matter assumes a different aspect. It does pay him, for like death and taxes his commission of \$25 on every hundred shares of stock bought and sold, and his interest for carrying charges, must be paid. It matters not to him how the trade shall result to the customer, other than that the greater the success of the speculator or, putting it better, the longer his good luck holds, the more active the account is likely to be. But come what may, the commission and the interest charges (these latter always a trifle above the bank charges to the brokers) must be met.

Now there are many reasons why the percentage is so greatly against the

trader, tho the chances seem to be even, for the market can go only two ways: up or down. It is to be recalled that the Stock Exchange is unlike any other market in the world in that the outsider rarely buys in a declining stock market. In other markets, mercantile or the like, he usually goes where and when he can get the most for his money. On the Stock Exchange, last place of all where he should do so, he reverses his policy. He invariably waits until the sky is unclouded, until all the air is surcharged with glowing suggestions of great deals and important developments to come, until prices have mounted skyward and look not only as if they could never come down, but must forever go up—and then he buys. Here and there are exceptions: men who buy when things look dark and when prices are low. These are the bankers, many brokers themselves, and the odd two outsiders out of the ten who win. But the rule so far as the public is concerned is to buy freely, almost viciously, at the top and to sell reluctantly, oftentimes under compulsion, at the bottom.

The explanation for this public gullibility is not hard to find. On each new advance in the market it is a new public that comes in, the old having been pauperized by some one or other of the preceding declines, and this public does not learn until too late that Wall Street has a faculty of discounting good things before they happen. It is a truism, too, that hope springs eternal in the human breast. The great mass of the public who appear in the Street are essentially optimistic, eternally hopeful. They know how to buy; they know not how to sell—that is, to sell short, to sell something which they do not own and have not. Because the Street is new to them they are credulous to a degree. They are ever ready to listen to "bull" talk and to the glad tidings of a coming rise. They resent any talk or any suggestion of calamity or lower prices, and they brand as an enemy to his country and a traitor to the security market any one who so talks or suggests. Then, the market against them, comes a new phase in their character; they develop a stubbornness as amazing as it is pitiful. It is astonishing how men, readily influenced or ordi-

narily reasonable in other directions, will become obstinate to the point of folly in their market operations on the "long" side. They will listen neither to reason nor to advice, and the further the market goes against them the greater becomes their obstinacy. They should have been told before! Not having been told, they purpose to see it out. They are in the fight "if it takes all winter." It is unnecessary to say that it usually does not take that long.

Then, too, it is hard to educate the average outsider up to the proper manner of trading. The general inclination and the only too frequent disposition are to take small profits and large losses. That is to say, a new man buying 100 shares of stock thinks himself fortunate if the stock should rise three points, and, allowing for his commissions, he can clear \$275. The chances are 100 to 5 that he will take the profit and be thankful for it. On the other hand, when a stock goes against this same individual three points (allowing for commissions he is then out \$325; which illustrates the odds against him and the broker's certainty) it is next to impossible to prevail upon him to take the loss even tho the market look doubtful. Instead, he will hold on and hold on, hoping for a turn for the better, the while the stock continues to go down. Then, forsooth, he will not pocket the loss because it is too great! In the end, margins exhausted, or fear overcoming him, he sells—as often as not at the bottom. He suffers a loss it may be of \$1,000 or \$1,500 because he would not earlier lose \$325. And yet on the up side a \$300 profit is too tempting for him to resist.

It has often been discussed which would be the better fortune for the tyro in the Street, to win at the outset or to lose. My own belief, allowing for the fool-per-minute theory, is that it would matter little, for the gambling spirit will ultimately prevail. Did a man lose, the chances are that, like the poker player, he would sooner or later try to recoup himself. Did he win he would at once become possessed of the idea that, whatever others might or might not do, he at least could "beat the game." There is nothing so distressing in the financial district as the young or the old novice in

the maelstrom who, having successfully taken the first voyage or two, is blatantly and swaggeringly proclaiming to his ticker associates that he knows a thing or two and will soon be one of the chosen. Poor fool, little he reckons of the days to come, little he understands that he is playing with marked cards and loaded dice and that the game is not to the swiftest but to the last.

Of course there are exceptional times and exceptional markets in which it would appear that this general statement of few winners and many losers would not apply. Such an one was known as the McKinley bull market following Mr. McKinley's second election. Then for a time everybody was winning or seemed to be. The newspapers nightly told of this bootblack or that waiter or this chorus girl or that actress, of this motor-man or that chimney sweep who had made or was making a fortune in the Street. Many of these reports were fanciful, many of them were true. But what followed? Came the Northern Pacific panic and the erstwhile bootblacks and chorus girls were looking for positions again. This is fact, not fiction. Indeed, that is one phase of the situation that makes against success in Wall Street. It is the unexpected that happens and usually that which is unexpected is unfavorable. Remembering, then, the inclination of the public always to buy, buy, buy, it is not hard to judge of the results. War, flood, the assassination of a President, a "corner," the death of a great operator, an unfavorable pronunciamento respecting the tariffs or the railroads from Washington and, presto, the market is down five, ten, fifteen or fifty points. Whoever remembers of the general market opening up five or ten points overnight?

Beyond all this, there are other sides to the question whether Wall Street speculation pays. Even in the case of the winner it is much to be doubted if in the end in some form or other it is not

prejudicial to his best interests. For one thing, money made so easily is not unlikely to go quite as easily. For another thing, the winner is apt to get a false notion of the value of money and quite likely he will be unfitted for legitimate employment. The man who has made \$500 or \$1,000 in the market in a day, it may be, may not unlikely be ever possessed of the idea that he can make it again. Why, then, struggle and toil all week at some banking or mercantile counter for \$50 or even \$100 a week? That, at least, is the probable tendency. There are, it is true, men who are wise enough to let well enough alone when they have acquired what to them seems to be a sufficiency, but their number, alas! is pitifully small.

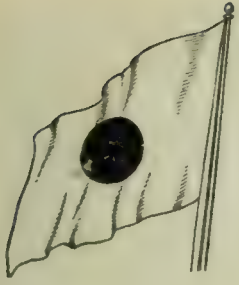
Still another phase: that of health. Take the biggest operators of the last ten years. Governor Flower died in the prime of life. He left his office well one evening. He died that same evening and on the day following there was a panic in the market. James R. Keene is far from a well man; indeed, he has been in bad health for years. John W. Gates, a comparatively young man, is likewise none too robust. I do not say that the speculative whirl was or is responsible for any or all of these cases. I merely cite it as a coincidence at least. But this I do know, of observation, that there is no more soul-destroying, nerve racking, heart-breaking, home-wrecking center in all America than that of the huddled, restless financial people whose bailiwick is Wall and Broad streets.

Does Wall Street speculation pay? For the broker, yes; for the customer, no, in point neither of health nor of pocket.

Some one has said that the only way to beat the horse races is to go to the track, slip the admission money under the gate and come home. It is a pity that the speculative side of Wall Street has no gate.

NEW YORK CITY.





Commodore Biddle's Failure to Enter Japan in 1846



BY EDWARD S. BURTON

[The historic expedition of Commodore Matthew C. Perry whereby, in 1854, Japan was thrown open to the commerce of the world is familiar; but that the United States Government sent a prior expedition in 1845, under Commodore Biddle, has probably been forgotten because it failed to accomplish that in which Perry succeeded. At the present time, when we are seeking to promote peace between that country and its adversary, and plenipotentiaries from both are meeting upon our shores, the following recollections of a mizzentop-man, perhaps the only survivor of that expedition of sixty years ago, are of peculiar interest.—EDITOR.]

THE United States ship "Columbus" fitted out in the spring of 1845, at Brooklyn Navy Yard, for a cruise to China, as it was reported to her men. We left Sandy Hook in June. The object was to take out Edward Everett, United States Minister to China. Our first port was Rio, where Everett became so ill that he was left behind. We were accompanied by the sloop of war "Vincennes." The "Columbus" had three tiers of guns and carried about nine hundred men.

Having doubled about the Cape of Good Hope, our next port was Angier Point, Java. Commodore James Biddle went ashore and across the island to Batavia, whence they sent a Dutch man-of-war, a steamer, to us and towed us through the Straits of Sunda to Batavia. We lay a few days there and then sailed for Macao, our first port in China. Our passage up to Macao was a long one because of the northeast monsoons, and we were put upon an allowance of water while on the passage, three pints to each man every twenty-four hours. After leaving Macao we had to take flood-tide up to Wampo. We lay there all the winter of 1845-46 and refitted ship. The Commodore went up to Canton and we saw nothing of him.

In the spring we dropped down to Hongkong and, after taking in provisions sailed for Manila and lay there a few days. Cholera broke out on the ship and we lost several men. We went back to Hongkong and from there to Amoy, where a lot of mandarins came off to see us, in whose honor we fired a

salute of one gun. After lying there a few days we went up the coast to Chusan. While there some of the officers went ashore on a hunting expedition; I was one of the boat's crew who took them. It was high tide when we went in and the boat was left in charge of a couple of men. When the officers came back in the evening the tide had gone out and the boat was nearly one-half a mile from where we had been in the morning, leaving a long, muddy beach to walk over, one foot deep with mud and water. The men had to carry the officers on their backs. One of the boys, who did not like it, stubbed his toe and fell down, throwing the officer into the mud, whereupon there was a good deal of sputtering and some hard sheet iron words passed.

From Chusan we went over to Yeddo, Japan, now known as Tokyo. We hove to in the afternoon in the mouth of Yeddo Bay. The next morning we stood down into the bay before a fair wind under easy sail. When we were passing a certain point on our port side the Japs appeared in hundreds of small boats and came alongside. They made fast to the ship and crawled through the berth-deck ports and swarmed by the hundreds. A number of them, each wearing two swords, went up on the deck, where Commodore Biddle and Captain Wyman were walking, and made a great salaam. We had a Chinaman aboard who said that he understood the Japanese language; his lingo was of no use, however, as he knew no more of it than I did. After some delay there was another Jap



Drawn by S. F. R. from Sketches by John Eastley. Lith. of Wagner & McGuigan, 116 Chestnut St., Phila.

THE U. S. Ss. COLUMBUS AND VINCENNES IN JAPAN

On the 20th of July, 1846, the U. S. Ships Columbus and Vincennes entered the Bay of Jeddo or (as the Japanese call it) Yeddo. The Ships stood well up the Bay until the Japanese, who had come on board, motioned that they must not proceed further, and the Commodore not wishing to give offence anchored abreast a village, and about three miles from the shore. As soon as the Ships anchored they were surrounded by a large number of boats, from whose warlike appearance much difficulty was not anticipated. Shortly after the sails were furled, the Commanders were politely requested to land their guns, ammunition, muskets & everything in the shape of a weapon, which request was as politely refused. The Anchorage was about 15 miles to the Sd & Ed of Yedo, which was hidden by a high point of land making out into the Bay. The Country around was beautifully green and the fields as well as could be distinguished from the ships were in fine order and to all appearance well cultivated. No person was allowed to land; and boats passing between one ship and the other were

always followed by at least four Japanese armed boats to prevent their landing; and therefore there was no good opportunity of judging as to what the real state of the country might be. The visit altogether was one of the most novel kind. The people, polite, amiable and exceedingly jealous of their customs, and adhered strictly to the long established one of not receiving the slightest remuneration for anything that they gave. The visitors were politely informed that as soon as their wants were made known they would be attended to and that done they were desired to leave and never to return again. The Ships sailed from there on the 29th, after an interesting stay of nine days' during which time hundreds of Japanese visited the Ships, and to hasten their departure, formed a line of several hundred boats to tow the vessels out to sea, and left rejoicing that they had rid themselves so easily of such a number of Barbarians.

The Ships' Anchorage in Yedo Bay was situated in 'N. L., 'E. L.

To COMMODORE JAMES BIDDLE THIS VIEW OF THE COLUMBUS & VINCENNES IN JAPAN IS RESPECT

FULLY DEDICATED BY

his obedient humble Servant,

S. F. ROSSER.

[This inscription is copied literally from the the original print without correction.—EDITOR.]

who came over the starboard gangway and said, "I speaks Hollands plenty." We had a Holland Dutchman for mainmastman and to him some of the boys sung out, "Here, Fred, here's your brother." We got the two together and they commenced to break their jaws in Dutch; so they were ordered aft and all the talk was through the Dutch language, the English being translated into Dutch, the Dutch into Japanese, and so back again.

Some years before, as I understood it,

a Dutch ship picked up some shipwrecked Japanese at sea and brought them into some port in Japan, and for that act of kindness, so we were told, the Japanese allowed the Dutch to trade twice a year at one port.

After we had stood along down the bay this Japanese Dutchman told the Commodore that he had better not go further because of the fort down below and plenty of fire. So the Commodore ordered the two ships to be hove to and anchored. It was learned, however, that



Drawn by S. F. R. from Sketches by John Eastley. Lith. of Wagner & McGuigan, 116 Chestnut St., Phila.

DEPARTURE OF THE U. S. Ss. COLUMBUS" and VINCENNES

FROM JEDDO BAY, JULY THE 29TH, 1846.

[The rest of the caption is identical with the preceding.]

the only fort in sight—that which appears in both the accompanying illustrations—was a fake fort of painted canvas, set wholly for scare purposes.

We lay there about nine days. During this time there was no sundown gun fired nor anything done to disturb the pleasant feeling between the Japanese and ourselves. We were ordered to treat all who came aboard in a friendly way. All these days we were surrounded by little Japanese boats day and night.

We understood that Commodore Biddle while in Batavia had received a letter from the Dutch Governor to the Emperor of Japan recommending the United States as a great nation of fine people who would like to open trade with Japan. This letter was sent ashore with some presents to the Emperor. After a day or two a communication was received by Commodore Biddle saying that they had heard of the United States being a great nation of fine people, but that it would be the same as it was in China with the English—if they gave them one port they would want more—and they did not wish to open trade; but if there was anything that we wanted in

the way of supplies we should make it known. I think we asked for beef, but they had none; they brought off chickens, wood and the finest water we had during the whole cruise.

We had some fun with the water business. They could not make a barrel with two heads at that time. In some of their largest boats they brought two or three great tubs, surrounded with buckets, all filled with water. It was a mystery to the Japs how we were going to get that water aboard. We had an old-fashioned fire engine with side-brakes. We ran the engine in between two guns and ran the suction through the scupper hole. With an elbow-pipe we screwed on to the end of the suction and from there reached the tub of water. We ran the hose down through into the water-tank below. There was a gang of men detailed to work the brakes and pump. The Japs, who stood about, could see the water leaving the tub, but could not see where it went. When the water got so low that the engine sucked air they were so scared at the noise that they thought the devil was after them and jumped overboard.

A fellow came off with a present for the Commodore and he would not accept it, because the Emperor would not accept his. The man did not know what to do and moved about the ship almost half a day trying to get some one to take the present. At last he got a chance, when no one saw him, to throw it up on the stern-gallery, and put ashore for all he was worth.

The Jap who talked Holland proved to be quite a high official; he came off in a large junk and anchored near the ship. One day he invited the Commodore to call aboard. The Commodore had his barge lowered and manned and pulled alongside the junk, but as he stepped on the deck one of the Japanese guards pushed him back. The high official was in his cabin. When the Commodore found that he could not get aboard he returned to the ship. When he came over the side he was the hottest little old man I ever saw. He stamped into his cabin in great rage, and I thought at one time he was going to open up the batteries on them. It seems that the Japanese official heard a noise on deck and went up to see what the matter was, and he found the Commodore going aboard his own ship. The Jap got into his boat and hustled aboard the "Columbus" as fast as he could. He went on deck and it was some time before the Commodore would admit him into his cabin. When he did, I suppose he apologized. He had doubtless neglected to notify his guard of the expected company. The Commodore had gone aboard in full uniform with side arms. The little dried up old fellow could not make much of a show anyway, even if he were all gold lace.

After a few days the Japs began to get uneasy and wanted us to get out. They made motions for us to go. So one morning they hooked on to the cable and were going to tow us out, anchor and all, but they could not take in the slack of the chain. Next morning all hands were called to up-anchor and make sail. The signal was given to the Japs to hook on to the two or three tow-lines, and hundreds of boats did so. For an hour or two we had fair wind, very light, enough to give steerage-way with their help. About nine o'clock the sea breeze set in good and strong. We braced up yards and

caught the wind as she came down and stood over close-hauled on the starboard tack to cross the bay. Before the Japs could cast off from the tow-lines the ship got under good headway and we had them towing astern, head over heels. Many were dumped into the water, but they swam like ducks. They followed us over on that tack, but could not keep up with us, and when we tacked for the other side they followed us on that course, all the time watching that we should not land. We were pretty much all day beating up out of the bay and the Japs after us. We passed out of the bay in the afternoon, at about three or four o'clock, and bade good-by to Japan.

With reference to the impressions received from personal observation of the Japanese it is but natural that the passing of nearly sixty years since this naval expedition was undertaken should have obliterated them somewhat from my mind. Moreover, when we were surrounded day and night by hundreds of armed vessels, making sure that not a man of us touched foot on shore, it is apparent that my opportunities for observation were limited. But I saw several hundred who came off from the land in boats and came aboard the ship. They were guarding the ship and, of course, were all men. Those who came on deck were fine looking fellows, of fine physique and athletic, intelligent in facial expression and apparently very competent in all matters with which they were intrusted. On an average they were far superior to the Chinese, Javanese, Filipinos, Malays and other Orientals with whom we came in contact. They appeared very friendly and, while we lay at anchor in Yeddo Harbor, tho they betrayed nervous anxiety to hasten our departure, inclined to be sociable with us as far as this was possible among men who had no understanding of each other's language. It is easy to remember them as the superior people among all that we encountered in our prolonged cruise in that part of the world. As for their costumes, they were essentially the same as those of the present day, which same can be said of the Chinese. The Japanese paper lantern was an institution then as now, and at night it was a gay and charming sight,

with hundreds of these suspended from the boats that unceasingly watched us in Yeddo Bay.

We did not know where we were going next, but after a long passage we ran into Honolulu. We lay there about a week and then started, as we understood, for home. After about eighty days we made Valparaiso. Just ahead of us went in the United States frigate "Independence" from around the Horn, bound for California. She had orders for us to go up to California and blockade because of the Mexican War. We fetched up in Monterey in March, 1847. One day there came in a topsail schooner under English colors, running past us and anchoring near a jetty. A boat was sent over under command of a midshipman, who returned and reported all right. But something looked suspicious and another boat was manned and sent under command of a lieutenant. They pretended to be loaded with sugar and cocoa, hailing from Manila. There was something wrong with the papers of the ship, and the lieutenant sent the crew aloft and unbent the sails and put the captain and mates in irons. When he

came to break out the cargo of sugar and cocoa he found arms and powder underneath. Our purser bought in the cargo of sugar and cocoa; the guns and powder were sent ashore. Afterward the ship was sold at auction and bought in by the same owners.

We lay at Monterey till about the first of May, then sailed for San Francisco and anchored off Saucilito. After a week or two we hauled over opposite San Francisco. But there was no city then. General Harney was camped on the side hill where San Francisco now stands, with soldiers and mounted men, there being not a house there.

In July we made sail for home, making passage back to Valparaiso and having a fair run around Cape Horn down to Rio, and coming from there to Hampton Roads and Norfolk Navy Yard. The "Columbus" was stripped and lay at Norfolk until the Navy Yard was burned at the commencement of the Civil War, when she went up in flame with the "Delaware," "Pennsylvania" and other ships, burned by our Government to prevent their falling into the hands of the Confederate Government.

NEWARK, N. J.



The Pine Trees on the Beach at Maiko

BY MADAME SHIMODA UTAKO

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR LLOYD.

[The authoress of this poem is one of the most prominent educationists in Japan, and, as head of the Peeresses' College, exercises a wide influence over the ladies of Japan. She is well known also as a writer of poetry. The poem which I have here translated, preserving the original meter, was written some years ago, when the authoress, during a visit to Maiko, not far from Kobe, saw the pine trees along the road, which here skirts the beach, cut down by the workmen who were then constructing the railway that connects Kobe and Hiroshima. The original Japanese poem is very short, the words in italics at the end being, in fact, a translation of the whole. The poem is, however, unintelligible without a knowledge of the facts upon which it was based, and I have consequently been obliged to adapt it for the unimaginative Western reader. —A. L.]

ON Maiko's beach I wandered, and beheld
The prostrate pine trees, where the wood-
man's ax,

Preparing for the iron road, had wrought
Destruction. Side by side the giants lay,
Silent in death; no murmuring rustle stirred
Their limbs and severed branches.

"Here," me thought,
"The picture of a noble hero's death—
Content to stand as guardians of the road

When the road needed them, content to fall
To serve a higher purpose.

So I mused
And, musing, shaped my ponderings into song:

*"Those who, in their youth,
Follow Virtue's teachings high,
And the paths of Truth,
When life's glooming eve is nigh
Meet their doom without a sigh."*

TOKYO, JAPAN.



THE JAPANESE ENVOYS AT PORTSMOUTH

Minister Takahira

Secretary Adachi

Baron Komura

Secret Service Man



THE RUSSIAN ENVOYS AT PORTSMOUTH

Chauffeur

Secret Service Man

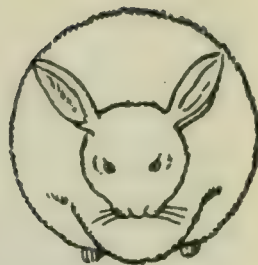
Mr. Witte

Baron Rosen

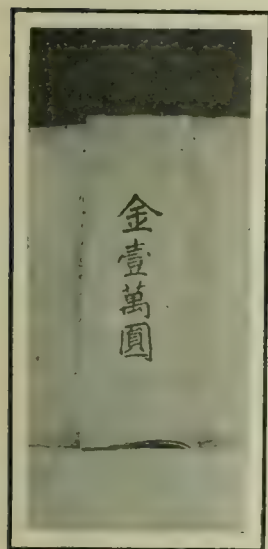


Dalny

BY J. H. DE FOREST, D.D.



[This is the third article drawn from Dr. De Forest's trip to Manchuria. His observations on the character of the Japanese soldier which leads him to be fearless of death, while incidental, are nevertheless striking. We give below *fac-similes* of the letters written by the Emperor and Empress of Japan in commendation of the work done during the war by the Young Men's Christian Association, in which Mr. De Forest is now engaged.—EDITOR.]



Envelope Containing Imperial Letter and Check for 10,000 Yen

streets of deep dust or deeper mud, flanked by dingy Chinese shops and laborers' hovels. On one side of this double town is the large harbor that makes Dalny important to the East. I used to wonder why Russians should build a new city twenty-five miles from Port Arthur when they had there a harbor and the beginnings of a city. Apart from military reasons Port Arthur is too small. Dalny's harbor is at least fifty times as large, and a small section of one of those massive piers placed across the mouth of Port Arthur would bottle up that little harbor more effectually than did the twenty-seven ships that Togo drove into its entrance.

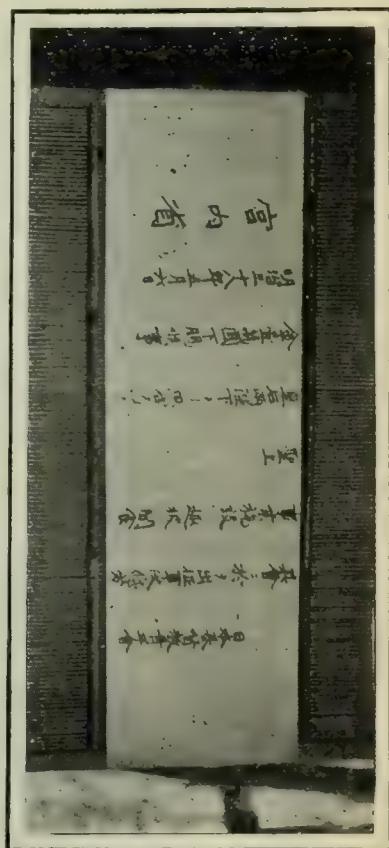
On the other side of the town lies a high plateau, where are the beginnings of a park, with fine roads passing the permanent barracks toward the southern

This "flat city" that boasts the highest brick chimney in all the East, that was built at immense cost of Russian roubles, has broad macadamized streets and cement sidewalks lined with artistic fences of brick and stone, behind which are houses of the same material, each with an architectural beauty of its own. A deep, broad railroad cut sharply separates this Russian part of Dalny from the larger Chinese settlement, where are

hills. In this city are no trees, nor are there any on the plateau and hills beyond. Even the artificial beauty of the Russian offices and residences is sadly marred by blackened and roofless houses, including the spacious city hall, that were looted and burned when the Russians hurriedly evacuated the place.

As our steamer, on which was a regiment of soldiers, entered the harbor we were signaled to cross the bay and land at Ryujuton, six miles distant. Apparently the docks were congested with steamers, some of which were unloading provisions for the army, while others were loading up with thousands of sick and wounded Japanese from the recent Mukden battles, and others yet were being filled with thousands of Russian prisoners bound for Japan.

A Govern-



The Imperial Letter: "To the Young Men's Christian Association in Japan. In view of the sympathetic work done by this association among the soldiers, their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress bestow the gift of 10,000 yen.—38th Meiji (6th of May), The Imperial Household."



A Palace of Dalny Built in Honor of the Czar.
The Cathedral Tower is at the Left

ment launch brought us back to the dock, and one glance at the near streets showed that the town was as congested as the harbor. I saw hundreds of disarmed Russians sitting quietly in the abounding dirt of the streets and guarded by an occasional Japanese soldier. The large buildings that had been converted into hospitals were overflowing with the sick and wounded of both sides, and the fine residences, together with the cathedral, were requisitioned for the same use. "Be ready for 10,000 wounded," was the order for Dalny alone before the Mukden battle began. And that figure wouldn't begin to cover the army of unfortunates that steadily poured down from the north in several train loads a day for weeks. Every time I went to the temporary station during the last week in March the ground all around was either covered with wounded or else the Chinese coolies were there with stretchers awaiting the next train. Later on, as I gradually went north, every few hours we passed a long train loaded with the victims of the war. The very length of the trains was suggestive of the horrors of those fifteen days of battle. I often counted over fifty cars, and the worst of it was that they were mainly platform cars open to the cutting winds and cold of early Manchurian spring. It was a tortuous ride of thirty hours on springless trucks.

Such was the traffic coming down the Eastern China road into Dalny. What went up from Dalny was very different. You might well think it was troops, for they were landing by thousands every day, but not a train of soldiers rode north while I was in Manchuria, and I doubt whether one has gone since. For it exhausts the carrying capacity of the line to take only the absolutely necessary provisions and ammunition for the half million and more soldiers on the battle line above Mukden. There is a third-class passenger car attached to one train a day for swell passengers, such as foreign military attachés and a few Japanese officers. On other trains there was nothing better than a box freight car, and sometimes not even that.

No, the soldiers all have to tramp north, at the rate of fifteen miles a day, with their sixty pounds of fighting apparatus. Day after day I saw whole regiments on either side of the railroad tramping through the fluffy, powdery dust of the plains toward the battlefield. Dalny Harbor is the only good place where Japan could land her troops and provisions so long as the harbors of Niuchwang on the west and Antung on the east were icebound. What a pressure was on Dalny and the railroad there may be inferred from the fact that on March 31st, when the ice broke out of the Liao River, I saw forty-five steamers crowding into the river mouth at Niuchwang and Newkaton.

Dalny in the hands of the Japanese was what made possible every victory from Port Arthur to Mukden. Those huge siege guns that sent destruction into the forts around Port Arthur and pounded to death the Russian battleships cooped up in that harbor were landed at Dalny. Kuroki's army, of course, never could have brought sorrow to Kuropatkin at Liaoyang but for the help of Oku's army that was provisioned from Dalny. Nogi's army vanished as soon as Port Arthur fell, and when next heard from by the outside world and Kuropatkin, too, he was far north of Mukden, having made that splendid flanking movement which resulted in the collapse of the right wing of the Russians, and so insured that crushing defeat of Kuropatkin's entire army. Yet Nogi could not

have done it but for Dalny as his base.

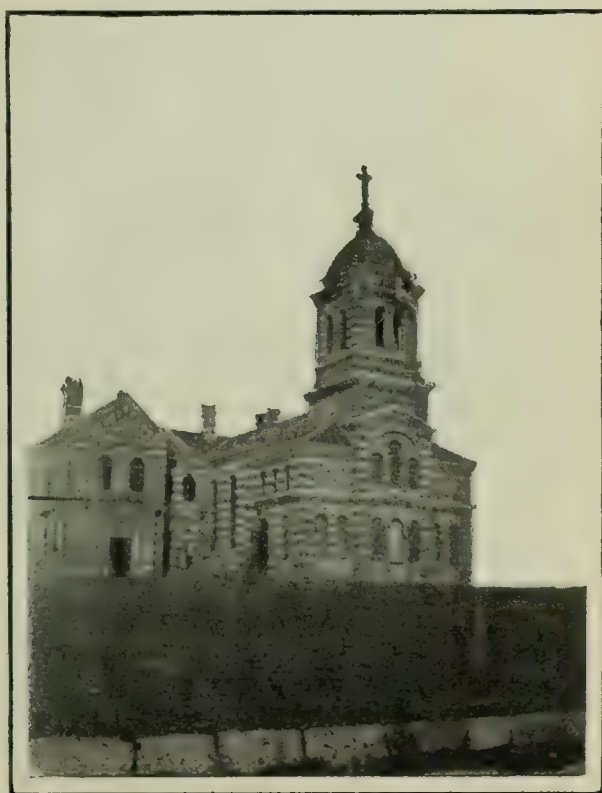
This was the one great impression Dalny made on me as a military base. When I first entered the Chinese part of the town it seemed as tho I must be in Egypt in the midst of hundreds of pyramids. But instead of containing mummies these pyramids were the very life of the army, being composed of bags of rice, wheat, charcoal, clothing, shoes, ammunition and boxes of all descriptions. Even the kindling wood necessary for the troops had to be brought from Japan.

Now, Japan is one of the wet lands of the earth, with an occasional dry spell thrown in, but Manchuria is just the opposite—a dry land for six months, with no danger of even a real shower. On the cemented streets of Russian Dalny there could be no great accumulation of dust even if it never rained, but in Chinese Dalny the powdery dust was three inches deep, and when the wind blew this became three hundred feet deep, making life miserable for man and beast. But there was no danger of damage from the climate to these army stores piled up in pyramids fifty feet high. Enormously long freight trains were carrying these pyramids north day and night. I heard it said that even tho the Baltic fleet should sink Togo's ships and cut Manchuria completely off from Japan there were provisions enough to last the army a year.

Dalny was interesting not only as a base of supply, but it was delightful on account of the persons I met there and the exceptional privilege granted me of addressing large bodies of soldiers. Among the persons, first of all was the Military Administrator of Liaoyang Peninsula, General K. Nishi. I had occasionally met him during the years he was in command of the garrison at Sendai, but I was astonished at the cordial welcome this busy man gave me. At one of his dinners he introduced me to two Buddhist priests, one of whom was the younger brother of Count Otani, head of the famous Hongwanji temple at Kyoto. At another dinner, given in honor of Lieutenant-General Burnett of the English army, there were three generals from the Sendai Division—a very pleasant event for me. Concerning the cordial welcome I received from the officers and

men of the army not only in Dalny, but everywhere I went, General Burnett's words express my mind: "In all my life I have never experienced such kindness and hospitality as I have received since I became a guest of the Japanese army."

The three evenings spent with these gentlemanly warriors gave me a new insight into the virtues of the common soldiers as well as of the officers. Major-General Kamio, Chief of Staff, had fought through the entire siege of Port Arthur, and he said that what impressed him most was that the farmer soldiers, whose ancestors were not military men, had caught so perfectly the samurai spirit and were absolutely fearless of death. They would go to the trenches, or at the wire entanglements, or in a bayonet charge, with a smile, tho certain one-half of them would never come back. Never a coward among them! At the close of the Chinese War a Chinese said to General Kamio: "We were badly put to it because your men are fearless of death, while ours run away." He replied, and I have heard similar words many times since this war broke out: "Our men don't like to die. They do not go carelessly to death. But there are things they prize more than life, and death in



The Dalny Cathedral, Turned Into a Red Cross Hospital for Japanese Officers



A Train of Severely Wounded Japanese in Box Cars. Chinese Coolies Waiting to Carry Them to the Hospital on Stretchers

the pursuit of these is nothing." Major-General Okazaka spoke in similar terms with real admiration of the soldiers who had fought under him not only in that desperate and repeated attempt of the Russians to recapture the Maten Pass, but clear through the hundred and fifty miles from the Yalu River to Liaoyang. He said that if he were to single out one from many impressive facts it would be the joy of the soldiers in the battle line and even in death. "I've seen them torn and dying with ghastly wounds, yet smiling and saying with their last breath, 'Heika! Banzai!'" This was a common experience and it was profoundly affecting." On being asked what were the especial delights of a soldier's life he shot out this quick reply with a hearty laugh: "Seeing the enemy run and running after him."

Here I had my first acquaintance with the interpreters of the army and learned another secret of Japan's success. Foreign military attachés and war correspondents from all over the world, speaking pretty much every language except Japanese, are within the army lines and must be cared for by interpreters. Besides this, the battles are fought in a country where only Chinese is spoken, and the tens of thousands of common prisoners taken use only Russian. Interpreters are a necessity, and since the world sees the Japanese army mainly through them their position is one of great responsibility. I found them without exception splendidly equipped fellows, many of whom had studied at the great universities of Europe and America. Lieutenant Koderu was the first one into whose hands I fell, and as he

had studied political science at Yale and in Berlin it was a daily pleasure and profit to spend whole hours with him.

Besides the social meetings with the men who had done things, my Dalny visit was memorable for the public meetings held with a thousand or more soldiers. When the war broke out there were numerous requests on the part of the Christians to be allowed to accompany the army as chaplains. It was known that every division could take three chaplains, and it was hoped that one or two Christians would be permitted to go, even tho the number of Christians in the army is comparatively small. But every place was given to Buddhists, and even when Shintoists were permitted to go it was under another name than chaplain. I said to a Major who had come to bid me farewell: "Of course, we foreign missionaries have nothing to say, but you army men have always invited Buddhists to address the soldiers and have never yet asked a Christian. It seems to me that you are not fair in persistently keeping out of the camp Christian speakers who are thoroughly capable

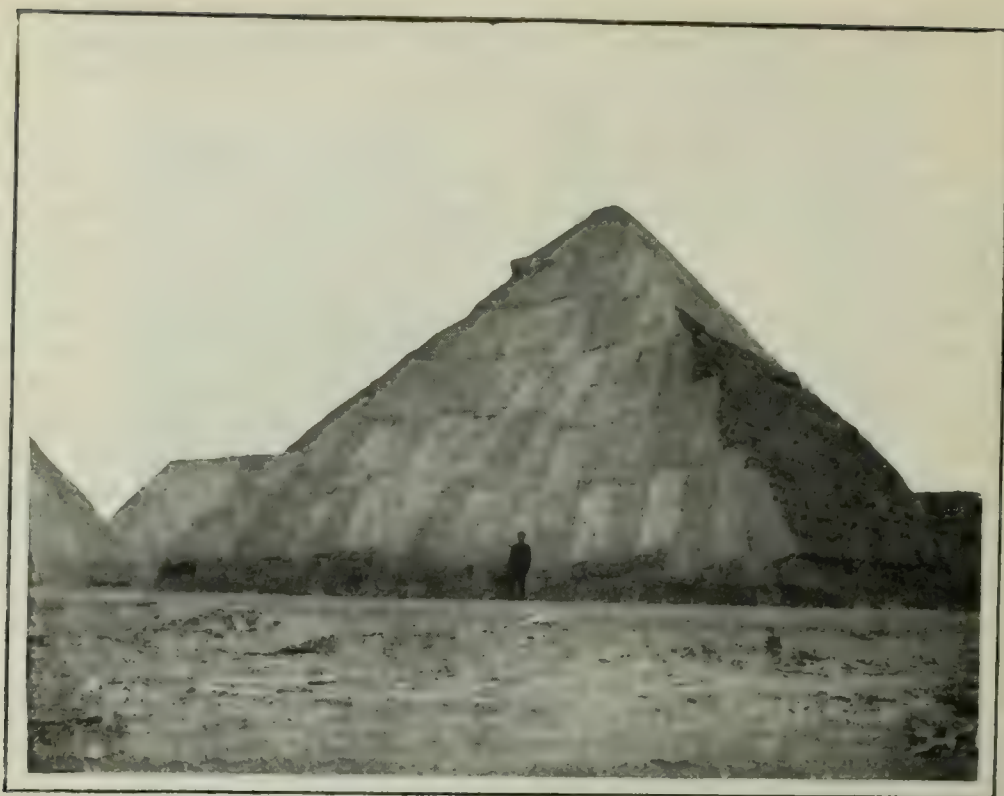
of interesting and benefiting the soldiers." To which he replied: "Wait till this war is over and you shall have your chance."

I had never dreamed that this opportunity would come to me and on Manchurian soil, too. But when invited by the Young Men's Christian Association to visit their work in the field, both of their Excellencies the Minister of War and the Prime Minister gave me warm letters of introduction as a Christian missionary of thirty years' standing and asked that proper facilities for accomplishing the purpose of my visit should be granted me all through Manchuria and Korea. So a new thing happened at Dalny. The Chinese theater was twice well filled with officers and soldiers to hear a missionary speak.

Now, I think there never was an army whose officers were more sincerely desirous than those of this army that their soldiers should be kept from temptations and braced with earnest moral purpose. It was because the Young Men's Christian Association in Tokyo had attracted the attention and co-operation of many



A Train of Fifty Cars with Provisions and Ammunition Going from Dalny to Mukden under Guard



A Mile of Pyramids of Provisions and Ammunition Was One of the Impressive Scenes of Dalny

leading men that at last the moral-loving military authorities permitted the experiment of Christian work among soldiers. I found in Dalny three Japanese workers in a building provided by General Nishi, who spoke kindly of the work that was being done. Here the soldiers could meet and play games, read magazines, cut each other's hair with Young Men's Christian Association clippers, listen to gramophones in either English or Japanese, write letters, and all at no expense, while there were daily Bible readings, followed by earnest and bright sermons.

To find Christian workers welcomed among Japanese soldiers in a city under martial laws made Dalny seem more than a promising terminus for the Siberian Railway, more than a mere base of supplies for a huge army, and more than a rival port to Niuchwang. The military authorities there must have spoken very emphatically of the Young Men's Christian Association work or surely there

would have been no Imperial gift of 10,000 yen for this Christian work—a gift so significant and unprecedented that a war correspondent deemed it worthy of a special cable to the papers of America.

It may sound strange, but Dalny seemed to me to have a serious, almost religious, atmosphere. It was manifest to others, too. When I asked General Burnett how he, a soldier, accounted for such a series of unparalleled victories he replied: "You have asked a straight question and I'll give you a soldier's straight reply. I'm not much on religion, but I verily believe that God Almighty had a great work to do here in the East, and so He raised up Japan to help Him do it." General Kamio was similarly serious in what he said: "The samurai cares little for religion (meaning, I suppose, religious ceremonies), but nevertheless all his mental, moral and spiritual powers come from heaven."

Dalny lingers in my mind as a rare and delightful experience.

MIKKO, JAPAN.



Sergius de Witte and the Bankruptcy of Russia

BY DR. ISIDORE SINGER.

Dr. Singer is one of those cosmopolitan scholars, intimately acquainted with European conditions, whom the love of liberty has sent into happy exile. His present labor is that of editor of the "Jewish Encyclopedia," now approaching completion.—EDITOR.]

NOW that both delegations have started to discuss one by one the twelve items of the proposed treaty of peace, and representatives of two of the foremost American banking houses have been in Portsmouth to be consulted on the question of the war indemnity, an impartial survey of the Russian exchequer at the outbreak of the war may be of special interest.

The fact that the former railroad clerk and German *roturier* Sergius de Witte has ousted at last as senior plenipotentiary of the Czar the old, experienced diplomatist Count Nelidoff and the former Minister of Justice and Foreign Affairs, Mouravieff, both belonging to the Russian court aristocracy and bureaucracy, is in the minds of those who looked somewhat closer into Russian affairs sufficient proof for the surmise that the payment of an indemnity and the means how to raise it will be the principal topic of the Portsmouth conference and the main concern of the Russian Embassy. No living Russian statesman is indeed fitter to take care of this momentous problem than the greatest financial sorcerer of modern Russia, Sergius de Witte. The latter is not only a financial genius, but also a great statesman, who, in spite of—or perhaps *because of*—his foreign descent, has gauged the psychology of the Russian nation as none before him. He knows best the burden which may be imposed upon the mujik without spurring him to open revolt, and he has also backbone enough to set a limit to the greed of the grand ducal clique.

Fully to understand the game of this financial Cagliostro, who played with billions of rubles as if he had the combined riches of the United States and Great Britain to draw upon, a few facts culled from the financial history of Russia may be adduced in the way of introduction.

In 1734 the State budget of the whole Russian Empire, already then stretching from Riga on the Baltic to the shores of the Pacific, was 181,000 rubles (\$91,000) in hard cash. The employment of money as mode of payment on a larger scale only dates since the emancipation by Alexander II of his 5 millions of serfs in 1861, 95 per cent. of the population up to that time living from the produce of the soil or from house industry. Alexander's generous act and the Turkish war of 1877 revolutionized the Russian exchequer. The entire gold reserve, in spite of the output of the Siberian gold mines, in 1887 was 281 millions, just enough to pay the interest of Russia's foreign debt. In that year de Witte's predecessor, Wishnegradsky, the son of a humble priest and himself the creator of Russia's modern financial system, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury with the set purpose to grapple with a national debt of four and one half billion rubles, eating up an annual interest of 262 millions. And he apparently succeeded in carrying out his program, for during his term, 1887-1893, the gold reserve rose from 281 to 782 millions, an annual surplus of 41½ million rubles was established and he was enabled to pay the foreign debt without straining the national finances.

This was the state of things when the present senior plenipotentiary of the Czar, or, rather, of the Dowager Empress—who seems to be a worthy counterfeit of her Chinese colleague—sat down at his desk in the Russian Treasury Department. He found a national debt of 4,571 millions (interest, 241½ millions), which he was, in spite of the wise warning of one of his predecessors, Count Cancvin (1823-1844), "to fall back on foreign loans only in cases of the most urgent need," bound to increase, first, on account

of the aggressive and expansive policy of his country in Asia, and, secondly, because of the lack of mobile Russian capital. Witte recognized the absolute necessity of developing his country industrially, but, in true Russian fashion, he wished to obtain in one lustrum what other countries attained through the strenuous labor of decades.

The motives of Witte's haste are easily intelligible, if from no other, from the merely personal standpoint. Having, as we already know, no powerful connections at the court, he could reach the uppermost step of the *tchin* (bureaucracy) and keep himself there but by the development of phenomenal skill, energy and, if needs be, bluff, one of the main assets of Russian statesmanship. Witte had, moreover, to fight the opposition of his colleagues of the Council of Ministers to his financial and agrarian reforms. He plunged, therefore, headlong into a series of revolutionary innovations: the currency question was regulated by him by purchase and sale of gold drafts (his gold reserve in 1893 was 581½ millions), the taxes were increased by 70 millions yearly, the tariff war with Germany was ended by a commercial treaty, one foreign loan after the other was placed, etc. Little by little he became the absolute master of the entire financial machinery of Russia; State and private banks received orders from him.

In 1896, when his gold reserve amounted to 630 millions, but with a balance of trade in Russia's favor of less than 100,000,000, he deemed the time ripe for the introduction of the gold standard, a risky adventure with a country with a retrograde population, industry in its infancy and no money circulation worth while being taken into consideration. To diminish the outflow of gold in payment of railroad and agricultural machinery he set out to create a gigantic native industry which would at the same time occupy the peasant during the long Russian winter and enrich the factory owners. But here the vicious circle in which he found himself became clear to him for the first time; in order to attain his purpose he had to borrow enormous sums in foreign markets, cleverly profiting by the alliance of his impoverished country with *belle et riche* France. How many billions of francs

has left the French stockings to buy thousands of harvest machines which now lie rusting in the backyards of the lazy nobleman and peasant, to fortify Port Arthur and Vladivostok, to build the trans-Siberian Railroad, to bribe the court officials of the Emperors of China and Korea, of the Shah of Persia and the Emir of Afghanistan, is impossible exactly to tell, since no reliable data exist. But generally reliable authorities place the totality of French loans from 1893 to 1904 at about \$1,700,000,000.

Von Schierbrand distinctly accuses de Witte of ingenuity (not to use a harsher term) in his financial transactions, for the Russian financial wizard confessed in his own official reports that he cared little what ultimately would become of the money borrowed from the beautiful and economical lady on the Seine. The writer of these lines lived in Paris when the Franco-Russian alliance was sealed by the enthusiastic national reception of a delegation of Russian sailors from some of the warships now populating the bottom of the Sea of Japan and can yet distinctly remember how men like the present Premier Rouvier and Senator George Clémenceau were suspected of lack of patriotism because they guessed merely financial motives were back of the wooing of the northern bear. And I surmise that Sergius de Witte before sailing for the United States must have passed more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* at the Quai d'Orsay in answering some questions of friend Rouvier, the Colbert of the Third Republic.

Great, indeed, is the probability that Russia never will pay back her debts to her ally, who has not even the chance of seizing some transoceanic possession of hers now that Port Arthur, Dalny and Sakhalin are and Vladivostok will presently be in the hands of Japan.

In short, in 1903 the foreign debt of Russia had grown to 6,150 millions (interest, 292 millions). But the gold reserve rose all the time, reaching by January 1st, 1899, a surplus of 1,600 millions. Witte's fame rose to gigantic heights; the naïve *mujik* believed him to be an alchemist. And he even imposed through his skillful manipulations and diplomatic financial reports upon big, cool-headed bankers in Western Europe, who forgot that this apparently immense

gold surplus consisted in reality of new debts and that in order to pay the latter's interest it must leave the country as swiftly as it came in.

To extricate himself from his embarrassing position Witte converted, to the amazement of financiers, a billion of Government bonds held in Russia itself, redeeming the 5 per cent. by 4 per cent., withdrawing with the latter not only the first, but also the 4 per cent. gold bonds, selling them all in foreign money markets. The capital thus liberated was turned toward industrial enterprises promising higher returns, and soon the same industrial fever reigned in Moscow, St. Petersburg and Odessa as in Berlin, New York and Chicago. Between 1894 and 1899 927 stock companies were organized, with a nominal capital of 1,420 millions, the actual being estimated at 560 to 600 millions. The whole railroad system of Russia passed under the control of the Government, Witte expending in 1893-1902 2,250 millions in enlarging its State network. By 1897 some 4 billions, nearly all foreign capital, had been invested in State and private railroads, which, on January 1st, 1902, according to the report of Prince Hilkoﬀ, the Minister of Railroads, had attained a length of about 42,000 miles (against 221,000 in the United States, less than half the size of Russia). There was and is, however, no prospect, as far as eye can see, for Russia's railroads to pay within a decade or two, far more than half of the railroad system running through territory more sparsely settled than the Western parts of the United States. These facts were, alas! not known by the thousands of small investors in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and also in this country. The naked truth is, to use the words of Wolf von Schierbrand, that Sergius de Witte has during his ten years' administration been "bamboozling" the dear public in both hemispheres, holding out as a brilliant bait the alleged "enormous productivity" of Russia.

To sum up: France's purse-strings were drawn tighter with the beginning of the twentieth century; in 1901 a miserable little loan of 181 millions which Witte tried to raise in France had to be

placed in Germany and Holland, whose bankers, not satisfied with the mere guaranty of the Russian Government, asked as security Russia's share of the war indemnity due from China on account of the Boxer rising. A few days after the outbreak of the Japanese war he met with the same difficulties in raising a war loan of 100,000,000 rubles, which shows clearly that Russia's borrowing powers with the Western nations are on the wane. Eighteen months of an unfortunate war have passed, during which the Russian navy has been annihilated, the hundreds of millions of rubles which was spent for its construction and equipment having become a mere waste; the equipping of an army of 600,000 soldiers swallowed other untold millions. As a natural consequence of the war and the revolutionary perturbances commerce and industry were lamed and the credit of the country was bound to reach the freezing point.

These were the conditions under which Emperor William II and Nicholas II met a few weeks ago off the coast of Finland—forsooth, not to change the map of the world, but to put up another big bluff, since the smaller one which was let loose by Witte before leaving St. Petersburg for Paris had lamentably failed. Willie and Nickie—as the two cousins call themselves when they are *en famille*—will have laughed at the serious editorials the newspapers of both hemispheres have devoted to their excursion and the perturbation they created in the various foreign offices. William II, who was persuaded by King Oscar II not to extend his protecting mentorship to the dynasty of Bernadotte, turned toward the frail and perhaps the last imperial scion of the Romanoffs in order to occupy for another week the center of the world scene. May the American public rest assured that a two hours' after dinner talk at Oyster Bay between Roosevelt and Komura-Takahira will weigh more in the decisions of the Portsmouth conference than the mysterious and solemn conversations in the luxurious state cabins of the "Polar Star" and the "Hohenzollern" between their Majesties Emperor William II and Nicholas II.

NEW YORK CITY.

Literature

New Books on Russia

IN these days of foreign war and internal disorder Russia has become the cynosure of all the world. Not since the great French Revolution has the situation of any European nation been so desperate, so complicated and beset with difficulties, so fraught with possibilities

lace's *Russia*,¹ which has occupied for almost a generation past the foremost place in the literature of the English language on that country. But when it first appeared, in 1877, there was no widespread revolutionary movement, nor was there an extensive modern industry based on the factory system, nor was there a large working class concentrated in the cities.



Paul Milyoukov

Prof. Paul Milyoukov, Author of "Russia and Its Crisis." University of Chicago Press.

for weal or for wo, so menacing to its own existence and to the peace of mankind. Under these circumstances any publication that adds to the world's stock of knowledge concerning the past and present of that vast country is assured of a hearty welcome.

First in importance among these new publications is a new edition of Wal-

The chief interest of the new edition centers, therefore, in the five new chapters, which treat of these novel features of Russian life with the same caution and catholicity of spirit, the same breadth of view, the same willingness and ability to comprehend a situation from its various

¹ RUSSIA. By Sir Donald MacKenzie Wallace. Entirely new and much enlarged edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$5.00.

aspects that characterize the entire work. One after another are marshaled before us the successive phases of the revolutionary movement—the rise of the Liberal *fronde*, the early academic Nihilism, the period of propaganda and “going among the people,” the attempts at raising peasant insurrections, terrorism and its decline, the rise of Social Democracy and the recrudescence of terrorism, down to “bloody Sunday” (January 22d, 1905). Nor is the new material confined to the added chapters, but the account has been recast and brought up to date wherever it seemed necessary. Thus the chapter on territorial expansion and foreign policy gives an excellent account of the events leading up to the present war, the chapter on the emancipated peasantry attempts to arrive at some definite conclusions concerning the present position and future prospects of the most numerous and least known of the social classes in Russia, and so forth, throughout the work. The author is now at Portsmouth as representative of the *London Times* at the Peace Conference.

In July, 1904,² a political trial took place at Königsberg, Prussia, in which German subjects were prosecuted for smuggling Russian revolutionary literature over the Russian frontier. The trial was followed by the expulsion of certain Russian students then resident in Germany. To an interpellation made in the Reichstag Count von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, replied in terms of contemptuous irony for the heroic struggle for liberty in Russia, referred to the exiled Russian students as “beggarly rascals and conspirators,” and cited precedents to prove that the subservience of the German to the Russian Government was no new departure, but a firmly fixed policy of long duration. One of the cases cited by the noble lord was that of Leo Deutsch, the author of the book before us.²

Leo Deutsch joined the “propagandist” movement in 1874, as a youth of nineteen. Shortly thereafter he was involved in an attempt to kill a fellow revolutionist who had turned traitor and informer. A number of arrests followed,

but Deutsch escaped capture and took part in an attempt to organize a peasant insurrection in the Tchigirin district of the province of Kiev. Deutsch was arrested and imprisoned in Kiev, but in the beginning of 1878 he made his escape with two comrades. In 1880 he left Russia and settled in Switzerland, where he, together with Plekhanov, Axelrod and Vera Zassulitch, formed an organization that became the nucleus of the present Social Democratic Party of Russia. In 1884, while engaged in transporting revolutionary literature from Switzerland over the German border for further shipment to Russia, he was arrested by the German authorities and delivered over to the tender mercies of the Russian Government.

After his experiences with the rigid discipline of the German prisons Deutsch's heart must have warmed up at the fraternal way in which he was received by the Russian gendarmes.

“‘Good morning, Deutsch! Good morning, sir! Here you are at last! We have been expecting you for ever so long,’ were their greetings. I saw round me the fresh, smiling faces of young Russian peasant lads surmounting the hated dark blue uniform. Their free, familiar bearing made me smile back at them as if old friends were welcoming me.

“‘How do you know me?’ I asked them, as we went toward the gendarmes' quarters.

“‘Oh, of course we know you; we've heard such a lot about you!’ cried several. ‘Will you come and have some tea at once, or brush the dust off first?’ they asked, and vied with each other in doing the agreeable and making me feel at home.”

Deutsch then narrates his experiences in various Russian prisons and in Siberia until 1901, when he effected his escape across Japan. The book is, however, much more than a record of personal experiences, for it contains numerous sketches of political prisoners as well as descriptions of the life of ordinary convicts. And all this is told in a quiet, businesslike tone, so that the horror of it all is by no means obvious to the unimaginative reader. One of the most important chapters gives a detailed account, with a simplicity almost epic, of the massacre of thousands of inoffensive, peaceable Chinese in and around Blagovestchensk during July, 1900. The poor wretches were

² SIXTEEN YEARS IN SIBERIA. By Leo Deutsch. Translated by Helen Chisholm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

first herded together and then driven at the point of the bayonet into the Amûr River, where almost all of them perished. The verbal order given by General Gribsky, military governor of the Amûr province, was as follows: "*Send back the Chinese subjects to China.*" And the fulfilment of the barbarous order was reported in the *Amûr Gazette* in the brief and guileless announcement that "the Chinese residing on Russian territory had been sent away, a suggestion having been made to them that they should cross to the other [Chinese] side of the river." History does not record that Ivan the Terrible, who had caused tens of thousands of the inhabitants of Novgorod to be sewn up in sacks and drowned in the Volkhov River, could be equally facetious.

In his latest book³ Mr. Bain has essayed the weighty task of narrating in detail the history of Russia from the election of Michael Romanov to the death of Peter the Great (1613-1725). This is the period during which barbarous Muscovy emerges from her Chinese exclusiveness and becomes a member of the European political system, and includes such events as the incorporation of Little Russia, the conquest of the shores of the Baltic, the founding of St. Petersburg, the supplanting of Poland as the leading Slavonic State and of Sweden as the foremost military Power of Northern Europe, and the final subjugation of the free peasants and the Cossacks. The book is best in those portions which deal with diplomatic and military events and court life—the superficies of history—and least satisfactory in the chapters treating of the life of the people, internal development and underlying causes. It is strange that Mr. Bain, who has used not only Russian, but also Polish and Swedish works, should have entirely overlooked the works of the German-Russians, such as Schieman and Brückner, who combine with an intimate knowledge of Russian history and literature the superior Western methods of historical criticism and a greater independence of judgment.

One who does not belong to the absolutely idle classes will not find it easy to

account for the publication of this memoir of the wife of Paul and mother of Alexander I and Nicholas I.⁴ The subject of it was remarkable neither for goodness nor for wickedness, she exercised no influence on events, and the book itself is consequently dull and uninteresting. The style is slovenly and the knowledge evinced of Russian life is microscopic.

*Russia From Within*⁵ professes to give an accurate picture of "the general conditions prevailing at the outbreak of the Russian Revolution." We do not know yet that there is, or that there is to be, a "Russian revolution," and this volume of scandal and denunciation will not in any case contribute much to the understanding of it, any more than the stories of the affair of the Diamond Necklace enable us to comprehend the French Revolution. Of course, it is interesting to read the details of the discussions in the Czar's secret council chamber and to learn the exact words used in the quarrel between General Kuropatkin and the Grand Duke Boris. It speaks well for the bureaucracy that it has stenographers on hand on all such important occasions and is willing to give this information to the public through Mr. Ular. If Mr. Bain is too lenient toward the earlier Romanovs, Mr. Ular is sufficiently hard upon the later and present representatives of the family to compensate. According to him practically all the Czars and Grand Dukes are degenerates, afflicted, among other things, with megalomania, erotomania and euphoria. Surely we ought not to begrudge them what comfort they can get out of the last-named disease.

Professor Milyoukov, formerly of the University of Moscow, but now imprisoned because of his liberal views, has given us a careful study of sociological movements in Russia,⁶ based upon his lectures in the University of Chicago on "Russian Civilization." He proves that both the cardinal tenets of the aristocratic party, autocracy and orthodoxy, have no historical justification, and that the theo-

⁴ A MOTHER OF CZARS. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.

⁵ RUSSIA FROM WITHIN. By Alexander Ular. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75.

⁶ RUSSIA AND ITS CRISIS. By Paul Milyoukov. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$3.00.

³ THE FIRST ROMANOV. By R. Nisbet Bain. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.

ries of the Slavophiles are based upon illusions. Having thus undermined the conservative position, he discusses the ideas of the liberals and socialists, and explains the significance of recent political events. Notwithstanding his personal interest in the outcome of the struggle, he views the present crisis from the standpoint of the political philosopher, and criticises the virtues and defects of his fellow countrymen with remarkable impartiality. In style, temper and scholarship this book is in complete contrast to that of Mr. Ular.

A man who could produce so thorough and scholarly a work on the government and social conditions of his own country would anywhere else in the world receive high honor and public recognition, but in Russia it is different. On August 21st Professor Milyoukov and ten other distinguished university and professional men, members of the Central Bureau of the League and Confederation of Professional Reform Organizations, were arrested at his house for criticising the plan for a Duma, recently authorized by the Czar. His opinions on the inadequacy of a purely advisory assembly, such as the Duma, and the importance of security from arbitrary arrest, of which he is now the victim, are given at the end of his book in the following paragraphs:

"Russia wants a political representation, and guaranties of what are called the fundamental rights of individuality—*i. e.*, freedom of belief and of speech, the right of association and of public meetings, liberty of the press, a strict *régime* of law, and the free course of justice, which implies the repeal of arbitrary edicts and regulations, the abolition of extraordinary tribunals, and last, but not least, a habeas-corpus act—*i. e.*, security from arbitrary arrest and domiciliary search. Public opinion will not now be satisfied with a consultative chamber, and will not join the extremists who want a Federative republic and a referendum—*i. e.*, immediate legislation by the people. The great majority will be glad to have what was once claimed by the Liberals of Tver—*i. e.*, a constitution similar to that which was sanctioned in Bulgaria by the Russian Czar twenty-five years ago. One must know that the Bulgarian constitution is consistently democratic, and that it includes both of the features claimed by the democratic Liberals of Russia—*i. e.*, universal suffrage and one chamber. The habitual argument of

the Conservatives, that Russia is not ready for a constitution, is cut short by this example of Bulgaria. The broad democratic basis of the constitution of that country did not correspond to the degree of political development of the Bulgarian people; but it proved highly valuable as a means of promoting their political education, and precludes for a long time any discussion about further changes in the form of government, which cannot fail to establish a good and durable political tradition, and to concentrate all struggle within the legal frame of guaranteed institutions. Whether this example of political wisdom, which takes care, not only of the present, but also of the future, will be followed by Russian statesmen is an open question. But for a historian there is no question as to whether there will or will not be any political reform at all. History may have its whims, but it also has its laws; and if the law of Russian history is progress, as we have tried to demonstrate, political reform may not be avoided. To deny it is to despair of the future of Russia."



Modern Dramatists

THE latter part of the nineteenth century is distinguished by the fact that the most original and purposeful literature produced was in the dramatic form. Of Germany, France, Russia, Belgium, Spain, Scandinavia, Italy and England this was true; not, of course, of the United States, where we have as yet no serious drama and are only beginning to take seriously the drama of Europe. But we are beginning to discover that plays are readable. Much of the best foreign drama is now obtainable in translation, and in many small towns, which never see a play worth seeing, the great modern dramatists are better known than they are to metropolitan playgoers.

As an interpreter of the modern drama there is no one better than Mr. Huneker—not merely because he writes in such a brilliant style as to accomplish the almost impossible task of making the abstract of a plot interesting, but more because he is himself temperamentally in tune with the prevailing spirit in the modern drama, which is such that under the title of *Iconoclasts*¹ he can discuss with propriety almost all the recent playwrights worth considering.

For the *fin de siècle* drama was revo-

¹ *ICONOCLASTS; A BOOK OF DRAMATISTS.* By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

lutionary, destructively critical of society, seeking to break through the ring of icebergs in any direction that would lead to the opera sea. It remains to be seen whether the writers of the new century will be able to produce a creative instead of a destructive drama, a task requiring more literary skill and greater moral force and sincerity of character.

Mr. Huneker has a fondness for the bizarre, for the anarchs of art, for plays wherein, "as in the ghastly illumination of a lightning flash, souls hallucinated by love, terror, pity, despair, are seen struggling in the black gulf of night." He has an aversion to any play that turns out well in the *bourgeois* sense and an antipathy for all normal and well-behaved characters. It is unnecessary to say that these aversions and antipathies of his are not met with very often in the works of the dramatists he discusses, Ibsen, Shaw, Strindberg, Gorky, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Hauptmann and Sudermann, so he is for the most part sympathetically appreciative, altho never uncritical.

Ibsen, as is his right, occupies a third of the volume, in which each play is separately analyzed. The book is, therefore, useful for reference as well as direct reading, for Mr. Huneker manages to weave into his discussion a great deal of information on the publication and presentation of the plays without interrupting its continuity. As Shaw gave us "The Quintessence of Ibsen," so now Huneker exposes the "Quintessence of Shaw," and, what is of especial interest, he gets from Shaw himself an interpretation of "Candida," which fascinated and puzzled New York two years ago and led to the present rage for all the rest of his plays. Another important essay is that on the "Night Refuge," the lowest depth in the social strata to which the drama has penetrated, written by one who is recorded on the Russian prison rolls as "Alexis Pyeshkov, artisan, of Nizhni-Novgorod," but is known to the world as "Maxim Gorky." The play was given in New York last winter in German and will be given this winter in Russian. Mr. Huneker, in our opinion, misses the point of Gorky's drama through failure to comprehend the significance of Luka, the Tolstoyan pilgrim.

A book of a very different kind and caliber from the one we have been considering is the *Dramatists of To-day*.² Mr. Hale chats interestingly upon many of the same subjects as Mr. Huneker, altho he substitutes Rostand for Ibsen, but what would be good impromptu conversation is poor reading. Mr. Hale tells us in a pleasant way what he likes and doesn't like, what he has read and what he has neglected to read, but he gives us no grounds for thinking that these things are of sufficient importance to the world to justify publication. The following quotations are not exceptional examples of his literary style and mode of thought:

"Problems, as such, are not especially good subjects for plays. Plays deal with life, and life does not consist very largely of problems."

"A good deal of Mr. Maeterlinck's dramas has been held to be symbolic. I cannot attach much importance to this opinion. A symbol is not an effective mode of expression."

"I am sorry to say that of it I can read only about one word in four, which gives me but a fragmentary idea of what it presents."

"These figures were very beautiful to me once. If I read the play again they would be beautiful once more. But beyond that they have their significance. I cannot now remember just what they did signify to me once."



The Life of Shorthouse.

IN view of John Henry Shorthouse's literary production there seems very little reason for the compilation of these two volumes of life, letters and remains.* In a more exact sense than is true of Flaubert himself Shorthouse is the author of a single book. And even "John Inglesant," by however close a shave, still falls short of greatness and has had, besides, but little influence on English letters. The justification for these memoirs, then, if it is to be found anywhere, must be sought in the man's life and in his romance only as far as it is a reflection of his opinions.

In one way that life was a protest. In the thick of an industrial society, with its mingling of commercialism and humanitarianism—he was born and

² DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY. By *Edvard Everett Hale, Jr.* New York: Henry Holt. \$1.50.

* LIFE, LETTERS AND REMAINS OF J. H. SHORTHOUSE. Edited by *His Wife.* New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. \$4.25.

brought up in Birmingham and was himself heir to a chemical works in that city—he may be said to have stood for “the unpopular doctrine that the end of one’s existence is not the good of one’s neighbor, but one’s own culture.” Indeed, his position cannot be defined better than in his own words:

“But surely, in a wider sense, a man who has successfully cultivated himself, and is living a life of culture, having conquered and secured for himself peace of mind and a solution of the difficulties which have perplexed his life, cannot be said to do nothing although he may not give himself to coffee houses, or Sunday schools, or Liberal organizations (all very good things in their way).”

It may be that this lack of harmony with the aspirations of his age will account for that trace of semi-futility which characterizes him—the faculty, we mean, of coming very near the best without quite reaching it. At all events this peculiar attitude of his, with its reserve toward things outward and active, together with his devotion to the Church of England, for which he deserted Quakerism, gives him a kind of detachment which one is likely at first sight to call religious. On the whole, however, it would be a mistake to call him religious rather than philosophical, as the comparison with such a nature as Pascal’s shows. He was divided in a very singular fashion between the worship of the good and the worship of the beautiful. And at the same time his devotion seems to be quite as much ideal as real—that is to say, he does not appear to distinguish very closely between the conceptions of his own mind and the facts of actual existence. In the matter of Christianity, for instance, it would seem to be quite enough for him if it were, so to speak, true only metaphorically. And this curious attempt, as it were, to reconcile Platonism and Protestantism, while it makes his thought difficult and elusive, does at the same time and for that very reason lend it an additional attraction and interest.



The Gifford Lectures

THE late Lord Gifford did a somewhat remarkable thing when he endowed lectureships at the four Scottish universities, the purpose of which was to “in-

quire into the nature of God,” the inquiry “to be executed impartially, and in a scientific fashion, without fear and without favor.” The distinguished scholars appointed on this foundation have included representative authorities from Germany, France and the United States as well as from Great Britain, and it is not too much to say that several of them have contributed works which have permanently enlarged and enriched our knowledge of the central problems of theology.

The merit of the present work* does not lie in originality of thought, but in the author’s mastery of the doctrine of Absolute Idealism and in his skill in presenting it in an unacademic and untechnical form. Mr. Haldane is a distinguished Member of Parliament, a man of affairs. He chose to deliver his lectures *extempore* and prepared them for publication from the stenographer’s report. They possess, in consequence, a directness, simplicity, fullness of illustration and close approach to a conversational style quite unusual in metaphysical discussions.

A preceding course of lectures (session of 1902-03), the author reminds us, had established the truth that the Ultimate Reality is God, the Absolute Mind. The purpose of the present course is to exhibit the nature of mind, both the Absolute Mind (six lectures) and finite mind (four lectures). Mr. Haldane’s general position is frankly that of the Absolute Idealism of Hegel, a view which, he contends, is also implicit in the poetry of Goethe. The author deals in a helpful way with the popular misconception that Hegelianism is pantheistic, and there are some large and suggestive views on Death and on the meaning of Eternal Life. The special point about the “Pathway” to reality is that thought is not by itself adequate to teach us what reality is, but that the vital experiences of moral conduct and the enjoyment of the beautiful are just as essential.

There is an excellent analytical Table of Contents. The letterpress and two admirable engravings, one of Goethe and one of Hegel, are highly creditable to the publishers.

* THE PATHWAY TO REALITY: STAGE THE SECOND. *Being the Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Session 1903-1904. By the Right Honorable B. R. Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.O.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

John Knox

FOR one who makes so considerable a figure in history, both ecclesiastical and political, and whose contributions to the literature of his age are not small, it is remarkable how many things in the life of John Knox are legendary and uncertain. There is a conventional agreement among Scotchmen to celebrate this year 1905 as the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, but it is doubtful whether this date is not ten years too early, and the place of his birth is in like uncertainty. If he was born in 1505 it brings him into that very small class of exceptional great men like Cromwell, who spent forty years of life before giving signs of greatness. Professor Cowan's book* is devoted, with much antiquarian zeal, to the study of these and other doubtful points in Knox's history. If one is seeking to know *about* Knox he will do well to get this volume, with its copious photographic illustrations. If, on the other hand, he is seeking to know Knox himself, "his ideas and ideals," he will find more of what he wants in Dr. Stalker's book,† which is characterized by large and sometimes highly illuminating extracts from Knox's writings. We need not be surprised, knowing the author's point of view, at finding the Reformer set before us in the character of a somewhat liberal theologian, with liturgical tastes, and not an exponent of the Presbyterian system of church government. It would be an instructive task, and not a difficult one, to show how the students of Calvin's town church at Geneva changed the substantial Congregationalism of his polity when they expanded it to the dimensions of a kingdom. It is like the revolution that overcame the episcopate when its domain, instead of a town, became a principality. Knox's Book of Discipline, "the most remarkable document of that age in Scotland," is characterized, says Dr. Stalker, "by the almost total absence of the Presbyterian system of Church government."

* JOHN KNOX. *By Henry Cowan, D.D., Professor of Church History at the University of Aberdeen. Heroes of the Reformation Series.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.

† JOHN KNOX: *His Ideas and Ideals.* By James Stalker, D.D., Professor of Church History, United Free College, Aberdeen. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.00.

The John Knox of Andrew Lang‡ is a very different person. Professor Cowan entitles his book "The Hero of the Scottish Reformation," but, according to Mr. Lang, he was no hero at all, but a tricky and spiteful politician, lacking in personal courage, unreliable as an historian and the cause of many of Scotland's troubles. If the biography had been written by an American he would have called it "The True John Knox," for it is one of the books commonly entitled in this form that present the valet's view, with the worthy object of preventing people from being led into the sin of idolatry. Such books show us, not why a man was great, but in what respects he failed of greatness. Of the "Ideas and Ideals" of John Knox, his intellectual and spiritual achievements, which fill more than half of Professor Stalker's work, Mr. Lang has very little to say. He states in his preface that Knox was a great man, but one who had only read this book would certainly not get that impression. A Scotchman cannot forgive Knox for his impolite language to Queen Mary, and many of Knox's views which shock a loyal subject of King Edward VII do not seem so bad to an American; such, for example, as that churches should have the right to choose their own ministers, that a Christian may be compelled by his conscience to disobey the rules of his ecclesiastical superiors, and that a people may rightfully take up arms against a sovereign.

Most of what has been written about Knox is based upon the standard biographies of M'Crie and Brown, but in this new work Mr. Lang has gone behind these and made a critical study of the original material, and there are few scholars who are competent to challenge any of his conclusions.



The Story of St. Paul: A Comparison of Acts and Epistles. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

There is no more fascinating problem in the study of the New Testament than the comparison of the Acts of the Apostles with the Epistles of Paul. Not only

‡ JOHN KNOX AND THE REFORMATION. *By Andrew Lang.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50.

the worth of the Acts as history is at stake, but the entire conception of the spirit of early Christianity depends upon this study. A clear and interesting account of the difficulties in reconciling the Acts with the Epistles and the modifications which must be made in the popular idea of the Apostolic times are presented in the University Extension lectures of Professor Bacon, now published in convenient form. Six of the lectures sketch the career of Paul from his conversion to his imprisonment at Rome, as outlined in the Acts, with corrections and additions from the Epistles, and the remaining four lectures interpret the Epistles, with paraphrases of the more important sections. Professor Bacon has thought the problems through, and while he calls his book "semi-popular," it is perhaps the clearest and ablest presentation of its particular subject yet made by an American scholar.



The Middle Ages: Sketches and Fragments.
By Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.

The book before us is no collection of merely historical or literary essays, but it has been written with a purpose: to rehabilitate the Middle Ages and the great Church which was then the predominant intellectual, spiritual and temporal power. It sets forth the rôle which the Church played in medieval life as a religious institution and disseminator of Christianity, as the preserver of knowledge and as the teacher of the arts of life, of industry and politics to the barbarian converts. It dwells in particular on the important function which the cathedrals and monasteries fulfilled as nuclei of city life. It goes without saying that the book is one-sided. There is but little sympathy shown for Byzantine civilization, and still less for Arabian civilization. In these respects, however, the book sins more in its general statements than in statements of fact; and, indeed, the latter show quite frequently a good knowledge and just estimation of the debt that modern civilization owes to medieval Greek and Mohammedan. But this only makes the contradictions between the general and

detailed statements all the more glaring. An error of a similar nature is indulged in the treatment of the Reformation. The author contends against the current notion that the great revolt against the Church was due to its debilitated, decrepit and corrupt condition. But he does not try to reach down to the underlying social causes that made the revolt inevitable. He ascribes it to the cupidity of kings and nobles for the possessions of the Church. One narrow view is opposed to another. Notwithstanding this, however, there is much useful and minute information in these essays, especially in the two entitled, respectively, "The Results of the Crusades" and "Catholicism in the Middle Ages."



The Fool Errant. By Maurice Hewlett.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

This is the story of an eighteenth century Galahad who went to Padua in search of learning and who found a woman instead. This often happens to a young man, especially if he is of the Sir Galahad temperament. This particular woman had remained innocent from force of circumstances, but she was really a mature Cleopatra, subconsciously waiting for any Antony who might land upon her shore. The comedy consists in the fact that the gallant youth mistook her for a Madonna and she misread him for a prospective Antony. Both were correct in their ideality of each other, but short in the matter of facts. Such characters are becoming stock features in Mr. Hewlett's novels. He takes his heroines from the back centuries and intimates that they were naturally less moral than the men were. They have that kind of innocence which is based upon a profound unconsciousness of their own wickedness. And while we may accept the woman as a veracious creation, the Galahad youth who could not distinguish between the lotus-eyed smile of a scarlet woman and the gift of radiance in a saint's face is nothing short of apocryphal. Many think Mr. Hewlett comes nearer making a fine art of fiction than any other living writer, but he is in danger of portraying the same subjects and of producing the same effects too

often. One does not grow weary of a masterpiece, but too many variations cheapen the original conception.



The Christian Ministry. By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Dr. Abbott was the Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale in 1903 and lectured also on the Earl Foundation before the Pacific Theological Seminary in Berkeley in 1904, and the present volume embodies the material of those lectures. It is designed for ministers and contains much that is stimulating and interesting concerning the work of a preacher and pastor. It contains also many statements apparently clear which will bear careful questioning. For example, Dr. Abbott assumes Max Müller's definition of religion and builds a great deal upon it. That definition reads: "Religion consists in the perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." But perception is a term used generally to signify an apprehension of a particular object manifest through the senses, and is properly applied only to objects a good deal smaller than the Infinite. It is confusing to speak of God as an object of perception, and it cannot be admitted that "if he (the Infinite) is not really perceived there is no real religion; there is only deception or an illusion." There are many devoutly and honestly religious men who could not say that they had ever really perceived God.



Shelburne Essays. Second series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

It is hardly necessary to review in detail this second series of Mr. More's *Shelburne Essays*, the first of which was considered here at some length only a few months ago. Against Mr. More's work as a whole there are several objections that might be urged with some show of justice. His manner, while sound, is rather lacking in creative power, so that his portraits, tho often just and occasionally shrewd, are not always very much alive; he is inclined to abuse the comparative method to the detriment of historical perspective, and he is still too fond of ringing the changes upon Oriental philosophy. This second

series is singularly uneven. It is a far cry, for instance, from the article on George Meredith to the penetrating analysis of Lafcadio Hearn, or from the comparison of Kipling and Fitzgerald, for that matter, to the untrussing of Shakespeare, for as such no doubt it will be regarded, tho the apparently revolutionary tendency of the paper hardly disguises its essential moderation and justice; while the two essays on Greek subjects have little discernible congruity with the rest of the volume. The opening piece, on the Elizabethan sonnet, is unsatisfactorily indefinite and abstract, and the discussion as a whole overlooks or neglects entirely the individuality of the several sonneteers. The essay on Hawthorne fails in its final genealogical deductions to comprehend or at least to take account of the deeper currents of New England character. But when all these things have been urged, as they have been already by one reviewer and another, they leave the essential merit of Mr. More's work untouched. What distinguishes his criticism is the expression of an individual temperament which interprets life through literature without losing the distinction between the two and in maintaining its own point of view. All criticism that amounts to anything or that stands a chance of lasting any time at all reduces to just this: the development of a personal philosophy of life. Those who like the temperament will like the criticism. We have shown our own appreciation of the value of Mr. More's work by publishing many of his critical essays in *THE INDEPENDENT*, some of which are included in the present volume.



Young Men Who Overcame. By Robert E. Speer. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00.

Loyalty the Soul of Religion. By J. G. K. McClure, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00.

While there are those who seem to think that Christianity is a weak and unmanly thing, yet as a matter of experience to follow Christ's teachings demands more real manhood than most men can give. Mr. Speer uses "sketches of the lives of fifteen real men, who loved the highest and made duty the first thing in their lives . . . as a challenge and a contradiction to those

who think Christianity a weak and unmanly thing." Every young man who reads this book will see at once that a demand is made upon all that is best in him if he will live such a life as is set before him in each one of these examples. In his "Talks to Young Men" Dr. McClure gives some very wholesome and stimulating addresses, which should be helpful to all young men in the formation of character. He says: "The one vital requirement of Biblical religion is the requirement to live true to the truth." This he develops in twelve addresses on "Loyalty."



A History of Preaching, from the Apostolic Fathers to the Great Reformers, A.D. 70-1572. By Edwin Charles Dargan, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.75 net.

Professor Dargan is the successor of Dr. John A. Broadus at the Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, and has followed the example of that great teacher of homiletics in lecturing on the character and achievements of great preachers as well as on the preparation and delivery of sermons. The present volume of 575 pages contains much valuable material, with bibliographical references concerning the preachers of the Christian Church down to the death of John Knox, and will be valuable as a book of reference. It is, however, somewhat discursive, and fails in sharp characterization of the personality of the great preachers and their particular message to their time.



Literary Notes

A NEW edition of Baedeker's Belgium and Holland is sold by Scribners at \$1.80. There is nothing to say about Baedeker's guide books except that they are indispensable.

....A book on the significance and history of "Girls' Christian Names" is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, at \$1.50, which will be a boon to perplexed parents of girl babies.

....Even experienced letter writers will find it convenient to have on hand for reference the new edition of the "Etiquette of Correspondence," published by A. Wessels Company. (50 cents.)

....Colonel McClure's popular book on "Our Presidents and How We Make Them" is now brought down to date by the inclusion

of the Roosevelt-Parker contest of 1904. (Harper, \$2.00.) A good book for the public or school library.

....For the spelling, pronunciation and definition of geographic names Lippincott's *Gazetteer* has long been the most convenient and comprehensive reference book on the market, and our readers will be glad to know that a completely revised and expanded edition of it will be published in November.



Pebbles

It is not the tainted money that goes into the hands of clergymen that need worry us so much as the tainted money that goes into the hands of politicians.—*Puck*.

...."The baby always becomes perfectly quiet when I sing to it," said the proud young father. "Yes," answered the mother, "it knows that if it makes a noise you will keep on singing."—*Washington Star*.

...."I've been here at the seashore three weeks and my hands aren't tanned a bit. Funny, isn't it?" mused the engaged girl. "Oh, I don't know," remarked her fiancé; "they've been in the shade of my sheltering palms most of the time!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

....He had asked for Washington cake, and the waiter brought him chocolate cake. "Do you call this Washington cake?" he asked. "Sure," was the reply. "Indeed? But what I wanted was George Washington cake, not Booker."

....Amid the new surroundings just outside Eden's portals, soon after the dispossession, Adam was taking an optimistic view of the situation. "Never mind, dear," said he to Eve, who was busily engaged in refashioning a girdle of fig-leaves; "it was a pleasant enough place, I must admit. But, after all, it afforded us but little more than a bare living." Thus was the first joke of history sprung upon an unsuspecting world.—*Judge*.

....In looking over the life history of that enterprising and successful bigamist, Johann Hoch, the reader will be struck by the fact that his celebrity as a husband began with a little fifteen-cent want ad. Surely every business man will catch the idea here without a diagram. Advertise if you would go to the top in any line. Hoch might have worried along and achieved an ordinary, little, inconspicuous, seven-by-nine, tandem bigamy; but he never could have reached his splendid world wide eminence and written for the Sunday papers without this great aid to success, the want ad.—*Judge*.

Editorials

A Menace to American Morals

IF there is one thing rather than another upon which the American people has vaunted itself, that thing is morality. The austere influence of Puritanism has spread from Salem throughout a wide belt of Northern States to the Pacific Coast, and the not less austere influence of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism and of Wesleyanism has permeated the South. Pleasures that the Continental peoples of Europe look upon as either innocent or not seriously evil have been frowned upon here as allurements of Satan. And, all in all, the standard of American morality has been high. Probably as large a proportion of our people as of any people in the world has been honest, temperate, forehanded and decent.

Very moral people are apt to be conscious of their virtues, and we have been conscious of ours. Whatever "fears for the future of the republic" an occasional pessimist may have suggested, they have not sprung from any doubts that we have entertained upon the stern chastity of our manners.

It may seem, therefore, quite like gratuitous croaking to declare that the chief danger now threatening American civilization is a general deterioration of morals and to say that one condition in particular is a serious menace to such morality as we still may boast of. But let us look at the facts.

A deterioration already apparent is revealed not in such laxities as the growth of beer drinking and the conversion of the New England "Sabbath" into the "Continental Sunday"; it is revealed in the transformation of a nation of once honorable, patriotic citizens into a nation of "grafters." Professor Sumner's clever aphorism, "that every man is a sovereign, but that a sovereign cannot take tips," has become a gem of archaic philosophy. When its author cut and polished it the only grafters that we knew anything about were the Indian agents, the star-

route contractors, a few bankers and Congressmen, while mere tip taking was regarded as "foreign," "effete" and ungentlemanly. Now it would seem as if we are all grafters, as if gentlemen of all professions and occupations carry their itching palms open behind them, with their fingers instinctively feeling for drachmas. Professor Sumner should revise his phrase to read that **every American is a sovereign, and every sovereign is a grafter.**

However, this deterioration of American morals, serious and deplorable as it is, is only a beginning of the depravity that we are likely to see before certain social forces that are rapidly being generated have wrought out their inevitable effects.

One of these forces is the passionate hysterical emotionalism that manifests itself in race and class hatred, mob action and lynchings; in "crazes," "fads" and "isms." Whatever else morality is, it is at any rate a mode of self-control. Its precepts may be narrow, its exemplars may be bigots, its underlying philosophy may be arrant stupidity, but it certainly is not an individual or collective hysteria. The moral man, whatever else you may say of him, at least has himself in hand; and no people can long boast of its morality, or have any morality to boast of, when it has once surrendered itself to spiritual jimjams. Just what kind of drink has produced these phenomena of moral inebriety throughout whole sections of the American population it might be difficult to say; but there is no denying the fact that in one way or another we've "got 'em."

The other social force that is bound to work the mischief with us is one of a very different character. From time to time we have commented upon the astonishing fact that a people which spends millions of dollars annually upon education is nevertheless a people that takes almost no interest in substantial literature. No other people in the world boasting of its intel-

ligence has so small a percentage of readers of serious books. The proofs that back up this assertion are notorious and overwhelming. For example, there are at least twenty thousand somewhat pretentious public libraries in the United States, not counting the little ones. If one-half of these bought one copy each of every standard book that is published there would be a market for any volume of genuinely scholarly or scientific quality. There would be a sufficient sale to pay the author and the publisher for the labor and expense of producing it. As a matter of fact, there is almost no market for such books in this country. New York publishers say that the public library call for a high grade book seldom takes up an edition of more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred copies. The reading of one-half of the American population consists of ephemeral novels and newspapers. The reading of the other half consists of the nickel magazines and "scare heads."

The bearing of this fact upon the future of American morality may not be obvious, but it is real and direct. If a people has no intellectual resources, what is to become of it when it gets rich and commands leisure? How will it kill time? History has given us the answer to this question over and over again. It will do the sort of things that the luxurious, licentious Romans did and that the intellectual, artistic Greeks did not. It will consume its substance and its manhood in material, enervating pleasures, not in creative activity.

Already we see abundant signs, in the inner, esoteric, monkey-dinner circle of the American smart set and elsewhere, that this is the fate in store for a large proportion of the inordinately rich class in the American population, and that the other classes intend to rush on the same fate by imitation if they can. We are developing a kind of American who can be described only as an automobile-racing, bridge-whist-playing, champagne-drinking, mistress-keeping fool. His father had brains enough to get money—not to make it, please observe; other people made it;

he only got it—but "the second generation," as Mr. Jerome calls him, hasn't brains enough even to steal without being caught in the act.

Happily, there is still a large hard-working and well-meaning, if somewhat philistine, middle class in America which is not yet corrupted by the example of its "betters." The danger that threatens it, and that should be combated by every influence that the intellectual class can bring to bear, is that which lies in vacant-mindedness. The salvation of American society lies in the possibility that this people can, even yet, be taught to read and to think. But it will be a big job.



The Great Bluff

It is a game of bluff that is being played at Portsmouth. Two nations are the players. Japan holds all the best visible cards and she knows it. But Russia seems to possess the largest bluff, where both are skillful at it. Both sat down to the game, one with "irreducible minimum" and the other with the profession that it was impossible ever to yield up honor. One said: "We have beaten you in every battle; we have captured your chief fortress; we have driven you past Mukden; we have sunk your fleet; we have captured Sakhalin." The other said: "We are not beaten; we have a better army than ever and better officers; we are nearer our base, while you are farther, and the tide of war is on the turn; we shall never yield; we shall yet make peace in Tokyo." So they sit and bluff. Possibly they will bluff too long.

But Russia has thus far bluffed the best. Japan has yielded to the extent that she consents to give up half the island of Sakhalin for a price which shall not be called an indemnity, but purchase money—say a little over half a billion dollars for Sakhalin and the support of prisoners. This yields more than was to be expected, but as yet Russia holds to her bluff. She utterly refuses. She would rather fight it out for ten or twenty years than give up a foot of territory or pay a kopeck of money that has the suspicion of indemnity. Does she mean it? Is she in earnest, or is it more bluff?

To the outside observer it looks like bluff for better terms and that she must yield in the end. But you cannot prophesy of things Russian, because it is not the land of sound reason. How is Russia going to keep up a war of ten or twenty years? Her financial credit is gone. She can get no more loans in France, nor anywhere else, except on special security, if at all. Her people have no heart in the war, but are in revolt at home. Linievitch is sending back to St. Petersburg glowing accounts of the spirit of his soldiers and the strength of his army and the certainty of victory, but to the world outside it all sounds like more bluff. What chance has Russia for better terms if she refuses those that are offered now? Not the least, unless she wins a most improbable victory in Manchuria. Let there be one more battle which shall give Oyama the success he has invariably had hitherto and Linievitch must flee, like Kuropatkin, to Harbin, and lose all connection with Vladivostok. Then that port will fall, and all the Amûr province behind it. The whole Pacific littoral will be lost and won. After such a victory over Linievitch Japan will never again consent to yield to Russia half of Sakhalin, or to leave her in possession of Vladivostok. She will hold what she gets up to the Arctic Sea, island and continent. No more Russian fleets shall harbor in the Pacific. On the one side the United States will guard that Ocean and on the other Japan, and Russia will sink to a second-class Power for a term of years until she can recover, by improved internal conditions, what she has lost by the folly of deluded ambition. De Witte will return to Russia and sit and glower at Alexieff and repeat the sad refrain, which he has already begun to utter: "I told you so; I told you so!"

President Roosevelt would have the bluff ended. So says all the world, unless we may be in doubt whether the Emperor William would have his dangerous neighbor, which set Prussia on its feet and so made Germany possible, keep on fighting for honor until utter exhaustion. Nobody knows his mind. But Roosevelt's advice is more disinterested than William's, tho it is not so likely to be heeded.

German and American Dress Reform

It was only about a year ago that America became aware of the German dress reform movement. The curious glances, or, perhaps one should say, the stares of the crowd, at the St. Louis Exposition were directed toward certain ladies, wives of distinguished German representatives at the Congress of Arts and Sciences, as they paced the Terrace of the Fourteen States dressed in rich, flowing robes, in marked contrast to the ordinary tourist costume. And then our American ladies who attended the World's Congress of Women at Berlin came back with much to tell of the new and artistic gowns worn by a large number of the advanced women at the sessions and receptions of the Congress.

From the account given by Frau Oppler on page 487 it appears that the German dress reform movement is largely due to two motives, patriotic and artistic. The same desire to be free from foreign influences which led the Kaiser to taboo the use of all French words in the postal service and to oppose the gradually extending adoption of Roman type moves the German women to devise costumes more suited to the national taste and character than those designed in Paris. In this they have succeeded, for the new gowns, both in material and cut, show somewhat too much of the heaviness characteristic of German sculpture, architecture, painting and handicraft to suit our taste. The costumes seem to be printed in black-letter. The American woman, if she ever designs her own gowns or consents to have them designed for her, will probably develop a costume somewhere between the German Gothic and the French Rococo, but marked, of course, with that individuality and charm which makes the American woman so superior to the rest of the sex.

In our country this patriotic motive has been absent, and the artistic impulse has so far not extended to apparel. The American woman has allowed and even encouraged the artistic craftsman to remodel her furniture, wall paper and books, but she makes him keep his hands off of her dress.

But altho the two motives prominent in the German movement have been absent here and altho the Jenness-Miller crusade, which bore the strongest resemblance to that described by Frau Oppler, was an apparent failure, nevertheless dress reform has made more progress than is generally realized. Much that the German women are now fighting for American women have already attained; for example, the shortening of the skirts on walking gowns, underwear that is both hygienic and comfortable and fewer and lighter skirts. In fact, the modern woman's costume is less hampering and burdensome and more healthful and modest than at any previous period in the memory of the oldest female inhabitant. The modern woman would feel as uncomfortable in her grandmother's corset as the modern man in medieval armor. The teaching of physiology and hygiene in the public schools, altho it has not eradicated the feminine vices any more than it has the masculine, still has had some effect. College women as a rule have used their influence on the right side. The athletic girl has to a certain extent counteracted the society girl.

But all these apparent gains are liable at any moment to be snatched away by the caprice of Fashion, who is as arbitrary as the Trust. Already we hear that a reduction of four inches in the waist has been ordered, and this will involve the throwing out of employment of millions of lung cells, in the season, too, when they are most needed. Against a decree from such a power as this no appeal to reason is likely to prevail. It is of no use to argue that tight lacing has caused more injury, physically and morally, to the human race than alcoholic liquors, because no woman can be found who laces tightly, just as no man drinks immoderately. Legislatures pass anti-cigarette laws to protect the boys, but not anti-corset laws to protect the girls.

It shows the superior altruism of the female sex that women are willing to organize societies to fight the vices of men, while men make no similar efforts against the vices of women. We have known of a few clubs of young men who have mutually vowed never to marry girls who wore corsets, but they did not proclaim it in public after the manner of

the modest maidens who sing at temperance meetings "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." For some reason these societies did not grow, multiply and federate like the women's anti-vice societies. Some of the men lived up to their vows, either remaining bachelors or marrying women of normal proportions. Others violated the pledge upon the slightest temptation or what seemed to their associates the slightest temptation. But we must not be hard upon these recreants. Doubtless they, like the women who marry tippling lovers, took pity upon the slaves of a bad habit and married the girls to cure them of it, or literally to reform them.

It is sometimes argued that since women dress to please the men, therefore the men are responsible for the defects and absurdity of woman's dress. This is a fallacious argument. We shall not dispute the first proposition, so flattering to masculine pride, but the second is not a logical deduction from it. For, altho it may be true that women dress to please the men it is also true that any way the women dress does please the men. Whether woman wears lip-rings, nose-rings or earrings, he thinks her beautiful. Whether her shoulders slope up or down, whether she resemble an H, an X, or an A, whatever her form may be in any particular year, he thinks that form perfection. Altho the equator may shift from the Tropic of Cancer to the Tropic of Capricorn, it always divides the polar distance into its most artistic proportions.

The individual man, not having any taste of his own in dress because he has never had a chance to use it, is obliged to accept as his guide in feminine costume the standard of Fashion. He decides that his wife is fittingly dressed when her gown looks new, expensive and like every other woman's, or more so.

William Morris and other artist-artisans of socialistic ideas have been criticised for devoting themselves to expensive and exclusive forms of handicraft under aristocratic patronage. The incongruity is obvious, but the wisdom is apparent. To get a report circulated quickly tell it as a secret. To make a book sell well publish it first in limited *édition de luxe*. To make a new art popu-

lar start it as a fad of the rich. We look up and not down for our fashions. So the German dress reform movement stands a much better chance of influencing the people because at present the reform costumes are more costly and exclusive than those in fashion.



A Dubious "Dubium"

WHEN Leo XIII appointed a Biblical Commission of leading Catholic scholars the world over to consider what is the proper teaching or liberty of the Church in the matter of biblical criticism, it was hoped that some more considerable liberty might be granted. Especially in France was there a liberal section in the Catholic Church that was in hearty sympathy with the progressive views. But the condemnation of the teachings of Abbé Loisy gave no assurance.

During these years the Commission may have held many sessions, but it has made but two decisions, the second just issued. The first was to the effect that Catholic exegetists must not explain what seem to them historical inaccuracies in the Scriptures on the theory of "documents," that they are "tacit quotations" from earlier uninspired authors. This did not deny that there might have been such "documents" written by J, E, and other sources, but it left it to be the doctrine of the Church that such documents were indorsed by the inspiration of the author of the biblical books.

Now comes the second decision. Another explanation which exegetists have sometimes adopted to get over historical difficulties is to suppose that certain parts of the Old Testament which are on their face historical are really moral tales written for religious effect, like a Sunday school book. This also the Commission now condemns. This decision is in these words (we translate), giving first the "*Dubium*," or question, and then the answer:

"*Dubium*: Whether the opinion can be admitted, as a principle of correct exegesis, which holds that books of Holy Scripture, which are regarded as historical, either in whole or in part, do not at times narrate history properly so-called and objectively true, but only present an historical form for the purpose of signifying something different from the prop-

erly literal or historical meaning of the words

"*Answer*.—Negative; except in a case, not easily or rashly to be admitted, in which, the sense of the Church not opposing it, and retaining its own judgment, it may be proved by solid arguments that a writer of the Hagiographa has wished to give not true history properly so called, but under the appearance and form of history to set forth a parable, an allegory, or some sense remote from the properly literal or historical meaning of the words."

This is decidedly interesting, and while it gives some liberty, it excludes some very desirable freedom of research and opinion. Let us see what is involved in the very general statement.

Only in the Hagiographa can this liberty of interpretation be allowed, and then only in a limited way, guarding the superior decisions and authority of the Church. Now by the Hagiographa is meant the books contained in the last of the three sections into which the Hebrew Old Testament is divided. These books are, Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Ruth, Esther, Canticles, Lamentation, Ecclesiastes and the Chronicles. It is something to exclude these books. Accordingly, so far as the Church has uttered no specified objections—we wish they were codified—one can argue, guardedly and not "rashly," that Daniel in the lion's den, Job and his three friends and Esther and Ahasuerus are parables or allegories, stories told for a religious purpose, and were so meant by the writers. But this cannot be told of Jonah in the whale's belly; for Jonah belongs to the section of the "Prophets," and not to the "Psalms" section. Of course, the same holds of Deuteronomy and the rest of the Pentateuch. As to their inerrant historic character there must be no discussion.

This is the viciousness of the decision, not the critical or dogmatic opinion which these men have reached, but their decision that such an "opinion cannot be admitted." What right have a dozen men, nominated by no matter how good and venerable ecclesiastic in Rome, to say what opinions other men can be allowed to hold and teach? It is the clash of free discussion that discovers truth. Intellectual torpor is the natural fruit of such interdicts. Such decisions as these two are a strangling noose about the neck

of the Catholic Church, and we hope, if such are its decisions, that it will be five years before it will utter another.



'The Cotton Gamblers

THE cotton leak is one of those most disagreeable events which prove that public graft is not a purely Russian institution. An officer of the Agricultural Bureau sold the information as to the cotton crop in advance to speculators, a disgraceful act, and the remarkable thing is that no law has been found which seems to cover such a crime. There are special and particular laws enough, but none of the general nature which meets this case, unless in some way or other he may be found guilty of conspiracy. Of course, the law will be made to fit the crime in future cases, but there should be some general statute to cover unanticipated offenses; for this is not like the crime of parricide, so improbable that a code of laws can omit it.

It is a very serious question whether the Agricultural Bureau is not going beyond its proper sphere in making its monthly reports, with estimates of the probable cotton crop. It is an admirable thing that it should collect reports of the condition of the crop here and there, of the weather, of the acreage, and publish them frequently, even every day; but it is another thing that it should give out an estimate, with the weight of the Government's authority, as to how many millions of bales may be expected.

The effect of such estimates on the market is very bad and the reason is plain. The New York Cotton Exchange is not a true board for the buying and selling of cotton; it is a big gambling place. It is very different from the Cotton Exchange of New Orleans or Liverpool, which do a really legitimate business. In the New York Cotton Exchange big brokers know nothing of cotton; they would hardly know a bale if they met one on the street. They make no *bona fide* sales for delivery of cotton. Theirs is a pure gambling game, as truly as could be met with at Canfield's in Saratoga. It is all on margins for a rise or a fall. Sully and the rest of them are bulls and bears, whose business it is by

all means, fair and foul, to raise or depress the price of one of the most essential commodities on which civilization depends.

Go into the Cotton Exchange when its members are awaiting the Government estimate. The chairman holds a piece of paper in his hand. He begins to read: "Ten"—instantly there is bedlam. They do not wait for the rest of the sentence—"million bales." They are shouting to catch the profit on the announcement. The price mounts instantly. Terribly irregular has it been, to the great injury of the mill men. Take an average fair price of ten cents. Within two years it has mounted up to seventeen and eighteen cents, and fallen to seven cents, and that is destructive and is done by gambling, helped amazingly by the estimates from the Agricultural Bureau. Let the Bureau report conditions and then let the brokers make their own estimates; and the bulls will put the estimate down and the bears will put it up, and there will be none of these extraordinary fluctuations encouraged by the Government and tempting to this offense, on which we hope some kind of law may be discovered.

Do our readers appreciate what is the effect of these sudden changes of price? We raise, say, from ten to thirteen million bales of cotton annually, worth fifty dollars a bale at the ten-cent price. The bulk of the cotton of the world, the good middling cotton, is grown in our Southern States. The fall of a cent a pound means five dollars a bale, fifty million dollars. This is too large a value to let be made the gamble of a roulette game. The life of business depends on the safe steadiness of prices. The ruin of farmers, of mill men, of operatives by the many millions all over the world is effected by this atrocity. Suddenly the price of cotton falls to seven cents; planters are in distress. It rises to seventeen cents; the mill men stop work.

It is not to be wondered at that gamblers should try to corrupt the officers of the Bureau and purchase advance information with which to beat the market. Gamblers have a peculiar system of morals. The Senator who defined an honest politician as one who stayed sold when he had been bought set too high a

standard for the gamblers. They can see nothing discreditable in bribing an officer. It is only smart, something to be admired, to be proud of. To be sure the poor wretch who sells to them is despised, but their act is quite *en regle*. To cheat and lie and bribe is their business, for it is downright gambling, on the basis of the ethics of gambling, whether at Dick Canfield's palace, or at Jerome Park, or in a common policy shop, or in the Cotton Exchange—and most of the Stock Exchange business is no better.

So what should be done, as it seems to some honest cotton merchants, after Holmes has been punished, if some law can be found to reach him, is for the Agricultural Bureau to leave prophecy to the Weather Bureau, which gives its indications every day. Let it make the most careful investigation possible of the number of acres planted and of the condition of the crops at the time in the States from Texas to Kentucky, and report it as fast as it can get the facts, and then let it leave the business of estimates to the men who deal in "futures." Don't wait until some grand, anxiously awaited prophecy shall smash the market and possibly disarrange business the world over. Financial prosperity does not ride on whirlwinds.



The Yellow Fever Outlook

ALREADY the wisdom of asking the United States Marine Hospital Service to take charge of the yellow fever situation is manifest. The actual danger has not been much decreased as yet, but confidence has been restored and there is now no doubt of the pursuance of the systematic sanitary measures needed for the arrest of the infection. It must not be forgotten that the conditions in Havana just before the first great victory over the disease was won were much more discouraging than those reported at any time from New Orleans during the present epidemic. Tho the United States authorities had worked a revolution in the cleansing of the city of Havana, yellow fever raged so desperately there that more than one-half the Governor-General's staff were carried off by the disease in one season. The Cubans began

to say, and apparently with reason, that the Americans might understand their own sanitary conditions, but they could not be expected to comprehend Yellow Jack. Mere cleaning, tho to a high degree, seemed to be of no avail. Then came the recognition of the mosquito theory of the distribution of the disease and the enforcement of regulations that would prevent mosquitoes from becoming infected by yellow fever patients. It was not long after this before the end of yellow fever was in sight in Havana, tho the disease had existed continuously there ever since the original occupation of the city by the Spaniards.

Indeed, it seems not unlikely that the present acute yellow fever situation will eventually work good rather than harm to the gulf coast, tho, of course, at the present time it is bringing about serious business disturbance as well as sad loss of life. There has been a tendency in some of the Southern States, especially among the older sanitary authorities, not to place entire confidence in the mosquito theory of the distribution of yellow fever. Physicians who were in attendance at the meeting of the American Medical Association held in New Orleans two years ago will remember that some of the important papers read at that meeting expressed doubts as to the completeness of the protection afforded a city's inhabitants by merely taking care that the mosquitoes should not contract yellow fever. It is not surprising that men who all their lives had taught and insisted on the necessity for the segregation of all persons who had associated with the diseased and the burning of all clothing and bedding that had been in contact with them, because they might convey the germs of the disease, could not be brought all at once to consider that all these quarantine regulations were utterly without reason and the mosquito constituted the only means by which the germ of the disease could be carried from one person to another.

This is now, however, the accepted teaching of the best authorities in yellow fever. Dr. John Guiteras, who was for so many years the United States Government expert in yellow fever, and probably knows the disease better than any one else in this country, after living for

the last five years in Havana is very ready to emphasize his conviction that the mosquito theory of the distribution of yellow fever is the only tenable doctrine in the matter and that its practical application is accountable for the absence of the disease from Havana in recent years. Ordinary quarantine regulations, then, with regard to clothing and other suspected fomites have no more sense for justification than with regard to malaria, a disease which is now universally conceded to be transmitted by means of mosquitoes and in no other way.

Once there has been a thorough enforcement of the regulations with regard to the reporting of yellow fever cases, and their protection in such a way as to prevent the approach of mosquitoes, there will be no further cases in New Orleans. The Marine Hospital Service accomplished this at Havana under less favorable circumstances and without the co-operation that the citizens of New Orleans are now so ready to give. It will not be an easy matter to segregate all the foci of the disease. It will be even more difficult in New Orleans than in Havana to keep down the number of mosquitoes responsible for the transmission of yellow fever. Owing to the system of collecting water from the roofs of buildings and allowing it to be stored in open receptacles of various kinds, so common in the city, there are many very favorable breeding places for the special form of mosquito, the *stegomyia*, which is alone responsible for the distribution of yellow fever. The eradication of these breeding places would have been accomplished long before this if there had been complete confidence on the part of the New Orleans sanitary authorities in the exclusively mosquito-borne character of the disease. This eradication should have been at least well begun nearly three years ago. The failure to set about it seriously must now be paid for so dearly.

When, as will inevitably be the case, success shall crown the efforts of the Marine Hospital Service in the present yellow fever situation in New Orleans all the cities on the gulf coast will be brought to the realization that their preservation from the plague of yellow

fever, with its attendant mortality and heavy financial loss, depends entirely on their readiness and ability to keep themselves free from the breeding places of this mosquito. The sanitary work required for this will do much in other ways to improve the health of these more or less tropical towns. As a result it is very probable that this will be the last serious epidemic of yellow fever that our country at least shall be called upon to battle with. Instead of the hopeless waiting until the natural forces of frost and cold come to moderate the disease science is now able to take hold of the situation with firmness and assurance and we can confidently look for its control within a comparatively short period.



Summer Music

IN most of the larger American cities which make any pretensions at all to musical culture such pretensions and culture alike take a summer-long vacation. Tho the winter nights, and the days, too, may be filled with music, with the coming of the spring flowers the musicians silently steal away. In the good old summertime the only thing left to us is the military, or, as it is commonly called in this country, the "brass" band, which discourses for the most part only the cheap and trivial trash known as "popular music." Why is this so? Surely there are no valid and sufficient reasons for such a state of affairs at this late day when in the winter season America has come to be known as one of the most musical of nations and the one that pays more than any other for the best music, the best singers, the best players, the best conductors.

Ever since 1865, when the late Theodore Thomas gave his first series of summer concerts in the old Belvedere Lion Park, at 110th Street, sporadic attempts have been made to provide New York with orchestral music in summer. But with the exception of the Thomas concerts of the late 60's and early 70's, and those conducted by the lamented Anton Seidl twenty years later, none of these attempts was conspicuous for success, artistically or financially. And other leading American cities have had similar experiences. Why? If summer-night

orchestral concerts could be made to "pay" forty years ago (and they did pay), why are they not profitable now?

The answer is: They are—when the same essentials are present that made them successful then. Those prime essentials are a first-class conductor and first-class programs, or, at least, a conductor who is competent to make and interpret first-class programs. Mr. Walter Damrosch's brief season of only three weeks in New York last spring demonstrated this anew, and we are glad to note that his endeavors in this direction of good summer concerts have recently met with gratifying success in Chicago.

In the fascinating "Musical Autobiography" of Theodore Thomas, recently published, one of the most interesting things to the observer of the progress of music in America is the record of how steadfastly that sturdy pioneer adhered to his principles when conducting hot-weather concerts no less than in the more "serious" winter season. A brief study of his remarkable series of summer-night programs shows how he repeated the music of the masters over and over again alongside of the light stuff, until the people found that the light stuff did not stand repetition, but that the music of a Beethoven had a message for each listener.

Now the work of Theodore Thomas was not for naught. The public has not gone backward. Its musical taste to-day is better than it ever was. Those who realize music's true worth and meaning are willing to listen and eager to pay for the privilege of listening to the best music—in summer as well as winter—only it must be the best. The great majority of music lovers who support the winter orchestral concerts have to stay in town most of the summer. Those who are able to get off to green fields are gone for only a week or two, or a month at most. Why should not this dullest time of all the year in our cities be made more attractive by means of good orchestral concerts?

It is not meant by this that the summer programs should be identical with those of the winter concerts. There are surprisingly large quantities of good music by the most inspired composers which is seldom or never heard at those winter

concerts — scores, yes, hundreds, of dainty, graceful, delightful little things by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Rubinstein, Tchaikoffsky, Bizet, Delibes, Dvorak, Goldmark, Grieg, MacDowell. The charming symphonies of Raff have been practically banished from our concert rooms in recent years, but they make capital summer music and they are worth listening to. A series of nothing but Beethoven symphonies would be wofully monotonous. We do not want that any more than we want a series made up of nothing but Strauss waltzes. But give us a good admixture of the two, together with the music of such masters as we have hurriedly mentioned and plenty of excerpts from Wagner, and leave "rag-time" and all sentimental slush to the brass bands, the hurdy-gurdies and the graphophones.

In Germany, notwithstanding that it is the most musical of all countries, the lot of the poor orchestral player is far worse than it is here; is so bad, in fact, that a movement is afoot to remedy it by the municipalization of orchestras. Cologne, Düsseldorf, Aachen, Freiburg and Leipzig have already taken this step, the musicians becoming communal employees entitled to pensions. It is expected that the Kaim Orchestra of Munich, the Berlin Philharmonic and the Konzertverein of Vienna will eventually come under municipal control, and Cologne, it is said, will soon be able to support two town orchestras, one for concerts and another for opera. In Italy also there is a similar movement. The Government of Rome last year replaced the municipal military band with an orchestra, which gives free concerts, and at certain times may be employed by operatic managers. Inasmuch as cities create and control parks and educational institutions, why, it is asked, should they not foster high-class musical entertainments, which wean people from vulgar music and the demoralizing places where it is played?

In America, where the conditions are so totally different, where the best orchestras are endowed by the gifts of rich men or by popular subscription, there seems to be no need of municipalization—at any rate for winter concerts. Yet each of our larger cities might find it

profitable to subsidize a good orchestra for hot-weather concerts. Many American towns and cities provide free band concerts in their parks every summer, at a cost of many thousands of dollars. This summer New York City is paying out \$51,024 of the taxpayers' money for such band concerts in the parks, and a further sum almost as large for similar band concerts on the recreation piers—a total of between \$90,000 and \$100,000 spent on the lightest music, purely for the amusement of the people. There is no doubt that a certain amount of popular amusement at municipal expense is a good thing. But why not devote some of this money toward a subsidy for good orchestral concerts in a park or other convenient place, perhaps charging a merely nominal admission fee, and thus provide something of uplift as well as amusement? It seems to us that the experiment would be decidedly worth trying. It would be necessary, of course, for its success to keep the control of the orchestra out of the clutches of politicians; but if that is possible with an art museum why not with an orchestra?



Religious Intermarriage

It is a more serious question that agitates the Parsis of Bombay now than that which troubled them a few years ago, when they sought the advice of distinguished Avestan scholars in Europe and America as to whether their worship of fire would forbid them to smoke cigars. Now it is a question of marriage outside the faith. A cousin of the late distinguished Parsi merchant and philanthropist, Mr. Jamsetjee N. Yata, married a French woman. To be sure, she first confessed conversion to Zoroastrianism and was invested with the sacred thread, but it raised a storm in the little community and native and foreign savants were consulted. The experts reported that conversion to the faith was not disallowed by the Zend Avesta. But the further question arose as to its social bearings, and it was decided that, looking to the social and religious condition of the community, the admission of converts was unwise and that no convert should be admitted to the fire temple or other rites, or have part in the benefits of

religious funds. This is a pretty stiff rule, altho adopted by a popular vote with the greatest enthusiasm. We suppose it was feared that there might be a rush of converts to get the financial benefits of a rich community, just as white men became Indians by marrying a Choctaw wife, and that thus the Zoroastrian spirit and religion would be lost. Similarly Jews and Catholics in this country discourage intermarriage, for they say that the children will be lost, if not the offending parent. In the case of the rich Parsis there is a certain advantage in maintaining what used to be the policy of the Massachusetts Democrats in the days when frequently there was a Democratic President, to keep the party "conveniently small," so that the offices might go around.



Villages of Liberty

That committee of three archbishops appointed over a year ago to study the problem of the duty of the Catholic Church to the negroes in the South has not been hurrying its report. A letter from a priest interested in this work appeared not long ago in a Kansas City paper, written from Langston, Okla., signed "J. A.," which we take to be the initials of Father Anciaux, of the Holy Family College at Langston, and formerly a missionary to the negroes at Lynchburg, Va., and who, we believe, was the author of the Latin pamphlet addressed to the Pope on the subject which so astonished and pained His Holiness. In this letter "J. A." reminds the archbishops that it was faithfully promised that a serious inquiry should be made into the state of affairs of all the colored missions in the South, and that all the missionaries should have the opportunity to be heard, and that rules with obligatory force should be issued, and he asked why no word has been heard of inquiry, statistics or decrees. "Who has caused the delay?" he asks; "who has put a stick in the wheel?" The last place where we should have looked for an answer is in a Paris journal of diplomacy, but it is there that we find it announced from Rome that the Pope is about to found in Central Africa fifteen villages where individual liberty shall be respected—the Ethiopianism, we judge, which they are

so afraid of in South Africa. These villages will each be under the patronage of an American diocese. Thus there will be a "Village of Liberty of New York," another of Minnesota and another of Quebec. This is the result of the visit to this country and Canada of Monsignor Coccolo, Director of the Anti-Slavery League. But this result, a sort of Colonization Society, can hardly be the end of the archbishops' investigation; only a side issue. It is at home, not in Africa, that the main question awaits solution.



In a trenchant article last week Dr. Wright complains that there is no suitable provision for the study of the cause and cure of disease. Dr. Osler has said the same thing, that hospitals have no proper corps of resident physicians who shall have time to investigate and make advances in medical science. Our hospitals are not properly equipped for the purpose, and some of them are shamefully under manned. We know a small hospital for consumptives in this city where several patients are received every day, but where there is no resident physician and the visiting physician comes late in the afternoon. But the patients have spiritual treatment. On the right hand side of the entrance are set up in a frame the staring words, "Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Prepare for Eternity!" It must be soothing for the newcomers.



The report has reached Paris from New York that the \$150,000,000 loan which was floated in this country by Kühn, Loeb & Co., the New York National Bank and the Bank of Montreal, representing so heavily the Standard Oil interests, is to be protected by the right to exploit the oil fields of the island of Sakhalin. There are a plenty of other reasons why it should be a matter of honor with the Japanese to hold Sakhalin, not to speak of its very valuable coal mines and fisheries, and if the oil fields pan out valuable we are confident that an Oil Trust will have to do sharp financiering to get the better of the Japanese on the ground.



It is a rather pretty scheme by which some of the wise heads in the army

would have Congress create a reserve of 140,000 men for the regular army, not in active service, but who could be called on in a sudden emergency, discharged soldiers and others, and all at an expense of \$320,000 annually. But who can believe that those scattered and ever scattering men could ever be gathered in time of need? We have the militia, and that is enough. Let Great Britain worry over the creation of armies; our strength is in the arts of peace. Let us take up reciprocity and the tariff.



The State of Iowa need not be concerned over the failure to increase her population in the past five years, unless it can be proved that the birth rate is abnormally low. She has enough people for a great State, and has doubtless sent a goodly number of prosperous families to buy larger farms in the wheat fields of Western Canada, where they supply the best element in our neighbor's population. And she has so many good people that she can spare a few.



It is a pleasure to hear our admirable Boston Methodist contemporary talk about the duty of speaking out courageously. And this reminds us that we have not yet seen any comment from it, or any other Methodist paper, on the case of Professor Mitchell, of the Boston University, whose re-election in the School of Divinity the bishops have failed to confirm.



Women must wear hats in the Canterbury Cathedral, or they cannot worship there. What nonsense! It seems to be a lingering tradition from the exegesis of the passage that women "must have power on their heads because of the angels," that is veils, that is hats.



Now that Ambassador Conger has resigned his position at Mexico some of the papers will have it that Assistant Secretary Loomis will be his successor. Before nominating him the President would have to consider the likelihood of his confirmation.

Insurance

The Equitable's Answer to the State Suit

THE Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, through its attorney, Wallace Macfarlane, has sent to Attorney-General Julius M. Mayer its answer to the suit pending against it by the State and against each of its individual officers and directors holding office prior to Paul Morton's representation in the society's affairs. From this document it appears that the individual defendants are held to be blameworthy. They are regarded by the society as responsible for the Mercantile Trust loan of \$685,000, as well as for the Depew transaction, neither of which, it is claimed by it, ever came before its Board of Directors. The company holds that James W. Alexander had knowledge of these things, as did also Thomas D. Jordan, Henry C. Deming, and possibly a few of the other individual defendants, whom it is now impossible to identify. Certain admissions are made in connection with the charge that the society maintained excessive deposits of money in favored banks and trust companies in which officers of the society were stockholders. Excessive and improper pensions are also admitted, but all these things are said to be under investigation with the idea of punishing those responsible for the irregularities set forth in the complaint and of securing reimbursement to the society for the losses arising because of them. Some of the improper pensions, it appears, have already been cut off or greatly reduced. The concluding paragraph of the society's answer contains the following significant paragraph, viz.:

"Wherefore this defendant joins in the prayer of the plaintiff in this action, and thereupon submits its rights and interests in the matters in question to the judgment of the court."

The Life Insurance Company. By William Alexander. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous growth during recent years of the insurance principle both at home and abroad there still remain many people by whom life insurance and its many important applications to daily life are either not understood at all or are understood but vaguely. To all such persons the present book by Mr. Alexander must be very valuable. A very superficial reading of the volume will be enough to show that life insurance has become a mighty force the influence of which grows day by day. When we realize that an army of more than three hundred thousand men and women are selling it we are incidentally prepared to better understand its importance. The author in his exposition of the manner in which insurance principles are applied in practice has hit upon the happy idea of building up an imaginary but illustrative company. The more carefully the book is read and studied the more apparent will it become that life insurance is strictly scientific. The mortality tables in use are figured so accurately that there is no resort at any time to "guesswork." The various items entering into life insurance are expounded with intelligence and perspicuity, so that any one who will may understand. The theory of annuities is considered. A chapter is given to the reserve. Another is concerned with the surplus. The fallacies of assessment insurance are pointed out. The hypothetical company is presented and its problems are made to pass in review. We catch comprehensive glimpses as we read of the agent and his province. The business of life insurance begins to take on system and science in the place of confusion and chance. The modern life insurance company stands at last revealed and good advice is given as to the selection of a company with which to insure. The Alexander book is a good and exceedingly informing volume to read on the subject of life insurance.

Financial

A Worthy Financial Record

WHEN Col. Jacob L. Greene died on March 29th last it was very generally supposed that his estate would be worth not less than a million dollars. This estimate was based upon the fact that Colonel Greene had been President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company at Hartford, Conn., for twenty-seven years. He had been in supreme control of this great company. Not only were the assets of the company in his hands, but the same was true of its income and the investments that had to be made by the Connecticut Mutual.

Under similar circumstances other men have availed themselves of the manifold opportunities that such a trusteeship of other people's wealth necessarily affords for obtaining personal riches. Many instances will occur to many of those who read these lines where men in similar positions have in a comparatively short time possessed themselves of enormous wealth. They have built residences that were little less than palaces. They have bought yachts, automobiles and private cars. They have figured in society. Their influence has extended into Wall Street and they have been powerful factors in the money market. All these things might easily have been Colonel Greene's if he had but stretched forth his hand and taken them. But he had, it would seem, other and rarer ideals. He held to the old-fashioned idea that money was not the only thing worth having in the world. He regarded himself as merely a trustee for other people, and considered that as such a trustee it was his duty to give his energy, his time and his talent to their business and contented himself with the moderate salary paid him for his services. He administered his trust economically. He paid close attention to details, but he figured in no syndicates for the purchase of bonds to be sold to his own company at an advance over the market. His name was not in the Directory of Directors in connection with a number of subsidiary and allied financial companies. He was not interested in fancy dress balls, and never gave any. His salary was not

one hundred thousand dollars per annum with perquisites. According to modern standards he died poor, as his estate as announced last week amounts in total to only about \$50,000. Yet his was a worthy financial record.



THERE is a considerable demand for money in the South at the present time in anticipation of the approaching movement of the cotton crop. Southern banks in certain instances are rediscounting commercial paper and even borrowing on this account. Settlement funds arising from cotton sales will be available by the latter part of September.

.... Dispatches from Philadelphia contain the announcement that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has in contemplation the purchase of 5,000 steel freight cars in addition to 12,500 similar cars for which orders were placed during the early part of the present year. The new contract calls for an expenditure of something like \$5,000,000 and is indicative of confidence on the part of the "Pennsy" in the continuance of present prosperous conditions.

.... Robert Bayles, who for forty-three years has been connected with the Market and Fulton National Bank of this city as Cashier, President and Vice-President, resigned last week as an officer and Director, owing to ill health. In consideration of his long and efficient service the Directors have unanimously conferred upon Mr. Bayles the distinction of President Emeritus by his election to that office for life. Alexander Gilbert continues as President.

.... Dividends announced:

Louisiana & Arkansas R'y, Coupon No. 6, 5 per cent., payable September 1st.

United States Leather Co., Preferred, \$1.50 per share, payable October 2d.

Central States Leather Co., Preferred, \$1.75 per share, payable October 2d.

American Chicle Co., Common, 1 per cent., payable September 14th.

Iowa Central R'way, Coupons, 4 per cent., payable September 1st.

Minn. & St. Louis R'way, Coupons, 4 per cent., payable September 1st.

The Independent

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Survey of the World

Political Events

Governor Douglas, the Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, and the wealthy shoe manufacturer of Brockton, who is on the most kindly terms with the union workmen, absolutely refuses to run again for Governor. He had previously indicated his disinclination to be a candidate, owing to the unwillingness of his family, who have no desire for political publicity. He is reported as having said that his wife was afraid that if he were elected again as Governor he would be nominated and elected President, and that would be most unwelcome. In his final declination he gives as his reasons the state of his health and the desire of his family that he retire. The Democratic leaders are greatly disappointed.—In this city fusion of nearly all the various organizations against Tammany was assured by a meeting of their representatives last Thursday. District Attorney Jerome was the candidate principally urged, but the Municipal Ownership League strongly opposed his nomination on the ground that he was not favorable to ownership. But Mr. Cutting, who headed the Citizens' Union delegation, reported that while he could not assure Mr. Jerome's consent to be a candidate, he had positive information that he was in favor of municipal ownership, which seems to be the basis on which the fusion against Tammany is to stand. But the Municipal League people were not satisfied, and no conclusion was reached, and an adjournment was had till Thursday of this week, with the intention to bring in other minor political organizations. Meanwhile Mr. Jerome has given in his final answer that he will not be a candidate for Mayor, as he prefers to run again as District Attorney.

His success in carrying on the work of this position has been remarkable.—The resignation of Francis B. Loomis as First Assistant Secretary of State was accepted by the President last Monday, and his successor, Robert Bacon, was appointed. Mr. Bacon is prominent in New York financial circles, was a former member of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and was a classmate at Harvard of President Roosevelt. He is a particular friend of Secretary Root, and it is said that he will take his place in Washington with Mr. Root's active assumption of his duties. The resignation of Mr. Loomis was put in Mr. Roosevelt's hands a month ago, and Mr. Loomis made public announcement of it a week ago. He says that private business will soon take him abroad. No plans are announced for his taking an official position. He is preparing a complete statement in vindication of the public charges affecting his conduct in Venezuela, especially as related to a long series of letters between J. A. Radcliffe, C. L. Kurtz and Mr. Loomis, published in *The New York Herald*. These letters show that Mr. Loomis was selected by these gentlemen to be appointed Minister to Venezuela that he might carry out their plans for concessions under the Manoa claim for the Orinoco company.

Reform in Philadelphia

The exposure of the frauds which have secured such phenomenal Republican majorities in Philadelphia have stirred the people to an extent never felt before, and on Monday and Tuesday of this week the voters turned out to see that under the new registration their names and votes should be properly re-

corded. This movement started a year ago, when the Democratic chairman ordered a complete canvass of the city to be made by the workers of his organization. This was followed by startling disclosures and prosecutions, and it seemed to be proved that the Republican machine had placed full 85,000 fictitious names on the official registry, which were used to manufacture majorities by stuffed ballot boxes. It is stated:

"Sworn evidence in possession of the Committee of Seventy establishes the fact that no less than sixty-five thousand bogus ballots were cast at the municipal election held in February last, and there is evidence in the possession of District Attorney Bell proving that dead men, infants, girls, boys, dogs, cats and peanuts were voted and counted.

"Men are now in jail who permitted ballots to be deposited in the boxes in bundles. It was proved before Magistrate Gorman that in one division all of the official ballots were in the boxes before noon on election day and that all voters who appeared at the polls later in the day were tricked into casting sample ballots, which, of course, were not counted."

There are 1,109 election precincts in Philadelphia. In one precinct the Assessor, who is now in jail, put 777 names on the official register, when only 102 voters live in the division. In this particular division the Republican majority usually equaled the total population. The plan of casting the bogus vote was described to Edward E. Abrams, a special agent of the Committee of Seventy, by an active participant in the frauds, as follows:

"We start out with two good men inside and a strong crowd outside. One of the men figures as the assessor. The other is our judge in the booth. These come or go just as a certain policeman directs. Besides this pair we have two respectable persons to do our vouching. We have to have these, as we must poll about three hundred and fifty to three hundred and seventy-five votes, and it makes things look good to have respectable men to swear them in. We really have one hundred and fifty voters in the division. At the last election, if I remember rightly, we turned in 364 votes."



Minor Items

The famous Subway Tavern Company has closed out its business, and transferred its interests to W. A. Skidmore, who was in charge of the restaurant department of the Sub-

way Tavern, and who will henceforth run it "on business principles," like any regular saloon. Joseph Johnson, Jr., was president of the company, and he with other directors prominent in reform work, such as R. Fulton Cutting, Herbert Parsons and Dr. E. R. L. Gould, went to the brewery to make the transfer of the property. Mr. Johnson said in an interview:

"The experiment has failed. A year's work has shown that beyond any question. The tavern was conducted exactly on the lines originally laid down, and it has not succeeded. Perhaps it has failed because it was conducted on these lines.

"But whatever may have been the reason, we have lost money, and after a fair trial for a full year, we have decided to quit. In so doing, there is only one thing which we desire to make plain. We have not been forced by the brewing interests to go out of business. On the contrary, we came to them and told them of our intention, and introduced them to Mr. Skidmore as a possible customer. The Subway Tavern Company bought its beer here under certain arrangements, but it and it alone was the proprietor of the Subway Tavern."

—The Common Council of Atlanta has presented its apologies to Chicago and other cities for the conduct of Mayor Woodward at the American Municipal League banquet at Toledo. They say, among other things:

"Whereas, He appeared upon the floor of the convention in a state of partial intoxication, and,

"Whereas, His conduct was such as to bring discredit upon himself, to outrage the sentiment and spirit of our people and to do incalculable injury to the city of Atlanta, be it

"Resolved, That regret be tendered to the American Municipal League on account of the 'spectacle' which the Mayor made of himself; that the Mayor's attitude toward the city of Chicago and the boorish manner in which he treated Mayor Dunne are heartily deplored and condemned, and that regret for his 'unseemly and unpardonable conduct' be expressed to the city of Toledo."

Mayor Woodward admits he drank beer, but declares he was not drunk, and defends what he said about Chicago.—At Greenville, Ohio, Prof. A. Baldwin was giving an exhibition of a balloon ascension, when the six sticks of dynamite which he took up with him exploded and he and his balloon at a height of 1,500 feet were blown absolutely to atoms.—

The fever conditions in New Orleans continue favorable, and the outbreak is under control; but the conditions are no better elsewhere, so that along the river there is much fever. In the settlement of Leeville there are 475 people, of whom 175 were ill of fever, twice as many cases as in all New Orleans. The five deaths reported in New Orleans last Monday are an insignificant number compared with the 72 deaths and 212 new cases reported on the corresponding day in that city in 1878. Thus far there have been 292 deaths, against 1,246 in 1878. Governor Jelks, of Alabama, has spoken for national control of quarantine, and the newspapers generally approve, which is quite a new step in acceptance of federal interference with States' rights. While much is being done to screen cisterns and destroy mosquitoes, the chief reliance is on screening the patients themselves so that mosquitoes will not be infected.—The total valuation of taxable real and personal estate in the city of New York is \$5,912,144,227, a net increase of \$271,601,570 over 1904.—It is now pretty well settled that there will be no extra session of Congress this fall.—Senator Depew has issued a letter of defense of his conduct in relation to the Depew Improvement Company, and its debt of \$293,850.82 has been paid to the Equitable Life Assurance Company.—Mr. Carnegie will be installed Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, Edinburgh, October 17th for the coming year; and it is announced that at that time the degree of Doctor of Law will be conferred on Mr. Carnegie, Whitelaw Reid and Charlemagne Tower, American Ambassador at Berlin; Bishop Potter, President Butler, of Columbia University, and Rev. William J. Holland, Director of the Carnegie Museum.

The Eclipse

Most of the observers of the total solar eclipse August 30th report excellent conditions. The American astronomers, under Prof. H. J. Hussey, of the Lick Observatory, were at Assuan, in Upper Egypt. They successfully performed their complete program for the observation of the eclipse. Eight plates were exposed for the intermercurial planets and a com-

posite battery of four telescopes was used. One plate was exposed for the general coronal spectrum. Rear-Admiral Chester was in charge of a special expedition under our Navy Department, and reports that the observations taken in Spain were perfect in every respect. An American expedition in Algeria had splendid weather. On account of the period of solar activity the corona was not very extensive, but evenly distributed, and brilliant red protuberances of hydrogen were seen at the beginning and end of the period of totality. A full set of photographs was taken. Sir Norman Lockyer was in charge of a British expedition which was taken by a naval vessel to the port of Philippeville, in Algiers; but the authorities would not allow the cruiser to anchor there, and accordingly they went to the island of Majorca, where the conditions were so bad that they had but indifferent success. Another English expedition, under Prof. Hugh Callendar, had little better success in Spain, because of the clouds. But in Tripoli, Tunis and Algiers other expeditions report fine success. Among the observations thus far reported the shadow bands were especially fine; Baily's beads not seen; the corona evenly developed, with no long streamers.



The Panama Engineers

The Advisory Board of Engineers upon Plans for the Panama Canal, consisting of American and foreign experts, held their first meeting in Washington in the offices of the Canal Commission on September 1st. Chairman Shonts, of the Commission, laid before them pamphlets containing the additional data derived from surveys and the experience of last year in excavating the Culebra cut, and various suggestions for modifications in the original plans. The most important question to be decided is whether a sea-level canal is practicable and, if so, whether it should be constructed as such now, or first as a lock canal and afterward cut down. Even with a sea-level canal a tide lock will be necessary at the Panama end. The question of the dimension of the lock chambers is also a difficult one to decide because of the rapid increase in the size of

vessels. Chairman Shonts concludes his letter to the board with the words:

"It is needless to say that the Commission desired not only your opinion upon these plans, but upon any variation of them, or upon any entirely different plan which may suggest itself to you. It requests your views as to what plan it is most expedient, all things considered, for the United States to follow in the completion of the Panama Canal."

The membership of the Advisory Board is as follows: Henry Hunter, nominated by the British Government; M. Adolphe Guérard, nominated by the French Government; Herr Eugene Tincauser, nominated by the German Government; Herr J. W. Welcker, nominated by the Government of the Netherlands; M. L. Quellenec, consulting engineer of the Suez Canal; Gen. George W. Davis, U. S. A., retired; Alfred Doble, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad; William Barclay Parsons, formerly of the New York Rapid Transit Commission; Prof. William H. Burr, of Columbia University; Frederick P. Stearns, of Boston; Gen. Henry L. Abbott, U. S. A., retired; Joseph Ripley, engineer of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, and Isham Randolph, engineer of the Chicago Drainage Canal. The board will visit Panama the last of the month, when the Canal Commission meets there.



The Peace of Portsmouth

The long diplomatic struggle between the envoys of Russia and Japan came to a sudden and very unexpected end through concessions by Japan in the questions of indemnity and Sakhalin. When the envoys reassembled on the morning of August 29th Baron Komura offered half of the island for \$600,000,000, the estimated expenses of war on the side of the Japanese. Mr. Witte again stated that Russia would not pay a cent of indemnity in any form whatever. Baron Komura then offered to waive the claim of indemnity and to compromise on the division of Sakhalin. This was at once accepted by Mr. Witte, and the announcement was sent out to the world that an agreement had been reached. As Mr. Witte came out of the conference room at Kittery he pronounced the magic word "Peace," and kissed his colleague,

Baron Rosen, and members of his suite on both cheeks, and as his big red automobile approached the Hotel Wentworth he was received with cheers from the correspondents and guests. From the jubilant expressions of the Russians and the downcast faces of the Japanese one would have supposed that the latter instead of the former had been defeated. The Japanese concession was only made upon receiving direct instructions from the Government after a long conference of the Cabinet and the four elder statesmen, veterans of the Revolution of 1868, Marquis Ito, Count Inouye, Count Matsugata and Marquis Yamagata, in the presence of the Mikado. Baron Kaneko's presence in New York during the war, which caused much speculation, is now explained. He was an unofficial representative of the Mikado and the intermediary between President Roosevelt and the Japanese envoys at Portsmouth in his efforts to bring about peace. Immediately upon coming to an agreement the plenipotentiaries set themselves to the task of arranging the details of the treaty, which was drawn up by Professor Martens, one of the foremost authorities of the world upon international law, on the part of the Russians, and Mr. Dennison on the part of the Japanese. The process of writing out the treaty was a slow one, as it had to be prepared in a French original and an English copy, and the Japanese showed great solicitude over the phraseology. An engrossing clerk was brought from Washington to write out copies, but to prevent any possibility of the violation of secrecy the envoys decided to have the work done by their clerks. Mr. Rojestvensky writing the French and Mr. Adachi the English. The treaty will go into effect upon its signature by the Mikado and the Czar without waiting for the exchange of the copies, the French Minister at Tokyo and the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg conveying the notifications of the approval of the two emperors. The treaty will not be made public until then, if at all. Its main provisions are, however, pretty well known. Japan gains all the points she insisted upon before the war and half of Sakhalin besides. She has also practically annexed Korea. Exactly what will be her power in Manchuria will



depend upon what agreement she can make with China. At the conclusion of the war with China ten years ago the southern part of Manchuria was ceded to her, but Russia, France and Germany compelled her to give it up. Now she is under obligation to evacuate Manchuria simultaneously with the Russians and restore it to China. The Japanese will have control of the Chinese Eastern Railroad running north from Port Arthur just as far as they have now possession of it—that is, as far as Kwang-Cheng-Tse Pass, just south of the branch line to Kirin. Russia is to pay China \$75,000,000 for the Chinese interests in that part of the railroad which is conveyed to Japan. This money may be paid over by China to Japan in case the latter does not retain the railroad. The railroad from Kwang-Cheng-Tse to Harbin is to remain in Russian control, and both Japan and Russia will have the right to maintain a limited number of railroad guards for its protection against the bandits. All the property of the Russian Government in Dalny and Port Arthur, consisting of the very substantial stone buildings, docks, etc., will be transferred to Japan. The Yalu timber concessions, the direct cause of the war, will go to Japan, and by the consent of China, which Russia will endeavor to secure, the lease of the Liao-Tung peninsula, including Port Arthur and Dalny, will be made over to Japan. Until a commercial treaty is arranged both countries will have the same commercial rights as the most favored nation. Both Japan and Russia are to withdraw all troops from Manchuria within 18 months after the signing of the treaty. The southern half of the island of Sakhalin below the fiftieth parallel will belong to Japan, as it did before 1875. The boundary is to be marked by a mixed commission, consisting of one Russian, one Japanese, one French and one American engineer. No military forces are to be allowed on Sakhalin and no part of it is to be fortified. La Perouse Strait, between Sakhalin and Yezo, the outlet of Vladivostok, is to be free and unfortified. Japanese fishermen are to have the same rights as Russian along the Siberian coast from the Tumen River, north of Korea, to

Bering Strait. Each Power will be reimbursed for the money expended in the care of prisoners, but since the Japanese prisoners are few Russia will have to pay much the larger sum. The treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries, Count Serge Witte and Baron Roman Rosen on the part of Russia and Baron Juturo Komura and Mr. Kogoro Takahira on the part of Japan, in the new Naval Stores Building of the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 5th, in the presence of Assistant Secretary Peirce, representing the President; Governor McLane, of New Hampshire, the Mayor of Portsmouth; Admiral Mead and Commodore Winslow.



The Reception of the Peace News

The announcement of peace was received everywhere with great rejoicing except in the two countries most concerned. In Japan the popular indignation against the Government for thus relinquishing part of the fruits of victory in order to secure peace is outspoken and extremely bitter. In Russia it is viewed from the standpoint of party interests, and none of the papers except the recognized organs of Mr. Witte join in the general chorus of praise for the diplomatic triumph of Russia's senior envoy in wresting such important concessions from a victorious enemy. The war party in Russia feel that the treaty is humiliating, and the officers in the field deplore the stopping of the war at a time when, as they assert, General Linevitch was ready to overwhelm Marshal Oyama. The Russian Liberals fear lest the movement for political reform will be checked now that the danger of war is past. All Europe gives President Roosevelt great credit for bringing about peace, and he has received thousands of telegrams of congratulation from the highest quarters. The Czar sent his thanks at once upon the announcement of the agreement and the Mikado four days later.

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

"Accept my congratulations and warmest thanks for having brought the peace negotiations to a successful conclusion, owing to your personal energetic efforts. My country will

gratefully recognize the great part you have played in the Portsmouth peace conference.

"NICHOLAS."

"TOKYO, September 3d.

"*The President:* I have received with gratification your message of congratulation conveyed through our plenipotentiaries and thank you warmly for it. To your disinterested and unremitting efforts in the interest of peace and humanity I attach the high value which is their due and assure you of my grateful appreciation of the distinguished part you have taken in the establishment of peace based upon principles essential to the permanent welfare and tranquillity of the Far East. MUTSUHITO."

President Loubet and the Emperor William sent similar messages.



A Second Peace Congress

The invitations to the first Peace Congress at The Hague were sent out by the Czar of Russia. A circular note suggesting a second Peace Congress at The Hague was sent out by President Roosevelt last year, and responses were then received from all the Governments that were signatory to The Hague agreement. The President and Secretary Hay reported in a published note that Austria-Hungary, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Luxemburg, Mexico, The Netherlands, Portugal, Rumania, Spain, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland and Belgium agreed to participate. So did Japan, with the reservation that the present war is not to be taken up. Russia alone refused to accept so long as the war was going on. Now that peace is assured the President will soon provide that the Government of the Netherlands shall send out the formal invitation to The Hague. In the meantime there have been exchanges between the Powers concerning the scope of the conference and the questions which should be taken into consideration when it finally assembled. The war has furnished many points to be considered. Secretary Hay's note to the Powers, giving the answers received, contained the assurance which is now to be soon carried into effect. He said:

"Altho the prospect of an early convocation of an august assembly of representatives of the nations in the interests of peace and harmony among them is deferred for the time be-

ing, it may be regarded as assured as soon as the interested Powers are in a position to agree upon a date and place of meeting and to join in the formation of a general plan for discussion."



The Canton-Hankau Railroad

The stockholders of the American-Chinese Development

Company met in Jersey City August 28th and voted to sell the concession for the railroad from Hankau to Canton to the Chinese Government for \$6,750,000. This was the most important concession ever obtained by Americans in China, and the fact that it has been in our hands for several years without being utilized and is now relinquished is a serious blow to American prestige in China. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who has the controlling interest in it, has twice in the last month been called to Sagamore Hill to consult with the President, who was desirous that the concession should be held if possible. In the present attitude of the Chinese Government, which, indeed, had already officially canceled the contract at the request of native merchants, the patriotic feeling, which finds expression in the boycott of American goods, has caused the organization of rich and powerful Chinese bankers, merchants and officials to protect national interests by developing their own resources without foreign capital or aid. Consequently no more franchises will be granted to foreigners and those that have been granted will be revoked as far as possible. It is commonly believed that Japanese influences have had much to do with the anti-foreign movement and that in many of their undertakings the Chinese will be assisted by the Japanese. The Canton-Hankau Railroad is to be 800 miles long and will open up one of the richest regions of China. Only 22 miles of the road has been built since the concession has been under American control.



An Epidemic of Cholera

The appearance of a number of cases of Asiatic cholera in Prussia, Poland and Austria causes apprehension lest the epidemic should become as serious as that of 1892, and the

health authorities are enforcing a rigid quarantine in Germany and other countries. The disease seems to have made its way as usual from Arabia and Persia through the Caspian and the Caucasus and to have spread along the Volga, Bug, Vistula and other rivers. Russian emigrants bound for this country brought it to Hamburg. Up to September 2d there have been 66 cases and 23 deaths. The authorities have put a stop to all emigration and the Hamburg American line sails without steerage passengers. All emigrants are kept at quarantine for six days, as the disease develops in five. Cholera is reported in some of the barracks in West Prussia and the military maneuvers have been countermanded on account of it. In some Prussian cities the schools have been closed. It is officially denied by the Russian Government that there is any cholera in Russian Poland, altho it is positive that the disease was brought down the Vistula by the raftsmen, and four deaths have been reported by way of Warsaw. From all parts of Germany sections of the alimentary canal of persons who die under circumstances suggesting cholera are sent to the Institute of Infectious Diseases for microscopical examination, and reports are made within twelve hours. Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, the head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, expresses the belief that the precautions taken by the German authorities to prevent the spread of the disease are effective and that there will be no general epidemic.—In Manila the cholera is spreading among the natives and two cases have appeared among the American troops. The total number of cases treated at Manila since the outbreak is 40, with 25 deaths.

France and Morocco

The Sultan of Morocco has yielded to the French demands in so far as to release Bou Mzian el Miliani, the Algerian merchant who was arrested at Gharb, but he refuses to apologize for the arrest or make reparation. On the contrary, he still insists that as Defender of the Faith-

ful he has jurisdiction over all Mohammedans in Morocco whatever their nationality. The French Government is now thoroughly aroused to the importance of maintaining her prestige, for she has 6,000,000 Mohammedans in her African colonies and cannot afford to be put in a position of not being able to defend her own subjects. Accordingly she has given an ultimatum to the Sultan, stating that the release of the Algerian is not sufficient and demanding in addition that an indemnity be paid, that the Kaid who made the arrest be dismissed and that a public apology be made for the outrage. The fact that Count von Tattenbach, the German Minister at Fez, under instructions from Chancellor von Bülow, urged the Sultan to release the Algerian is the cause of greater irritation to the French, as it is another indication of the growing power of Germany in Morocco. But the arrangements between the two Powers for the international conference on the Moroccan question are said to have been completed satisfactorily to both parties, and nothing remains to settle but the place and date. The German papers talk of the conciliation of France by cancellation of the loan of \$2,500,000 obtained from Berlin bankers in violation of the pledge made to France by the Sultan only a few months ago when he borrowed \$12,000,000 from that country on condition of not applying to any other country for loans in the future. The Sultan is, however, spending the money and has ordered a consignment of Circassian ladies from Constantinople and a troupe of dancers from Egypt.—Brigands are so numerous and daring in the vicinity of Tangier that no Europeans dare live in the suburbs of Tangier, for the tribe of Angeras is trying to kidnap some foreigners to hold for ransom after the manner of Raisuli, with whom they are in constant feud. The Angeras recently raided three villages under Raisuli's authority near Tangier and carried off large herds of cattle and sheep. Raisuli pursued with a band of his followers and several men were killed and wounded in the resulting skirmish.

Philip Vasilyevich's Story

BY MAXIM GORKY

[Either on account of lack of evidence or because of the protests of literary men and societies throughout the world, Maxim Gorky has at last been released from prison, and he will not be prosecuted on the charge of conspiring to overthrow the Russian Government. It is not to be expected that his recent experiences in the hands of the police will modify the appropriateness of the pseudonym under which he writes, Gorky, "the Bitter One."—EDITOR.]

I WAS sitting in the town park on a bench under the trees, the wind shook angrily the black, wet branches over my head and, tearing off the last leaves, carried them away down the hill to the wide, turbid river, and the river exhaled damp, cold breaths toward the sky.

Beyond the river, in the yellow velvet of withered grass, a small lake was glimmering; the dull autumn sky reflected itself in it mournfully; the pale disk of the moon was wasting away in the sky. The sun had long set behind the dark wall of the distant forest and the purple strip of the setting sun, amidst the thick, dark-blue clouds, seemed like a stream of fire in the mountain straits.

"Listen!" said some one, softly, near me.

I turned around; a tall, poorly dressed young man stood near my bench. The noise of the trees had drowned his footsteps and I did not hear when he came over to me.

"Give me something to buy bread with!" he continued, lowering his voice. He bent down his head, retreated a step, but did not remove his hat. I liked this. I silently thrust my hand into my pocket.

"Not much!" he said to me quickly, and lifted his head proudly. "You think I'm a beggar? No; I'm simply out of work. I'm hungry. Do you believe me?"

"I do," said I.

His face had prominent cheek bones, his large, soft-gray eyes sunk deep beneath his high forehead.

"Thank you," he replied morosely, taking the money with his long hand, which was trembling from cold or shame.

"Thank you. Now I'll go to eat.

I got up and went together with him. There was something I liked in him; he aroused my curiosity; there—I asked him:

"Could I, perhaps, be of more service to you?"

"Find work for me!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Can you?"

"I'll try."

"I am longing for work, just as I am longing for bread," he said, walking beside me. "It is hard for me and I am ashamed to beg. I can work; but there are more people in this town than there is

work, as everywhere else," and he smiled.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Platon Bagrov. You see I am a peasant. I went through a village school, I studied well and the teacher loved me very much. She succeeded in persuading an old landowner to send me to the gymnasium."

There were large, dark spots under his eyes. His gristly nose, with a small hump, was red from cold. The youth put his hands into the pockets of his old trousers, bent his spine and twitched his shoulders for cold. His thin coat, but-



MAXIM GORKY

toned up to his throat; his high, outworn boots and his old rumpled hat made him look like a street organ grinder. He spoke calmly, without any sadness or complaint in his voice, and it seemed as tho he himself was listening to his words and was verifying them.

"I stayed four years at the gymnasium; when I was in the second class my mother died—she lost her way in the fields and was frozen to death—my father died before that, and when I was promoted to the fourth class the old landowner died. Her heirs did not care to pay for me any longer and I had to leave the gymnasium. Here my education ended."

At this point a lady passing us jostled him; he quickly tossed his head back, glanced at her, raised his hand to his hat and said in a dull voice:

"Excuse me!"

The lady went past us without glancing at him. He closed his lips tightly and said, smiling:

"How people are accustomed to jostling one another, as tho it were nothing to jostle."

We came to a tavern and seated ourselves by a little table in the corner of a small room which was densely filled with tobacco smoke; I ordered some beer for myself, and he, while waiting for something to eat, continued his story in an undertone, looking about on all sides:

"At first I lived with one of the watchmen of the gymnasium, then he placed me in a grocer's shop as an errand boy, but my master turned out to be a drunkard and a bully, so I left him."

The waiter put a plate of bread on the table. Platon immediately took a piece of it, but his hand trembled strangely; he cast a quick glance at me, put the bread back on the plate, and went on, with lowered head:

"I was fourteen years at the time; now I am nineteen; two years from now I must serve in the army. During those years I have seen a great deal. I lived in different cities, I worked for a plumber, for a gardener, I was an errand boy in the office of a certain Southern newspaper, I was fishing in the Sea of Azof, I was also by the Caspian Sea; I have experienced a great deal. I have seen, I

have reflected upon, life, and, do you know, life is poorly constructed."

The waiter brought a bowl which was filled with something thick and strong odored. Platon sniffed the air deeply and ravenously, moved the bowl with both hands closer to himself and, without interrupting his narration, began to pour the soup out into the plate.

"I am very fond of reading and I have a rule to spend one-third of my earnings on books. After I have read the book I sell it, of course. I always feel sorry about this, but how can I drag the books with me? I don't like to live long in one place. I want to see as much as possible, I want to be educated, to understand everything."

"To be educated is a beautiful desire, but it seems to me that it is necessary to stay long in one place for that. However, eat," I said, noticing how his nostrils expanded scenting the smell of the food. He smiled and began to eat, vainly attempting to conceal from me his hungry greediness.

It was somewhat strange to hear his simple words, in which rang a certain unseizable rhythm and profound seriousness, which was rather unbecoming to the youth of the man. He was somewhat showing off by his smooth speech, and it was obvious that he was endeavoring to convince me of his intelligence. Now, as I observed the acute rapacity with which he was eating, I tried not to look at him, so as not to confuse him, and, thinking of him, I was examining the room.

In the opposite corner sat a telegraphist, with his cap moved up to the back of his head. He leaned his chest heavily on the table and scrutinized sternly the bottle of vodka which stood before him. Big black flies were flying around over him, filling the air with a discontented and disturbing buzz. They now lost themselves amidst the dust-covered leaves of the flowers on the windows, and now with a swing struck bluntly against the window panes. A suffocating smell of tobacco, sour cabbage, geranium and of vodka filled the room.

A tall, pimple-faced man entered, seated himself by the little table opposite

the telegraphist, silently filled a glass with vodka, drank it, then he licked around his red mustache carefully, and asked in a basso:

"How are you?"

The telegraphist threw himself back in his chair, struck the table with the palm of his hand, and replied, angrily:

"I am in such a mood that I feel like smashing window panes!"

"Make a complaint," advised the red-headed man, pouring out more vodka.

"The devil! Everybody's complaining. But who pays attention?"

Platon glanced at me and said in a low voice:

"I don't drink, but I am very fond of sitting in taverns. It's interesting. You can always hear peculiar words. You can catch an idea."

"It is all ugly and tedious," I remarked. "If you are fond of reading then you ought to read more, for in books you will find more valuable ideas than in taverns; isn't it so?"

"Y-yes, of course," he assented, hesitating awhile for some reason or other; and, after a pause, added: "Altho, do you know, you may sometimes find even in ugly words the same idea which you read in a book. Then you believe the book all the more and the people seem better, wiser."

"Have you had any intelligent people among your acquaintances?" I asked.

"Yes, when I worked in the newspaper office. The contributors treated me well. They used to give me books. And then I had another acquaintance in Rostov; he is a carpenter, and a very intelligent man; he has a whole library," said Platon, slowly.

He became somewhat dizzy from his meal and it seemed that he felt sleepy; his eyes grew dim. I got up, gave him my address, told him to come up to my house on the next day and extended my hand to him. He shook it firmly and said simply, with a nod:

"Thank you."

I noticed that he was not affected by my attitude toward him, and, tho, of course, I expected no gratitude, yet I was not much pleased with this indifference or whatever it was. We are all obliged to appreciate mutual favors

done to another; this is essential to social life.

It was already dark when I came out on the street. A long row of lanterns glimmering stretched itself into the darkness, the wind was blowing and the lights were trembling.

"He must feel cold in his light coat," I thought of Platon Bagrov.

* * * * *

I succeeded in finding for Platon a position as porter in the house of an acquaintance of mine, a very amiable old man, who had given up lecturing at the university several years ago and who now lived modestly and quietly, busying himself with investigating a certain parasite of wheat.

His house was small and charming; it stood on the outskirts of the city, and in the summer, surrounded as it was on all sides by old linden trees, and sinking in thick waves of acacia and lilacs, it looked out of a sea of verdure like a hospitable, quiet and clean island.

The professor had a daughter, a young girl with blue eyes and with ringing laughter. She played the piano fairly well, she painted, read belles-letters, and always wore white dresses; these were becoming to her even as the white bark is becoming to the birch. She was always surrounded by friends who were just as refined as she was. Students, well-bred youths, carried away by their love of art, used to visit the professor's home frequently. It was noisy and lively every evening in the room of the lower story; the young people played, argued, read poetry, danced, and the old professor sat somewhere in a corner, and, stroking his gray beard, smiled at the merriment of the youths. Everything was simple, cheerful and pleasant.

I used to come up to the house frequently, and I met Platon every time. Now his face had become fuller, the dark circles disappeared from around his eyes, he wore a heavy black waistcoat on top of a colored shirt, black, loose trousers and high leather boots. It must have been his desire to impress himself upon people by this rather unusual costume. Tall and bony, he was stiff in his movements. His dark, short hair was somewhat curly, his eyes had a meditative,

calm look, and there was something striking about his face, with its prominent cheek bones.

Meeting me in the house he would bow his head to me affably and silently; he was tactful; he never addressed me in the presence of the host or hostess, evidently feeling that he might thus place me and himself in an awkward position. But when I met him in the yard alone I used to shake hands with him and start a conversation.

"Well, how do you like it here, Platon?"

"Fairly well," he would reply, good-naturedly. "I haven't as much leisure as I expected to have, but I find time for reading, nevertheless. I think that I will gain a great deal of good in this house. To see a great deal, to feel, to work, to think a great deal, that is life! Isn't it so?"

"Yes, yes!" I said, approvingly, admiring his enthusiasm. "And, above all, read more good books. Well, and how do you like the master and the young lady?"

"They seem to be fine people. The mere fact that they don't quarrel and that they are in general polite with their domestics is a blessing in itself. It is something rare to find. The young lady is amusing. She runs around, screams, makes wry faces. She's always so clean, just like a fondled little pig."

I didn't like this opinion about Lidia Alekseyevna. The negative relation of servants to their masters is perfectly natural, but Platon was half-intelligent, and he should have known that by this attitude of his toward the mistress of the house he lowered himself to the psychology of the kitchen maids. I said nothing to him with regard to this, and he went on, smiling:

"But she's a fine girl, nevertheless. She's kind, amiable, and, altho capricious, she treats the servants well. Sometimes she chides the chambermaid, but that isn't offensive; it is rather childish."

"She's only one year younger than you," I remarked.

"That's nothing," he replied, calmly. "Years are not alike. Time should be measured by the number and nature of impressions. What has she seen and what does she know?"

He liked to boast of his experience of life. I grew tired of this, too. And, besides, I had a reason for not believing him. I noticed several times that when Lidia Alekseyevna walked past the porter his hand rose to his cap with suspicious quickness, his head bowed to her submissively, and he bent himself together so comically and awkwardly, as tho fearing to frighten the girl by his long figure, which was like a poorly built tower; he was so monstrously awkward and big compared with the young mistress of the house. I did not understand the meaning of these salutes, but Lidochka noticed them; the ridiculous in a man is most easily accessible to the eye of woman.

Thus the cheerful young girl directed her attention to the porter; she smiled to him kindly, occasionally she granted him a few insignificant words, and once, when he was chopping wood, she even asked him whether he was not tired.

One day she somehow asked me to tell her once more the story of my meeting with Platon. I complied with her wish and said in conclusion:

"He is too self-confident, considering himself an exceptional individual, in my opinion; he is apt to take God knows what into his head!"

She paid no attention to my words.

"He's a queer fellow," she said pensively, smiling. "He's so comical, so tall; and he's forever philosophizing there, in the kitchen. And they all make sport of him on this account."

Then she told me that the servants of the house considered Platon as a half-idiot because he did not make love to the chambermaids and did not sit in front of the gates on holidays eating sunflower seeds, but was forever reading books.

In the eyes of the cook and the chambermaids his behavior was not at all becoming to a porter; he spoke very much, and incomprehensibly; he sermonized to them, and his speeches irritated the people in the kitchen.

"We ought to advise him to take up the examinations for teacher and let him go to the country to enlighten the people," I said.

"Yes," assented Lidia Alekseyevna, "that would be better for him. Here he is out of place."

And evidently from this moment on she began to pay closer attention to Platon; of course, not because she expected to discover in him a fairy tale prince in disguise, but she was simply curious to find out how the man who sweeps the yard of her house feels and reasons.

Spring was setting in; the rooks coming home. The loud croaking of the busy birds resounded unceasingly all day long in the old linden trees, over the roof of the house.

I noticed that Platon's eyes looked somewhat strangely; they looked far away beyond the things that were near him, as tho they were persistently searching for something indispensable to him, but did not find it, and, widening with surprise, they smiled a sad smile. He became taciturn and disconcerted in his movements. One quiet night in April, as he was locking the gates behind me, he asked me in a low voice:

"May I come up to you to-morrow?"

"Please," I said, "come between five and six. Good night! Between five and six."

He came exactly at the appointed hour; he was dressed as usual in his waistcoat; he smiled to me confusedly and seated himself heavily by the table.

I began to speak of the books he had read, but this apparently did not interest him; he answered absent-mindedly, unwillingly, and gazed with melancholy eyes somewhere over my head or through my face. Sadness was not becoming to his physiognomy, with prominent cheek bones, and there was something ludicrous about it.

"How are you getting along?" I asked.

"I am not feeling well. I feel ill at ease in that house. It is such a good, pure house, and the people are sensible, kind; I thought that near them I would set myself right, that I would learn a great deal. But it doesn't work. My mind does not grasp anything. A certain anguish seizes on me. And I have even started to write verses; really I have."

He glanced at me confusedly and asked in a low voice:

"Does it seem to you funny?"

"No, not at all," I said, reassuring

him. "Read the verses to me; would you care to?"

He nodded his head; his sad eyes smiled; he put his elbows on the table, lowered his shaggy head upon them and began to read abruptly, in a dull voice:

"Night has come. I'm sitting by the window. The garden is asleep. Gloom and silence reign supreme. I gaze into the darkness mute. And suddenly my soul cries out: 'Wherefore am I distressed with pain? Wherefore?'"

His verses smelt of cheap tobacco, his boots of tar; the waistcoat was worn out at the sleeves, there were some buttons missing at the collar, and I saw that the veins on Platon's neck were beating painfully fast. He sat motionless, and, staring at the table, read on:

"There is no answer for my soul anywhere. . . . All is clothed around me in a stifling gloom. . . . The earth's asleep, the moist air is mute, only my heart is beating loud. . . . Oh, wherefore does she always laugh? Wherefore?"

He became silent, lifted his head, and his eyebrows were raised interrogatively.

"Well, how is it?" he asked.

I felt sorry for the young fellow and I wanted to turn his lyric into a jest.

"No good," I said, smiling. "It's necessary either that both should laugh or that both should cry. That would have been better. Have you any more verses with you?"

"Yes," he said, in a low voice, and again lowering his head he began to read slowly and mournfully:

"Farewell! My soul is filled with grief. . . . As before, I am alone again. . . . And again my life is dark. Good-by, my dear light of mine! . . . Farewell! Farewell! I have set my sail. . . . I stand sadly at the helm. And the playful sea-gulls' voices, and the strips of the white foam. All—by which the world bids me farewell. . . . Good-by!"

His dull voice rang monotonously and it somehow reminded me of the reading of the Psalter over the dead. He fell silent for awhile, glanced at me, and, heaving a sigh, went on:

"The distant sea is threatening me with misery, and the worm of sorrow gnaws my soul, and the gray billow howls sternly. . . .

But the sea with all its waves can never wash you out of my heart. . . . Farewell!"

He became silent and sat motionless. I felt ill at ease and awkward. I was afraid that he might begin to cry, and I did not know how to help him. Upon reflection I decided to act like a surgeon, to cut off the unnecessary part at once. I rose, walked over to him and, placing my hand on his shoulder, asked:

"Are you in love?"

"Yes, of course," he said, in a low voice.

"Who is she, the chambermaid, Feklusha?"

He raised his eyebrows with surprise and replied calmly:

"Lidia Alekseyevna herself."

I knew it, of course, but I never expected that he would tell it to me so frankly, and I did not want to hear it from his lips. It was somewhat unpleasant to me and very ridiculous.

"Listen, my dear," I said as seriously and gently as I could; "you must understand that this is amusing."

"Amusing!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, and his eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"Yes, of course," I said. "It is simply difficult for me to speak to you seriously."

"Why?" He repeated his stifled exclamation.

"Just think of it; you are nineteen years old. Well, say that you have seen something, that you know something, but are you her equal? She's an intelligent girl, with refined tastes. Everything that's coarse is organically repulsive to her. But, besides, that isn't the question. Such a combination as you and she is a matter of absolute impossibility. Being a rather sensible man, you should have felt this impossibility yourself. That should be felt!"

"And yet I do not feel it," said he, softly but obstinately, and then asked in the same tone:

"Am I not a man like all men?"

I shrugged my shoulders and began to speak to him again, while he looked at me with his gray eyes; stubbornness was reflected in them and I felt that my words produced no effect on him.

"And, besides everything," I said,

stepping aside from Platon, "I know that Lidia Alekseyevna loves me."

He rose from his chair slowly, closed his lips firmly, and, stooping, he went away, forgetting to give me his hand.

As I escorted him I felt that I must seriously interfere with this amusing but unpleasant affair.

* * * * *

On the very next day, toward evening, I came to Lidia Alekseyevna and told her cautiously, so as not to make the matter appear too ridiculous, but at the same time quite seriously, that it would be better for her to stop paying attention to the porter.

"Why?" she asked, surprised. "He is so amusing. Do you know it is very interesting to speak with him. Sometimes his stories, notwithstanding their crudity, are so touching. And they depict so vividly the life of the common people. Why, then, O despot, must I not speak to him?"

Then I told her plainly that Platon was in love with her and that first love, whatever it may be, formulates the heart of a man for all his life. She shuddered with aversion, her eyes became round with surprise, her cheeks flushed brightly, and, offended and confused and agitated, she began to run about in the room.

"How does he dare?" she exclaimed, disconcerted. "He! He always has such perspiring hands. And they're so red. And his ears are also red. But how is it that I didn't guess it myself? How funny it is! I feel sorry for him. And this is so bad, so rude. You say he composed verses?"

"And I think they're not bad, either," I remarked.

"Oh, what a queer fellow! But how is it that I didn't notice it myself? Really this is interesting. A democrat in love. It's a romance! Ah, my God! but what is to be done with him now, Philip Vasilyevich? It is necessary to dismiss him, isn't it?"

"Not now by any means," I advised. "Why offend a man since it can be managed without offending him? It is, of course, necessary to dismiss him, but it must be done cautiously, not at once. Wait a little."

"But I should like to see his verses, anyway," she said, thoughtfully.

Later I regretted sincerely and bitterly that I gave her such advice, losing sight of Lidochka's childish light-mindedness.

I left the city on the next day, and two or three days later everybody in the house knew that the porter was in love with the young lady. As I learned later, lively, and I must say wicked, scenes took place there.

"Platon!" Lidochka would call.

Platon would come.

"Do you love me?" she asked, tenderly.

"Yes!" replied the porter, firmly.

"Very much?"

"Yes!" he repeated.

"And if I were to ask for something," Lidochka said softly and mysteriously, pensively surveying his face with its prominent cheek bones, "you would do everything for me, wouldn't you, Platon?"

"Everything!" replied the porter with unshaken confidence.

"Well, if that's the case," she continued, smiling triumphantly; "if that's the case, my dear Platon—"

Her face became sad and she concluded with a deep sigh:

"—put up the samovar!"

And a merry smile beamed in her eyes.

He would go, with drooping head, and put up the samovar; his cheek bones grew ever sharper and sharper, and his eyes sunk ever deeper and deeper under his forehead.

Sometimes Lidochka, after cross-examining as to the power of his love, would make him wash her mud-covered rubber shoes, or would send him to take away a note to her friend, and whatever she asked of him she always dragged in his love; she always spoke with him in the name of his love.

In the evening when the visitors came together she called in Platon, made him read his verses, and he read, with bowed head, not looking at any one. The people praised him, smiling; he bowed, and his face was motionless, as tho chiseled out of stone. Lidochka would say to the guests in his presence:

"They are not bad, are they? Worse verses than these are sometimes printed. These are not clever, but they are sin-

cere. I know that the poet is really in love and hopelessly so! The prejudices of society and the cold heart of her whose praises he is singing stand in his way toward happiness."

I find that she treated the youth imprudently and with undeserved wickedness. It seems to me that his love offended her self-respect and she avenged herself on the poor fellow for this. But then no one treated him any better. The old professor was a good-natured man, who loved all insects with the love of a sage, yet even he found pleasure in jesting at the youth's expense.

"Listen, poet!" he would say. "I earnestly request you not to put so much manure on the asparagus beds. I have told you more than once about it, but you're forever forgetting. And I'll remain without asparagus if the thing will go on so badly. However, I am not angry; I understand your position. He-he-he! It draws you to Arcadia. Well? It's legitimate. In childhood a man is sick with measles and with scarlet fever; in youth he falls in love, writes verses and dreams of heroic exploits. It's a waste of time—of little use to life. But, anyway, it is better than the prudence of old age!"

The professor always spoke at length and his eloquence was rather tedious, but he liked it.

The servants also poked fun at him; they, of course, were simpler and ruder in their jokes. And all jests were apparently well aimed, for the target was so big. But Lidochka was more inventive than all; I cannot conceal this, and, of course, I don't approve it.

In the evening, while the moon was shining, she would seat herself in a beautiful and thoughtful pose by the open window and would tell her girl friends loudly that love knows no obstacles, that to love there are neither nobles nor peasants, there's only the man, the beloved. And Platon heard it.

Then she called him, gazed coldly and indifferently into his face and made him do something for her.

She played sad tunes, tenderly touching the soul of the lover by the soft, caressing accords; she sang sweet, tender songs, in which rang the anticipation of caresses and yearning for the beloved.

And all this she did in such a manner that the porter should see and hear and feel it.

One day he came over to her in the garden and said:

"Why do you laugh at me? Don't make sport of me; you ought not to do it. What's there to laugh at if I love you? I'll leave the city soon. I wish to remember you as kind and gentle. Don't torture me!"

His face was gray, his eyebrows lowered and between a stern wrinkle was formed. He spoke in a low voice, and stood motionless, but Lidochka was frightened by something she noticed about him, and she ran away without saying a word to him.

And on the next day she could not deny herself the pleasure of torturing him a little more; she called him into the house and made him read verses before two of her girl friends. The verses were about a young, strong oak; one of its branches had touched the face of a queen and the queen gave orders to cut down the oak. The verses were clumsy; the young ladies smiled as they listened to them.

Soon the affair came to an end. One day I received a telegram from Lidochka.

"Please come immediately. Misfortune happened Platon. Lida."

She met me, disconcerted, pale, half sick.

"Do you know? He shot himself!"

"Is that possible?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes! There you have it!" she said, running about in the room, nervously. "And you are to blame for it—you!"

"I?"

"Of course! We should have dismissed him then, at once, and you advised not to do it! There, now! Poor man! I pity him."

Tears glistened in her eyes; it was evident that she had not slept the night before and that she had been crying.

"If I knew that he was really—in earnest—I would not have allowed myself to trifle with him," she said, putting her handkerchief to her face and quivering. "They say he's still alive. Go over to see him! I can't; I'll go later. Papa is so upset. And everybody feels

sorry for him. For he was so original!"

Child! Even now she spoke of him as of a broken toy.

I immediately started for the hospital and on the way thought sadly of Platon. He had seemed to me so sturdy and firm and here at the first collision with life he was overthrown and shattered. And I could not understand in Platon this lack of perseverance which is quite clear in a cultured man who leads a nervous life.

He lay on his back; his face was yellow, bloodless, covered with wrinkles; his eyes had grown dim, they had become enormously big, and grief and pain stood in them motionlessly. His teeth were set together firmly and his cheek bones protruded in sharp angles. His long, sinewy hand was weakly hanging down from the cot, touching the ground with his fingers. He stared for a long time into my face with a wide-eyed, painful look and maintained silence. Finally, out of breath for weakness, he muttered to me through his teeth with an effort, in a creaking voice:

"Ask them! I have worked for them, so as to make their life more comfortable and clean. Why have they crippled me? Ask them!"

And his eyes closed slowly. I lifted his hand, put it on my knees and said gently:

"There was no crime in this, my friend; this is an error, a misunderstanding. One should not judge people so severely. You'll recover and all this will be cleared up. You know that they are good people."

He quietly withdrew his hand from my knees and it rolled off again to the floor weakly. Without opening his eyes he said:

"I have some books left there. Send them to Rostov, to the carpenter Yevsey Skryabin. Don't forget!"

"Very well, I'll attend to it."

Taking out my notebook I jotted down his request and the address of the carpenter, while Platon lay motionless. There was a dull rattle in his chest and the large, dark in place of his eyes made his face look dead.

I looked at him, maintaining silence, and I felt uncomfortable to stay there and uncomfortable to leave.

At last he opened his eyes and, noticing me, whispered:

"Go away!"

"Good-by!" said I, again lifting his hand and pressing it. He did not respond either by a sound or by a motion of the hand.

Slowly, with an unpleasant, cutting sensation in my heart, I left the ward and when I came out into the corridor I heard Platon's hoarse voice:

"Nurse! Don't let anybody in to me."

He evidently must have thought that Lidochka might come.

And that night he died.

Fulfilling my promise, I sent off to Rostov the books he left behind. I

learned from the servants that he had burned his copy books with his verses in the stove, but among his books I came upon a sheet of note paper covered with scribbling; the following lines, full of youthful pathos, were written upon it in a quick hand:

"Slowly and patiently I was ascending from the bottom of life to you, to its summit, and I looked at everything on my way with the eyes of a scout going to the promised land."

I took the leaf for myself as a memento of Platon; recently, while looking over the papers on my table, I found it and recalled the youth. And here I have told the story as well as I could.



The Presumption of Black Mink

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

[This new animal story of Mr. Roberts's is a worthy addition to those he has given to the world in "The Kindred of the Wild," "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," and many others.—EDITOR.]

WHEN the big Red Fox of Ring-waak found that his slim mate had presented him with a litter of six blind, red puppies he felt no vehement paternal enthusiasm.

He considered the new arrivals rather a bore than otherwise, tho he knew they were tremendously important or his mate would not devote herself to them as she did. He established himself on a dry and sheltered ledge just above the den, where he could keep an eye upon its occupants; and if any peril had threatened them he would have fought to his last gasp in defense of the helpless and apparently useless sprawlers. For several days, however, he had little time to rest at home and ponder the situation, because his mate devoted herself so closely to her new duties that he had to do the hunting for both. It was a long way down into the neighboring valley and the chicken yards which he had come to regard as safe objects of attack, and it chanced that at this season there was a scarcity of rabbits about the ridge. So it came about that Red Fox found himself more strenuously occupied than he

had ever been before at any point in his career. At this busy time the fortune of the wilds flung upon him one of his most unpleasant adventures.

One day when he was hunting, not very successfully, down beside the still half frozen dead-waters, it happened that a little way up the stream a large mink started to trail a rabbit. The mink had been feeding for a time altogether on frogs and fish, and was just now smitten with a craving for red blood. He had just missed catching the rabbit at his first rush, and then, in an obstinate rage at his failure, he had settled down to the chase of the fleet quarry.

For a little the rabbit's tremendous, bounding leaps had all the advantage. But soon she began to tire. She ran around in a circle, and as soon as her trail began to wheel her cunning pursuer, knowing just what she would do, cut across the curve and almost intercepted her. At this narrow escape her poor little heart came near to stopping with terror as well as with astonishment at the appearance of the dark, snaky foe in this unexpected quarter. She ran on

down the bank of the dead-water, with the mink not ten yards behind her. Her terrified eyes, absorbed in the doom that followed, failed to note the form of Red Fox darting across her path just ahead.

Under ordinary circumstances an ordinary fox would have discreetly ignored both pursued and pursuer, avoiding a dangerous quarrel; for the predatory wild folks, as a rule, do not like to fight unnecessarily. But Red Fox was utterly scornful of any mink as an antagonist, and he was in a hurry. His hunting was not for fun, but for business. Precedents and vested rights were of small concern to him. Crouching in a mass of dead brown fern he waited for the rabbit to come up. Then a straight, darting rush and the fugitive was caught right in the air, in the middle of one of her wild leaps. One despairing squeal and her neck was bitten through. Then, throwing her over his shoulder, Red Fox started homeward with his easy prize, never deigning to cast a look toward the baffled pursuer.

But in this arrogant confidence, for once, he made a mistake. The big black mink was no coward, and his keen little eyes went red with rage at this insult and injury combined. It was presumption, of course, for him to think of matching himself against the great master fox, feared all through the Ringwaak regions for his strength and craft. But his eyes were now like two glowing points of garnet, and prudence had been burned out of his brain. After a half-second's pause he darted like a snake behind Red Fox and bit him through the hind leg.

In wrath and amazement Red Fox dropped his burden and turned upon this presumptuous assailant. But the mink, with one of his lightning-like springs, was already eight or ten feet away, crouching and waiting. Red Fox covered the distance at one bound, but when he alighted the mink was not there. The snaky, black figure, belly to the ground, was crouching eight or ten feet away, eying him with a fixed malevolence. Again, and yet again, Red Fox sprang at him, only to be evaded again and again with the like ease. At last he too crouched flat, eying his foe with keen curiosity for a good half minute. Then with great deliberation he arose, picked

up the dead rabbit, and once more started homeward with the prize.

He had not gone a dozen steps when again, like a swift and deadly shadow, the mink closed in behind him and gave him a terrible, punishing bite in the other hind leg, above the second joint. Had he been less heavily muscled this attack might have hamstrung him. This time, however, he was on the alert. He wheeled savagely, under the rabbit's body as it were, so that he seemed to throw the latter over his head. But again he was too late. The black assailant was beyond reach of his jaws, again crouching and waiting and menacing.

This time Red Fox felt a sense of injury added to his wrath. That last bite hurt him badly. He followed up the mink in a long, steady rush, but the latter was too quick for him, too supple in dodging, and after having chased him for about a hundred yards he gave up the vain effort. Wheeling abruptly, he ran back to the subject of the quarrel where it lay sprawling and bloody on the brown earth. And the mink followed him, not five feet behind his heels.

Now Red Fox was puzzled as he had never before been puzzled in all his life. He could not catch his too active foe. He could not carry off the prize and expose himself in so doing to those dangerous assaults in the rear. And he could not acknowledge defeat by relinquishing the prey. Placing one positive forepaw on the rabbit's body he turned and glared at the mink with eyes narrowed to a slit and a sharp staccato snarl. He was threatening before he knew what he threatened, but he knew he was going to do something. The mink, nothing daunted, crouched again, in readiness for whatever that something might be.

At length Red Fox's sagacious brain decided to simulate defeat in the hope of luring the foe to closer quarters. The anger died out of his eyes, his tail and the fur of his neck drooped dejectedly, and he became the very picture of cowed abasement as he slowly turned away from the prize and slunk off. Instantly the mink, content with his victory, darted forward and began to feast upon the rabbit's blood. Like Lightning Red Fox whipped about and was back between two breaths. But the mink had not been

fooled at all. There he was, ten feet away, glaring red, but licking his narrow jaws, with all his wits about him. Red Fox once more had the prize under his paws, but he was no nearer knowing what to do with it. In a sudden outburst of fury he rushed upon the mink to hunt him down by tiring him out.

For a good five minutes the mad chase went on, up the bank, through the bushes, over rocks and stumps, through the deep woods, but never more than forty or fifty yards distant from the dead rabbit. The mink kept always some ten or fifteen feet ahead of his furious pursuer and felt quite at ease as to the outcome, because aware that he had the brook at hand as a safe refuge in case of need. If he should find himself getting winded he would take to the open water or dive under the lingering ice, where Red Fox would be quite incapable of following him. What the end would have been will never be told, for while neither showed any sign of tiring or yielding there came a strange intervention. A black bear came lumbering briskly out of the nearest thicket and, without so much as an apology to either Red Fox or the mink, helped himself to the rabbit, which he tore to pieces and began to devour with every evidence of good appetite.

The chase stopped short, while both the mink and Red Fox glared indignant-ly at the giant intruder. Then Red Fox, philosophically concluding that the fight was off, as there was nothing left to fight for, trotted quietly away through the underbrush to seek other game. Time was too precious for him to think of wasting it in a fruitless quarrel.

But the big black mink, as it chanced, was of a different way of thinking. He had wanted that rabbit, which he had earned by clever trailing and persistent chase. He would have had it had not Red Fox insolently interfered. Now the rabbit was beyond his reach forever, the bear's great jaws making short work of it. His rage against Red Fox blazed up with fresh heat and he had no longer any thought but vengeance.

Following cautiously and at some distance he waited till Red Fox had apparently dismissed him from his mind. Then he slipped up behind once more and repeated the old attack, springing

back, however, more swiftly than before, because his antagonist was no longer hampered with a burden. This time Red Fox was thoroughly startled. He flashed about and made his spring; but, as he expected, he was again too late. His vindictive and implacable little enemy was crouching there as before, just out of reach, his strong tail twitching, his eyes like savage flame. Red Fox was bothered. He sat up on his haunches and gazed at the mink contemplatively. He wanted to hunt, not to fight. And that last bite hurt worst of all.

Presently he made up his mind what to do. He got up and once more trotted away, but this time he limped painfully, as if one leg was so injured as to be almost useless, and he kept looking backward deprecatingly over his shoulder. Swelling with vindictive triumph the mink grew less wary and followed closer, awaiting the chance for another attack. Upon this Red Fox broke into a feeble run, limping terribly. And closer still came the mink, feeling that revenge was now close at hand. At last, in passing through a rough, tangled thicket of little bushes and dead weeds, Red Fox stumbled and fell. In a flash the mink was upon him and reached for his throat.

At this instant, however, Red Fox's faintness and feebleness fell from him and the mink's teeth never gained his throat. They met, indeed, savagely and punishingly enough, near the upper joint of his foreshoulder. But the next moment his long jaws closed over his assailant's slim, black loins, closed and crunched together inexorably. For a second or two the mink writhed and snapped, twisting like a snake. Then, as the long, white teeth came together through his backbone, he straightened himself out convulsively and fell together like a wet rag. Red Fox shook him fiercely for a minute or two, till assured that he was dead past all shamming, then threw him over his shoulder, as he had done the rabbit, and started for the den on the ridge. Tough, stringy, hard-fibered mink meat was not like rabbit meat, of course, but there was a good lot of it, and his mate, with those six little ones tugging at her breast, was not in a mood to be over dainty.

NEW YORK CITY.

Can Life Be Produced by Radium?

BY SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

[Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., professor of chemistry in University College, London, is one of the foremost authorities of the world on inorganic chemistry. In collaboration with Lord Rayleigh he discovered argon in the air, and later a series of similar inert gases. For this work he received the Nobel Prize of \$40,000 and from the Smithsonian Institution the Hodgkin Prize of \$10,000. Last year he visited this country to speak at the Congress of Arts and Sciences. On June 20th the scientific world was startled by the sensational announcement that a momentous discovery concerning the origin of life had been made by an English scientist. Working experimentally at the famous Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, Mr. John Butler Burke, a young man in the prime of life, and practically on the threshold of what promises to be a distinguished career, succeeded in producing cultures bearing all the semblance of vitality by means of placing sterilized bouillon and radium together in a test tube. With great modesty Mr. Burke claimed no more, in making his discovery public, than the possibility of his experiment having led to the generation of something which "suggested vitality." At the same time he made the interesting and significant admission that if his conclusions and those of the scientists who had examined them were correct they fitted in exactly with the definition of life which Herbert Spencer framed. The leading authorities in Great Britain were immediately consulted on the value of Mr. Burke's extraordinary achievement. In the absence of any opportunity of checking Mr. Burke's experimental work by personal observation, most of them naturally exhibited a considerable reticence in expressing a definite opinion. Lord Avebury stated the view that judgment should be suspended; Sir Oliver Lodge made the interesting admission that "people must not be surprised if something is done in the laboratory which may be properly considered to be of the nature of spontaneous generation." Sir William Ramsay cautiously remarked, when asked for his opinion off-hand, "There may or there may not be something in it." Finally Mr. Burke was constrained, in *Nature* and in the *London Daily Chronicle*, to explain his experiment and its results at length. It was these detailed statements that induced Sir William Ramsay to write the interesting and valuable scientific criticism which is printed below.—EDITOR.]



SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

THE recent letters to *Nature* by Mr. John Burke, working in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, have drawn renewed attention to the problem of the origin of life. Ever since Pasteur's discovery of the ubiquity of microbe spores and of Tyndall's proof that if means are taken to kill the mi-

crobes present and exclude their spores in a suitable medium, such as infusion of hay or "bouillon"—a kind of beef tea—no organic growths would be formed, the question has lain dormant. Dr. Bastian, it is true, has contended, and still contends, that the same spore does not always produce the same organism, but I doubt if even he would maintain now that life spontaneously

arises in carefully sterilized liquids. The balance of evidence against such a supposition is now immeasurably strong. It has become a commonplace that liquids in which minute organisms termed microbes can flourish and increase may be purified from such organisms by heating for a longer or shorter time to a relatively high temperature, and that if protected from the ingress of microbes or their spores by a plug of cotton wool or by a long, narrow tube they manifest no sign of life, however long they are kept.

It was, therefore, with a certain incredulity that the scientific world received Mr. Burke's communication, which, it must be confessed, was modestly put forward, and, as appears from his second letter to *Nature*, only after "taking the opinions of various men of science," and after "demonstrating the growths to many people at the Cavendish and Pathological Laboratories." We must, therefore, suppose that it was by the advice of these authorities that his most interesting letter was published. He proceeds to say:

"Some critics have suggested that these forms I have observed may be identified with

the curious bodies obtained by Quincke, Lehmann, Schenck, Leduc and others in recent times and by Rainey and Crosse more than half a century ago; but I do not think—at least, so far as I can at present judge—that there is sufficient reason for so classifying them together."

It may be explained that the "bodies" above mentioned are produced in some cases by crystallization in gum-like solutions or are due to phenomena allied to surface-tension, a familiar effect of which is the blowing of a soap bubble.

Mr. Burke made use of, as a medium, a sterilized broth, or bouillon, rendered semi-solid by the addition of gelatine. On this he sprinkled a minute trace of a salt of radium. After some time microscopic growths appeared, which increased in size, and, apparently, budded, but which, remarkable to say, were soluble in water. I wish in what follows to indicate how it may be possible that these growths have been produced, tho, not having seen Mr. Burke's "organisms," I do not wish to dogmatize. Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy some years ago discovered that the power of discharging an electroscope possessed by compounds of radium and thorium was due to the evolution of a gas, to which the name "emanation" was applied. It may be mentioned in passing that in all probability the source of this gas is not in thorium compounds, but in a much more active substance, contained in perhaps all, or almost all, specimens of commercial thorium, a substance to which the name "radiothorium" has been given, many hundred thousand times more "active" (*i.e.*, more capable of discharging an electroscope) than crude thorium, as recently discovered by Dr. Hahn, working in the laboratory of University College. Messrs. Rutherford and Soddy discovered that these gases, or emanations, were condensable at a low temperature, probably to solid bodies; that their life was a comparatively short one; that half the life period of the radium emanation was little over four and a half days, and that the thorium emanation would be half gone in somewhat under a minute. Rutherford has continued investigating the products of change of the radium emanation, but these, altho of great interest, do not immediately bear on our subject.

About two years ago Mr. Soddy and I isolated the emanation from radium, separated it from other gases, measured the volume of a quantity produced in a given time from a known weight of radium bromide and found that, like other gases, it obeyed Boyle's law—that is, by raising the pressure the volume decreased correspondingly. It is thus an undoubted gas. We also succeeded in showing that when it is left in a tube confined by mercury its volume decreases, until after about a month it has almost wholly disappeared. On heating the tube which had contained it a new gas appeared, apparently having been absorbed by the glass walls of the tube which had contained the emanation. That gas was recognized by its spectrum as identical with helium, one of the rare gases of the atmosphere.

During the decomposition of the emanation into helium and other products much heat is evolved, as was shown by Professor Rutherford; it had been shown before by the Curies that radium continually gives off heat, and Rutherford proved that by far the major part of the heat was due to the spontaneous change undergone by the emanation. Now this energy need not all be manifested as heat; some, at least, may appear as chemical action. A solution of the emanation in water decomposes the water in which it is dissolved into its constituent gases, oxygen and hydrogen. And the rate at which the water is decomposed keeps pace with the rate at which the emanation changes—that is, at the beginning, when the emanation is fresh and there is comparatively much present, the amount of gases evolved is comparatively great; and as the emanation diminishes so the decomposition decreases, less gas being produced in a given time.

The solution of this gas in water has the curious property of coagulating white of egg or albumen. What is the precise nature of the change produced is unknown. Hence if kept in a liquid containing albumen it forms, no doubt, ultra-microscopic cells, for the gas produced is liberated in molecules, or, it may be, even in atoms. Some solution, injected under the skin of a living being, surrounds itself with a sack, or bag, the

walls of which are thick and hard and are absorbed only slowly by the living organism. These phenomena require further study, and I regret to say that I have not had an opportunity of examining them more thoroughly, tho I hope to do so.

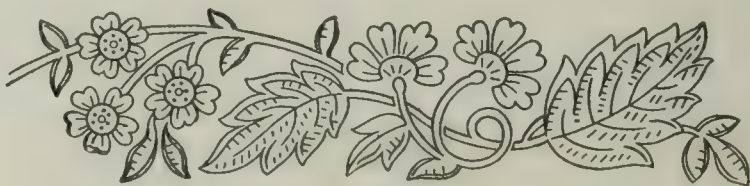
Now, to come back to Mr. Burke's experiments: A possible explanation appears to me to be suggested by some of the facts which I have adduced. Mr. Burke made use of solid radium bromide in fine powder. He sprinkled a few minute grains on a gelatine broth medium, possibly somewhat soft, so that the granules would sink slowly below the surface. Once there they would dissolve in and decompose the water, liberating oxygen and hydrogen, together with emanations, which would remain mixed with these gases. The gases would form minute bubbles, probably of microscopic dimensions, and the coagulating action of the emanation on the albumen of the liquor would surround each with a skin, so that the product would appear like a cell; its contents, however, would be gas, or, rather, a mixture of the gases oxygen and hydrogen. The emanation, inclosed in such a sack, would still decompose water, for enough would diffuse through the walls of the sack, which, moreover, would naturally be moist. The accumulation of more gas would almost certainly burst the walls of the cell, and almost equally certainly in one or two places. Through the cracks more gas would issue, carrying with it the emanation, and with it the property of coagulating the walls of a fresh cell. The result of the original bubble would resemble a yeast cell, and the second cell a bud, or perhaps more than one, if the original cell happened to burst. This process would necessarily be repeated as long as the radium con-

tinued to evolve emanation, which would be for the best part of a thousand years. The "life," therefore, would be a long one, and the "budding" would impress itself on an observer as equally continuous with that of a living organism.

I am surprised to learn from Mr. Burke's first letter that the "organisms" appear to dissolve in water. The emanation does not coagulate or apparently affect gelatine, for I have tried and found that it does not; indeed, it was not to be expected. Is it possible that the gelatine is pushed away to form the cell-wall, leaving the albumen as a partial content of the cell, along with gas? The latter would, doubtless, diffuse through the cell-wall of coagulated albumen and dissolve in and mix up with the water. On placing the apparent "organism" in water the gelatine, too, would be extracted, and the cell would seem to disappear, the wall being excessively thin. It would be interesting to learn if Mr. Burke has attempted to stain his "organisms" with the usual dyes used by microscopists. It is possible that the coagulated albumen would take the stain better than the uncoagulated matter and that the structure would thus be revealed.

As I said before, I have no desire to dogmatize. The supposition that the pouring of energy in some form into matter similar to that of which living organisms are made, and which serves as sufficient food for actual living organisms, might conceivably result in the production of life is a very attractive one. But one is bound to be skeptical, and the explanation which I have ventured to suggest appears to me to be sufficient to meet the case. But no one will rejoice more than I if it should ultimately prove to be inadequate.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



With Southern Sun

BY HERVEY WHITE

[Mr. White's acquaintance with Mexico, the scene of this as of several others of his short stories, dates from 1890, when he left the University of Kansas, where he was a student, to accompany the expedition of Dr. Carl Lumholtz into unexplored parts of that country. He has written of Chicago settlement life in "Differences," and Italy and Utah furnish the scene for some of the stories in "When Eve Was Not Created." In "Noll and the Fairies" he has given a fanciful presentation of the childhood of Oliver Goldsmith.—EDITOR.]

SHE had spent her life in the old town of Salem, with the exception of the last four years in college, and, presto! she was speeding toward the mountains! Mexico! The deserts of Sonora! Her family had said it was impractical; aunts and cousins had gone so far as to say absurd! But her mother had been willing, and her father, it would add to his comfort as well. Mr. Osgood was a mining engineer and Mabel was the favorite of his daughters. Why not, when his trips were often lonely, why not seek relief in a companion? At all events she was sitting at his side, speeding away in the Western Continental. She was enjoying her freedom, that was certain—enjoying it frankly and fully. Throb, throb went the swiftly moving car-wheels as the pulsating rails fled behind them. She was free from the confinements of her home, the straight, the established New England. The great West was taking her into its arms.

Her father made much matter with his paper and pretended it all ordinary and usual. "Wait till the time comes for excitement," he said once in reply to some enthusiasm. "Wait till you are on the back of a mule and rounding a high pass in the Sierras. Then there will be time to catch your breath where the precipice falls a good half mile beneath you. One little misstep of your mule and you are hurled into ten minutes of vacant daylight. Now this train life is altogether stupid. Better fill up the monotony with your Spanish. I should like to brighten up my own a little bit. It will do me good to make myself your teacher."

It was breath catching, she admitted, when she came to it, that journey across

the barren, desert mountains. Five days they traveled through the sunshine from the time they left the desolate, lonely station. The remotest valleys were not so lonely as the railroad where they left it in the alkali dust of desert. It had been stretching and extending for two days with no hope, when they stopped, of any respite. The water tanks and the station and the roundhouse were but gasps of the civilization left behind them. She was glad to go away and leave them stranded while the snorting, steaming engine was still undaunted. Some time perhaps it would return for her, if she could trust to her father and the company's schedules. But just now she liked the desert uncontaminated, for she did not mind the simple village Indian people, the men running behind the mules, screaming in some foreign, weird, undulating language that her father said was very good Castilian, tho it did not remind her in the slightest of the grammar, her friend and companion for five days.

In the end came the saffron dry grassed valley with the winding stream fringed with familiar trees. Old sycamores and willows, how she loved them, and the cottonwoods, the cousins to her poplars. On the hillside piled the grim dumps of the mine, but she would dwell and live her life down in the village. Her father took her into one of the low, cool houses and introduced her to the widow Figueroa. In the evening came the widow's son Juan.

He was two and twenty, he was poetic, he was wonderful; dark eyes with a flash of opal fire. She did not know an Indian could be beautiful, and yet he told her laughingly he was an Indian. His mother, a white haired, gracious lit-

tle woman, said they had pure blood from the nobles of Castile. But Juan stuck to it they were Indians. He said this with proud tossing of the head. The tossing made his curls leap up like flames, black flames, such as are graven on old armor. "What beautiful teeth you have!" thought Mabel, but her Spanish was all bound up in her grammar. She confined herself to "Yes, sir," and "Thank you." And then Juan laughed and looked into her eyes. "You speak Spanish? You understand?" he asked slowly. "I will teach you," and these words were in the grammar. But his eyes, his eyes, they were not even mentioned; no more were the delicate tracings of his features. He was clean shaven save for a shadowed upper lip and the fine lines played about his mouth and eyes. A beauty so perfect, so delicate she could but marvel at and watch for many days.

Her father being much of his time in the mountains (it was a question of opening new mines farther back), she was left entirely to the family Figueroa, to her Spanish and the simple village life. He had been right in thinking she would find a source of amusement. She was from the first so fatally amused! But the outward life went on monotonously, simply; each day a repetition of the preceding ones. A breakfast of coffee and meal cakes in the morning, then a walk out in the village to the market. She was always in the company of the widow, for she learned it was not the custom for a girl to walk unattended in the village, and instinctively she adopted all she saw. Juan need only so much as widen his big eyes and her choice was made accordingly in an instant. The two walked around the little plaza and the widow selected and bartered among the peppers. The chief comestibles seemed to be the different peppers as they hung in brilliant red and green festoons. There was meat, but the widow's brother was the butcher. It was explained that his trade would fall to Juan. Don Pancho was getting porpoiselike and portly and in time would be ready for retirement. Even now Juan was driving in the cattle and assisting—it was horrible!—at the slaughter. Then he came home and taught her

Spanish and she listened, she trembled, and stammered blunderingly the words. His eyes, his voice, his hands, were like sweet music. She studied at her Spanish day and night.

At noon they had the chief meal of the day. It was spread out on the matting on the floor in the middle of the long, cool living room they always dwelt in. With the kitchen and the cooking Mabel was also familiar—the white stone stove, with polished brass and copper pots, where the widow moved like a priestess at an altar. Indeed, the stove, being set in an arched recess, with a Madonna and pink baby overhanging it, was not unlike an old shrine by a wayside in some far away tho Christian foreign land. On the first day and always with her father the two sat at a table for their dinner. But when Mabel saw the family on the matting, the white tablecloth spread spotless in the center, she asked to sit with them as was their custom and to be allowed to share from off their board. They protested, they said it was not fitting, and they yielded in an enthusiasm of delight. Don Pancho and his daughter were of the family; brown, shy little Carlotta with her brother. There was also an old man, a great uncle, and always Juan with the gleaming teeth and eyes. He sat so gracefully with crossed legs at the head and dispensed so graciously and hospitably the viands; if he knew that his legs showed to advantage, that his arms and hands as well were satisfactory, what matter that his little vanity should move him? He was dressed neatly always, almost gayly; the brown buckskin trousers were well fitting, the short brown jacket was agleam with silver braid. As for shirt, it was the whitest of soft linen, and the throat, bare and quivering, rising from it was as live and supple as a sapling's stem. Juan laughed, Juan talked, Juan made love; only not to Mabel Osgood as she sat there. She was revered like the Madonna who hung in honored place against the wall. It was to the village girls who happened in from time to time, always with their mothers, aunts or married sisters, and who, one and all, hung trembling on his glances as he talked, half grave, half gay, to their mammas.

Occasionally he would pause in some jocularity and look about for a light for his cigaret. Then the girl, ever watchful, would run to him, holding up the little dish of burning charcoal. He would take it from her, half indifferently, puff the smoke out, but always in his "Thank you" on returning it there would be that shooting glance into her eyes. Soft wounded doe, what need had she of arrows? Perchance his fingers would touch hers in blundering cunning and then what thrills would quiver through her happiness! And Mabel Osgood was jealous, even jealous—jealous of an Indian village maiden because a butcher boy was coquetting with her.

In the afternoon, close following the siesta, during which the fellow had flung himself down carelessly, often in the shade of the courtyard, where the orange trees were crowded thick together, she had seen him lying once like some Apollo, his drowsing, beauteous head upon his arm, the wavering, soft flicker of fringed eyelids, the childish smile of sweetness on his lips. In the afternoon he would come to teach her Spanish, formally, reverently, with his mother always present, the little white-haired mother giving assistance, sitting on the floor on a white goat-skin rug, puffing daintily at her after siesta cigaret. And Juan, sitting gravely, so very gravely, going through the list of new words of the lesson. He could read, he could write, this accomplished fellow, tho he seldom did either one except for show. And she, a college graduate from New England, positively admiring him because he even knew. These lessons were the wonder time, the climax, unless that was in the evening later on. They walked out into the plaza in the twilight, when the wondrous desert blue was in the air. Far off the dreaming mountains were like jewels, and the thrumming of guitars was near at hand. Of love, only love, were the moaning folk songs, long drawn, in falsetto minor key.

One day they were sitting in the courtyard, she busy with writing out her exercises, when the widow was called away for some duty and the two were left together quite alone. Juan also rose out of respect for the Spanish custom

and was about to excuse himself for the moment, when she looked at him and begged him to remain; she wished his help in correcting her sentences. He could not disobey the Señorita and sat down in the chair she placed beside her. In his eyes this was wrong, could not be countenanced, and yet the Señorita had commanded. He was awkward, embarrassed and almost trembling with confusion. Mabel understood, but was determined. She would not concede to every silly custom. What harm could come in sitting here together in the full daylight of the afternoon in so public a place as the kitchen garden, with his mother able to see them through the window? None the less the sentences went on stumblingly. There was too much of consciousness and restraint. In her own nervousness she let the papers slip from her fingers and the wind sent them flying over the ground. They both stooped to recover the paper nearest them, both relieved that the situation was thus over, but in their haste to get the papers their hands came together; for a flash she felt the fondness of his fingers. The fingers were doubtless accustomed by long flirtations with the village girls to seek out other fingers in swift contact, and she, Mabel Osgood, like the Indian girls, was whirled away in the ecstasy of passion. Juan apologized; now there was no doubt about his trembling; he was shaken to the inmost center of his being. Almost on his knees he begged her pardon—his shame, his sin, had crushed him to the ground. And yet she understood he, too, was wild with inward singing. He, too, knew love as bred by tropic suns. Fortunately the widow returned at that moment and together the three picked up the scattered papers. Juan soon rode away to the mountains, leaving word that he would be absent several days. His mother said he had gone out to buy cattle; she was herself somewhat distraught and overwrought. Perhaps Juan had said some word to her, or perhaps she saw as Northern mothers do.

In those days that followed Mabel Osgood walked out alone, more alone than she had ever been before in her life. Her father was in the interior, in the mountains; he would not return for

a week, but even if he had been with her to advise her she would still, she felt, be alone as she was now. The widow protested and the village people wondered, but it was the great American's daughter, and they shrugged their shoulders and spoke to her with respect. After all, it was the custom of her country, tho the black-laced matrons cast a jealous eye. "These foreign innovations," they said suspiciously, "will be the ruin of our daughters, that is clear." None the less Mabel Osgood walked alone and sat staring across the sun space of the plaza.

What she saw was her own life from its inception—her childhood, her girlhood, her education—and then her future in this Mexican mud village, the wife of Juan Figueroa, the butcher; perhaps even the neglected wife in time; for there might come in her years of growing older a day when he would still laugh to young eyes. Even now he was not what her people would call virtuous. The Spanish standards were as different for the men as they were for the young girls and the matrons. But she would love him and remain loyal to the end. He was kind and she could not forget traditions. Her Puritanism, or New Englandism, as she put it, was as strong as his Latin disposition. She would make her life work in this village, she would be as a sister of mercy here among them.

She thought of the crooked, dismal little streets, mud streets and mud houses to make them, of the impoverished, ignorant, improvident Indians, who when asked to undertake the slightest effort invariably responded, "To-morrow." She thought of the gloomy church, half in ruins, the musty smell of grandeur still lingering about it with the incense, the tawdry bedressed and bedizened waxen saints that were such an outrage to the dimness of old pictures; she thought of the fat selfishness of the priest and the blind and fetish worship of the women, and still she did not falter, did not waver, in her hopes to reinstate and re-establish. For—and she looked now toward the ruins of the monastery—did not the Jesuit fathers once build a civilization of this people? Was there not material here that was

capable of improvement? She had walked out among the ruins of old gardens, of the fields and long disused irrigating ditches; everywhere was desert now and ruin, and the water ran in waste along the river. But she told herself some new force would come, would reorganize and build anew among them. Why might not the butcher's wife make a start? The leading lady, the rich American of the village. It might be she would lack the power of religious enthusiasm, but could not love, human love, go far in service? She sat staring out across the sunshine, and the dreams of noble ancestors were around her.

For three days she considered and waited. Then Juan Figueroa came back. He looked worn, as if he had endured a fierce battle, but calm, like one who has conquered, tho with heavy loss and little sense of joy. To-morrow her father would return and would soon set out homeward, toward the railroad. She, Mabel Osgood, would remain behind, if success should but crown her great decision. She knew she would have a struggle with Juan, as great, if not greater, than with her father. But she held all her strength amassed and ready and she would overpower them both with the first shock. So it came that she spoke to Juan softly. "In the evening at the dusk I will walk alone down by the river, at the place where the women do their washing by the great cottonwood. I want you to meet me there alone, for there is much that is serious I must tell you." The look that came over his face might make one doubt if his victory had been a great one. There was the look of a beaten dog in his pleading eyes, a dog that suffers love for a cruel master. He did not think to marvel at the fluency of her Spanish, he did not remember that for many days to come. But he came, he was waiting by the river, where the water swirled and flashed the glance of stars.

She had said it would be she who would make the declaration. She had humbled herself even to that. But as she came to him his man's right took it up, and he knelt down in the sands with sighs and moaning. "I love you! I love you!" he kept saying. "It is wicked! It is wicked! but, oh, I love

you!" He would not touch the flutter of her garments, his reverence was so lastingly upon him, but he could touch and kiss the sands whereon she trod. "I love you! I worship, I adore you!"

She reached out to touch his head, but it crouched lower; he would not so much as let her touch his hand.

"I will marry you," she said, very calmly. "I will marry you and stay with you always."

"No, no; it cannot be!" he said, still crouching lower. "It cannot be! never! never! never!" The waste of desert sands was in his voice, wide lands whereon the flowers would never blossom.

Since he would not rise to her, she knelt to him. She swept her fingers lightly across his hair, very lightly, but his whole man's strength and frame began to quiver, till she was frightened at her act and ceased. She sat looking out across the river toward the purple, tremulous darkness of the distance. In time she began to speak to him steadily. To speak all the things she had thought of. She told him it was her life work, her mission; that her love for him had pointed out the way. In time he, too, had lifted up his head and sat looking out with her into the future. He did not offer to touch her or look toward her, but his quivering limbs grew slowly firm and still. It might be as she said; there was hope for him. So the Holy Virgin may have talked to Joseph.

"To-morrow my father is returning," she was saying toward the end; "I will go to him when he comes and explain. I will not go back with him across the mountains."

But again his man's rights gave him courage. "It is I who will speak to your father." Nor would he have it any other way. She saw that it was impossible to move him.

* * * * *

The next day when Mr. Osgood returned he was surprised that his daughter did not greet him. She was visiting in the village, the widow said; she would come home later in the evening. While sitting at his coffee after the siesta Juan Figueroa asked to speak to him. Mr. Osgood had never noticed Juan was so handsome. There was a fine, manly

frankness about him that might foretell a clever manager of undertakings in the mines. There was also a dreamy visioning in his eyes. Mr. Osgood had never been so powerfully drawn to a Mexican. It was his habit and his principle to stand up for them as a people. He said otherwise he would have no right to work among them. As he listened to the steady music of the Spanish it came over him that this youth loved his daughter. He gathered later that his daughter also loved him, that she had already promised to marry him. All of this Mr. Osgood heard through. He even pitied the pleading youth that he must wound, that he must smile upon and stab then in the heart. To see him, like a cowering, gentle dog, and yet a dog that is fearless of all fighting. The bravest are the ones afraid of love. Mr. Osgood was a man of understanding.

He waited till the even sounds had ceased and then began in quiet, kindest language. He was sorry; it was a beautiful little romance, and of course a boy like him could hardly comprehend. He explained how his daughter was of another life, of her position, her wealth, her education. He showed how such a marriage could never be, in his kindest, his most practical conversation. Juan was expecting anger and was ready to meet it, but kindness was too much, too overwhelming. In the end he had made an agreement; he would go away, leaving a letter. On the morrow Mr. Osgood would go home and take with him, what else?—his helpless daughter. They clasped hands on the compact, held them clasped, and the young man was more firm than was the old one. He wrote the letter, kissed his mother and rode away, and there was not one little lingering look he cast behind him. Not one memento carried next his heart. The gallop of his horse was like low singing.

That night when Mabel Osgood came home the widow came to her with the letter. The poor woman had been crying, her eyes were red and swollen with long weeping. Mabel Osgood knew already of her fate, that her mission was but the mirage of the desert. She took the letter down to the river and sat beneath the cottonwood to read it. Even

now she was proud of the firm writing, the flourish and the shading of the capitals; it was signed, too, with his flourish at the end, the scroll and points beneath, Juan Figueroa.

"Respected lady:" it began.

"I have talked with your honored father and as a result I am going away. I have promised him I will not return

until I hear from him at the railroad that you are with him. Then I will come back to my mother and take me a wife from one of my people. I invoke now the saints' blessings on your head and bid you farewell; good-by forever."

She sat looking down into the stream. The next day she was riding toward the mountains.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y.



To Death—Greeting

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT

A FAIR good-morrow, Death! we send thee greeting,
 My playmate Life and I;
 Serene thou waitest for the hour of meeting,
 While we two loiter by.
 The sunny highway, where each roadside blossom
 Waves welcome as we pass,
 And where the heart that beats within our bosom
 Makes answer to the grass,
 Which whispers soft: "Come over! oh! come over
 Where lush the cowslips grow,
 Where laughs the daisy and where blush the clover—
 Come over!" and we go.

Like children go we to the greening meadow
 To riot in the sun,
 To play and wanton with the shine and shadow,
 Until, the daylight done,
 We wander on through gloom enchanted places,
 All in a silence deep,
 And feel upon the fever of our faces
 The cooling touch of Sleep,
 Who woos us, with a loving voice and tender,
 To linger by her side
 In the fair country, wrapped about with splendor,
 Where only dreams abide.

Oh! Life and I, what games we play together
 Of joy and grief and love!
 We pluck the sweets that grow in summer weather,
 We know the thorns thereof.
 We wander on o'er hill and plain and hollow—
 But ever on our way
 One path we take, and follow, follow, follow
 To where thou art to-day.
 Therefore, O Death! to thee a word of greeting,
 Where, at the journey's end,
 Serene thou waitest for the hour of meeting—
 We keep the tryst, my friend.

ODESSA, N. Y.



Sweden.

Tin Vases and Candlesticks

Arts and Crafts in Europe

BY CLARA RUGE

[Those who became interested in the national characteristics manifested in the house furnishings and decorations exhibited by European nations at St. Louis will appreciate this survey of the present conditions of the arts and crafts movement in the different countries.—EDITOR.]

More and more the conviction takes root that not only Sculpture, Painting and Architecture, the so-called "fine arts," but also "applied arts," have to range among the highest

taste of collectors or the popular prestige for foreign and imported goods very often brings objects intended for the needs of one nation into the possession of members of another, whose people do not know the proper use and only employ them as ornaments or parts of a collection.

manifestations of the human mind and soul. Why should an object like a vase, a rug or a piece of furniture, if embodying fine qualities in color and form, producing an artistic impression, not

But the usefulness should not be disregarded. In applied arts a great deal of the beauty depends on the fitness for the purpose. Everybody knows that in architecture the style and the forms must always harmonize with the purpose of the building. Wooden columns are vulgar, and a building decorated with pillars must equally be of earnest character and built of stone. But a light Swiss summer chalet decorated with wood carvings and showing stained woods instead of wall paper is of exquisite taste.

be specified as a work of art, even if that object has also some practical use and is not intended merely to be looked at? Because objects of applied arts are really more connected with daily life in the home, they are even more destined to elevate the general artistic taste than works of fine arts. For the same reasons works of applied arts will to a higher degree express the characteristic national differences than painting or statuary.

To be sure commerce distributes objects of art among all nations, and the

The revival of the Renaissance in furniture, ceramics, etc., which took place on the European Continent in the seventies of the last century, influenced through some of the best artists—especially Hans Makart in Vienna—surrounded once more the people with objects of genuine beauty, and the home became permeated with an artistic atmosphere.

Still the shrines and cases did not quite suit modern needs, and the many carvings were a burden to the housewife of our dusty cities, where railroads,



Sweden

Bronzes

factories, etc., create an atmosphere of which the people of the fifteenth or sixteenth century had no perception.

in reviving English applied arts, which show, like English art, altogether a pure, virginal character. We never find any frivolous attempts. English art never appeals to the senses. But we also never discover bewilderingly genial features, striking individualistic or excessive decorations. It is only natural that while Walter Crane's highest aim consists in



Denmark.

Th. Madsen, Designer

The complicated forms of the Renaissance became burdensome and demanded a contrast.

The change came from England. We find William Morris at the head of a movement for simple forms of objects in accordance with a modern mind. Walter Crane also aided greatly



Denmark.

A. Hensch, Designer

bringing arts and crafts in accordance with the space, the material and the modern use, still the pure youthful character of these new English art objects has tended to a certain archaicism.

never taken deep roots, but those historic styles, in which the French had been the leaders—Rococo, Empire, Baroque—still reigned in applied arts. The Baroque had even in Germany, to-



France.

Fountain Hand Basin Representing the Earth and the Waves.—Max Blondat, Designer

The pre-Raphaelite mind is dominating in the English arts and crafts.

But now the stimulus was given, other nations took it up and created new movements, new styles, embodying the individual spirit of each nation. In France the new *régime* of the Renaissance had

ward the end of the last century, through French influence, partly crowded out the Renaissance. But not long before the close of the century the "*Art nouveau*" sprang into life in France, at once affecting all the branches of the applied arts and thus creating an en-

tirely new home, new kinds of ornaments.

The ground elements of this new art are essentially as follows: The wavy line, the light, soft tints, the woodwork and each material showing its own beauty. The human forms, mostly the forms of women, are used a great deal in ceramics. These are also adapted to the decorative character, with the long-stretched line dominant. Pottery is often mixed with metal and enamel. Altogether the use of all kinds of material, not considering the money value, the preciousness of stones or metals, but their fitness for the purpose, their beauty in colors or texture, becomes a prominent feature.

As an example let me name a wash basin by Max Blondat, made of tin and showing to greatest advantage the very graceful lines of a nymph and her surroundings.

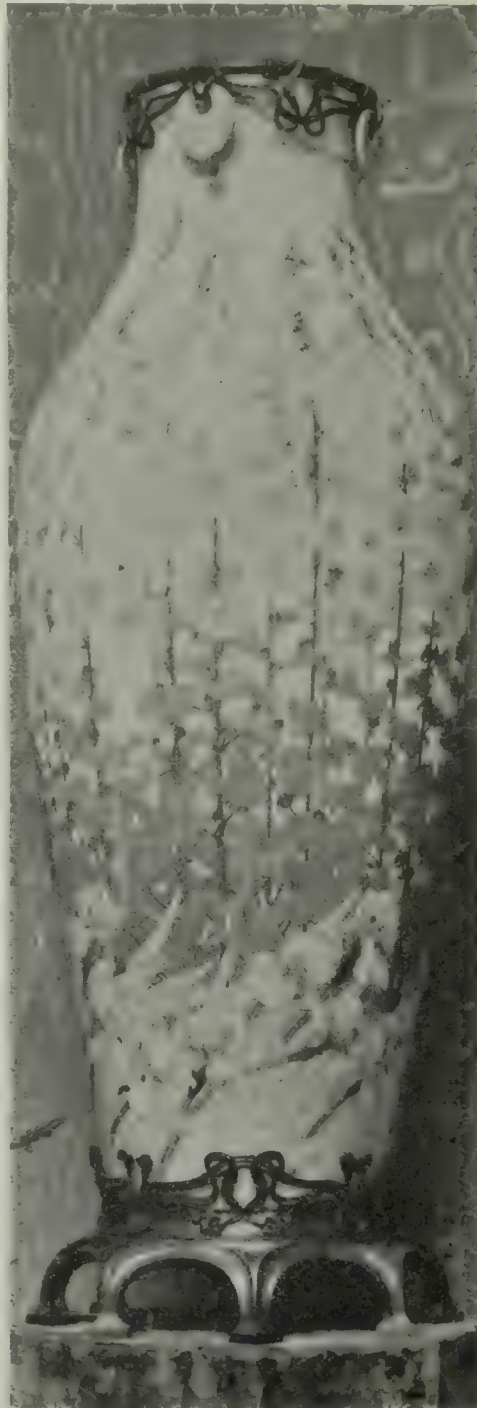
Flower motives are used a great deal, but never in natural forms nor in conventionally repeating order. They are conventionalized, but adapted to the wavy, harmonious lines which are prominent in all examples of *Art nouveau*. Every decorative motive is individual and different. The Oriental influence is shown very much in this attempt of individualizing the decorations, also new forms of plants; I mean plants not used hitherto in decoration are introduced.

The poppy, carrot, blossoms of fruit trees, leaves of all kinds of bushes are visible. A light inclination for symbolism is observable. The colors and

forms of the peacock are much in favor. Among the highest products of *Art nouveau* we have to count Talique's jewelry, which has reformed this branch to an art again all over the world. From the French most of the new motives in all branches of arts and crafts have found their way all over the European Continent. They have become changed, stamped with national differences, some abandoned, some added.

The nearest to France stands the Austrian secession. The Austrians are people of much artistic feeling. Just as the revival of the Renaissance took deep root among them, also the new spirit in art became very prominent in Austria and spread through the whole world of manufacture to a degree which is very remarkable. Austria possesses under the direction of the State excellent art industrial schools.

The Vienna Art Industrial School, conducted by the Imperial Museum for Arts and Crafts, is the mother school of all German similar institutions. One of the great leaders in the German secessionistic movement, Olbrich, who founded the celebrated



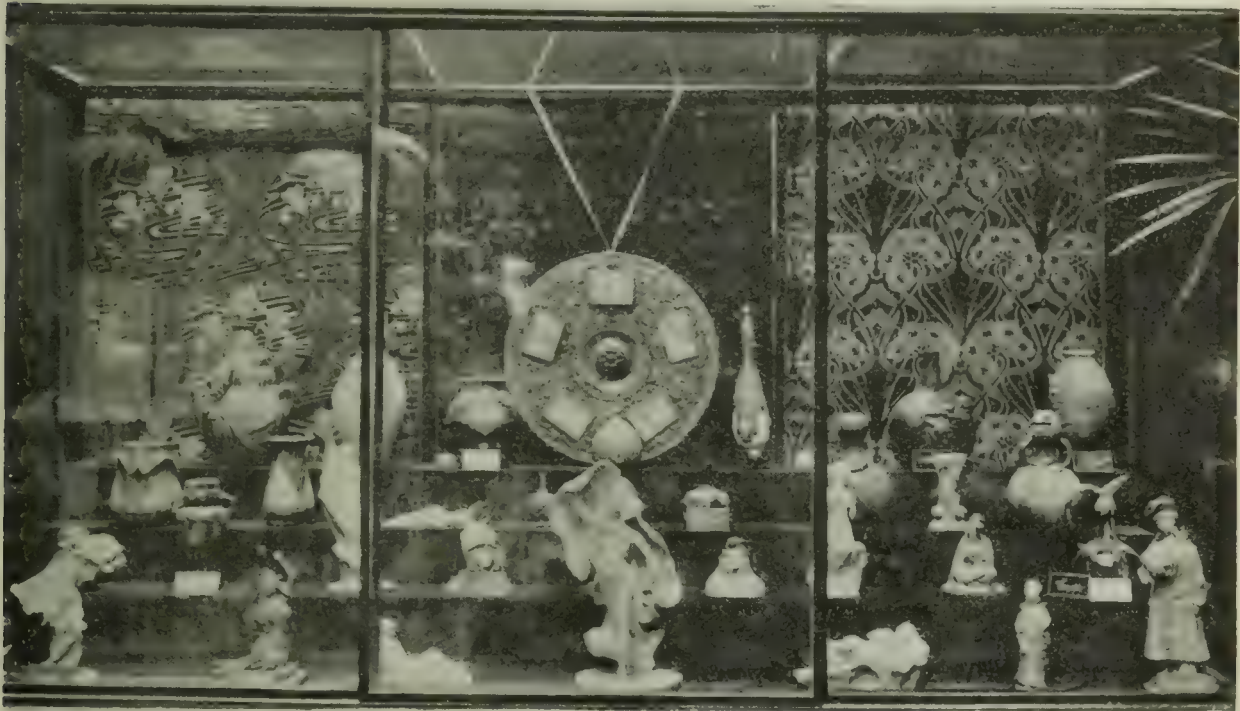
France.

Sèvres Vase

Darmstadt colony for artistic homes, is an Austrian. There is a great affinity between French and Austrian art ideals. While the Germans, mostly the North Germans, *construct* their new art after principles, the French and the Austrians *feel* it. We recognize in the Austrian secession many elements of the French *Art nouveau*, but individualized through the subtle, sometimes smooth German-Austrian temperament and marked by traits of the home industries of the Austrian Empire.

The new art of Germany is a virile, earnest art. If you pass through a suite

place in them. The spirit of Nietzsche speaks out of them! The coziness of the old German styles, with the spinning the many nooks and corners and towers, has disappeared entirely, without leaving any traces. I believe that a modification of some kind will take place, because the German new art of to-day is only in harmony with a certain school of wheel near the colored glass windows, thinkers; therefore, it is more artificial than artistic. The soul of the people does not find proper expression in it. It has been *constructed*, not naturally developed.

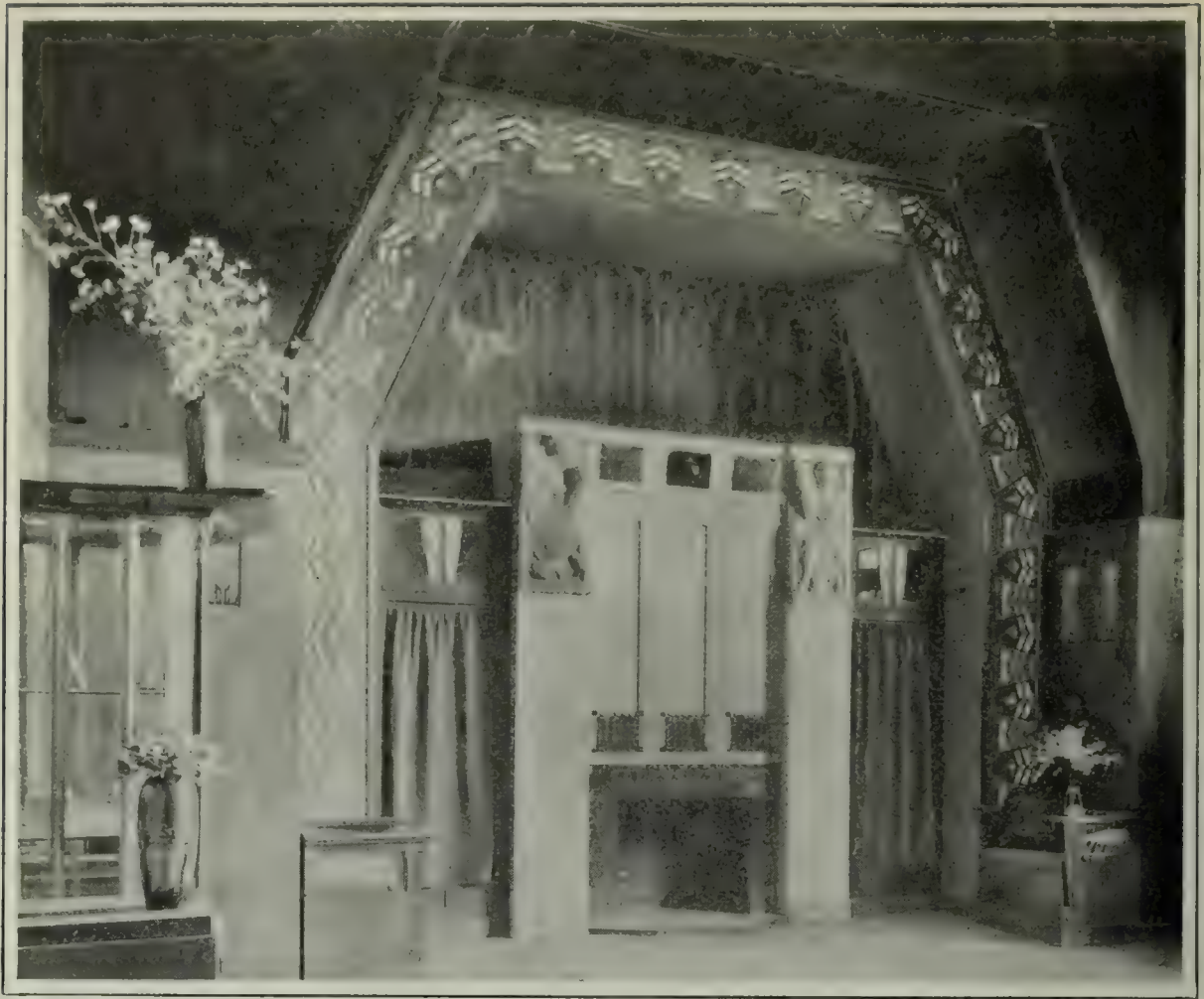


France.

Vases in Art Nouveau

of rooms furnished and decorated after the designs of modern German artists—in case these are not from Austrian or Bavarian descent or much under French influence—it will strike you at once that here the straight line reigns. You will find severe contrasts of light and shade, a very extensive and often very beautiful display of woods, the different kinds used as panels, instead of wall papers, to produce striking color effects. Stains of all shades are used. For a library or a gentleman's study most of these arrangements seem very suitable. But many of them give an impression of hardness and coldness. For love and happiness or playful childhood there seems to be no

The Belgian and Dutch arts and crafts are partly under the influence of France; still the products show that the inhabitants of part of these countries have a certain weight of heavier Teuton blood in their veins. The distinguished Van der Velde even has proved a reformer in jewelry, home furnishings, women's garments, etc. His wonderful personality has been felt in Germany and France. Threads leading from the old Dutch style to modern productions can be traced in many of his works, tho an entirely new spirit reigns in them. The lines are less wavy than in French art, but still curved. In colors mostly warm reddish-yellowish tints blending into



Germany.

Part of a Reception Room.—Leo Nachtlicht, Architect; Mohrbutter, Painter; Schmarle, Sculptor



Germany.

Dining Room.—Altherr S. Ortleb, Designer

browns dominate, while the modern Germans have a great liking for grays, blues, purple—all cold tints.

The ceramic art of Holland is of a

brushwork. Mostly plant forms with long stems are used. They are under-glaze painting, still they give the impression of surface decorations, much in



Belgium.

Aurora

very high grade. The forms show big handles, which are essential parts of the vases. The decorations are done in fine

contrast to the works of the Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory. Here the decorations of pale, mostly bluish, colors

and mystic uncertainty of forms are really part of the pieces themselves. Landscapes with a few high trees blended into the atmosphere, birds with large wings, animal inhabitants of the Northern seas, form the objects of these really poetical decorations. Simple as they are the forms of the vases, flower-pots, plates which they adorn. A Northern refined taste for nature finds expression in these objects, just as in Northern poetry and landscape painting on canvas. Most of



Holland.

L. Nienhuis and W. G. F. Tausen

the Northern nations are greater in landscape than figure painting. So are also the Swedes. In their country within 15 years an entirely new school of landscape art has arisen, based on the native impressions, the peculiar effects of the midnight sun and the deep snow effects of winter, to which the sons of the country are very receptive. Art industries have also not failed to ripen to a high standard in Sweden, where original minds are not scarce and where also the peasants



Belgium.

Room in the Flemish Style

have conserved the faculty of art productions. Wooden vases, baskets, decorated in lively colors, a great many of them showing the peasants at their joyful national dances, others decorated with primitive ornaments, are plentiful. Also tapestries are done by peasants, for these floral and animal motives are preferred. It is remarkable that we find nowhere a realism crude because lack-

motives are chosen and treated with an unspoiled fervor.

In Norway the art furniture and the tapestries are the most remarkable features in art industries. The furniture is more remarkable for its constructure and coloring than for its forms, which are mostly modern developments of old German peasant styles. But the many colored woods are in much livelier tints



Austria.

Pavilion at World's Fair, St. Louis —Secession Style

ing of detail knowledge, as might be expected.

There is a tendency of conventionalizing and showing the objects as if seen from a distance through an idealizing atmosphere.

As to the products of individual artists working independently or in connection with some of the great Swedish potteries, bronze or glass works, we observe in their products a genuine originality and freshness in conception. Going into details is out of question in this sketch article. So it must suffice to state that human, animal and flower

than the modern German or French woodwork mentioned before, and bear a primitive popular character.

The tapestries of Norway are deeply allied to the nationality. The old folklore furnishes the motives of the designs, and we find whole sagas told in continuous different tapestries. The colorings, bluish greens and grayish blues, with mild yellows and reds for flesh tints, give the general toning. They bear a stamp of the mystic; the old germs still living in the modern people have been taken up. But no pre-Raphaelite character is observable as in

England. The reminiscences are all entirely national.

I have to add but a few words concerning some of the southern nations of Europe.

The art industries neither of Italy nor of Spain bear traces of great originality in the pursuit of modern ideas. In fact, some reflections of the veristic, overnatural art in the Italian sculpture can also be observed in art industries.

doubtless soon also be felt in the applied arts.

In Spain the best art industrial products are also relying on Renaissance and some on Moorish ideals. The modern spirit is slowly gaining space, and, of course, the economic disastrous conditions do not help to bring forth productions in applied arts. There is without doubt a great deal of genius for art in Spain. In painting we find there also



Austria.

Works of Art from the Industrial School at Prague, Bohemia

Not to its advantage. The best that Italy produces as well in furniture as in ceramics, art embroideries, etc., is entirely based on old Renaissance models, while minor work shows an overloading with ornaments based on Baroque modes. In sculpture Italy is bringing forth a new ideal school, somewhat under Rodin's influence, which means a purification of the veristic style dominating until lately. This modern and pure spirit of the newest era in Italian sculpture will

at present a school excelling in composition and color, tho mostly relying on the ideals of the great art of Murillo and Velasquez. The modern spirit gains there space only slowly, also in social life. In Russia the unhappy political circumstances, the pressure of the Czarism, must account for the fact that we find beautiful peasant work in embroidery, woodwork, etc., but modern artistic productions in applied arts have not appeared to a great extent, while Russians



Denmark.

G. Rode, Designer

are highly talented in art. Costly vases are produced in imperial factories in the Ural, but not in modern taste. The political horizon is altogether not favorable to a fresh blooming in art industries. The artistic genius tries to express itself in ways in which the descriptions of corruption and cruelty, the sadness over the country's disaster or revolutionary thoughts can find expression: writing or painting of pictures. Most of Russia's art of to-day has a tendential background.

After dealing with the national pe-

culiarities of leading European nations the question arises: Do we have so far any traits of a national art in our handicrafts? Beyond question they are showing national life, but slowly; artists and artisans have too long been suffering under the prejudice that imported goods *must* surpass home products. Nevertheless there is great progress observable. We begin to possess national styles in furniture, original works in ceramics, etc. But of all this there is no room to speak.



Peace!

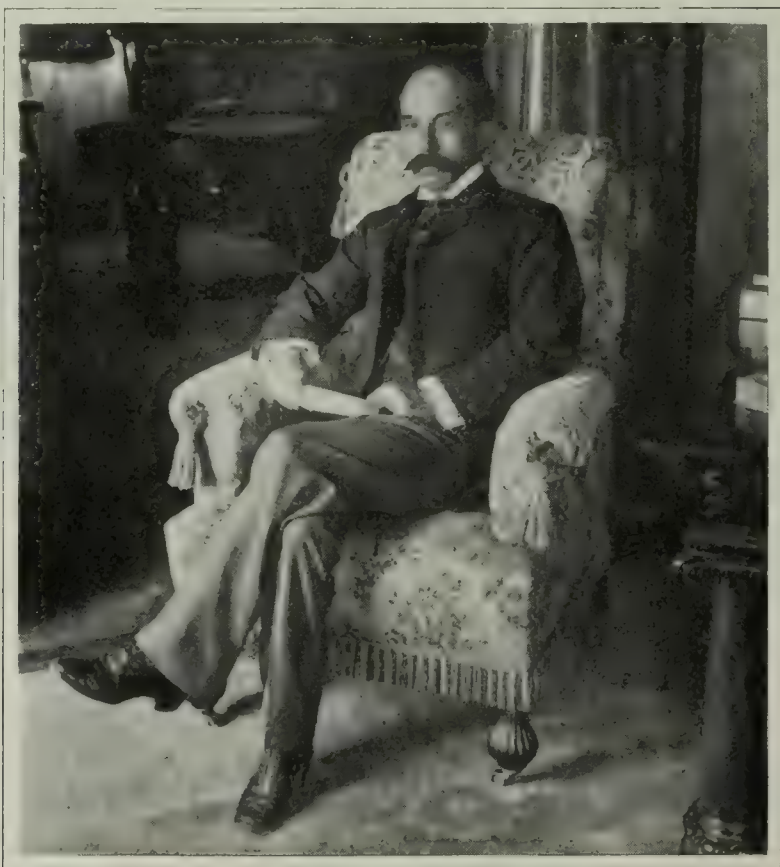
BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

Beat your sabers into plowshares!
 Kennel all your dogs of war!
 Let the blossoms pour their beauty
 O'er the trenches' ragged scar!
 Forward! March! To nobler music
 Than the war-drum's raucous din,
 With the voices of Evangels,
 Sing the Golden Era in!

BROOKLYN.



MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO, the Father of Japan's Constitution, to Whom the Concessions Made by Japan to End the War Are Largely Due. Photographed on the porch of his official residence, Tokyo. Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



BARON KANEKO, the Mikado's Unofficial Representative, Who Has Done Much by His Consultations with the President to Bring About the Peace of Portsmouth. Photographed in his New York apartments August 26th, 1905. Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Literature

Novels of the Occult

GHOSTS are not easily laid. At one time it was thought that they would all disappear at the first cock-crow of science, but here we find ourselves at the dawn of the twentieth century haunted by as many specters as ever. We have preserved all the superstitions of our ancestors and added a few new of our own invention.

As a theme in literature the occult in one form or another is still popular, and it is convenient to consider together the stories published in the last three or four months in which the supernatural is a dominant note, in which the center of gravity is in the fourth dimension of space. If we consider them solely from the standpoint of hair-raising and shiver-exciting potencies they are a disappointing lot. Almost any person could read them all without discomposure, even while sitting with his back to a dark doorway. The only ghost story we have read this year with the real old-fashioned thrill to it is one of H. G. Wells's "Twelve Stories," which we have previously reviewed.

But it must be said in fairness that, except in one case, we are not sure that the supernatural element was introduced into any of these books with object of exciting such a primitive emotion as fear. In the case of *The Image in the Sand*,¹ however, there can be no doubt of the author's intention. He has gathered together all the properties for a supernatural drama: hypnotism, telepathy, spiritualism, thunderstorms and magic, white and black, and uses an Egyptian temple as a back scene; but, in spite of all his pains, the whole is surprisingly ineffective. We do not shudder even when the brain of the heroine is obsessed by the foul spirit of Set-nekht. The reason why Mr. Benson has not succeeded better is that he lets us too much behind the scenes. The occult is only interesting when it is mysterious. The only thing anybody is afraid of is

the dark. *Séances* in the daylight are always failures. Besides, Mr. Benson's book, unfortunately for him, comes into comparison with a much stronger Saharan romance, "The Garden of Allah," by Mr. Hichens.

*The Tyranny of the Dark*² also deals with a case of the unwilling obsession of a young girl by denizens of the other world, but after the cold, expository manner of the psychical researcher. It has no more of a thrill to it than the real ghost stories in Myer's mammoth collection, the "Phantasms of the Living." In fact it was under the auspices of the S. P. R. that Mr. Garland made the investigations which furnish the material for this book, but they gain nothing in emotional interest by being transferred from the Transactions of the Society to a novel. "Blithedale Romance" shows what can be done with the same theme in the hands of a real mystic like Hawthorne, and in the "Undiscovered Country" Howells, tho a realist, has done better than this. We do not like to disturb Mr. Garland in his cozy shack on the sunny side of the big butte known as Morning-side Heights, but we do wish he would hit the trail once more, or take a ranch in the arid region. Antæus is getting exhausted. The *séance* room has done a little better for him this year than the greenroom of the theater did for "The Light of the Star" last year, but nothing he does now has the vividness and life of his early Western stories.

In *The Verdict of the Gods*³, by Ghosh, and *A Digit of the Moon*,⁴ by Bain, we have two chaplets of stories from India, where the occult is so commonplace that it ceases either to horrify or to amaze; tales of superhuman love surmounting supernatural obstacles, told as they must be by an Oriental storyteller, who dare not drop the thread of his narrative for a moment lest he lose his audience. In *The Verdict of the*

² THE TYRANNY OF THE DARK. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

³ THE VERDICT OF THE GODS. By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. New York: Dodg, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

⁴ A DIGIT OF THE MOON, AND OTHER LOVE STORIES FROM THE HINDU. By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.

¹ THE IMAGE IN THE SAND. By E. F. Benson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.

Gods the prince in disguise goes through a series of trials more difficult than the labors of Hercules and as exciting as the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor, but the fantastic legends of Mr. Bain have more of poetry and charm. His rhythmical prose carries smoothly its heavy burden of riotous imagery and strange and grotesque folklore and mythology.

Superstitious science affords the theme of many short stories and an occasional novel. Radium, x-rays and electricity, altho we know more about them than many things that we have known longer, have something of the magical and mysterious about them for most people, who have such unlimited faith in their possibilities that anything may be ascribed to them without disturbing the popular mind. Two of our novels have used such pseudo-occult agencies to effect an alternation of personalities. *The Mortgage on the Brain*⁵ gets a new complication in romance by making use of a lady and a gentleman who each have two different personalities, after the manner of those interesting instances of mental duplicity with which the Society for Psychical Research have made us familiar. Holmes said that when two persons were talking there were really six engaged in the conversation. Obviously if any of our subliminal selves are allowed to come to the surface the number of characters concerned must be increased in geometrical proportion, which is an alarming outlook. Mr. Harper handles the Box and Cox brains of his principal characters with considerable deftness and produces some startling transformation scenes. *The Prince to Order*⁶ is another variant of old Zenda theme, Prince Maximilian, pretender to the throne of Budavia, being merely a hypnotized American.

*At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern*⁷ does not really belong in this group. To be sure, it has a black cat that has been killed and buried and afterward takes an active part in the household affairs, but even normal cats have nine lives and this may be only its second avatar. And

there are several spirit letters, but these turn out to be forgeries by merely human hands. This most surprising old house is full of mysteries and undeniably haunted, but it is not in the least spooky. On the contrary, it is full of the funniest characters that have been brought together in a long time. If any one is troubled with relatives who come too often and stay too long he can get rid of them by purchasing a copy of this book and laying it on the center table in the parlor. If the unwelcome guests can take a hint it will rid the premises of them; they will not die in the house.



Larned's History of the World

THESE volumes* are evidently intended for the general reader who wishes an intelligent grasp of the broad outlines of universal history. To fulfill their mission with reasonable success they should possess three important characteristics. The perspective should be arranged with a view to the explanation of the world to-day; the arrangement and presentation should leave clear and lasting impressions, and accuracy in detail and conclusion should be maintained throughout.

The first of these canons of criticism Mr. Larned meets by devoting half his space to the last five of the seventy centuries of history. Whether it is more important or more cultural to know about Aristides or Bismarck is a matter over which the factious may quarrel, but there can be no doubt that the interest of most people of our time is on the side of Bismarck. While his proportions leave nothing to be desired, our author has scarcely broken from the time honored models of narrative history. He does not give to social and economic institutions that attention which the interest of our day demands. For instance, the long struggle of the patricians and plebs is dismissed with a few lines, while many pages are given to the wars of Rome.

The determination of the arrangement, chronological, national or topical, is much more difficult than the fixing of proportions, and while Mr. Larned has

⁵ A MORTGAGE ON THE BRAIN. By Vincent Harper. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

⁶ A PRINCE TO ORDER. By Charles Stokes Wayne. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

⁷ AT THE SIGN OF THE JACK O' LANTERN. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

* SEVENTY CENTURIES OF THE LIFE OF MANKIND. By J. N. Larned. Two vols. Vol. I, pp. xviii, 465; vol. II, pp. xv, 539. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Company.

improved on the jejune and unprofitable annals of most general historians, he has not produced altogether happy results. In the first place, his measurement of periods by the lives of great men is calculated to destroy that impression of historical continuity for which he argues in the preface. A historian's characterization of a period is the best evidence of his grasp of its true import and position in the development of mankind. In the volumes before us the French Revolution is included under the title "From the Advent of Washington in the American Revolution to His Death," while Bryan and the silver question are placed under the heading "From Bismarck's Founding of the German Empire to the Present Day." Now, there is neither logic nor felicity in such an arrangement. The mind works most effectively through associations and the skill with which a writer weaves connected movements together is a test of his power as a historian. The simplest psychology teaches us that the rapid passage to and from unconnected and dissimilar events not only makes reading burdensome, but leaves blurred impressions. Notwithstanding this potent fact, Mr. Larned confuses the reader by adhering strictly to chronological arrangement and continually breaking and taking up the threads of national histories. This is true not only of his sections on ancient history but also of the account of the Orient. The latter is broken into small fragments of sometimes half a dozen lines and inserted without the slightest connective tissue into the chapters based on the movements of Western Europe. The entire work would have been far more useful if the author had departed farther from the arbitrary limitations of chronology and done in the text itself that synthesizing which he suggests may be done by the use of the index. The arrangement of the work is not striking and the impressions conveyed are not clear cut.

So far as scholarship and accuracy are concerned, Mr. Larned has been more successful. He has made remarkably discriminating use of excellent and recent materials available in English and has eliminated many of the hoary myths which masquerade as truth in general

histories from generation to generation. He properly realizes the difficulties of ethnic questions; his appreciation of the medieval Church is temperate and scholarly; he gives proper recognition to the political forces of the Protestant revolt, tho he retains the term "reformation," which scholars are gradually abandoning; he indulges in none of the unreasoning panegyrics which Americans usually bestow on Oliver Cromwell. The treatment of the French Revolution is not particularly fortunate, for the dramatic aspects are emphasized to the neglect of the social and economic transformation; the author has apparently read too much of Lanfrey and Seeley to give Napoleon his just due; the political bias is not entirely absent from the history of the last century, but good temper is preserved throughout.

The biographical prefaces to each period are unique and useful, the index is good, the illustrations are chosen with discrimination, the typography is excellent. There is, however, a notable deficiency in maps.

Taken as a whole this work is a useful contribution to our stock of general histories.

The Jewish Encyclopedia*

WE are now brought within two volumes of the conclusion of this monumental work.* It is an amazingly full and thoroughly scholarly compilation of important information on all sorts of subjects that touch the Jews. We have repeatedly commended it as essential to a complete library. The notable article in Vol. IX is "New Testament," and very interesting it is to the Christian scholar. The writer, Dr. Kohler, is a specialist in the history and literature that is attached to the period of our Lord's life and of the Essene teachings. The Christian religion, in his view, had, in the mind of Paul, its basis in the prophecy of Jeremiah, where Jehovah declared he would make "a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah, not according to the covenant which I made

* THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA. *A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* Vol. IX, Morawczyk-Philippson. Vol. X, Philipson-Samasz. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$6.00 each.

with their fathers." In Dr. Kohler's view the original records, undeveloped by later accretions, show that Jesus was a Jew, who did not break with his Church and had no idea of starting a new religion. He came into conflict not with the Pharisees, but with the ruling class of Sadducees, while the people remained attached to him, and he was executed by the Romans. The condemnation of the Sanhedrim was for his hostility toward the temple; he had committed the unpardonable offense of "lifting up his hand against the temple." Dr. Kohler is obliged to write with great compactness, but very interesting are his suggestions as to the rabbinic parallels to the teachings of Jesus. He finds the Book of Acts of immense value for the light it throws on the Jewish dispersion and proselyting. The other leading article in this volume is "Moses," which, like many others, is treated diversely, one author giving the "Biblical Data," and another the "Critical View." It is interesting that for the latter a Christian scholar has been selected, Prof. G. A. Barton. His conclusion is that, while the successive writers of the Pentateuch, "J," "E," "P" and "D," have added legendary and miraculous elements, Moses is yet a historical character and the real emancipator and founder of the Israelitish nation. Among the topics treated at length in the tenth volume we notice "Plants," "Poetry," "Philo," "Phylactery," "Prague," "Prayer Books," "Prophets," "Proverbs," "Psalms," "Purity of Grace," "Reform Judaism," "Revelation," "Rome," "Rothschild," "Russia," "Sabbath," "Sacrifice" and "Samaritans." Some of these are of very great value. Such is Professor König's clear and moderate view of the meter of Hebrew poetry, in which he finds numbered accent, but no regular metrical feet. The list of plants is a very valuable botanical study. There is a delightful collection of more modern Jewish proverbs, one of which tells us that no scold berates the tailor who makes her shroud. The question of the purity of the Jewish race is left uncertain, as the historical evidence for the last two thousand years clearly favors purity, while the ethnological evidence is not so

clear. The writer raises the question whether the Jews are really Semites, as their heads are not usually dolichocephalic, like those of the Arabs, but round and short; and he seems inclined to think that they come rather from the Proto-Armenians and Hittites of Mesopotamia, whose facial outline they more resemble. This volume has 243 illustrations, well chosen, largely bibliographical. We are promised that the whole work will be completed in November of this year. We shall be greatly pleased if the promised Roman Catholic Encyclopedia shall prove as complete and as truly catholic.



Immigration and the Immigrant

WITH the Aliens' Bill facing England and with the constant influx into the United States of undesirable immigrants from Russia, Italy, Rumania and Hungary, since 1894 and especially lately, stimulated by unusual conditions, war, famine, even steamship competition, the question of immigration is again to the front. So far nothing new has been said beyond the creation of the ear-filling and mind-clogging term, the "lesser breeds."

Three recent additions to the literature on the subject arrange themselves on opposing sides. Mr. Whelpley's book¹ is chiefly an abstract of the laws and regulations of migration to and fro in the Western World. Its introductory chapters are distinctively alarmist and restate the stock arguments with refreshing disregard to age. Nor does the apparently new classification of causes of emigration as natural, economic, political and artificial, strike one as sufficiently scientific. This hasty "book of the hour," for such it evidently is, interests in parts, particularly in its emphasis upon emigration as a matter of international concern.

So far the standpoint has been national, the main difficulty always presented being that of assimilation, which implies a substitution of traditions and social and economic standards sufficiently thorough to preserve the homogeneity of the whole. The remaining books undertake a description of the conditions and progress of two "undesirable" elements,

¹ THE PROBLEM OF THE IMMIGRANT. By J. D. Whelpley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

the Russian Jewish² and the Italian.³

The former volume, based upon the confusing plan of treating each subject with respect to three cities—New York, Philadelphia and Chicago—is repetitive and retards a general grasp. But it is a splendid argument for the Jew. One rises from the book with the feeling that the activities of the Russian Jew—in numbers incomparably the largest of the Jewish-American world—are unique in scope and in many ways well worthy the flattery of imitation from other strata of American life. Many of the articles are by well-known Jewish writers and students, Miss Szold, Abraham Cahan, Dr. Fishberg, etc. Carefully portrayed are the economic struggles and successes of the Russian Jew, indicated not only by an almost entire absence of pauperism, but by a standard of living superior to that of the other foreign nationalities. The trading and the educational instincts of the Jew—root-grounded and crystallized by an environment of centuries—have served to give him no mean economic and intellectual standing. On sanitary grounds a strong case is made out by Dr. Fishberg and supported by Professor Ripley's remarkable statement that the death-rate of the Russian Jew, in spite of his generally unhealthy environment, is but little over one-half of the average American population.

While neither so comprehensive nor so thorough as the previous work, *The Italian in America* is of normal simplicity and clearness. The economic causes of the unusual emigration from Italy are discussed, whereof the facts are not, on the whole, complimentary to the Italian Government. In the last twenty years the Italian has made progress in no uncertain steps. His services in the mines, on farm and plantation have created a place for him in the labor world. Particularly in dairying and intensive farming he has shown unusual native ability. An unstable argument is that based upon Italy's glorious past, when one considers how practically negligible in it all was the participation of Southern Italy, the source of present immigration.

The Boss of Little Arcady. By Harry Leon Wilson. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.50.

Arcady has been variously located on the earth's surface by poets and romance writers, to say nothing of all lovers who have lived there at least once in their lives; but this time it is situated in Little County, Illinois, U. S. A. The author of "The Spenders" has again in *The Boss of Little Arcady* painted a picture of the Western town more truthful, because more affectionately touched with misty hues of the imagination, than are the raw splotches of "local color" mis-called "novels of the West." There is much exaggeration in this book, too, of a whimsical sort, with a blended flavor of Charles Dickens and Mark Twain, but it is gentle raillery. The figures are a little distorted, the peculiarities emphasized a shade too much—some of the queer characters never lived in Arcady or anywhere else—but the man who pokes fun at the country editor of *The Argus*, the Methodist minister, the Ladies' Home Study and Culture Club, the Boy Detective and many other entertaining citizens of Little Arcady loves them all, and his presentment of their life is neither hard nor squalid in its details, being in that respect much nearer the truth than much self-styled "realism." A Southern matron—no, "lady" is the word south of Mason and Dixon's line—and her ex-slave Clem, Mr. J. R. C. Tuckerman as his simple fellow townsmen knew him, are no less painstakingly studied than the more usual village types. Full justice is given to the best characteristics of each race in a way that reminds the reader of the "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky" we have known and loved so long.

"His eyes were wells of ink when the light fell into them—sad, kind eyes that gave his face a look of patient service long and toilsomely but lovingly bestowed. It is a look telling of kindness that has endured and triumphed, a look of submission in which suffering has once burned but consumed itself. I have never seen it except in the eyes of certain old negroes."

The friendship which grows up between "Miss Ca'line" and the Union Major, with his empty sleeve and his great heart, is very beautiful. There is a strong temptation to quote many passages like

² THE RUSSIAN JEW IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited by G. S. Bernheimer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. \$2.00.

³ THE ITALIAN IN AMERICA. By E. Lord, J. J. D. Trevor and S. J. Barrows. New York: B. F. Buck & Co.

the one in which the dying Confederate officer on the field of battle whispers to the wounded Major, who has painfully dragged himself to the spot to bring water: "You can't beat us! God is a gentleman, above practical jokes of that kind," but the above extracts may give a hint of the quality of the book; its story, altho faulty at times and loose in construction, must be read; it is fitly told only by the lovable Major.



Shakespeare's Christmas and Other Stories.

By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

In the production of historic atmosphere few authors can equal "Q." His abundant knowledge of archeology and

local color is effectively used without being made unduly conspicuous. In these stories, which range in date from the end of the sixteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and range in characters from Shakespeare and Wellington to the fishwives of Saltash and the highwaymen of Tregarrick, he has need of varied scenery. Mr. Quiller-Couch writes a great deal, but we have never heard any one say that he wrote too much.



The Beautiful Lady. By Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.

This is a long short story, written in the graceful style of "Monsieur Beaucaire." The most lovable character is not



"The Little Officer Had Turned White as a Sheet." From "Shakespeare's Christmas." New York: Longmans, Green & Co.



From Tarkington's "The Beautiful Lady." McClure, Phillips & Co.

"the beautiful lady," but the poor Italian gentleman, who earns a living for himself and his brother's children by sitting in the Café de la Paix with a theatrical advertisement painted on his shaven head. How he became the "governess" of a rich American youth who desired to "create considerable trouble for Paris" and how he saved the beautiful lady from a sad fate should only be told as he tells it in quaintly foreign English.

The Man of the Hour. By Octave Thanet.
Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
\$1.50.

"From socialist to strike-breaker" ought to be added as a sub-title, for Octave Thanet's first novel is not a novel, but a tract against the methods and aims of the labor movement. The son of an American manufacturer throws himself and all his money on the side of the

workingmen in the Chicago strike,, but finds out later that he has sacrificed himself in vain and has done irreparable injury by encouraging them in an effort that could only result in ruin. It is only in the first part, where she tells of his childhood and youth, that the author shows the same power and charm in narration and character sketching that her short stories of Western life have led us to expect from her. The latter half of the book is stuffed with not very enlightening discussions of labor problems, and it ends in an absurdly conventional way.

The Little Conscript. By Ezra S. Brudno.
New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

This story of a Jewish boy, kidnapped from his home, forced into practical slavery, knouted to convert him to Christianity, starved to make him a soldier

and imprisoned because he was too honest would be called incredible if there were not too much evidence of the accuracy of its picture of Russian life. It is fiction only in form. A tale quite as horrible and very similar in many details is told in the autobiography of Eliakum Zumser, ballad singer, published in the *American Hebrew* March 31st, 1905.



Love's Cross Currents. By A. Charles Swinburne. New York: Harper Bros. \$1.50.

When Mr. Swinburne's volume of romantic letters came out we were at once reminded that he was the man who should have led off in the love-letter business, which has been a prominent feature in fiction for some years now, and not the last author to show what he could do along this line. However, this is explained when we learn from the preface that the letters actually were written years ago and for publication. They are interesting to those who enjoy the stupid way English people have in fiction of being good or bad, but they will add nothing to Mr. Swinburne's fame.



The Heart of the World. By Charles M. Sheldon. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

This book is quite characteristic of Dr. Sheldon, for in it we find him pleading for a more literal application of the teaching of Christ to the every day life and work of the world. It is the story of an Episcopal minister who wrote and published, anonymously, a book entitled "The Christian Socialist," and on the occasion of his consecration as a bishop renounces his office and the pulpit because of the consecrating bishop's charge to him to oppose socialism and this book in particular. It abounds in thrilling situations and sensational episodes which have nothing essentially to do with the story.



The Two Captains. A Romance of Bonaparte and Nelson. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

If the "historical novel" of to-day had been invented when Horace Walpole wrote his letters he could hardly have failed to include it in his definition of the

epic poem: "a mixture of history without truth and romance without imagination." And of this the present outgiving is a shining example, provided, of course, one agrees with the author in regarding it as a historical novel at all. We differ with him, mainly for the reason that a wildly improbable blood-and-thunder narrative cannot be justly dignified even by that much abused title through the easy process of mixing into it a few well-known incidents in the life of Nelson, a description of the Battle of the Nile and naval evolutionary orders mainly culled from the pages of Admiral Luce's "Seamanship." Not that we mean that originality is wholly absent from Mr. Brady's conception of the great sea fighter. Far from it; on the contrary, we affirm that "Well, by Jove," whistled Nelson, "if that wasn't an idea!" indicates a choice of expression on the part of the victor of Trafalgar which, if peculiar to him, has escaped the notice of all his biographers from Southey to Mahan. The plot is hardly worth tracing. Mr. Brady is trying manfully enough to follow in the footsteps of Fenimore Cooper and he is not without qualifications, but he has yet to discern wherein Cooper was the artist, and still less has he found out the secret of that writer's charm.



The Pocket Books. The Amethyst Box, by Anna Katherine Green. The House in the Mist, by Anna Katherine Green. Enchantment, by Harold McGrath. The Princess Elopes, by Harold McGrath. The Motormaniacs, by Lloyd Osbourne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 75 cents each.

Anybody finding a long, narrow, green and red plaid book on a counter will do well to pocket it, after duly compensating the dealer, of course. He will then be sure of an hour's oblivion to the most unpleasant surroundings, for all the stories in the series proceed at so rapid a rate of narration as to exceed the legal limit in suburban towns. The books may be guaranteed not to strain any intellect, for they are not historical or sociological and contain no problems other than "Who did it?" "What will happen next?"

Literary Notes

THE latest volume of "The Musicians' Library," published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, contains fifty of Schumann's Piano Compositions, edited by Xaver Scharwenka (paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.50).

.... "The Business Man's Pocketbook" (International Textbook Company, Scranton, Pa.) contains in very compact form a large amount of information useful to any one, except a tramp; business law, definitions of financial terms, interest tables, card systems and the like.

.... "Only a Grain of Sand," by C. M. Taylor (J. C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, \$1.00), comes too late in the season for its best use, which is to read on the seashore to a group of children tired of digging in the sand. But this story of a grain of sand from its bed in the sea to the cut glass vase, illustrated with appropriate marginal sketches, will interest and instruct the children at any season.

.... Shakespeare's Complete Works in six volumes, none thicker than half an inch, fitting easily in a coat pocket and printed in a good sized, heavy-faced type, all this sounds incredible, but Thos. Nelson & Sons, Philadelphia, have accomplished it by the use of the thin India paper formerly used only for Bibles. Their "New Century Library" also includes the standard novelists, and is sold at \$1.00 for cloth and \$1.25 for limp leather.

.... Among the fall books announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. the following will doubtless be of especial interest: The papers read at the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis, the final report of the Committee of Fifty on the "Liquor Problem," "The Subconscious," by Joseph Jastrow; "The Immanence of God," by Borden P. Bowne; "Sidney Lanier," by Edwin Minch; "The Fixed Period," by William Osler; "In the Land of the Gods," by Alice M. Bacon, and "Rose o' the River," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

.... The ingenious idea of Sartor Resartus, that the artificialities of life, the social distinctions, affectations and mock modesty, are due to the clothes we wear, is utilized by Mr. "Dickberry" in a novel "The Storm of London" (H. B. Turner & Co., Boston). By the electrical storm which destroyed all cloth, paper and similar fabrics in London, society was completely regenerated, democracy triumphed, health and beauty banished disease and ugliness and vice spontaneously disappeared. The story is spoiled in the telling by its absurdly grandiloquent style. The book should be stripped of its verbosity by the same electrical treatment.

Pebbles

Edith: "Why did you refuse him?" *Ethel*: "He has a past." *Edith*: "But he can blot it out." *Ethel*: "Perhaps, but he can't use me for a blotter."—*Puck*.

.... A SALESMAN'S WOES.—It is to be feared that, generally speaking, women shoppers are not always as considerate as they should be of the rights and feelings of the clerks who serve them from the other side of the counter. The following may not be a typical case, but it is suggestive, at least: "A woman stopped at a cloth counter in one of the large department stores of Philadelphia recently, and asked to be shown some dress patterns suitable for early autumn wear. The salesman began on the lowest row of shelved compartments and pulled out and opened box after box until the counter on either side of him was piled as high as his head with goods. Three times he climbed a ladder to the upper rows and staggered down under a weight of box patterns until, when the woman took a survey of the shelves, but two patterns remained unopened. Then she said, very sweetly: 'I don't think I'll buy any to-day. I'm sorry to have troubled you; but, you see, I only came in to look for a friend.' 'No trouble whatever, madam,' he replied, politely. 'Indeed, if you think your friend is in either of the remaining two boxes, I don't mind opening them, too.'"—*New York Sun*.

.... HAD READ THEM ALL.—They had just met, and conversation was somewhat fitful. Finally, he decided to guide it into literary channels, where he was more at home, and turning to his companion, asked: "Are you fond of literature?" "Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly." "Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—" "It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times." "And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description—one can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages." "It is perfectly grand," she murmured. "And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you find anything more heroic than his grand auld Scottish characters and his graphic, forceful pictures of feudal times and customs. You like them, I am sure." "I just dote upon them," she replied. "And Scott's Emulsion," he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him. "I think," she interrupted, rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."—*Office Topics*.

Editorials

Theodore Roosevelt, Peacemaker

WHILE the "bugles sound the truce of God," and all the world rejoices that peace has returned to men, all the world joins in respectful congratulation and praise of the one man who broke precedents and risked failure and pressed and won success. Not simply to the two mighty Powers whose envoys have agreed to end the war, but also to President Roosevelt do Emperors and Kings and Presidents send their warmest tributes.

It was against all precedent that Mr. Roosevelt invited the two belligerent nations to consider terms of peace, while neither had asked his intervention. Especially difficult was it when one of the two had been uniformly successful, and the other mightier nation, the mightiest in the world, had been constantly and shamefully beaten. Why should the victor stop? Why should the defeated nation not wish to recover its lost prestige? But it was a fearful war, a horrible slaughter of men; and our President put his hand on both combatants and asked them to stop and be friends. Then they came together and could not agree; and again Theodore Roosevelt intervened and urged and pleaded with them to put an end to a conflict which shocked the world. We know not what were his suggestions; but only know that the two great nations honored the personality and the representative dignity of the great nation of the West, and they agreed to lay down their arms and make peace.

And this urgency and pressure put by President Roosevelt on the envoys of the two warring nations, and on the Cabinets at St. Petersburg and Tokyo, was also against all precedent. It was hazardous. It might seem impertinent. It might arouse resentment. Even yet it may. But it was right, and Roosevelt makes his own precedents where precedents there are none, but precedents there ought to be. There will be a fine precedent in the future, if war comes again.

We would utter no fulsome praise, but we cannot withhold our sense of the

purposeful and yet tactful directness with which our courageous and resourceful President has in this great matter led the diplomacy of the world. Partly because we are a great Republic, with no selfish purpose to gain, and partly because he is a strong, positive, right man, he could do what no other ruler could have done. He has won the gratitude of the world, and all the other nations of the world know it; and Japan and Russia will know it best of them all, when

"peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenty and joyful births,"
shall brood again over their homes.



Peace with Honor

"A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued;
And neither party loser."

PEACE is assured, and we begin to award praise to the envoys and their Governments, and to measure the results.

We may begin by declaring, with Shakespeare, "neither party loses." We believe it was Franklin, himself a diplomat, who said "There was never a good war nor a bad peace." But this is especially a good peace, even if the two parties are not yet certain of it.

For Russia it is good, altho the war was very bad in the field, if a blessing to representative government at home. But the war had lasted long enough. It had accomplished all it could, in securing a Duma composed of five hundred representatives, and having liberty of speech. That is a revolution which cannot go backward. Peace is now needed to give time to attend to internal reforms. Russia's war credit was exhausted, but not her peace credit. The continuance of the war would have imposed fresh losses, and the terms of peace were all she could have expected, and more than all. Doubtless Witte's bluff was magnificent, and it succeeded. Russia, who provoked the war, pays not a cent of indemnity, and gets back half of Sakhalin, which she had lost. Witte pretended indifference, seemed willing the war should go on,

utterly refused to make any concession on the important matters in dispute, and finally got his terms. We say it was a huge bluff, a kind that succeeded with envoys from a country which has not learned all the arts of misleading diplomacy, but who might now say, in the words of a Jewish lawyer of this city, admiring the rapacity of his Christian associate, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Witte proved himself a master of such diplomacy, and we credit the report of his own description of how he did it as given in his own paper, the *Slovo*, altho disavowed by him later. For his conduct of his case he ought to receive upstinted praise at home.

And for Japan it is a most honorable victory of peace, quite equal to her victories of war and no less surprising. Where Russia was stubborn, Japan yielded. She wins the moral conquest. It was very hard for her to do this. Her rulers, and especially those Elder Statesmen, knew that they would be bitterly blamed by every hot head that carries a sword, and that even the lives of the envoys would be in danger from crazy zealots. But they did wisely. It seemed—and it might be true—that Russia would allow no more liberal terms, but would continue the war indefinitely. War is a terrible evil. It breaks up thousands of homes, and the Mikado could not bear to see his people suffer. So he yielded most generously and magnanimously. The whole world wonders and applauds, and Witte confesses himself stupefied.

But yet, so much less than was demanded, the acceptance of these terms was good statesmanship. War continued might have brought other victories, but peace has more victories still. And in further war Japan might have lost some of the bloom of her unfailing success. Of the honor of uninterrupted victory nothing can now rid her. It has gone into history and cannot be reversed. And all the ends for which she went to war she has secured and much more also. She has won Port Arthur, ravished from her after the war with China. She has driven Russia out of Manchuria. She has gained unquestioned supremacy in Korea. She will hold half of Sakhalin, which she was forced to yield fifty years

ago. She has annihilated the Russian fleet in the Pacific, and so crippled the Russian power that it will not for many years be a menace to her expansion. The advantage she has gained is immense, and, while it might have been greater, perhaps, it is enough, so that it ought to fill the people with gratification and pride. We should think less of Japan if her people should not respond to the wise and magnanimous action of her rulers, who understand that

"Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind,"

and that the better statesman is he who turns the sword into a plowshare and makes of the helmet a hive for bees. We give wondering recognition to the astute stubbornness of Witte, but we yield a higher praise to the more noble and even Christian acquiescence of Japan in the difficult and unwelcome terms of peace.



The Council of Peace at Brussels

LAST week the Executive Council of the Interparliamentary Union assembled at Brussels. Hon. Richard Bartholdt represented the United States, and we may say also America. One or two of the leading members of Parliament from all the important nations of Europe were present. As requested by the first part of the American program, invitations to all the members of South and Central American Parliaments were ordered to be sent out at once for the thirteenth annual session of the Union, so that America can be properly represented at the historic assembly which will consider the basis of a constitution for a World Parliament and the granting of jurisdiction to The Hague Court by embodying, in treaties of arbitration, provisions such as we have pointed out were necessary to give that court its proper place among political institutions.

Mr. Bartholdt has cabled us that the meeting of the Council was a substantial success for the Americans, the program being heartily welcomed and approved by the Council, and committees appointed to develop and perfect it.

This meeting of the Council and the coming session of the Union may well be called Councils of Peace. Strangely

or naturally, the scene of these Councils of Peace was the scene of the Council of War which finally overthrew Napoleon a century ago, at Waterloo, only a few miles distant from Brussels. The struggle is raised now above brute force guided by military genius and made effectual by courage and organization. It is now in the realm of ideas alone. But this does not at all do away with the necessity in this war for peace of an organized army led by able men and made effective by courage.

When the proper basis for a Parliament of Nations was put on the program of the Interparliamentary Union this was a call to all peace societies, all patriotic, all religious, educational, commercial and labor organizations, and to the press, to enlist for this war until it is won, with the leadership intrusted to the Interparliamentary Union. Shall the hitherto confused and disorganized peace forces continue to fight at random and to some extent in vain, or shall they become organized and effectual in this war, on this plan of campaign and under this leadership? The Union consists of men who can win and retain seats in national Parliaments and who are devoted to the cause of peace and justice and firm believers in the Parliamentary form of government. They are therefore both able to see and to stand for this plan as the most practical one, both in their respective Parliaments and in International Councils. The plan is practical; every move has thus far been wisely and effectually made. The proposed constitution for the International Congress is simple and scientific—evolved, in fact, by the vital events in American political history.

We have, therefore, a capable man at the head of our delegation in the Interparliamentary Union, who has shown fitness for leadership by leading. We have a strong body of Congressmen organized around him as President. We have a plan which calls for applying our principles to international relationships. Who are better qualified to stand for this plan in the Council of Nations than these Representatives of the United States? Count Apponyi has truly said it is right for the United States to lead in this movement for democratizing or repub-

licanizing international affairs. The work cannot be accomplished until men in official position make it their business to carry it through.

When the present condition is fully apprehended by the people and press of America we expect to see such approval of this plan for peace and justice manifested that not only our Government but other Governments will realize that the American people are ready and determined to have a system of law and order in the place of the violence which has hitherto reigned in international relationships, broken by spasmodic resorts to arbitral tribunals.



Dr. Gladden's Resolution

DR. GLADDEN proposes to offer to the American Board at Seattle next October a resolution to this effect:

"That the officers of this society should neither solicit nor invite donations to its funds from persons whose gains are generally believed to have been made by methods morally reprehensible and socially injurious."

That is, we suppose, they should not solicit them specially and individually. We understand that the general invitation to everybody to give still includes both reputable and disreputable people, so that those who get their gains "by methods morally reprehensible" are still to be inclusively invited. Thus, if Mr. Rockefeller—for all this is aimed at him—happens to be in church, the Home Secretary in making his appeal is not to say that those who "are generally believed" to have got their money "by methods morally reprehensible and socially injurious," are kindly requested to put no money in the plate. If, however, in answer to such a general appeal, such a man should be seen to put in a bill, or should send in a cheque signed with his name, we understand that the proposed resolution would not require it to be returned; for it is only the "soliciting" or "inviting" of donations that is forbidden.

Would it not be well, should this resolution be adopted, for President Capen to appoint a committee to draw up a list of such undesired contributors, men "generally believed"—but how gen-

erally?—to have acquired their wealth in bad ways? Does it mean “generally” through the country, and in that case is there more than one man aimed at? Or will it include men with bad reputations in their neighborhood—say, men who employ child labor in their factories, or who refuse to give suitable wages, or who do not provide seats for their clerks in department stores? The principle, it is clear, would apply equally to a man who has a reputation as a hard man within the circle of his local influence and one whose name is familiar to all the country. It strikes us that it must be a matter of judgment as to the choice of persons whom one should solicit for money, and that no hard and fast rule can be laid down. In a new mining camp one might go to the saloon to solicit help to build a church, which he would not do in Kansas.

An interesting point in the discussion is brought out by that excellent textual expert, Dr. George F. Pentecost, who floors those who say that taint does not attach to money by quoting Saint James, who says of the rich oppressors of his day: “Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver are rusted.” Surely, says Dr. Pentecost, that money was tainted. Doubtless it was—so long as they kept it. It is not quite clear from the Epistle whether it would continue to “rust” if they had distributed it in charity. If, instead of keeping it to “lay up treasure,” and “live delicately,” and “nourish their hearts in a day of slaughter,” they had sent a box of their best clothes and a few talents to the poor saints in Jerusalem, possibly the garments would somehow have got patched and the gold would have gained a new shine.



An Experiment Which Failed

THE temptation to gibe at Bishop Potter's experiment is very great. He borrowed it from one of the English Peerage (*Beerage* they call it irreverently over there since several wealthy brewers bought seats in the House of Lords), who came to this country to teach their fellow Churchmen how drunkards were to be reformed by moderate drinking. So nearly a dozen wealthy men formed

a syndicate to support a well-behaved Subway saloon, which should provide genuine liquors, unadulterated and undiluted, with an attachment for soft drinks and a restaurant. They dedicated it with religious rites, they sang the Doxology, and they opened the bar.

Never was a saloon so well advertised. One would think it ought to have made a fortune. Its backers were sure it would. They promised themselves five per cent. profits, and the rest they were to use to create more temperance saloons. But somehow the profits did not come. It is whispered that employees skinned the till and skipped. They say it was not well managed; at any rate it failed to pay from the beginning, and at the end of a year's experimenting its promoters had lost \$17,000 and their courage and faintly they threw up the sponge and sold out their liquors, their good will and their stand for a straight, ordinary saloon, with no pious flummery about it. The holy spell put upon it a year ago in Doxology and psalm was spelled backwards and reversed, and the place was delivered over to Satan.

We admit that it is not easy for us who believe in total abstinence and who rejoice over every local option county that expels the saloon to refrain from joining the gibers when we recall the pious, old-time, old-world simplicity of that opening ceremony. It was all so well meant and we

“know it is a sin
For us to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,
Are so queer.”

It really seemed incongruous to dedicate that saloon as one would dedicate a church. The Bishop giving his pastoral blessing! There is a certain fitness in blessing a bell, or a fountain, but a whisky barrel! Really, the toppers laughed, and the W. C. T. U. scoffed and added a feminine petitionary curse, while the churches were astonished and indignant.

But it was well meant and was half good. It failed, not wholly because the plan was bad. It failed because it was not well managed, because the supporting company of millionaires had not

courage enough to try the experiment well out. A year is a very short time in which inexperienced men may be educated to learn a new business, and \$17,000 is an insignificant amount with which to undertake a great social reform. They would give much more than that to carry a political election. If the first manager of their saloon failed; if its money was stolen, or if they had hit on an unfavorable locality, could they not have mended their plan and administration and tried it elsewhere? Men risk more money on one horse-race.

To be sure, total abstinence is best; but there is a second best in habits as there is in legislation. All cannot agree with us. As a moderate drinker is better than a toper, so an honestly conducted saloon is better than a vile one. Moderate drinking is no sin to those who believe it right. They claim that this Subway saloon, with its respectable character, drove out of the field two or three vile saloons near by. That is good; it is something. We admit a real respect for the purpose and intentions of the excellent, but faint-hearted, syndicate that began their venture. They did not watch it. They did not see how it ran down. They did not observe how it degenerated to be no better, no cleaner, than any other unblest saloon. They did not put business care and skill into it, and so we are sorry that a really well-intentioned effort to improve conditions among those who don't want to be improved was a failure. They say the plan succeeds in London, and it might succeed here if properly conducted.



The Future of China

EVENTS have most happily conspired to assure the normal development of the Chinese Empire.

For many years past things have apparently been going wrong. Regarded as incapable of military resistance, China, easily humiliated by Japan, has been looked upon by the great European Powers as a fat carcass to be divided. And it has seemed as tho the only question which the Powers considered was that of their respective shares.

The first setback in the anticipated realization of this program came with

the Boxer uprising in 1901 and the part which the United States was at that time compelled to play. Influential in restoring order, the United States was enabled thereafter to insist firmly upon its demand that the open door policy should be respected and that further moves toward the partition of China should cease.

Russia alone of the European Powers continued to follow up her original intention in disregard of promises made to America, to Europe and to Japan. Always protesting that she would carry out her agreement to withdraw from Manchuria, she day by day made her occupation of Manchuria more effective. Could she have achieved her purpose, there can be little doubt that in the end China must have been crushed between advancing Russia and the combined resistance of England and Japan.

The thunderbolt of war, hurled not without warning, but at an unexpected moment, by Japan, effectually cut short the Russian enterprise. Had the war continued another year or two, or could Japan have routed or annihilated the Russian land forces as she destroyed the Russian fleet, Japan's influence in China might have become all controlling. As matters now stand the terms of peace will leave the Chinese Empire intact and in a stronger position than at any former time. Japanese influence will be paramount in Korea, but neither Russia nor Japan will dominate Manchuria.

Meanwhile other influences have been quietly at work, the outcome of which will be an immense strengthening of China's own internal policy. The Chinese dissatisfaction with the terms of its treaty relations with America and with the American policy of exclusion of the Chinese from the United States has led to a general boycotting of American goods. A reopening of all questions of relations between China and the United States has been made necessary, and it is obvious that they can be dealt with only on the basis of a generous recognition of China as an independent Power, whose rights and self-respect must scrupulously be regarded.

That one result of these disagreements should be a transfer to China itself of the great railway interests that Amer-

icans had acquired in the empire and were rapidly developing was natural. On all accounts this disposition of these interests is to be welcomed. A great deal of bad blood was stirred up among the Chinese people by the way in which the American concessions were obtained and exploited. That a vast new railway system in any nation should be owned and controlled by foreigners is anomalous, and any such arrangement could not be enduring. The first condition of normal development for any people is an unrestricted control of its own affairs. China for the Chinese must be the first article on any program which can satisfactorily formulate a sound Chinese policy.

The way for such a policy is now well clear. For many years to come "the Russian advance" is effectually checked. Japan must continue to be an insular Power. England, relieved from apprehensions of Russian aggression and fortified by the new treaty of alliance with Japan, can devote her energies as never before to the development of her Indian interests until such time as India, made ready under English rule for a political life and awakened to political self-consciousness, shall in her turn become an independent empire. Thus left alone in safety, China can devote herself to her own affairs in her own way. Already the spirit of progress is awake among her people. Her transformation into a partly Westernized nation will not proceed as rapidly as did the transformation of Japan, but perhaps for that very reason the final outcome will in some respects be more satisfactory. China has infinite riches of mind and character, of social custom and moral tradition, as well as of material resources. These she will conserve while adapting her ways to those of the wider modern world. She will become a nation of prosperous and happy people, of a rich and beautiful civilization.



The Growth of Non-Living Matter

As far as the East is from the West so far is a living being from non-living matter. But no one is able to draw a dividing line between East and West, and it is found equally impossible to

make a clear and logical distinction between life and the non-living. The three kingdoms of nature approach each other as we trace them back. Animals and plants in their simplest forms become so much alike that the line which divides them into two kingdoms for the convenience of zoologists and botanists is as arbitrary as the division of Sakhalin between Japan and Russia by the fiftieth parallel. And now the biologists and physicists are getting into disputes over the definition of the boundary line separating their respective provinces, for the "neutral strip" between them, once a *terra incognita*, is being explored from both sides. For example, Professor Loeb shows that many of the actions of lower animals, such as seeking the light, are the direct effect of physical forces as much as the warping of a board in the sun; on the other hand, Professor von Schrön proves that crystals feed and grow and propagate.

Almost all the forms and movements once held to be peculiar to living beings have now been more or less successfully imitated by artificial cells of various substances, even inorganic, suspended in water solutions. These imitation protozoa can be made to assume all the shapes of simple living beings, from simple spherical cells to the forms of bacterial colonies in gelatine and the arborescent forms of the higher plants. They will react toward stimuli such as touch, light, heat and electricity; they put out tentacles and pull and push themselves around; they distinguish between nutritious food and other substances; they are poisoned by arsenic and prussic acid; they show nucleous, nucleolus and intra-cellular currents; they grow and reproduce in both ways, by budding and by fission. That artificial cells can be made in many different ways that exhibit one or several of these characteristics does not give any ground for hoping that we shall ever be able to create really living beings of non-living matter, but it will enable us to explain many mysterious things in physiology by reference to known chemical and physical facts.

One of the most interesting of these biological counterfeits, the "radiobes" of Professor Burke, which surprised and puzzled the world a few weeks ago, re-

ceives what seems to us a satisfactory explanation from Sir William Ramsay in this issue. If correct, it shows that the cells formed by Professor Burke in bouillon by the action of radium are produced in a very similar way to the cells formed by Professor Stéphane Leduc, of Nantes, in a solution of copper sulphate or blue vitriol. If a drop of sugar syrup containing traces of potassium ferrocyanide is put into a dilute solution of copper sulphate a cell is produced which behaves very much as if it were alive. It grows out into a long rod-like bacilli; it buds and puts forth branches; it gives off smaller cells that grow in like manner. In this case there is no possibility of life, such as there might be in bouillon, for copper sulphate solution is very poisonous to the lower forms of life, as we know from its use in destroying smut in grain and in disinfecting water reservoirs. The cause of these peculiar actions is that the ferrocyanide when it comes in contact with the copper forms a membrane of insoluble copper ferrocyanide. Now the sugar solution inside this cell expands owing to the absorption of water, and this breaks the skin at its weakest point; so here a bud is formed and grows into a branch. But the expansive force of sugar in water, known as osmotic pressure, is very much like the gaseous pressure in a bubble, which Professor Ramsay thinks is the cause of the growth of Burke's cells; so these two close imitations of living beings are due to substantially the same cause.

Two weeks ago we discussed Professor Darwin's extension of the law of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest to atoms and suns. His presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science may be considered as the longest speech on record, since it was begun in Cape Town and finished in Johannesburg, 800 miles away. In the second half of his address he discusses the birth and death of planets and the conditions under which they can survive. He traces back the history of the earth and the moon to the time when the month and the day were of the same length, about five hours—that is, when the earth revolved in that period and the moon, near its surface, kept pace with it. This was

the condition immediately succeeding the birth of the moon, which came forth as a bud from the side of the earth and then formed an independent sphere. The nebular hypothesis of Laplace does not stand the test of modern mathematical analysis and will require considerable modification. The conflict between the geologists, who wanted indefinite time for the deposition of strata and the development of living forms, and the physicists, who would only grant them a paltry 20,000,000 years, may now be peaceably arbitrated, since in radium, which doubtless, like the other elements, exists in the sun, we have a substance giving off sufficient heat to have kept the sun going for a time long enough to satisfy even an evolutionist. Professor Darwin calculates that 22 ounces of radium, if it could have been utilized, would have furnished the power necessary to drive the ship which brought the British scientists from England to Africa, 6,000 miles, instead of the 5,000 tons of coal which was used.

Having discovered that the atoms are not immortal, chemists are now hard at work constructing family trees. Like other genealogical tables there are some discrepancies between them, and in places one or more generations may be skipped, but they read somewhat as follows: Now Thorium begat Uranium, and Uranium begat Radium, and Radium begat Helium and Polonium, and Polonium begat Lead. The production of Radium from Uranium and of Helium from Radium is pretty well established, tho it is thought the mother element cannot be Thorium, but is some element of higher atomic weight not yet separated from it.

But now that our scientists have got to speculating they do not stop with the genesis and degeneration of the elements, but are beginning to extend these conceptions to all matter. According to M. Le Bon matter decomposes into electricity and this into ether—that is, the atoms break up into electrons or corpuscles of electricity, and these are dissipated as waves in the ether, like those of light and those used in wireless telegraphy. Thus all matter is dying away into the nirvana of limitless, formless ether from which in the beginning it arose.

A Letter and a Problem

A LETTER lies on the editorial table that in the pressure of correspondence came near landing in the waste basket. But a second reading recognizes that it deserves a better fate. The principle involved is universal and vital. The writer states his case as follows:

Does a man protect his family better by a salary, which gives him a modest, but happy home, at present; yet whereby he can do very little for old age; or is it his duty to try many things, involving the taking of chances, in order to make his future outlook more prosperous? I am seven years in this country, am married and have two children. My wife is intelligent, and a good housekeeper—worthy to be loved, as I do love her. I am thirty-nine years old, and am bookkeeper with one house, just as long as I am here. I started with ten dollars a week, and draw now twenty-five dollars. Altho my house is modest, it is joyful. There is all we need, and besides we have managed to save about six hundred dollars. Our expenses are small—about seventy dollars a month, including eight dollars that I send monthly to my mother home in Europe. (This is one of our pleasures.) Otherwise we spend on educating our children, music, and reading. Now what troubles me is, Should I stay employed, I have about one other twenty years to work. I cannot save as I now do as the children grow up, but may be able to put aside ten dollars a month. This may give at sixty years about \$4,000. I have no expectations my salary can ever be increased. The firm can have all bookkeepers, and good ones, too, for twenty-five dollars a week.

The letter goes on to show the possibilities and the probabilities ahead. It is a rational outlook toward old age. The proposition is, is it safe to go on anticipating needs and feebleness without a better preparation. If the writer must ultimately go into business for himself, why not do it at once? Why not go to the West or South, into some small place, and open a country store? Why not "grow up with the West," as we often hear it said? The writer holds himself to be a man of some tact as well as intelligence, and able to build up a business of his own. If he dies he will leave a small insurance policy, but his income would be cut off from his family.

Shall a man in comfortable circumstances, with an assured income, a little larger than his yearly needs, void it for

a venture that may yield more, but possibly may fail altogether, in order to be prepared for old age? This is one of the sore problems that fringes human life and should be considered by every man during his most vital years. The whole world is recognizing the growing importance of this problem by granting old age pensions. The case in hand comes well under the pension rule, for the writer is himself creating a fairly good insurance against old age poverty. Taking his own estimate of working years, and he has at least "twenty," in which to do full work and lay by a portion, he figures this out at a possible \$4,000. This is an underestimate in years probably and it takes no account of any investment of his surplus. If placed in a savings bank he would have considerable interest to be added. Then, with the small insurance which he has secured of fifteen hundred dollars his death would leave his family in possession of somewhere between six and eight thousand dollars. Would the possession of a small store and its income be preferable? There is no certain reason for affirming this.

But this is not all that can be safely foreseen from the standpoint of our bookkeeping friend. Five hundred to one thousand dollars will buy a quiet little country homestead, accessible by trolley or steam car. Such a home can be made to save rent and many other city taxes; it will greatly add to the family income by garden and orchard products; it will surely add largely to the educating force of the family; it may in time even become a very profitable investment or a retreat in old age. We have great faith in this sort of old age insurance. It is possible for a family to live in a country home while doing city work. While health is benefited and comforts increased, the opportunity for laying up for old age is considerably increased.

On the other hand, we have the example of a majority of employees, an ambitious venture to get rich and at the same time to be their own masters. These two passions have much to be said in their favor, yet independence of character does not necessarily follow independence of action. Those who employ may find themselves under the absolutism of trade conditions and even social

demands. There are laws of life that touch us on the shoulder at every turn. An honored and honest clerk is individually and socially in as good a position as most of those who serve no employer. The real independence is freedom from debt, freedom from unjust requirements and from conventionalism and abuse. Perhaps the chief trouble with the bookkeeper's position is that he lives in a world of figures, without any facts. "Once a bookkeeper always a bookkeeper." This is largely his own fault. "The ideal bookkeeper learns the relation between his totals and the business—is, in short, a thinking human being."

The writer estimates correctly. To go into business for himself involves surrender of certainty and subjection to chances. He knows that his present position is reasonably secure as long as he wishes to hold it. There never was a harder master than the uncertain. "Nothing venture nothing win" is a true proverb, and sometimes it is a good guiding principle. If a single question and not a general principle were under discussion we might say that the conditions warrant a venture. But the conditions, as stated by the writer, do not take him out of the general, as an exception. As a rule we are profoundly convinced that a sure dollar is better than a possible ten dollars; that comfort is always preferable to wealth in a lottery. The one thing to be avoided above all others is instability of income. This is not to suggest that under all conditions a man should prefer the settled and sure. The ordinary clerk whose intellectual life is summed up in the pedantry of a technical knowledge of the prices and qualities of a single line of goods has something else to think of besides stability of income. The narrowness of life in trade must be counted as a dictating factor in the argument. Unless, outside the petty routine of trade, there can be a border of manly thinking and doing, any venture is excusable.

The greed to get rich is undoubtedly bottomed on a wholesome provisional power of the human being beyond that of animals. To look ahead and prepare for ill health or old age is common sense. But this provision should be, as far as

possible, disentangled in its results from the dangers of making matters worse rather than better. The disasters of speculation are many times greater than the successes. If investing your small savings invariably shut your ear against those proposals which offer undue profits. Money can hardly pay beyond five per cent. Our laws have recognized a rate of interest not beyond six or seven per cent. While holding a subordinate position, because secure, it is fatal folly to venture into the speculative arena with small savings. We thank the writer of this note for his confidence in applying to *THE INDEPENDENT* for advice. We have responded in the same frank and cordial spirit. We would as far as possible eliminate chance from the life of the young man who is creating a home. That this can be entirely done we do not presume or believe, but our social fabric is built far more than it ought to be or need be on the uncertain.



The Resignation of Mr. Loomis

There is no special regret experienced or expressed anywhere that Francis B. Loomis is no longer Assistant Secretary of State; and no more does the country grieve that his services have not yet been engaged in any diplomatic position. Naturally after the rebuke uttered by Secretary Taft, in which he said that Mr. Loomis's intense interest in American interests in Venezuela "did not justify Mr. Loomis in becoming personally interested in any of the schemes" "because it would surely in the end make his public duty and private interests conflict," Secretary Root desired a change. *The Herald* is out with a long selection of letters that relate to the interest which certain concessionaires had in Mr. Loomis's appointment as Minister to Venezuela. They have been published as the result of a conflict between a minority and a majority of holders in certain large concessions. It would seem that they were extremely anxious to have a Minister of our Government in Caracas who should be under their influence. It was they who secured the appointment of Mr. Loomis, and the implication seems clear that he was to help their interests in Venezuela, while representing our Government, and that he was himself

financially interested, as, indeed, was proved by the facts and documents brought out at the time when Mr. Taft made his investigation. The following passage from one of the schemers on learning of their success is securing Mr. Loomis's nomination and confirmation allows of no other meaning:

"I trust 'our friend' [Loomis] will not make the mistake of appearing to be interested in concessions. The more dignity he brings to the office the more valuable will its influence become to us. He can best serve us by an apparent impartial regard for his friends and an apparent impartial indifference to their enemies."

It is not strange that one who could thus write should have been said to carry the United States Minister "in his vest pocket."



White Journalism

It is always a pleasure to see a journal established with the pronounced purpose of supplying only decent reading matter to the public, such matter as one need not be ashamed to read aloud in his family circle. Such a paper is announced in Chicago, where it is supposed to be particularly needed, called *The National Daily Review*, and published and edited by John J. Hamilton and his sister, Mrs. Ella Hamilton Dureley. They have had experience and success in local journalism, and now try a larger and more difficult venture. It proposes to give only verified news, to exclude the wearisome and useless reports of murders and suicides and police news, except when they come to be of importance, and to exclude indecent advertisements, in which are counted those of liquor and tobacco. The attempt will be made to treat news editorially, with comment and explanation, and to give no more weight to Chicago events than to those of the rest of the world. It will be interesting to see whether a daily paper can be made other than local. In this city we have had examples of much the same sort of attempt. *The World* began with the highest professed ideals of purity, but before long became the chief example of yellow journalism, until *The Journal* taught it new wrin-

kles. On the other hand, *The New York Times* has succeeded about as well as has seemed possible in this evil world in living up to its motto "All the news that is fit to print"; but it has had to fight its yellow rivals on the same basis of a cent a copy. We wish well to the Chicago effort, but we suspect that a daily paper must depend chiefly on local patronage, which is not the aim of *The National Daily Review*.



Esperanto Many international congresses have been held this summer, scientific, literary, legal, sociological, religious, medical and peace, but there is only one of them which was not hampered by the fact that the members could not understand each other on account of the difference in language. This exception was the Esperanto Congress held at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where 1,200 men and women from all parts of the world met and talked Esperanto with each other for three days. Dr. Zamenhof, the creator of this new international language, in his opening address emphasized its importance in the promotion of amity and intercourse between different nations, in addition to its practical advantages in commerce, diplomacy and science. The Catholic Esperantists attended mass in the morning, where Esperanto hymns were chanted. In the evening one of Molière's plays was given in Esperanto by a polyglot company of actors and actresses, Italian, French, English, Norwegian, German and Russian. We published recently [Vol. LVII, p. 326] an article on Esperanto by Dr. Zamenhof, so our readers are familiar with its general principles. On account of its regularity and simplicity it can be read at sight with the aid of a dictionary, and the study of an hour or two will give its grammar and a considerable vocabulary. In this country it has been used for the amusement of evening gatherings where all the guests are required to speak Esperanto under penalty of a fine of a cent for every English word spoken. A sheet containing the sixteen grammatical rules and a small vocabulary is sent out a day or two in advance with the invitation, which is, of course, printed in the new language.

The charges of cruelty against the administration of the Kongo Free State do not subside, but are rather supported. The commission of investigation appointed in Belgium has evidently tried to conceal and minimize the revolting facts which came to their knowledge. The British representative finally permitted to attend the sessions reports that the commission cut its sessions short because they found the charges largely substantiated, and that hundreds of natives had fallen victims to the system of government. The evidence given by missionaries shows conduct too atrocious to print, and makes us ashamed to belong to the race that can be guilty of it. Judging from Lord Percy's address on the subject in the House of Commons the British Foreign Office is taking a very serious view of the matter, and Mr. Morel and his Kongo Reform Association are justified in their charges of mutilation and murder for the sake of more rubber to enrich the wealthy King Leopold.

In THE INDEPENDENT of March 28th and April 4th, 1901, appeared a long essay entitled "A Theory of Poetry," by Henry Timrod, which had remained unpublished since his death in 1867. That essay now appears in *The Atlantic Monthly* as if published for the first time. We printed it with a prefatory note signed by Henry Austin, who read the poem at the celebration in honor of Timrod at Charleston, S. C., May 1st, 1901, and it was copyrighted in our columns by W. A. Courtenay, into whose hands Timrod's manuscripts passed. We make no charges of deception against any one, and, of course, the editor of *The Atlantic* had no knowledge that it had previously been published by us.

A few years ago the Secretary of the Agricultural Bureau of the State of Kansas proved that it was the women's hens that paid up the mortgages on the farms. Now the Missouri Bureau of Labor Statistics has made a similar brave showing for that neighboring State. It finds that the value of live poultry shipped in 1904 from Missouri

was \$13,473,377; of dressed poultry, \$4,855,363; of eggs, \$13,021,046, and of feathers, \$289,973, the tremendous total of \$31,639,759. Surely Missouri may be proud of her hens. No wonder she sends a Cockrell to the United States Senate.

There is at least one other surviving member of the unsuccessful expedition of Commodore Biddle to open Japan in 1846 besides Mr. Burton, who wrote the account in our issue of last week. Rear-Admiral S. B. Luce, now retired at Newport, was appointed midshipman in 1841 and was a watch officer on the "Vincennes" under Commodore Biddle.

There has been chartered the Union Transportation Company, of Nashville, Tenn., with a capital of \$25,000, organized by negroes to fight the Jim Crow street car law, and they propose to run automobiles. The street car company has, it is said, lost \$500 a week since the negroes refused to ride; but the salaried officials will not care. It is the stockholders that lose their income.

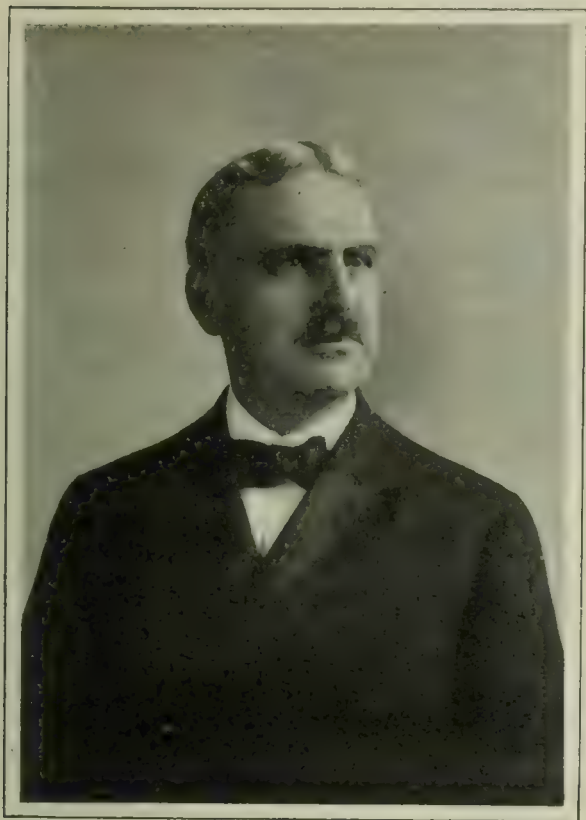
Germany is having trouble now that a bit takes down her pride. In South Africa the little war with the negroes continues, with the expense of millions every year, and now at home the cholera has broken out, notwithstanding the most scientific medical control. There are reported 66 cases and 23 deaths, which is enough to excite alarm and suggest strict quarantine.

A Montana sheriff has set a good example. Three hundred miners tried to take a murderer from him, but the sheriff would stand no nonsense. That sheriff risked his life; a Mississippi sheriff lately lost his life in a similar effort to do his duty, and will have a statue set up for all time in his honor.

The battalion of negro troops in the Georgia militia is to be disbanded. Why? Because it will not work to have a negro officer have a title higher than that carried by a white man. But that might be remedied as in Kentucky, by giving every white man the title of Colonel.

Insurance

The New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company and Its President



FRANK W. SARGEANT,

President of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company. Born at Candia, N. H., March 7, 1860

THE New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, N. H., which was organized in 1869 and commenced business on April 6th, 1870, with a capital of \$100,000, has lately been reorganized. This step became necessary because of the resignation of President Uberto C. Crosby, who entered the service of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company of London as its Manager for the United States, and the death of Treasurer G. Byron Chandler. The result was the election of the following officers: President, Frank W. Sargeant; Vice-President, Walter M. Parker; Treasurer, N. P. Hunt; Secretaries, Frank E. Martin, Lewis W. Crockett; Assistant Secretaries, William B. Burpee, Charles C. Clifford. Frank W. Sargeant and Arthur M. Heard were appointed members of the Finance Committee, the other members of which are Nathan P. Hunt, Chairman; Lewis W.

Crockett, Clerk; Walter M. Parker and Frank P. Carpenter. The present complexion of this committee assures the perpetuation of the same conservative and successful policy that has obtained since the organization of the company. The newly elected officers have all been identified with the company of which they are now the executives for a number of years. The New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company was a pioneer in the business when it was organized, there having been no previous stock company in New Hampshire. The project was generally regarded at the time as "extra hazardous." The company decided at the outset of its business life to retain all premiums to meet losses and expenses, only the interest on the investment going to the stockholders. This conservative plan has worked so well that it has since been followed and is now in operation. The first statement filed by the New Hampshire showed a capital of \$100,000, assets of \$134,586, and a net surplus of \$8,029. The last company statement published, which was dated December 31st, 1904, showed a cash capital of \$1,000,000, assets of \$3,911,743, and a net surplus of \$1,199,685, in spite of the Baltimore and Rochester conflagrations.

THE ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn., is issuing through its accident and liability department a "Log Book of the Motor Car," of which C. H. Gillette is the editor. This little volume contains a lot of information that is of the highest value to owners of auto cars. Pages are provided for the keeping of data concerning the towns visited, number of miles traveled, distances, time, etc. Considerable space is given over to the expense account, which is, generally speaking, of great importance to the motorist. There does not appear to be any special place for fines imposed, but such items can, of course, be conveniently put under the head of sundries. A useful pencil accompanies the book. There are also several blanks for memoranda of accidents.

Financial

Industrial Prosperity

THE getting together of warring nations at Portsmouth and the signing there of the so-called "treaty of Sagamore Hill" this week, is marked by a period of domestic industrial prosperity that is exceedingly widespread. Broadening commercial activity is at the present time strongly reflected in increasing Government receipts, and there is a pronounced tendency toward activity above the average in all branches of industry. The first autumnal month opens with fall buying very active in all departments. The purchases of rolling stock on the part of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to which reference was made in this department last week, was rather under, than over, stated, and this and other carrying roads are liberal purchasers of rails and other equipment. The movements of harvested crops is another element making for general prosperity, and shipments of money to Chicago and other interior shipping centers has already begun. A healthy demand now exists in the East for cotton goods, clothing, shoes, millinery, lumber, building material and hardware. Still another evidence of present day prosperity is to be found in the fact that the commercial failures during August, as reported in *Dun's Review*, were only 851 in number and \$6,140,566 in amount, of defaulted indebtedness, as compared with 900 bankruptcies, involving liabilities of \$10,491,498 during the same period twelve months ago, and still heavier losses in August, 1903. It would seem that something approaching an industrial boom is here and there to be reckoned with. In Philadelphia, for example, there is in the course of erection a number of manufacturing plants that is noteworthy, and in the City of Brotherly Love alone there will be expended this year something like \$5,000,000 for structures of this kind. With the equipment of these plants largely intended for the production of various textiles, these large figures will be nearly doubled. Extraordinary activity in the production of window glass is also an encouraging feature in the industrial prosperity that is now characteristic of

the market. The entire outlook that is collateral with the suspension of the Russo-Japanese hostilities is extremely optimistic.



ACCORDING to census figures the amount of cotton ginned for the past year was 13,693,279 bales. This exceeds by 2,300,000 bales the highest previous record of cotton harvesting.

....A new record price of \$6,500 has been made for a share of the New Orleans Stock Exchange, which was sold on the last day of August. With the passing of the fever scare and its incidental but abortive shot-gun quarantine, the market has rallied, prices have stiffened and confidence is again restored.

....Work upon the uncompleted parts of the through trolley line from Worcester to Hartford will be begun at once. The road will be a continuation of the existing line from Boston to Worcester. Running time from Boston to Hartford will be 5¼ hours, and the fare will be about half of the fare on the steam road.

....The New York Central Railroad Company has ordered 35 electric locomotives, to be used, instead of steam locomotives, in moving trains between the terminal station in this city and suburban points about 30 miles distant. Each locomotive will be able to draw an eight-car train at the rate of 60 miles an hour. They are to be ready for use one year hence.

....The Depew Improvement Company has repaid to the Equitable Life Insurance Society the loan made to it in 1898. The original loan was for \$250,000, but the interest and costs swelled the figures to \$293,850.82. In connection with this transaction Senator Depew has made a statement, in which he answered the charges made against him.

....Dividends announced:

International Paper Co., Preferred, 1½ per cent., quarterly, payable September 30th.

Amer. Can Co., Preferred, 1¼ per cent., payable October 2d.

The Independent

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Survey of the World

Republicans in Delaware and Maryland

There is a general expectation that the long division in the Republican Party in Delaware, which has prevented the full representation of that State in the United States Senate for years, will come to an end soon in the withdrawal, or removal, of Addicks from the field. There are two State organizations, one for and the other against Addicks. At last his friends seem to be convinced that their hope of electing him is vain. The chairman of the Union (Addicks) caucus seeks to secure a combination of the two wings, and one of the strongest Addicks stalwarts says that he believes that within thirty days there will be but a single Republican organization in the State. A real wave of harmony seems to have come over the State. There has been talk of calling an extra session to elect a Senator, but that is not likely, as it is feared that in such a case the wave of harmony will recede before reaching its flood.—The Maryland Republicans held their State Convention last week. Secretary Bonaparte, who has been at times thought a good deal of a mugwump, made the principal address, and his praise of President Roosevelt was loudly applauded. He said:

"Last autumn a noted Democratic lawyer criticised Mr. Roosevelt because he 'did things.' I said then that the American people wanted a President who did things, and I believe that every American feels glad this morning that he voted for Theodore Roosevelt if he did or feels sorry that he did not vote for him if he did not."

The important thing done was the

adoption of a platform attacking the Democrats and Senator Gorman for attempting to reduce the suffrage in the State, but at the same time decrying negro domination and social equality as no part of their belief. This was in reply to the Democratic charges that the white Republicans and negroes are inseparable, and that Maryland would be liable to negro rule unless the voting power of the blacks were curtailed. The platform says:

"The Republican party of the State of Maryland favors no social equality among the races, favors no negro domination over the white people here or elsewhere, and can be depended upon to guard against the establishment of either of these conditions here in Maryland."

The Anti-Tammany Situation

The fusion forces, consisting of the Republican Party, the Citizens' Union, the Municipal Ownership League and a few minor organizations, adjourned their last Thursday's meeting after appointing a subcommittee who are expected to select a ticket to oppose Mayor McClellan by this week Thursday. Of the various candidates mentioned so far Recorder Goff seems to be the Republicans' first choice, while John Ford, Judge Seabury and Judge Gaynor would all be acceptable to the Municipal Ownership League. The Citizens' Union, having proposed Mr. Jerome, who subsequently refused to allow his name to be used, have now no candidate, as they feel that the responsibility of naming the Fusion candidate for Mayor should not be on their shoulders. The question of the municipal

ownership of the expiring gas franchises and the future subways will undoubtedly be the issue of the campaign, but the question of the operation of franchises will probably not be made as prominent as it was in the recent Chicago election. Candidates for the position of Comptroller and President of the Board of Aldermen have not even been considered as yet.



After Signing the Treaty

Last week we simply reported the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth. This was done at 3.47 p.m. on Tuesday. It was a most quiet, unostentatious affair. The four envoys each signed four copies of the treaty, two in English and two in French. They then drank champagne and toasted each other. A clerk rushed out and gave the word and the guns were fired, the bells rang and the correspondents hastened to send the news to all the world. Only a dozen or two officials and attendants stood around the tables where the envoys sat. Each envoy provided his own pen, and Mr. Witte gave his to Dr. E. J. Dillon, St. Petersburg correspondent of the *London Times*. Baron Rosen rose and grasped Mr. Takahira's hand with "an old friend, and now a new one," and read a very pretty little speech in behalf of Mr. Witte and himself. The health of President Roosevelt was drunk and the conference finally broke up. Then the Russian party went to Christ Church, where a service was held, conducted by Bishop Potter for the American Episcopal Church and a number of Greek priests. All of the envoys were completely exhausted by their hard labors and avoided interviews. Before leaving Portsmouth the Japanese envoys sent a courteous letter to Governor McLane, inclosing a gift of \$10,000 as a testimonial, for such purposes as the Governor might designate, and Ambassador Rosen sent the same sum for the charitable institutions of the State. On Wednesday morning the envoys left Portsmouth, the Japanese on a later train, and returned to New York and rested on Thursday at their several hotels. But Baron Komura stopped over Wednesday afternoon to visit Harvard University, his *alma mater*. The Japa-

nese declined nearly all invitations and interviews, but the Russians gave a dinner to the Russian priests and some others of their countrymen. On Thursday evening they attended a dinner given by Col. George Harvey. On Friday they were guests at luncheon with General F. D. Grant at Governor's Island. On Friday the Japanese envoys attended a dinner in their honor given by Consul-General Uchida and several Japanese merchants, but the dinner that was to have been given by the Nippon Club was given up because of the dissatisfaction with the terms of the treaty on the part of many Japanese members. During the day Baron Komura had a long interview with Secretary of State Root, but the subject of their conversation was not reported. It probably was related to the open door in the East and commercial relations. On Saturday President Roosevelt entertained the envoys at Sagamore Hill, the Japanese to lunch and the Russians to dinner. In each case there was an exchange of toasts and expressions of hearty good will. With the Russians the President conversed in French, as Mr. Witte's command of English is imperfect. At the conclusion the Russian envoys gave to the President the important information that Russia calls off her tariff war with the United States. On Sunday the Russian envoys were in Washington and spent the day in visits to the public buildings, especially the Library and Mount Vernon, and seemed greatly pleased with their impressions gained in a long and hard day of sight-seeing. This week the Russians sail for home, while the Japanese envoys will take the Canadian route as guests of the Canadian Government.



Commercial Peace with Russia

Contemporaneously with the settlement of peace through the efforts of President Roosevelt the Czar has sent a communication to him stating that hereafter the discriminating duties against American products would be removed. Under the Dingley act whenever any Government should pay a bounty on products exported our duty on such goods was to be increased cor-

respondingly. In the effort to increase the production of beet sugar the leading countries of Continental Europe paid such bounties to the exporters, so that their sugar was sold much cheaper abroad than at home. This was an especial benefit to English manufacturers of jams, etc., but the cane sugar producers in this country insisted that the extra duty should be paid on beet sugar from the producing countries. When all were paying a bounty the local advantage ceased, and in a Sugar Congress of the nations all of them except Russia stopped paying the bounty, and our extra tariff was dropped. In 1900 we entered into negotiations with Russia for a reciprocity treaty, and meanwhile, as a matter of courtesy and expecting an agreement, our Government remitted the extra duty on Russian sugar, but later reimposed it on the demand of American producers, after our Supreme Court had decided that it was a genuine bounty that was paid in Russia. Thereupon the Russian Government put maximum duties on iron, petroleum, meats, etc., to the serious loss of our trade, which was diverted to Germany and England. Now, possibly as a recognition of President Roosevelt's work for peace, this maximum charge is removed, and our merchants will pay no more duty than others. The message was handed to the President by Mr. Witte at Sagamore Hill, at the close of the impromptu farewell speech by Baron Rosen. There is likely to be a renewal of reciprocity negotiations.

Various Items

One of the most remarkable messages received by Mr. Roosevelt came from the Emperor of China in "the joyful tidings" of peace, congratulating the President, and expressing the hope that "the three Manchurian provinces of China may be blessed with complete tranquillity and lasting welfare, to the benefit of the whole world." The Empress Dowager added her "heartly felicitations for your grand achievement."—As the result of a quarrel between Public Printer Palmer and his foreman over the purchase by the former of typesetting machines, Mr. Pal-

mer was removed from his office by the President. The quarrel is in good part between two typesetting machine companies, the one which failed to get the contract having charged fraud.—More than \$15,000,000 of gold from the Alaska and Klondike fields have already been received at the United States Treasury, and half as much more is expected before navigation closes. This will be three or four millions more than last year.—A sad case of lynching occurred at Italy, Texas, last week. A negro guilty of assault on a woman, who had confessed his crime, was taken from the officers by a mob of 200 farmers, and burned to death. The mob were deliberate about it, gave time for him to pray, and all the neighbors came, and waited until the man's brother and sister, who had been informed by telephone, should have time to come eight miles and see him. Two thousand people saw him die, and his brother and sister gathered up the ashes.



The Panama Canal

Two serious charges have been made against the management of the Panama Canal. Hudgins & Dumas and H. Balfe & Co. have protested against the award of the five-year contract for feeding and caring for the Government employees on the Isthmus, and now the general manager of the Frank S. De Ronde Company charges that his firm did not receive the award for contracts, altho he was the lowest bidder. The first charge protests against the concession to Mr. Markel, who is to furnish food for employees of the company. Mr. Markel will supply food for five hundred guests in each of the dining rooms of the ten hotels. For a room and board in any of these ten hotels the concessionaire will charge \$36 in gold a month. The average meals will consist of the following:

Breakfast—Fruit, cereal, meat and eggs, a vegetable, bread and butter, coffee or tea.

Dinner—Soup, fruit, meat, entrée, two vegetables, bread and butter, pie, pudding, or ice cream, coffee or tea.

Supper—Cereal, fish, meat or eggs, fruit,

sauce or preserves, bread and butter, cake, coffee or tea.

Laborers, however, will pay \$12 in silver per month and their *menu* will be:

Breakfast—Cereal, fish, bread and butter, coffee or tea.

Dinner—Soup, meat or fish, two vegetables, bread and butter, pie or pudding, coffee or tea.

Supper—Meat, a vegetable, bread and butter, sauce or syrup, coffee or tea.

Alfred T. Holley, general manager of the De Ronde Company, has made affidavit that he submitted a bid for roofing work and that at the hour specified for the opening of the bids a representative of the Government purchasing agent appeared and delayed the award until some more bids could be brought from a safe. Half an hour later these bids from the safe were opened and one of them received the award. The members of the Canal Commission who can be found refer the matter to Chairman Shonts, but he has not yet made any reply. The firms who make these charges say that nothing but a rigid investigation will be satisfactory.



Venezuela President Castro has just issued a decree expelling M. Brun, the manager of the French Cable Company, from Venezuela. The President's anger has been aroused because M. Brun protested against the decree of the highest court in Venezuela, which had just annulled the concession of the French Cable Company. French diplomats, however, do not look at this incident as one unsuceptible of peaceful adjustment, especially when they have the Morocco situation on their hands. In the meantime Judge Calhoun, President Roosevelt's special envoy, is busily engaged at Caracas in finding out what he was intended to find out and is reported to have received every attention from the Venezuelan Government.



Cuba President Palma was on September 9th unanimously nominated by the Moderate Party for re-election to the Presidency of Cuba, and Mendes Capote received the nomination for

Vice-President. No mention of the Platt amendment was made directly in the platform, as the Moderates consider that affair settled. The platform declares, however, very strongly for a reciprocity treaty with the United States. The pending trade treaty between Cuba and Great Britain, however, is receiving a great deal of adverse criticism. Two of the principal commercial and economic associations have just declared emphatically against its ratification, fearing that Cuba's commercial interests with the United States are too great to permit her granting for ten years such privileges to British ships and citizens as those named in the treaty. The treaty was signed last May and it is known that in Washington it was regarded as inimical to the interests of the United States.



Teachers in the Census A recent Census report tells us that there are in the United States more teachers of all sorts than there are of clergymen, lawyers and physicians put together. In eighteen Northern States there is a larger proportion of teachers to population than in any European country, and, if we take the United States as a whole, the proportion is larger than in any country except England and Wales. If we assume that the students who need a teacher are practically between 5 and 25 years old, we shall find that in 1900 there was one teacher for every possible 71 pupils, while in 1870 there was one teacher for 137 possible pupils—that is, the ratio of teachers to scholars has nearly doubled in thirty years. The teachers average older and are thus more experienced and better than ever before, showing that the profession is becoming more permanent. Nearly three-fourths of the teachers are women, and the proportion has increased from decade to decade.



Earthquake in Italy A number of villages were destroyed and thousands of people left homeless in the province of Calabria in Southern Italy, in the very toe of the boot, by a violent earthquake which occurred on the morning of September 8th. It

lasted less than 20 seconds, but that was sufficient to cause much destruction of life and property. The village of Martirano was completely wrecked, with a loss in life of 2,200, and in other villages the number of the dead is estimated at several hundred. As the trains made their way into the district, cautiously on account of the crevasses in the ground and the damaged track, they were met by crowds of half clothed, hungry and frightened peasants begging for relief. Their houses were in ruins and in some places there were not enough people left alive to bury the dead or to rescue those caught in the ruins. Subscriptions were immediately opened for their relief in the cities. The Pope telegraphed to the bishops to give all possible aid, and King Victor Emmanuel subscribed \$20,000 and went himself to the scene of the disaster. In Messina, Sicily, on the other side of the Strait, many walls were cracked. The volcanoes of Stromboli and Vesuvius were unusually active for a week before the earthquake.



The Chinese Boycott

An imperial edict has been issued by the Board of Foreign Affairs to put a stop to the boycott of American goods. It states that the American Government has promised that Chinese merchants, students and other travelers will hereafter receive courteous treatment in the United States and that the treaty will be revised as soon as Congress meets in a manner satisfactory to the Chinese Government, and in the meantime the people should peacefully await the action of the Government. It points out that the discrimination against American goods is injuring the friendly relations between the two countries, and commands the Viceroys and Governors to see that business is not interrupted and that all disturbances and manifestations of lawlessness are prevented. It was not until after receiving the announcement that Mr. Morgan had consented to relinquish the concession for the Canton-Hankau Railroad that the imperial edict against the boycott was issued. It is too early yet to say whether the Chinese Govern-

ment will succeed in checking the boycott movement, but it is already reported from Shanghai, where the anti-American feeling was strongest, that the import trade is reviving. The agitation is being carried on principally by students from Japan and from America. The latter rouse intense feeling by telling of the indignities and outrages inflicted upon them by American immigration officials. The Chinese newspapers are beginning to demand the unrestricted entry of all Chinese, including laborers, and threaten to use the weapon which has been found so effective in the case of the United States to secure more favorable laws from Australia and other countries that discriminate against them. In Tien-tsin the boycott movement has been checked by the energetic action of the Viceroy Yuan-Shi-Kai. In other places officials who had been sent from Peking to see that standing contracts for American goods were not broken introduced restrictions which practically prohibited commerce. —Secretary Taft has by order of the President visited Canton and Amoy in the endeavor to put a stop to the boycott. In his addresses at these points he has assured the Chinese authorities of the intention of the American Government to treat them fairly, and has protested against the boycott as a violation of treaty rights.



Tatar Outbreak in the Caucasus

Riots on a scale unexampled even in this turbulent region have prevailed for the past week and have caused the destruction of so much property in the Baku district as to practically ruin the oil industry there, which is second in importance only to that of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Both the Armenians and the Tatars have frequently revolted against the oppressive measures of the Russian Government in the Caucasus, and the Government has never attempted to remove their grievances, or to establish peace between the warring factions, altho it has suppressed riots when they occurred with great severity. According to the report from Russian sources the present uprising is a planned revolt on the part of the Tatars with the encourage-

ment and support of their co-religionists from across the Persian border. A depot of arms is reported to have been discovered on the Aras River and proclamations calling for a crusade against the Christians. Four thousand armed Kurds have crossed the Aras River from Persia and joined the rebellious Tatars in Trans-Caucasia. Several villages of Armenians are believed to have been destroyed, and in Shusha the Armenian quarter was reduced to a mass of burning wood. Two hundred and fifty Armenians were killed and the fighting continued uninterruptedly in the city for five days, the killed and wounded being left lying in the streets where they fell. The outbreak began Saturday evening, September 2d, by fighting between the Tatars and Armenians in the Black Town, or oil district of Baku. The Cossacks were entirely unable to put down the rioting, and on the following night the Nobel oil reservoirs were set on fire. It was a week before the proprietors of the oil wells were able to visit the industrial quarter, even under an escort of troops, and by that time the oil industry was practically destroyed. Even if order is restored at the present time it will be six months or a year before the region will be able to supply the Russian railroads with residue for fuel and the cities with oil for lamps. Three thousand out of three thousand six hundred wells are believed to have been ruined; the total damage is estimated at \$90,000,000, on account of the destruction of the oil stored in the reservoirs, which were all set on fire and, being made of wood, were completely destroyed. The railroads consume 2,000,000 tons of crude oil residue annually, which they will have difficulty in getting from America, and will therefore probably have to import coal if the Government will permit. All the homes of Russian and Armenian workmen were pillaged and burned by the Tatars, and ten thousand workmen are now in destitution, without food or work. Both the Christian and Mohammedan religious leaders attempted to put a stop to the massacres in the beginning by joining in a procession through the

streets proclaiming peace, a method which was successful in putting a stop to the riots in the Baku region last February. This time, however, they were unable to quench the inflammatory spirit of the Armenians and Tatars, and pillaging, arson, murders and still worse outrages continued uninterruptedly for many days, and it is not certain that the disturbances are yet over.

The Arabian Revolt Quelled

The Turkish troops under Ahmed Fezi Pasha have captured Sanaa, the capital of the province of Yemen, which has been in the hands of the rebels since April 20th. The expedition was divided into three columns in its march from its landing place at Hodeida on the Red Sea, and it does not appear that any important resistance was offered to them. Ali Riza Pasha, who with some 10,000 men attempted to relieve Sanaa last spring when it was besieged by the rebels, was attacked in the passes of the desert by three times that number of Arabs, and most of the Turkish troops surrendered or deserted to the enemy. This time the Sultan's troops amounted to some 50,000 men, of a more reliable character and better equipped for the difficulties of the march from the sea. Evidently the Imam Yahya, who raised the standard of revolt in the cause of Arabia for Arabians, struck coins in his own name bearing the title of "Commander of the Faithful," and over a large part of Yemen made and enforced his own laws and levied tribute, has not found the power of the Sultan in Arabia as slight as he expected. In Central and Northern Arabia, too, the Sultan has recently reasserted his authority. The outside world has credited the report that the Nejd in the heart of Arabia was lost to the Sultan, and to disprove this a column of troops was sent across Arabia from Bagdad to Medina. They arrived in the Nejd too late, however, to give the promised support to Hail Emir in his fight to recover the oasis of Riad from Sheik Mubarak ibn Sabah of Koweit, who has the support of the British. In Northwestern Arabia the favorite project of the Sultan for

a railway from Damascus to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina is being carried out successfully, tho slowly. On September 1st a new section of the railroad extending 30 kilometers south from Maan was formally opened. Early in October a branch connecting the line at Deraa with the coast of the Mediterranean at Haifa will be completed. The railroad is expected to have advanced southward as far as Hedjaz in three years, and there is no reason why it should not go on to Medina and Mecca, so as to form an easy route for the Mohammedan pilgrims. With branch lines to the Mediterranean at Beirut and to the head of the Red Sea at Akabah the western border of Arabia will be opened up to commerce. The total cost of construction of the railroad is estimated at \$25,000,000, of which part has been subscribed by the Sultan himself and by pious Mohammedans at his solicitation.



Russian Reform The Russian Liberals are not very well satisfied with the signing of the Treaty of Peace because they have reason to believe that it will strengthen the Bureaucracy and check the reforms already inaugurated. Altho the Emperor has called for the election of delegates to an imperial Duma, or national advisory assembly, there is no possibility of the election being preceded by a popular discussion, which would result in the formation of parties and adoption of a common policy by groups of electors having similar interests. Even meetings in private houses have been dispersed by the police, and any criticism of the plan of the Duma, either spoken or published, is rigorously suppressed. The clergy are, however, permitted to use their influence on the conservative side and to prejudice the people against the intellectuals. The Commission, under the presidency of Count Solsky, in charge of the preliminary measures for the election, have voted in favor of permitting the public assemblage of voters for the purpose of discussion in the cities, but not in the country. Since the apportionment of the electors will give the peasantry a predominating in-

fluence in the Assembly, this is considered by the Liberals as an effort to prevent the education of the peasantry on political questions.—The universities will be opened on September 14th, as an imperial ukase has been issued granting some degree of autonomy to the universities. The election of rectors and deans of the universities, who have hitherto been appointed by the Minister of Education, and were regarded as members of the Bureaucracy, will be in the hands of the university professors, and the faculty will be responsible for offenses by the students. The students and professors of the universities and technological institutions struck last February and refused to continue their studies so long as the schools were kept under the oppressive authority of the Government.—Admiral Nebogatoff and the captains of the three vessels who surrendered to the Japanese after the battle of the Sea of Japan have been dismissed from the service in disgrace. All the other officers who surrendered will be tried on their return to Russia.—The trial by court-martial of seventy-five of the mutineers of the battleship "Georgi Pobiedonosetz" has resulted in the following sentences: Three are to be executed, nineteen are condemned to penal servitude and thirty-three to disciplinary work; two thousand other mutineers are to be distributed around in small groups among the troops in the Odessa district. The military authorities object to this arrangement, fearing it will result in the spread of revolutionary views in the army.—An armistice has been arranged between Field Marshal Oyama and General Linevitch. The news of the signing of the treaty at Portsmouth was received with great rejoicing among the common soldiers in the field, who sang songs and drank to the health of President Roosevelt.



Rioting in Japan Rumors of the disadvantageous terms to which the Government consented to make peace aroused the greatest dissatisfaction all over Japan, culminating in a three days' riot in Tokyo. A mass meet-

ing to protest against the treaty was called to take place in Hibiya Park, but the police, fearing disorder, attempted to prevent it by closing the gates. This excited the people still more and a crowd of 100,000 persons assembled outside. The Mayor and Council protested against the closing of the park to the public, the police gave way and the barriers were torn down by the mob. Speeches denouncing the Government were made by members of the Diet and it was voted to telegraph to Field Marshal Oyama urging him in the name of Japan to continue the fight rather than accept such a shameful treaty. After the meeting the crowd attacked the residence of Viscount Yoshikawa, Minister of the Interior, battering down the gates with poles. The police defended the building by charging the mob with drawn swords, killing two and wounding many. In the evening a few men succeeded in entering the place by the rear and set fire to it with bundles of straw, the mob stoning the police and firemen as they tried to put it out. The members of the Minister's household escaped. A similar attack was made the same night upon the offices of the *Kokumin*, the only newspaper that defended the treaty. In spite of a brave defense by the employees and police the mob gained entrance and smashed the furniture and machinery. Elsewhere the mob did little but hoot and yell in front of the houses of the Ministers and burn the sentry boxes of the police in the streets. On the following day and night the Christian churches and schools were the object of attack. The Catholic church, school and priests' residence and the Protestant church and residence of Rev. Aubrey Armstrong at Honjo were burned. Six other churches were also sacked or destroyed. The crowd threatened the Russian cathedral, but were stopped by the sergeant of the guard, who said that he and the guard would commit suicide if the property in their charge were destroyed. A number of street cars were burned. E. H. Harri- man and other Americans, who had been dining with Baron Soné, were attacked on their way home, but were protected by their escort of soldiers. Marquis Ito, one of the Elder Statesmen who advised the concessions to Russia, was stoned in

the streets of Tokyo, tho without severe injury. His statue in Kobé was pulled down from its pedestal and dragged through the streets. The city of Tokyo was placed under martial law, five newspapers were suspended, and by the use of soldiers in place of police order was restored. The Premier, Count Katsura, called together informally a number of the members of the Diet and explained to them the situation and the terms of peace, which did much to allay popular excitement. Baron Yamamoto, Minister of the Navy, stated that to have captured Vladivostok would have required a greater sacrifice of life than Port Arthur, and great expense, which there was no prospect of getting back. Marquis Yamagata said that the cessation of hostilities was advantageous to the material development of Japan, while a continuation of the war meant wasting her energies and resources. The Opposition papers demand the resignation of the Government and declare that the police caused the disorder by closing the park. Mr. Adachi, chief of the Metropolitan police, has resigned in consequence. Over 1,600 persons are said to have been arrested for rioting, but the Government will be lenient in prosecuting them.

Morocco The Moroccan Government
Apologizes has complied with all the demands of France for indemnity and reparation for the arrest of Bou Mzian, an Algerian merchant. The Grand Vizier, accompanied by a retinue, went to the French Legation at Fez and publicly apologized for the arrest of the French citizen, paid over the indemnity demanded and announced that the Kaïd making the arrest had been removed. The French Minister, M. St. Rene Tailandier, then declared the incident closed. Raisuli, who was made Governor of a district between Tangier and Fez after his kidnapping of Perdicaris, is fighting the Anghera tribe, who recently attempted to capture him by raiding a village party. Raisuli escaped, but his mother was taken prisoner. The skirmishing has extended to the suburbs of Tangier, and the authorities have notified the foreign population that they can only be protected by keeping close within the city.

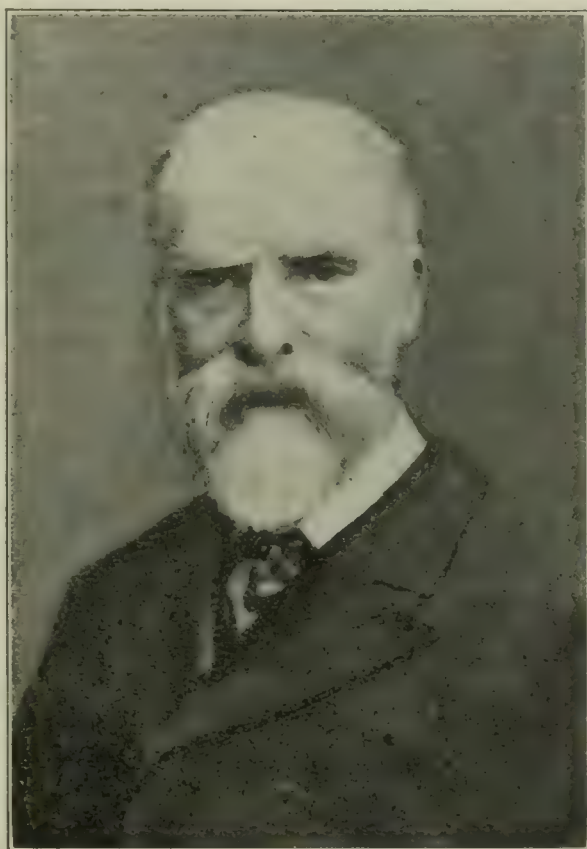
The Growth of Navies

BY RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

[The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., represents all that is best in Liberalism in English political life. He possesses the ear of the House of Commons in a remarkable degree, his criticisms of public policy being always statesmanlike and practical. His experience of office has been a varied one. Having served a brief apprenticeship as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1886, he entered the Liberal Cabinet in 1892 as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, succeeding to the more useful office of President of the Board of Trade in 1894. For the last ten years Mr. Bryce has taken a leading part in the discussion of all educational and social reforms. Both friends and opponents recognize that he is destined to occupy a high and influential position in the next Liberal Administration. The following article, as Mr. Bryce says, is partly suggested by that of ex-Secretary Morton, published in THE INDEPENDENT of July 6th. It is copyrighted in Great Britain and the United States.—EDITOR.]

THE question of the maintenance of great navies has become a serious one within the last few years, quite as serious as the growth of vast standing armies had become in 1890. The rivalry of the chief European States in appropriating to themselves territories beyond the seas which could be held only by a navy, coupled with the immense development of transmarine commerce, has made fleets fully as important as armies.

There is no better way of marking the change that has come upon the navies of the world than by recalling the figures of naval expenditure. In 1880 Great Britain spent on her navy ten and a half millions. In 1890 the sum had risen to seventeen millions. In 1905 it was about £40,000,000 (reckoning all forms of charge for naval defense). This is the greatest increase. But let us take some other countries. In 1890 France expended on her navy about eight millions; in 1903, twelve millions.



JAMES BRYCE

In 1890 Germany spent £3,400,000; in 1903, over £10,000,000. In 1890 Russia spent £4,200,000; in 1903, over £12,000,000. Finally, the United States, which in 1890 spent £4,600,000, spent in 1903 nearly £17,000,000.

The wealth and population of all these countries have doubtless increased during the period specified, but have not—not even in the case of the United States—increased nearly so fast as the expenditure for naval purposes, which means either that the burden of taxation is greater

or that a larger part of taxation goes to this branch of preparation for war. In fact, it means both. The great Powers tax their subjects more heavily and all spend more upon fleets. These considerations were in the mind of the present Czar when he brought about The Hague Conference of 1899, the primary object of which was to procure some international agreement for the simultaneous reduction of armaments. That object was not attained. Armaments

have continued to grow. Will the meeting of that Hague Conference which we expect to follow the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan—it was suggested, as everybody knows, by President Roosevelt some little while ago—be encouraged to reopen this question? It is much to be desired.

The need for reduction is certainly greater than ever. But the omens do not seem favorable. The German Reichstag is being continually pressed for larger grants for naval purposes. Immensely as the British Navy has grown, there is a section of opinion in England which continues to cry for further growth. And I note that an eminent ex-Secretary of the Navy in America, Mr. Morton, has just written an article (which I have read with much interest) suggesting that the American navy ought to be developed till it outclasses every other except that of England. He, doubtless, expresses the views of many of his compatriots, but he does not convey to his readers a very definite impression of the grounds which, in his opinion, make such an enormous development necessary, for he does not indicate any danger threatening the United States, and he writes as a friend of peace, not contemplating any aggression on the part of his country.

What are the reasons which may be supposed to urge the Powers whose rising expenditure has been referred to to think that their interests require such vast additions to their naval strength?

The considerations which moved Italy are obvious. She is more exposed to attack by sea than is any other great country on the European Continent, having an exceptionally long coast line and two great islands. Twenty years ago she desired to protect herself against possible dangers by bringing her navy up to a point at which it might be formidable to any possible foe. But now any danger from the side of France seems to have passed. The terms on which Italy stands with her great neighbor are, happily, cordial, and seem likely so to continue.

Anxiety is from time to time felt as to the relations between Germany and France. Two Powers so placed are under a temptation to go on building ships against one another. But where two

States are conterminous by land the issue of a struggle between them is not likely to be determined at sea. Inferiority at sea inflicts much inconvenience on the country which maintains the weaker fleet, yet it is not a decisive factor.

As respects England, neither Germany nor France appears to contemplate the prodigious expenditure that would be needed to bring the fleet of either up to a level with the British, nor is there any probability that these two countries would unite against England. Let it be observed in passing that the idea of a rupture between Germany and England, an idea dwelt upon by foolish hotheads in both countries, appears absurd to any one who credits the statesmen or the public opinion of these countries with common sense. What could either England or Germany gain by a war? They have no serious cause for antagonism. I am sure that there is no considerable party in England, that there is, indeed, no man of political knowledge or judgment holding a responsible position who would not regard a rupture as an inconceivable misfortune which he would do everything in his power to avert. One cannot but think this must hold good of the Germans also, whose real views must not, any more than those of the English, be gathered from the reckless phrases in which some newspapers indulge.

Of Russia nothing need be said. Her navy has for the present vanished. Her future naval policy, with revolution seething all over the empire, is outside the sphere of prediction, one might almost say of conjecture.

Great Britain, far ahead of all other countries in the sums she devotes to her navy, has no doubt far stronger reasons than any other for imposing on herself a burden which is now four times as heavy as it was in 1880. She has immense territories beyond the oceans which she must defend. Some of those territories are conterminous with the dominions of military Powers whose armies are far larger than hers, and thus her control of the sea becomes an important element in her strength as against them, for it makes those dominions virtually hostages for their keeping the peace toward her. She main-

tains a comparatively small home army, and must, therefore, trust for her defense against invasion to her fleet. She is bound to protect her self-governing colonies, none of which (except Australia, to a very small extent) maintains vessels of war. She has an immense mercantile marine. She depends for her food supply upon imports, brought for the most part from a great distance. In these facts there is ample justification for the maintenance of a navy strong enough to prevent any invasion and to protect her commerce, so far as it is possible for fleets to protect merchant vessels trading all over the world. But it may well be doubted whether she is not now going beyond the necessities which her position imposes. Some years ago people talked of a navy which should be equal to those of any two other Powers combined, and the two Powers thought of were usually France and Russia. To-day, however, altho France is friendly and the Russian fleets have perished, the navy of Britain is much larger than that of any two other Powers.

The navy is, as it has always been in England, a popular service. We are proud of it. We believe it to be thoroughly efficient. No one grudges any expense needed to keep it efficient. But in the present state of the world, with no danger from any other country threatening Britain, and no combination of other Powers against her even distantly visible to any sane imagination, is it necessary to spend £40,000,000 a year on fleets which are now as strong as those of any three other Powers taken together? Armaments and policy must have some relation to one another. If a country is pacific, seeking only to keep what she has got and not to aggress upon others, and if her force is more than ample to protect her against any risks that she can see after scanning the whole horizon, why should she go on spending upon ships and munitions of war—which in a few years may be out of date, because science has continued to advance—sums which might have gone to developing those internal resources which are the perennial spring of her real strength? This is the question which is being asked in Britain by persons who have hitherto

cheerfully voted all the demands made upon Parliament for the fleet.

Let us apply a similar process of inquiry to the United States, where naval expenditure, tho still far smaller than Britain's, has been growing almost as fast. The situation of Britain is most unlike that of the United States. The former country is a small island, living on imported food, with an immense sea trade. The United States occupies the whole width of a continent, has abundance of food at home, possesses a comparatively small mercantile marine. The United States does not need a navy as a defense against invasion, for no invasion could hope to succeed. America is practically unassailable. The most that an enemy holding the sea could do against her would be to damage some of the maritime cities and send squadrons up some of the larger rivers—marauding squadrons which would probably never return. Enterprises of that kind would incense but would not discourage the people. They would effect nothing toward success in a war.

With her boundless wealth and vast population, with her inexhaustible supplies of food, of coal and of iron, with the amazing alertness and ingenuity of her citizens in swiftly producing and skillfully employing everything necessary for warlike purposes, America is the most formidable antagonist that any Power could have. No country could hope to gain anything by a war with her. None could strike at a vital point. None could wrest anything from her that she now possesses. None could hold out so long as she could in a protracted struggle. If her enemy were able to blockade her coasts she would doubtless suffer by the temporary interruption of commerce. But her home market is far more important than her foreign market; and she has at home almost everything that she needs. The only antagonist that could attempt such a blockade would be Great Britain, and the eventuality of a war between America and Britain may be dismissed as outside the range of present practical politics, not merely for sentimental reasons, but also for other reasons of the strongest cogency.

It is sometimes said that the United

States needs a great navy in order to maintain its ascendancy in the Western Hemisphere. As for the republics of Central and South America, a few battle-ships and some gunboats would be amply sufficient to chastise them should they infringe, as they have sometimes seemed likely to do, the rights of American citizens, while the idea that any European Power will attempt to acquire territories on the South American Continent, tho one finds it treated seriously by a few American publicists, seems to a European observer chimerical. Whether a German or French colony established in Brazil—to take the instance sometimes supposed—could injure or could even cause disquiet to the United States need not be discussed, for it is certain that neither Germany nor France would attempt to establish a colony against the wish of the United States.

"But the United States has now," so it will be said, "entered on a new line of policy as an ocean Power. She holds territories in the West Indies, in Hawaii, in the Philippines, which can only be defended by a navy." Again, the question arises: Who is going to attack her? Who could attack her with any prospect of ultimate success? Americans themselves do not seem to realize the full strength of their strategical position nor how true it is that in a naval war victory must ultimately go to the nation which commands the largest resources. Even assuming courage and

science to be equal, the Power which can raise revenue most easily and quickly is certain to prevail, and to such a Power the momentary loss of control of a part of the sea or of an island would be a matter of small consequence, because, being sure to come out winner in the end, she would recover everything.

It is sometimes argued that America needs a great navy in order to expand her foreign trade and become a great exporting country. The connection of these things is not obvious. She is already an immense exporter of her natural products and she can become an immense exporter of manufactured goods also whenever she pleases. This object will be most directly attained, not by spending more on unproductive purposes in quadrupling her navy, but by lowering the present protective tariff.

If America desires to have a gigantic navy she has both the right and the means to indulge her desire. Englishmen, recognizing, as Mr. Morton says, the likelihood that she and England will continue to stand together, can have no reason to wish otherwise. The question that occurs to Europeans who regret the sums they find themselves led on to spend is, rather, this: Does America need a gigantic navy? Armaments cannot be considered apart from policy. Both England and America have to consider whether policy and their position toward other countries require the stupendous armaments they are asked to maintain or to create.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



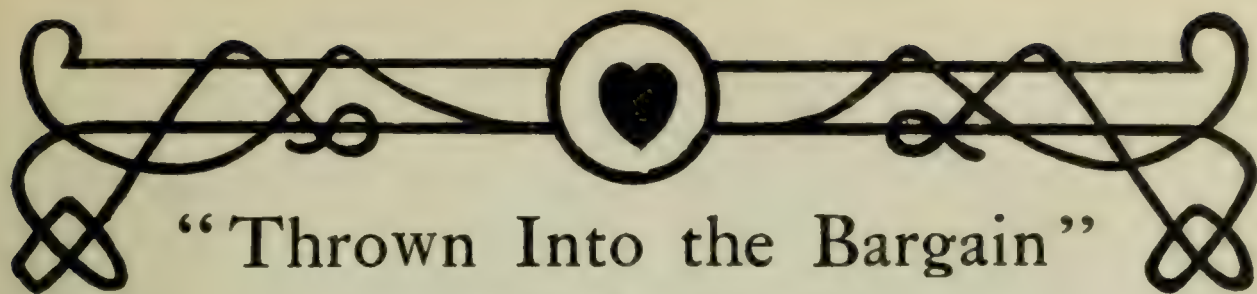
The Wise Dahlia

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

TELL me, crimson dahlia,
Tho I love you not,
You're so stiff and haughty,
Like a garish spot
In the russet garden
Bending not a jot—
How d' you stand so straight?

I answer, said the dahlia—
O you stupid man,
Good at asking questions
About God's wondrous plan,
Just enjoy the garden,
And live your little span.
I'm nodding while you wait.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



"Thrown Into the Bargain"

BY ANOTHER MINISTER'S WIFE

[The writer of the following article sufficiently explains herself to need no comment from us. We especially commend it to our deacon, elder or vestryman readers.—
EDITOR.]

JOHN is a minister. I am John's wife, and the experiences of another preacher's wife, recently published in *THE INDEPENDENT*, have inspired me to rush into print likewise. Every one knows that the minister's wife must be a very wonderful woman. There is an unwritten law that she must make several hundred social calls in a year; that she must visit the sick and afflicted of the parish; that she must be sufficiently well educated and self-possessed to preside in public meetings; that she must shine in social life; that she must be able to dress in a manner to please both the fastidious and the economical; that she must keep her domestic machinery running smoothly and her home so bright and happy that the pastor shall have no distractions there. If she is gifted musically the church can make good use of that accomplishment also. No salary is ever offered for her services, as is customary with the foreign missionary's wife, nor has she any opportunity to fit herself for her life work, as has the minister. Tho not required to appear before any august body to be examined as to her call into the (wife of) ministry, yet as much or more is expected of her often as of the minister himself, with his years of previous preparation in college and seminary.

John entered the ministry solely from altruistic motives, leaving a lucrative profession behind. I entered the profession (?) of a minister's wife simply for the love of a man, also leaving a lucrative profession behind me. I was regarded by fond parents and prejudiced friends as a capable and accomplished young woman. I was popular in the polite world in which I moved. I had been educated in one of the best institu-

tions of its kind in the United States; but when I married John I necessarily sank my profession into his, to be henceforth the unwearied and unsalaried "bond servant" of the church and of the denomination to which he belonged.

The first parish to which we went, after John's graduation and our marriage, would have a man *with a wife*. It was an ideal parish for John, as it would afford him opportunity for study and growth; but it was only a lonely little village to me, who had hitherto been so active in social and professional life. We arrived, after our wedding trip, in time for the Sunday service. John had previously prepared two or three sermons and asked me to look them over and choose one. The first one began something like this: "Troubles seldom come singly. Misfortunes often go in pairs." Tho this now seems like an omen, I thought it would hardly do for our first Sunday and another sermon was chosen. I had never heard John preach before. I was sure he could never preach another sermon as good; so I made him preach it again the following Sunday, when we were away on a visit. I wondered what he would ever say at funerals. I knew I could never think of anything except "There is no use crying over spilt milk" or something of that kind. But I found that John knew what to say on such occasions and he soon became so popular that it seemed as if the whole country around came for him to officiate at funerals. I now began to experience something of the thoughtlessness of people in their sorrows. Even those outside of his parish, who had no claim upon him whatever, would never consult his convenience as to hours of service. They rarely ever offered to provide a convey-

ance and they seldom paid him or even thanked him for whole days of ministry. One or two instances will suffice: One well-to-do old man was in the habit of ridiculing ministers and churches. He never did anything for our church or showed any interest in religious things. But before his death he requested that John and two out-of-town ministers should see that he was "properly planted." The other two arrived in time for me to serve them all an eleven o'clock dinner (we had breakfasted at eight), after which John engaged a conveyance and took them to the funeral. All four of us spent the whole day and some money in ministering to one who had never had any use for ministers or churches during his lifetime.

On another occasion John and I had long been planning to attend the "Commencement" at his seminary, which was in a distant city. This was to be our first visit there together and John was to attend his first alumni banquet. We had been invited for a three days' visit to the home of some charming friends. We were to be "banqueted, dined and fêted." We had looked forward to it all for many months. But, alas! for human hopes. A woman from a far distant State of whom we had never heard came to our village to make a visit. She died there, suddenly, in the home of her friend, who was an occasional attendant in our congregation. He desired simply a prayer at the house, when he would send the remains back to the far-away home. He would have this service on the second day of our proposed visit, even the very day and hour of the alumni banquet. No other time would suit his convenience. So on the day appointed John arose at five o'clock, crept softly from his host's house, started for his fifty-mile trip back home, got his breakfast at a way station, caught a two-mile ride in a pouring rain to the village on an old hayrack, there engaged a conveyance, went to the mourning house, offered the desired prayer, went back to the station with the procession—having no opportunity for even a noon lunch—and arrived at his host's house again in the evening just in time for a seven o'clock dinner engagement. All of this was done for a woman who had

no claim to his services, for one whom he had never seen and for which service he never received any thanks or pay, unless I except a can of very sour green plums which the man's wife sent us some weeks later. This is not mentioned in an unkind spirit, but only as a fact.

In this parish I began also my work as unpaid choir director, singer and organist. The organist, living at some distance, was not always present Sunday morning and never on Sunday evening. I was obliged, therefore, to play at the midweek and Sunday evening services. I served also usually as a supply on Sunday morning for the regular soprano, the alto or the organist (the bass and tenor were usually present, fortunately for me); taught in the Sunday-school and was parish visitor and pastor's assistant during the week.

After a few years in this parish we went to a great city as assistant pastors to a very large and wealthy church. I say "we," because this church also asked for me. They wrote to the seminary for the recommendation of "the right man," one of whose qualifications must be that he had a wife. There was nothing ever said about paying me, but as the salary offered to John was just what they had been paying the young unmarried man who preceded him I supposed I was meant to be "thrown in" to the bargain. How I did work for that church! John had charge of a chapel under its care and I was now getting valuable experience. I led meetings, I taught a large class, in the Sunday-school, of big, tough boys from the slums of that city. I played an indescribable little cabinet organ at several services a week. I taught sewing classes. I walked four miles on Sundays to three services. I led the various departments of the young people's work. I was a member of the large parent church and was called upon to assist and contribute my share to its work also. Did I ever receive any remuneration for my services there? Not so much as a very small present.

Our next move was to the pastorate of a church of several hundred members in a smaller city. Shortly after my arrival I was interviewed by a very influential lady in the church concerning my personal appearance. She advised me

to dress well, saying that the former pastor's wife dressed altogether too plainly to please the congregation and she hoped that I would not make the same mistake. About this time I was appointed to an office in a young woman's State organization and the editor of a religious paper printed my photograph. My dress was, as I thought, very simple. It was a China silk gown made with the prevailing large sleeves. The only trimming was a lace yoke. My hair was a little fluffy in front, but was quite plain otherwise. It happened that I had not on a single piece of jewelry or ornament of any kind other than a small shell comb in my hair. Yet the editor received two pages of closely written foolscap from a correspondent concerning that picture. The writer was "grieved over that wordly conformity to dress." "It saddens my heart," she writes, "and out of its abundance of sorrow I would write," etc. She quoted I Peter 3:3 at me: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold or putting on of apparel." Now I had on no gold, my hair was not plaited, but I was obliged to plead guilty to putting on of apparel. This seemed almost necessary in our climate and especially when preparing to face the photographer and the public. Her reminder that "the Lord hates a proud look" was sufficient to keep me in a humble frame of mind for several days. Her statement that she once donned fashionable attire, which "looked so out of place on a saint of the most high God" that she took it off and never wore it again, reminded me of the man who used Pears' soap ten years ago and had never used any other since.

But these experiences showed me how insoluble was the problem of the dress of the minister's wife. I had tried to cultivate an elegant simplicity which should be equally acceptable to the "spiritual" and to the "worldly" and I fell between the two stools. In that very congregation some said I was extravagant, others that I was too plain.

We had not been long in our new parish when the salaried organist was taken ill. I was requested to supply the vacancy until her recovery, and I played that pipe organ and directed that chorus

choir for five months. All this was entirely gratuitous. At least I never received any pay, nor did the organist, for my services. The reason must have been either that I was the pastor's wife or that I did not send in my bill. Possibly for both reasons. But the fact that my labors were unpaid did not prevent unjust criticism. One of the official board took me in hand because I had asked his sister if she would kindly sing the alto part in one of the choruses. He wrote me a personal note saying that his sister's voice was soprano and that I must not ask her again to sing alto. He thought that part inferior to the soprano, and the family was grieved because she was asked to take what they considered a subordinate place.

On another occasion I asked a lady of the congregation who had a cultivated voice to sing a solo one Sunday evening. I was taken to task for this by one of the same board, who told me that I must not do it again, because that lady was very unpopular in that church.

We were in this parish many years and I played the piano for the Sunday-school, the young people's societies, the midweek meetings and for extra meetings during all of that time. There seemed to be no one else to do it regularly except one lady, who, while playing, would never let her left hand know what her right hand was doing. The result was too painful and I could not desert "Mr. Micawber" in his extremity. I also taught a large class in the Sunday-school, from which eighteen young women were received into the church. I led a large Bible class of women one afternoon of every week. I was president of two missionary societies and an active member of a third; I turned hundreds—more probably thousands—of dollars into their society treasuries during those years through my unpaid professional services and by my leadership and instigation; I "called" continually with John and without him; I visited the sick and afflicted; I had many social duties, for John and I were popular socially; I entertained a great many people at our table; I held the most difficult secretaryship of a denominational State woman's society; I often gave addresses at women's religious meetings away from home,

never but once or twice receiving even my traveling expenses for these services; I have occasionally written for the religious press, sometimes receiving remuneration for these labors, and I have looked well to the ways of my household. At any rate John thinks me a capable housekeeper and mother.

John also worked extremely hard for this exacting church, tho the salary was not commensurate with the size of the church or its ability to pay. A time came when we both "broke down" physically. Acting upon our physician's advice we went away for a few weeks' change and rest. After arriving at our destination one of us became very ill and lay at the point of death for many weeks among a foreign people. Of course this illness necessitated a longer absence than we had intended. We returned, even before complete recovery, to find that the entire salary had been taken away from John meanwhile and given to men who merely supplied the Sunday services. There was nothing left to pay even the board of the little child we had left at home. It is fair to add, however, that the people of the congregation, tho not knowing this, were very kind, giving us useful presents and showing their love and sympathy in many sweet ways. But the action of the church *through its officers* was such as I have stated.

Nor was this all. It was not strange, perhaps, that the pastor, whose health was not yet fully restored, found that his resignation would be acceptable to these officers. He had literally almost killed himself in the service of that church. In his entire pastorate of many years there had never been a communion service without additions to the church. He had doubled the membership, tripled the attendance and quadrupled its benevolences; we gave more money through its various channels than any other family in the church. Our relations with the people had ever been most cordial and affectionate. But because he could not yet do his full measure of work they let us go out between two Sundays at the beginning of a hard winter, not knowing whither we went. Neither the feelings of the congregation nor our own heartaches were considered. Both they and we were victims of man's inhumanity to man.

There was one member of the official board and his wife who, it seems, could never approve of us for several reasons. John was not an ardent third-party Prohibitionist. He would not publicly attack from the pulpit those who engaged in certain forms of amusement. His wife had no sympathy with me because I was not a "faith curist," a pronounced woman suffragist nor an active worker in the W. C. T. U. The religion of these two was of the kind that would "hold you up" and demand your piety or your life. They were constantly sticking pins into us, using other people generally as tools. On one occasion we received an invitation to a very fine reception given by some ladies in the church, after which there was to be "dancing at ten." We sent a formal note of regrets. Soon afterward we received an anonymous letter in which we were advised to have a dancing and card party in the church parlors. The writer suggested that as the week of prayer was over the Sunday-school room and tables would be available, and perhaps as we "*regretted*" that we could not attend the other party we might be able to indulge ourselves there. It was that little formal word "*regret*" that had caused all this distress of mind.

At another time I was arranging a concert for the benefit of one of the societies. Of course this was with no expectation of any profit to myself. There was a fine pianist and music teacher in the church in whose behalf I had used my influence very generously, with good results to him. He was my friend. I asked him to play two piano solos at this concert, but he urged that I should play one of them myself and divide the vocal accompaniments with him. I consented. He afterward came to me saying that a lady friend whom he could not name had advised him not to place himself in comparison with me, for it was just a scheme of *mine* to show the public what I thought was my superior ability as a pianist. And she had reminded him that at a certain previous concert in the church parlors, when we had each played a solo, the audience had wished to show their disapproval of that kind of scheming and so applauded him very generously, while scarcely applauding me at all. He thought it was a kind-

ness to tell me and save me from another such humiliation. I thanked this innocent tool for his good intentions, but felt constrained to remind him also that on that occasion I had not only been very generously applauded, but vociferously encored as well. This man's wife was a particular friend of the woman I have mentioned and it would not have been difficult to trace the origin of this unkindness.

It often happens when one member of a church board becomes "obstreperous" that the other members think they must seek the peace by sacrificing the minister and his family, tho the latter may be entirely innocent parties. They may not mean to be cruel, but it is not unusual even in these days for good men to stone the prophets and think they are doing God service. There is a "sunny side" to the question, of course, and many good, noble men are serving the church in an official capacity, among whom are many of our very warmest friends. The beloved disciple saw at least four and twenty elders in the New Jerusalem. But, not to be too facetious, I have long believed that there should be some sort of deacon-ological as well as theological seminaries, where church officials could get a little helpful training for their work. Too many of these think that three or four years is long enough for the educated and fully equipped minister to serve a church, but that a lifetime is none too long for uneducated elders or deacons to hold office. These seminaries might profitably have departments also for ministers' wives, since so much is expected of these important "helpmeets."

It is not strange, perhaps, that so many ministers have been widowers. It has been asserted again and again that a larger percentage of clergymen have second, third and even fourth wives than is to be found among members of any other profession or craft. A minister's wife said recently that out of twenty ministers of one denomination in a city of a hundred churches there were only three whose first wives were still living, and not one of the ministers was over sixty years of age.

There are still those who think that the acceptance of discounts and other favors often given to ministers and their

families is unworthy of the profession. The minister's call usually reads: "That you may be free from worldly avocations (would that it might add provocations) we promise on our part to give you," etc. As a matter of fact the preacher is not paid according to his ability, but according to the ability of the church. To illustrate: John supplied a church one Sunday which paid him fifty dollars for his services. The following Sunday he preached for another church, which paid him ten dollars for precisely the same service. Most churches must be manned by those who have received equal advantages of education and equipment, but only a few comparatively can give generous salaries and ministers as a class are very much underpaid. If any, therefore, appreciate this fact enough to kindly add a little more than is promised I think we should take it as from the Lord and be thankful.

It does not make "mendicants" of railroad men or of editors to receive passes, or of soldiers to receive pensions, or of dressmakers to receive discounts, or of retired professors or army officers to receive annuities. I have received many beautiful presents and kind favors from indulgent friends, but for the reasons which I have tried to state in this personal confession I have never yet felt overpaid for my service to the church except by my Heavenly Father, "whose I am and whom I serve."

As to one minister's wife:

"Well! She isn't prim and proper,
But she doesn't care a copper
What they say.
She's so innocent of wrong
That she's happy all day long
On her way.

"She's no zealot or fanatic,
She don't try to wax ecstatic
To be good.
She's a woman through and through,
Whose religion is to do
What she should.

"No! She may not be ideal,
But, what's better far, she's real
And intact.
She's no figment of a dream,
Nor a poet's idle theme.
She's a fact."

MICHIGAN.

My Footstool

BY ADDISON BALLARD

WILL they forget the toilsome hours,
And roughness of the way,
Whose weary feet are kissed by flowers
When evening shuts the day?

PITTSFIELD, MASS.



The Church as a Trust

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER, LL.D.

[Mr. Bierbower has contributed many articles to *THE INDEPENDENT* on diverse themes. The range of his intellectual interests can be gathered from the following titles of a few of his books: "Principles of a System of Philosophy," "The Morals of Christ," "From Monkey to Man," "How to Succeed," "On the Training of Lovers," "Ethics for Schools," etc.—EDITOR.]

THE first great trust or monopoly formed was the Christian Church. Several generations after the establishment of Christianity a single organization sought to gather up the independent congregations and conduct the affairs of Christianity in one body. This organization claimed in time to own and distribute all the benefits of Christ's religion. No other was admitted to have right to any of it. It claimed to represent the only valid religion in the world and tried to crush out all competitors. It had the sole means of salvation, and out of its pale was no hope. Having the keys of heaven, it had the power to admit or exclude, and could make its own terms. It claimed, in short, to have a monopoly of Christianity, and with it a monopoly of all religion. No other was genuine. It had the truth as an exclusive possession, and claimed the sole right to determine what men might believe. Its ideal was a single corporation embracing all the people. This corporation was to be exclusive in its dominion, controlling all things moral and religious, and covering the whole world. It was to have the sole right to teach, and nothing hostile to its doctrines might be inculcated or practiced. No other worship was to be allowed. It was a complete trust, or monopoly, in religion, embracing all the churches everywhere, and having as its field the

whole earth. Having one head and one set of officers, to which all must be subject, it was to give orders which all must obey. There could be no appeal and no dissent. It assumed to control the mind as well as the conduct of men, and none could hope to live outside of it or in opposition to it. Its slogan was: Believe or be damned—submit or suffer. A close corporation, whose power was handed down from ruler to ruler, its government was perpetual. The people might never change it. No other administration could ever succeed it; no revolution could overthrow it; no reform could improve it. Making no mistakes, its utterances were infallible, and there was no power to judge of its teachings or conduct but itself. It was, in short, supreme and perpetual.

The formation of this power was like that of modern trusts in every essential. At first there were many churches, and the local organizations were independent. Having no fixed doctrines or discipline which could be enforced, the people differed in opinion and conduct, and much liberty was allowed. In a few generations, however, the larger churches in the great cities united and in time extended their dominion over the local churches. This federation was called Catholic, and aspired to be universal. Its ideal was a union that should include all the churches and

form one body. No other churches could be tolerated. What was not in the trust was held unlawful and dangerous. The Church's unity became its chief characteristic and was zealously inculcated. Independent churches were prohibited, and all which did not enter the trust were stigmatized as illegitimate and persecuted. It was held not only immoral but criminal to form other churches or to patronize them. Those who ventured to get their religion elsewhere or to exercise any not in connection with this monopoly were cursed as rebels. Prayers offered outside of it were not honored by God. Baptism, confirmation and marriage were invalid if solemnized beyond its pale. It had a monopoly, in short, of everything Christian, and counted all competing movements wicked, if not criminal.

And not only did this Church claim a monopoly of all Christianity, but it claimed a monopoly of all religion. No other faith had a right to exist anywhere. It tried to convert all men to itself and to confine them within its fold. It aspired to a monopoly over the whole earth, supplanting every competing faith. The world was to be one in religion: universal humanity was to be organized in the Church, the people were to act as an entirety and everything religious was to be produced by this single company or corporation. There was to be no competition in religion. Every rival was to be crushed out, and crushed out by law if necessary. Not only was nothing else to be done, but nothing else was to be thought or believed, than what this monopoly wanted. There must be no dissent and no revolt. It was declared wrong even to think or wish anything different from its teachings and purposes; so that it was the completest form of a trust or monopoly ever attempted.

When we have thus early in history such an example of a monopoly we need not wonder that men have since tried to form other trusts or monopolies. Its example taught men that by such organization power could easily be obtained and results cheaply

wrought. What the Church did in religious and moral affairs the industrial corporations could do in manufacturing and trading. Corn, pork and oil could be cornered as well as religion, and there might be one organization for running all the railroads as well as for running all the churches. The people perceived that they could deal in earthly products as they did in Christian graces. If one organization could monopolize all the burials, another might monopolize all the caskets.

The Church thus set the example and furnished the model for all kinds of monopolies. What was done in religion became a pattern for combination in every other interest. One company might as well make all the bread as all the creeds. Universality could be put in operation in one thing as well as in another, and men could everywhere be organized. Monopolies in all kinds of business could be made to extend over the whole earth. International undertakings could be conducted, and we could as surely have a universal commerce as a universal Church. It is the ideal of Socialism to have a world-wide republic, or union of all men in one socialistic community. Catholicity is a common idea, the idea of a universal organization, not only for morals and religion, but for education, public works and armies. There is no reason why it should be confined to things spiritual. A universal State is as natural as a universal Church, and one set of laws as one set of ceremonies. It is no more necessary to unite in religion than in production or trade. The principles of theology are no better fixed or more generally believed than those of economics or natural science. In fact, there is less difference of opinion in almost anything than in theology; and if in the most uncertain of subjects men have been able to unite, they might do so in those on which there is substantial agreement. In forming modern trusts capitalists are simply following the example of the Church, which for centuries has been the only example of a universal monopoly and the model for all subsequent ones.

The Crime of Jasper

BY ANDREW LANG

IN "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" Dickens at least bequeathed to mankind a solid, satisfactory puzzle. Mr. Cuming Walters, in his new book "Clues" to the mystery, mentions several American sequels to the unfinished tale, one of them professing to come from the pen of Dickens in the world of spirits. Mr. Walters adds a very well reasoned theory of his own, but the puzzle remains a puzzle. Let us consider the *dramatis personæ*:

John Jasper, a lay choirmaster in Cloisterham Cathedral, aged twenty-six. An energetic amateur of opium. Wears black whiskers. Uncle of Edwin Drood and in love with Rosa Bud, who is betrothed to Edwin by a family arrangement.

Edwin Drood, a young engineer, "as pretty as a girly," nephew of Jasper and betrothed to Rosa Bud, but not in love with her.

Rosa Bud, betrothed to but not in love with Edwin.

Neville Landless, the semi-Cingalese pupil of Minor Canon Crisparkle. In love with Rosa Bud and at feud with Edwin.

Helena Landless, sister of Neville, devoted to Rosa Bud. A girl of masculine force of character, in love with

Crisparkle, a muscular Christian minor canon.

Grewgious, an eccentric lawyer of sterling virtue. Agent for Edwin and Rosa.

Bazzard, his clerk, an amateur writer of tragedies.

Old Woman. Keeps an opium den in London. Patronized by Jasper, but detests him. Reason unknown.

Sapsea, Mayor of Cloisterham. An ass. Possesses a family vault.

Durdles, a drunken vagrant. Naturally trusted, as such, by the Dean and Chapter with the keys of the cathedral crypt, vaults, etc.

Deputy, a street boy paid by Durdles to stone him home at nights.

These are the chief characters at the opening of the Mystery. Few of them act like human beings or obey normal

motives, while Jasper is not only addicted to drugging himself, but to drugging the rest of them. This complicates the puzzle, as nobody can guess what such bemused people will do.

It is certain that Dickens wished us to believe that Jasper, jealous of Edwin, means to kill him. It is certain that Jasper, after causing a quarrel between Neville Landless and Edwin Drood, gives them a dinner of reconciliation; it is certain that the young men leave his house together at midnight, in a storm, that Edwin disappears, that Neville is suspected of his murder and that Jasper believes himself to have murdered Edwin and has possessed himself of Edwin's watch and scarfpin, which he has put in the river, where Crisparkle, diving in consequence of a vague telepathic monition (!) finds them. It is also certain that Jasper did not know that Edwin had a gold ring in his pocket, a ring which he was to restore to Grewgious. Again, we know *how* Jasper meant to kill Edwin and dispose of his remains. We know that he made a midnight expedition to the cathedral with Durdles, that he drugged Durdles, stole his keys and probably put a quantity of quicklime, which happened to be lying about, into the family vault of Sapsea, the Mayor. It is indicated that, after Edwin and Neville parted, Jasper met Edwin, drugged him (somehow) and either led or carried him into Sapsea's vault, strangled him there, heaped quicklime over him (whether he had put the quicklime there before, or did so on this occasion) and went to bed. The crime will be detected by the finding of Edwin's ring, unconsumed by the quicklime, which destroys his mortal body, boots and all. So much Dickens told Forster, or so Forster understood Dickens. But Dickens added that he had "a very new and curious idea, not communicable." Now nothing in all this is "new," and everything is "communicable," and was, in fact, communicated to Forster by Dickens.

There must be something else. There *was* something else. We do not know

why Jasper, when planning his plot, climbed *to the top of the cathedral tower*, with the intoxicated Durdles, at night. He could go up alone any day if he chose. Again, Jasper, blabbing, under opium, to the old woman, says that he had often dreamed of the murder, had seen it in all its details, "and yet I never saw *that* before!" He added that all was very soon ended. What was the "*that*" which Jasper had never foreseen, but which, in fact, did occur? Why was the deed so rapidly ended? If we knew why Jasper climbed the tower in the night, and what "*that*" was, we should understand the mystery. Meanwhile there is, on Forster's showing, no mystery about the murder; nothing "new," nothing that was not "communicated" to Forster.

But how was Jasper detected? By the evidence, says Forster, of Edwin's ring unconsumed by the quicklime. Moreover, a new character, Datchery, in appearance a middle-aged man in a tight surtout, with black eyebrows and a huge head of white hair, is playing amateur detective at Cloisterham.

Now, if we remember that Jasper was a victim of drugs, and that the murder was amazingly soon over, and that an unforeseen event occurred, we might, *prima facie*, guess that Jasper "foozled" his crime; that Edwin was only unconscious; that the burning of the quicklime brought him to his senses; that the vault door was not properly locked, or was unlocked by Durdles, who was "drunk on the premises"; that Edwin walked away and reappeared disguised as Datchery. But, if he was alive, he could return the ring to Grewgious, who, I presume, replaced it in the quicklime! There was no apparent motive for Drood's not denouncing Jasper at once, but nobody acts in the tale like a man of this world. Besides, of what could he accuse Jasper, after all? He had no real evidence against him.

Mr. Proctor in "Watched by the Dead" thought that Datchery was Edwin. Mr. Cuming Walters proves, however, I think, that Datchery could not be Edwin. He appears not to know things that Edwin must have known. Again, crazy as the idea seems, Mr. Cuming Walters makes it highly proba-

ble that Datchery was—Helena Landless! Was *this* the "incommunicable" idea? It may be, as Forster would have remonstrated vigorously against the absurdity of the plot. Helena, a very young girl, known to Jasper, could not escape him in the disguise of a middle-aged man, in a costume, a tightly buttoned surtout, which would betray every line of her figure. The plot is absurd, but it may have been the plot of the author's outwearied brain, and Datchery, the "buffer living idly on his means," may have become as Helena the bride of the minor canon Crisparkle!

Granting that Datchery is Helena, and that Edwin Drood is alive, where is Edwin Drood? Dead, if we believe Forster, reporting what he was told by Dickens. Dead he ought to be, but, in that case, what was the "*that*" which Jasper saw and had not foreseen? Again, and this is important, if Jasper rifled Edwin's pockets he *must* have found the tell-tale ring, and he *must* have rifled Edwin's pockets. If he did not, he must have left Edwin's money, gold, silver and bronze, to testify to the burning of the body of somebody, if not necessarily of Edwin. He could not overlook the search of the pockets when he murdered Edwin, and in the search must have found the ring, which Edwin was to give to Grewgious. Yet the ring was to reveal the secret! This is not what I call a scientific plot. However, take it that, months after the murder, Jasper, in a lucid interval, remembered that he had taken Edwin's watch, chain and scarfpin, but had overlooked the pounds, shillings and pence. In that case he would revisit the vault at night. He is certainly the man with black whiskers who, in the lowest design on the cover (drawn by Dickens's son-in-law, Mr. Collins), enters a vault, holds up a lantern and reveals a pretty young man in a summer great coat and a tall, soft felt hat. Now that pretty young man resembles nobody in the story, or in Mr. Fildes's illustrations, except Edwin Drood. He is not in the least degree like Datchery and does not wear Datchery's mop of white hair or his tight surtout. Mr. Cuming Walters, however, thinks that this pretty young man is Helena disguised as Datchery.

The figure was, I think, intended by Collins, instructed by Dickens, to induce us to believe that Edwin was alive. He is more like Collins's Edwin, with his hat in his hand, *à la* Datchery, on the cover, than like any other character in the tale, and he is Mr. Fildes's rendering of Edwin in the illustrations. So where are we? Mr. Cuming Walters thinks that Neville Landless was slain by Jasper in the vault while defending Helena, who, again, is the pretty young man, and in that case, I think, is intentionally disguised as Edwin, not as Datchery, "and the same with intent to deceive." But, also on the cover, we see a young man, clearly Neville, bounding up the stair of the cathedral tower, pointing to the top, and looking down at two men who follow him, Crisparkle,

in a soft clerical hat, and Grewgious, showing his white stockings, as was his wont, between his short trousers and his low shoes. Now this rush to the tower top has some connection with Jasper's "unaccountable expedition" at midnight, to the tower top, with Durdles. The reason of that expedition is of the essence of the mystery. I think that Jasper threw Neville down from the tower, but was seized by Crisparkle, the muscular Christian. The rest remains as much of a mystery as ever. But, if Mr. Cuming Walters is right in thinking that the horrible old woman is Jasper's mother, then she is also Edwin Drood's long lost grandmother! What a story. Probably she is not Jasper's mother.

LONDON, ENGLAND



What Sakhalin Means to Japan

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ

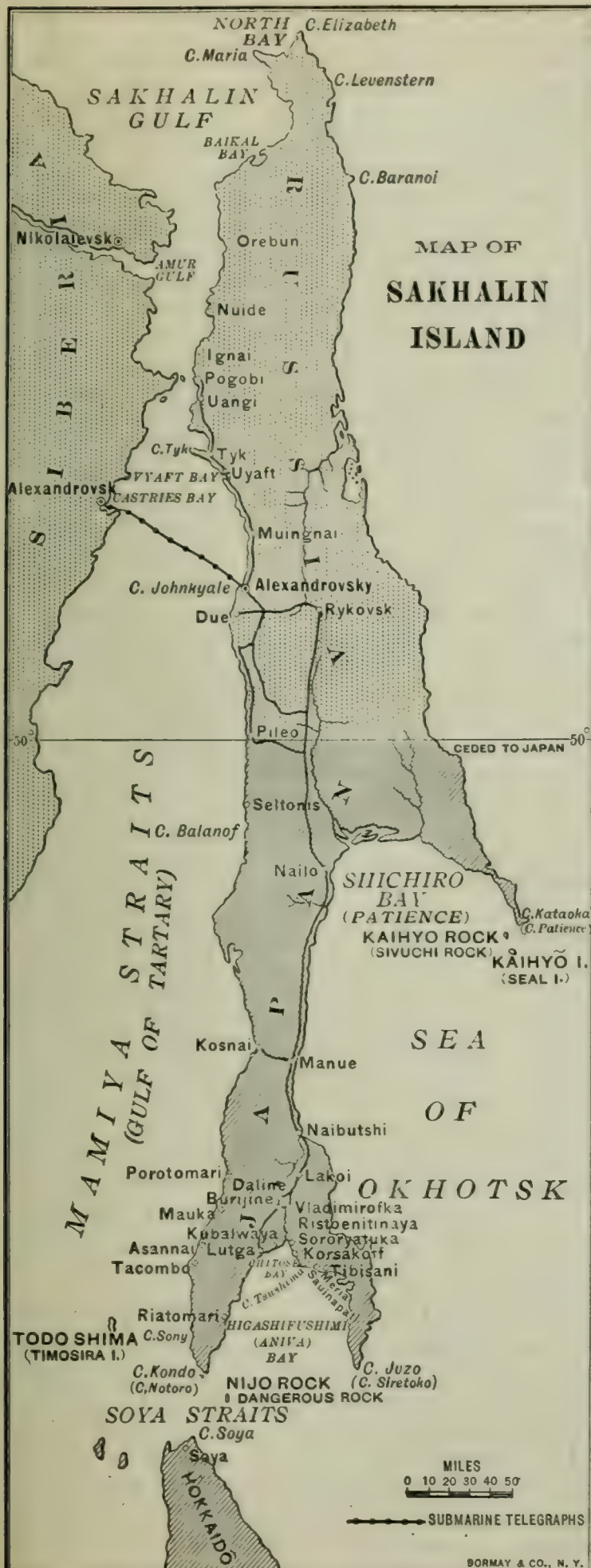
[A great many people have recently been puzzled to comprehend what there was about a barren Arctic island to make Japan almost willing to break off the peace negotiations rather than fail to get the whole of it. As Mr. Adachi shows, the interest taken by the Japanese in the island of Sakhalin, or, as they call it, Karaputo, is a mixture of the sentimental and the material.—EDITOR.]

THE Treaty of Portsmouth has passed into history; with it half the island of Karaputo goes back to its ancient master, and the disgrace of our first diplomatic defeat by Russia in 1875 is wiped out.

Quite apart from the resources of the island is our chief interest in the island; it is sentimental. As early as 1624 the Lord of Matsumae—and he was the Lord of Yezo as well as the island of Karaputo—made a tour of inspection through the Karaputo. On the year following he dispatched a number of his retainers to spend a year in the island. It was his wish that his subjects would learn something more of the climatic conditions of his remoter domain and of her resources, that they might, with intelligence, make a better use of the land and sea, given over, at the time, almost entirely to neglect. It was as late as 1785, however, that the Yedo Government of the Shogun

began to take any serious note of the Karaputo. In that year the Shogunate dispatched ten officials to the island for exploration and mapping of sea and land. In 1789 the Shogunate, in accordance with the petition of the aino of Karaputo, paid an indemnity to the men of Santan, who inhabited the continental littoral facing the island. That seems to have been the only foreign diplomatic incident in connection with the island—that is, till 1803.

There appeared in the harbor of Nagasaki in that opening year of the nineteenth century a Russian commission; it was headed by a gentleman called Lezanoff. He came to us on a charitable mission—did he not come from a Christian land, bearing the torch of civilization? He came to return to us a sailor or two from Nippon who had had the good fortune of having been wrecked on a Russian coast. The Yedo Government had sacrificed a few thousand of its



subjects at Shimabara in what is known as the Christian revolt. And their blood, as it turned out, was the price of enlightenment to the Government of the Shogun. At that wholesale slaughter the Government was permitted to see into the inner thoughts of the men of alien pallor who came saying unto us: "Worship no other gods but God." The heathen Shogunate and its officers were, therefore, utterly blind to anything that was good in the blood and conduct of the alien from over seas. What, therefore, the Shogun's officers at Nagasaki said to the Russian did not improve the temper of M. Lezanoff. And perhaps that was the reason why the charitable Russian mission, on its way north, tore off its Christian mask. The Russian ships ravaged the coast of Karaputo, especially at Kuskotán, to which, since 1790, the Lord of Matsumae clan had been wont to send an administrative officer. It was a thankless task, like the robbing of a pauper's backyard; it was not worth the trouble; it is an incident not worthy of a record. Yet our history remembers it, perhaps because it was the first Russian invasion of our territory. It is true also that this waked the Shogun's Government from its indifference toward northern lands. Mamiya Rinzo was dispatched to complete the scientific study and investigation of the geography of the island. In 1809 he discovered the strait which divides the Karaputo from the continent, and gave it his own name. And geography, somewhat more grateful than Nippon diplomacy, remembered the painstaking and scholarly efforts of Mamiya by insisting to call the shallow belt of water Mamiya Strait, long after the Nippon Government lost the island to Russia.

In 1850—that is, three years after the appointment

of Miravieff, the famous Count of the Amûr, to the position of the Governor of the Eastern Siberia—Lieutenant Orlof, whom Miravieff had sent in company with Captain Nevilskoi and Lieutenant Savin, discovered the mouth of the Amûr, and Nevilskoi ascended the stream and founded Nicolaievsk. The following year saw the Russian activity in the northern part of the Karaputo, perhaps the first serious attempt of Russia to occupy the country. Very rapidly the Russians made their way south; three years later Alexandrovsk was founded on Castries Bay, and one hundred men under command of Major Busse established a Russian base at Dui, on the west coast, and occupied the Aniwa Bay. The land hunger of Russia traveled fast, but the Russian diplomacy, as of wont, was swifter still; it was already there to set the pace. In the fifth year of Kaei, or 1852—that is to say, when Alexandrovsk and Dui were not yet on the map—there appeared in Nagasaki and a little later in Shimoda, made famous by the American Commodore and the treaty, one Admiral Putiatin, representing the Czar. He invited the Shogun's Government to recognize the whole of Karaputo as Russian possession. The much distressed Government of the Shogun, with both of its legs already in a coffin at the time, proved itself superior to the weak-kneed diplomacy of the present time; it held on bravely to the fiftieth degree of north latitude as the dividing line. But, of course, it was not proper in Russian diplomatists to listen to anything like reason from a heathen Power. And the treaty, which was of friendship and amity and of commerce, concluded at the time passed into history with the following paragraph, funny enough for a page of *Punch*:

"As for Karaputo, there shall be no definite boundary between Russia and Nippon in Karaputo, and it will remain as heretofore."

Four times negotiations to settle the question were undertaken, but proved fruitless. And at last, in the eighth year of Meiji, which being translated means the Enlightened Reign, or 1875 of the year of grace, on the twenty-fourth of April of the Russian calendar and on the seventh of May of ours, there was signed

in St. Petersburg a document, and these are its first articles:

"His Majesty the Emperor of Nippon cedes to His Majesty the Czar of all the Russias, in perpetuity and full sovereignty, the right to a portion of Karaputo. Henceforth the entire island of Karaputo belongs to the Russian Empire and the La Perouse Strait shall be the boundary between the two countries.

"His Majesty the Czar of all the Russias accepts the cession of sovereign rights over Karaputo mentioned in article first, and in exchange cedes to His Majesty the Emperor of Nippon . . . the entire claims and full sovereignty of the eighteen islands (enumerated). Henceforth the whole Kurile group shall belong to the Empire of Nippon," etc.

The choice humor of this masterpiece is in the words "in exchange." It is nearly thirty years since the day the above quoted treaty was signed. And every day of the thirty years, every time we happened to look upon the map of the East, upon the bleak sterility of the Kurile rocks and upon the generous and spacious wealth of the Karaputo, we were compelled, willy nilly, to have the disgrace and regret burn into our eyes and minds. It would not have been so bad had we had a different history from the one of which we of the Land of the Gods are so proud. For twenty-five centuries it is our boast from the school room hours—and the men of Nippon have never been known to outgrow the childish glow of enthusiasm—that Nippon, the Homeland of the Sun, has never yet suffered a single humiliation from an alien foe; that no invaders have been able to tread upon the sacred soil. And to have such a black accusation staring us in the face every time we turn to the laudable study of geography of the regions round about our country, now that was something quite enough to work upon our nerves.

Only next to the sentimental is the interest of our fishermen in the waters of the Gulf of Tartary and of the Okotsk Sea. Like the land, the fishery in the northern waters is still in its primitive innocence. And the activities of the Nippon fishermen have been chiefly centered round about the littoral of Korsakovsk. Up to 1899 the number of the

fishing grounds for our men steadily spread in area and the number of them rose as high as two hundred and twenty-two places. In that year Russia imposed her restrictive measures upon our fishermen. In 1903 the number of our fishing grounds fell to ninety-nine. However, even under the unkindly measures of the Russians, our fishery in 1903 amounted to 568,195 bushels in all. According to the official reports of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce of our Government for the thirty-sixth year of Meiji (1903) the marine products which we imported from Asiatic Russia amounted in value to 3,480,064 yen. Over three-fourths of them came from the Karaputo. And these are almost entirely the fruits of the Nippon labor. And in this permit me to say you have hardly seen the a b c of the promise of those waters. According to the report of our Consul at Korsakoff the amount spent by our fishermen in that district alone for the year 1902 was 603,656 yen, of which 80,579 rubles were paid to the Russian Government for taxes for the year. These amounts were expended by only thirty-five parties in one year; it is not an unpromising comment on the future of the Nippon fishery of the Karaputo seas. Off her northeastern littoral, in the Sea of Okotsk, lies hid another one of those heaven's treasure houses the key of which still remains undisturbed in the hands of nature—for no faults of the gods. For ages innumerable it has been displaying its wealth, in quite a tempting manner, too, in the face of all the world. This is now open to us by the terms of the treaty.

The whole island seems to be floored with coal beds; especially along the coast it seems to be rich. Of the nineteen points staked along the coast line only four of them are being mined. There are many difficulties in making the coal mining on the island profitable and practicable. One of the most serious is the conditions of the sea. Usually it is rough, but even in calmer days the ebbs and flows of tides are so violent that it is impossible to find a good harbor for the purpose of loading and unloading the coal. The Dui Harbor in Korsakoffsk is a splendid bit of deep water harbor. The trouble with it seems to be, however,

that the interior of the harbor is entirely too large and rather difficult to hit upon a convenient anchorage. Moreover, when the sea runs high the ships are obliged to find shelter in Castries Bay. Since 1892 the Russian Government has encouraged a semi-governmental and semi-private coal mining company. It draws upon the criminals for miners; the success has been indifferent. The construction of a suitable port, therefore, must be the beginning of a successful mining work in the island. Moreover, the construction of a hospitable harbor would solve a number of other embarrassments besides the coal mining problem. It would tempt the steamship lines which are making for Vladivostok and Supporo. And the establishment of a steady line of communications would open a new era for the fishery and lumber trade quite as much as for mining industry.

The soil in some portions is adapted for the successful cultivation of radishes, wheat, barley, potatoes. The entire acreage under cultivation at the present time is not more than ten thousand acres. A vast portion of this is confided into the care and keeping of the criminal labor. The agricultural product of the island is about six pood per head of its population—that is to say, a little over one-third of what the people actually consume, based on the modest supply of fifteen pood per head per year. The humidity of the atmosphere is excessive. In an entire year one finds something like thirty-nine days of clear weather and sixty-one days of cloudy weather. Even in July and August, at the height of summer, the temperature might drop suddenly with a blast out of the Okotsk Sea. In its northern portion one can only find the Arctic vegetations. And even in the southern portion, in Korsakoffsk, for example, the farmers are constantly menaced with the excess of rain in the harvest season. It is far from a rare sight to see the work of a whole year either washed away completely or rotting under water. At best, therefore, the agriculture in the island is a rather discouraging work.

Her forests, however, tell quite a different tale. The island is rich in splendid pine and other timbers. In fact, the magnificent forests cloak the two ranges

of mountains which form the backbone of the island. They are practically untouched. For the construction of Ussuri and Dalny Railway and also for the building purposes in Siberia and Manchuria the Russians have felled not a little. But the protective measures of the

Russians against the fishery along the coast wisely included the provision for the protection of forests, and the island in this respect promises a future that is enough to make Oregon sit up and think—so far as the command of the Oriental markets is concerned.

NEW YORK CITY.



Gamaliel to St. Paul

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

TELL me, dear lad—
Thou art still a lad to me,
So wilt thou ever be—
Hast thou gone back,
Unlearned the learning I have given thee,
Shut up the volume I had opened wide?
Or hast thou found
The thing I lack,
That holy ground
Whither I would have gone
Tho all paths turned aside?

Thy form, too slender for thy heart and brain,
Bearing all ill.
Thou the uplifter, sovereign of pain,
I grieve to see thee weary,
But I am wearier still.
Upon my heart all sadness lies,
The burden of this world—no less;
But I have seen
Within thine eyes
The kiss of peace and righteousness.
I never taught thee this.

Lo, I am old, my years all spent
Seeking for knowledge, finding an empty word.
To-day I heard thee speak.
Thou stoodst alone.
Weary and worn,
I paused to see.
Thou saidst, my old ears heard,
This—"I have learned content."
Thou didst not learn from me.

Saul, Saul, I love thee, lad—
Still thou art lad to me,

So wilt thou ever be.
Years have gone by
Since thou and I
Sought what the wise world had,
Found what the world could give.
Thou hast learned how to die,
While I—
I know not why I live.

Tell me, dear lad,
Hast thou forgot?
Or hast thou found—
What I have not—
The much desired end
Whither our strivings tend?
For, having striven long, at last I find
Fruitless my busy years,
Empty my heart, while fears
Compass me round.
Saul, Saul, thou wert to me
What a loved son would be.
All that I knew,
All that my heart could give,
I gave to thee
In the long council sweet
When thou wert at my feet.

Learned in the law am I.
Thou let'st the law go by.
Knowledge is in my heart.
Faith is thy better part.
I have seen years increase
The while my hopes would cease.
Thine is the gift of peace.
Saul—pray for me!

CATSKILL, N. Y.

"Let the Dead Session Bury Its Dead"

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

THE very genius of ceremonial could hardly devise any plan for giving the session of Parliament just expired a funeral service which should be at once appropriate and majestic. In Webster's magnificent tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi," one of those who stand around the deathbed of the duchess murmurs in words of pathetic appeal, "Cover her face—mine eyes dazzle—she died young." No such appeal could have been reasonably made to any of those, and they were not many, who watched over the closing scene in the life of the now dead Session. There was nothing whatever in that Session to dazzle the eyes of any of its beholders and it did not die young, but lived out what may be called a Session's regulated term of life, altho from the scanty work which it did it seemed for many weeks past to have been merely dragging out its inane existence. The funeral ceremonies, which have only just taken place, created but little interest even in the regions of Westminster. The attendance of members in both houses was very limited and was practically confined to the men who had to be there and whose absence would have been regarded as a neglect of duty. The King did not attend in person and the Royal Speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. American readers will have noticed with satisfaction that the King in his speech described the negotiations now going on between the Russian and the Japanese Governments for the purpose of bringing to a close the war in the Far East as "due to the initiative of the President of the United States." The King showed his usual good sense and cordiality in thus rendering honor where honor is due, and, indeed, the whole speech was in every respect satisfactory. The Sovereign certainly had not much to say about the actual work done during the Session then coming to a close, and one can easily imagine that if he could have spoken out his genuine thoughts as

to the manner in which the business of the House of Commons had been carried on during the past six months he would have given utterance to some sentiments which would have echoed very distinctly the popular feeling on that subject. The Session really accomplished little or nothing and accomplished even that little or nothing in a most unsatisfactory fashion. It passed two measures, the Aliens Bill and the bill concerning State provision for unemployed workmen, but these measures were passed in a form which the Government themselves acknowledged to be absolutely inefficient and only presented to the houses because they thought something ought to be done with regard to each subject and could not make up their minds in time to do anything better.

The Session, therefore, has been a failure to a degree for which the memory of the present generation at least can find no Parliamentary parallel. The Government are, indeed, just now in a very peculiar position. They still command a nominal majority in the House of Commons, but they find it almost impossible to prevail upon their followers to attend the division lobby in such numbers as to make that majority felt in the decision of important questions. Never before in my recollection were such desperate and now and then such ignoble artifices employed to compel Conservative members to keep in close attendance, and, indeed, there were several occasions within the last few weeks when, if the Liberals had only fulfilled their duty in voting on the divisions, the Government must assuredly have been outnumbered and defeated. The fact is that the Conservatives are greatly divided among themselves. Some men who were the strongest and most respected members of the Conservative Cabinet itself but a short time ago have withdrawn from office and now sit behind the Ministerial bench merely as critical observers of the doings of their former colleagues. These men



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

were too independent and too high-principled to support Mr. Balfour's utterly irresolute policy on great financial questions and have withdrawn from office frankly acknowledging the reason for their withdrawal. I do not include among these men Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, altho he is still undoubtedly a man of some power in the House, but, then, every one assumes that he is merely playing his own game and no one can foretell at what moment or on what terms he may come to an agreement with Mr. Balfour or whether he may not do his best at some sudden crisis to precipitate Mr. Balfour's fall. The utter failure of the late Session is but the natural result of such a condition of things. I must say that the Irish National Party, under its leader, John Redmond, has been making its strength and its united purpose more and more evident during this Session. The Irish Nationalists were able to inflict on Mr. Balfour and his Government the one actual defeat which they received on a division, and if the Liberal Party had been more steadfast in its attendance might have enabled

other defeats to be inflicted, which must have compelled Mr. Balfour to appeal to the verdict of the constituencies at a General Election. I cannot call to memory any other Session of Parliament in which a Prime Minister has been put to such "double, double toil and trouble" as have come on Mr. Balfour



JOHN REDMOND

during the last few months. He has had no one to support him whose support was worth having, and, as I have already said, the best men on his own side have broken away from him. I cannot help feeling a sincere regret that a man of unquestionably great ability, of high and varied culture and, as I fully believe, of thorough sincerity and conscientious principle, should have been placed by any concurrence of circumstances in such a position.

Some men who had already risen to high repute in the House of Commons have distinctly added to their reputation during the past Session. On the Ministerial side of the House Lord Hugh Cecil must be noted as one of these.

Lord Hugh Cecil is now one of the foremost debaters in the House of Commons and in his style of speaking there is something of the genuine orator as well as of the debater. Lord Hugh is, as I need hardly tell my American readers, son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and, altho he still holds to his place on the Conservative side of the House, he is a thoroughly independent critic of the present Government and, indeed, seems to be led absolutely in his political course by the light of his own conscientious convictions on every great question which comes under discussion. Mr. Winston Churchill, son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, has for some time past taken his seat on the Opposition, now the Liberal, side of the House, and

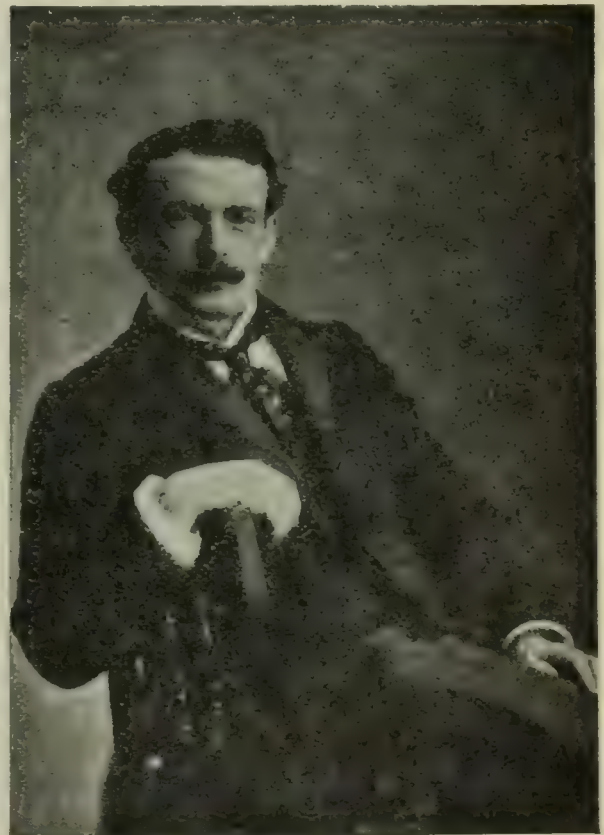


HUGH CECIL

he, too, has distinctly added to his reputation during the present year and is already looked upon as very likely to hold a place in the next Liberal Administration. Mr. Lloyd-George, the brilliant Welsh member, is another man who has won still higher reputation during the past Session than he had before, and I do not think it needs much prophetic in-

spiration to enable one to foretell that Lloyd-George is destined soon to hold a place in the Cabinet of a Liberal Ministry. Another man who has risen higher in the House of Commons this year than the high position which he held before is Mr. John Redmond, but I do not think there is any great likelihood of his accepting a place in any forthcoming British Ministry until at least the Home Rule cause in its main principles be accepted by some brave Liberal Government.

Thus, therefore, we may leave the dead Session to bury its dead—its blunders, its perverse errors and its vague wrongdoings—with the hope that these may be buried once for all and may not come up again as ghosts to visit the glimpses of the Clock Tower. In the meanwhile the whole country has been celebrating with sudden enthusiasm the visit of the French fleet to the English coast and the living illustration which it gives of the *entente cordiale*. My American readers will no doubt have heard all about the events many days before this letter reaches them. The welcome given to the French fleet and to its officers and seamen has been of the most enthusiastic and universal character, and the French



DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

visitors have returned the enthusiasm and reciprocated the good will with the most cordial demonstrations of friendship. Some of the London newspapers have printed long leading articles on the subject in the French language—a French, I hope and trust, not of Stratford-atte-Bowe. One evening paper went so far as to have a whole edition of its issue printed in French, advertisements and all, and I hardly know what a London newspaper could do more than this in the way of paying its tribute to the *entente cordiale*. The great ceremonial of the occasion was the grand banquet given in Westminster Hall to the officers of the French fleet, a sort of celebration not of the order which we usually associate with Westminster Hall memories. The Lord Chancellor as President of the House of Lords, the Speaker of the House of Commons and Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Prime Minister, were leading figures in this demonstration of welcome. The Lord Chancellor delivered his speech in French, and so did Mr. John Morley, who in former days spent much of his time in France and is a most qualified student of French literature. Everything went off well and I believe that both in Portsmouth and in London the French and English seamen of war vessels fraternized in the most cordial and genial fashion. In this country the visit of a French fleet was at one time wholly associated with such excursions as the First Napoleon more than once projected and sent out with the view to a very different sort of introduction to the English shores. I sincerely hope and every one must sincerely hope that the effects of this more recent French invasion may be lasting and beneficent. Nothing but good could come from a thoroughly friendly feeling between the French and the English people, and I can only hope that no foreign state—Germany, for example—may be led away to believe that the welcome given by England to the French was meant as a threat or even as a warning to other peoples. But we all can easily understand that the enthusiasm caused by such meetings is not always very lasting in its effect, and it is not long since the feeling toward France among the newspaper instructors of the English

people was wont to be expressed in a very different form from that which it has lately and suddenly adopted. In any case the effect of this international cordiality seems for the present to promise nothing but reciprocal benefit, and even the most skeptical among us might fairly make up his mind to hope for the best. I need hardly say that among my own countrymen and among the people of Scotland in general there has never been anything but the most friendly feeling toward France. I only wish that some other European States would follow the example of the French Republic and organize an invasion of the English shores with a like genial and beneficent purpose. War and the rumors of war and the preparations for possible war are still the great curse of Europe, and if the year which saw a thoroughly wasted and perverted Session of the British Parliament should also have witnessed an event which promises to be the harbinger of peace between England and her neighboring States then we may well allow the dead Session to bury its dead and may none the less regard the year as above all things else a period of bright hope and promise.

Meanwhile we have not had much doing in literature of late. We hear many rumors, some of them supported by authentic evidence, that there are great projects afoot for the application of the wholesale trust system to the English newspaper press. We have, in fact, already seen some practical illustrations of this organization in the buying up of certain journals and placing them all under the directorate of one company. Now we are told that the system aims at something still more comprehensive and more dictatorial and that we may yet be destined to see all the great journals of London and the important provincial cities made the absolute property of a capitalist directorate. Let us hope that these rumors thus confidently accredited may prove to be only wild alarms and that for all said and done we may yet have some independent journalism left in England.

I am glad to see that Mrs. Campbell Praed, one of the best and most original of our women novelists at present, has just issued a new romance, "The Maid

of the River," drawn from the observations and experiences of her early Australian life. Mrs. Praed has suffered much lately from bad health and her friends are all the more rejoiced to find that she can return to her loved literary work again. While speaking of literature I must not fail to call the attention of American readers to a rising young writer, Oliver Madox Hueffer, grandson of the late Ford Madox Brown, the historical painter and one of the brightest lights of the pre-Raphaelite school. Oliver Madox Hueffer has, to my thinking, entered upon a literary career of high promise. I have just been reading an article of his called "Souls and the New London" in a metropolitan paper, *The Daily Mail*, which seems to me to

show a combination of poetical imagining, of humor and of pathos not unworthy of an essay by Charles Lamb or Robert Louis Stevenson. The essay deals with the proposed conversion of London into a sort of English Paris, with broad boulevards, city parks, underground and overground tramways, and with the preliminary removal of all the old houses, narrow streets and familiar corners of the London seen and pictured by Dickens and Thackeray. The essayist, who, altho young, is in sympathy with many of the old conditions, plays with his subject charmingly and may well find interested and sympathetic readers in America as well as in England.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



With Taft in Japan

BY JAMES A. LE ROY

[Our readers need no introduction to Mr. Le Roy, who as Secretary of the first Philippine Commission has sent us many valuable articles on Philippine subjects. He is now with the Taft party and will send us another article if the occasion requires.—EDITOR.]

WHEN the invitation of the Japanese Government to Secretary Taft was accepted, and it was cabled from Honolulu that it would be pleasing to the party to be entertained on their way to the Philippines instead of on the return trip, no one, least of all the Secretary of War himself, expected that the reception in Japan would take on the scope it has assumed, nor that various extraordinary and unprecedented features connected with it would be realized. That there would be an audience with the Emperor at Tokyo (one of the stiff and formal affairs, bound around with the rigid etiquet of the Japanese court, which are accorded on occasions only to distinguished foreigners), afterward perhaps a garden party or luncheon at the American Legation, and some more informal entertainment at Tokyo or Yokohama or both, was the limit of the expectations of the party up to its arrival off Quarantine at Yokohama on the early morning of July 25th. The

ship's arrival in the bay the night before, one day ahead of time, had been reported to Tokyo, and a special train was waiting to take the whole party, unofficial guests as well as official visitors to the Philippines, to Tokyo, where, as was learned from the delegation of Japanese officials who came aboard with the American Minister, the entire party were to be entertained as the guests of the Japanese nation. It further developed immediately that they were to be taken in hand from their arrival in the country until their departure from its westernmost seaport with that thoroughness in detail which seems to characterize the Japanese in everything, so that the many little side trips for sightseeing and shopping were not to be during this visit to Japan. Instead, the party has gone through a round of notable entertainments, some quite numerous attended, others assuming the character of little private dinners and personally conducted excursions. Members of the Japanese

nobility—women, let it be remarked, as well as men—and high officials on the Government generally, the highest in fact, have constituted themselves personally the hosts and attendants upon the party and have directed its every movement while in Tokyo and through the interior to Kyoto and then Kobé.

Miss Alice has really been in Japan—as she probably will be in the Philippines—"The Princess," as the irreverent young college men with the party have dubbed her. Everywhere she has been associated with the Secretary of War as being in a special sense the representative of the chief executive of the United States, while the receptions have also been in some sense a personal tribute to the man William H. Taft himself, who has twice previously been officially honored in Japan and whose administrative work in the Philippines and the United States is well known to the Japanese, and who has been openly referred to in Japan during this visit as the man who, the Japanese assume, will be the next President of the United States. One can only conclude that the active participation of the women of Japan in the features of this reception, both of the women of the middle classes, who were present at railroad stations and elsewhere to greet the party (a thing most unusual in itself), and of the women of the imperial household and of the Japanese nobility in the various social functions, both formal and somewhat intimate in character, has been in considerable degree intended as a recognition of the presence of Miss Roosevelt, as well as being designed to meet American ideas with regard to the participation of women in affairs of public importance and the presence with this party of a number of the wives of Senators and Representatives of the Congress of the United States. Miss Roosevelt and her friends Miss Mabel Boardman, of Washington, and Miss McMillan, of Detroit, were quartered at the American Legation in Tokyo, and not entertained at any of the royal palaces, as was Secretary Taft with his staff. There was a desire, it is said, to set apart suites in the Imperial Palace for the Secretary of War and his staff and for Miss Roosevelt and companions, but it was deprecated at Wash-

ington as being a too unusual mark of favor at this time of delicacy in relations between Japan, Russia and the United States. But in every other way possible Miss Roosevelt has been honored as the personal representative of her father's household and as the representative, we may suppose, of America's young womanhood. She has risen to the responsibilities thus placed upon her with a dignity that has been all the more effective because of her simplicity of manner and her evident hearty, youthful enjoyment of all the features of her entertainment. It was altogether a most pretty sight, and one that won instant smiling recognition from the Japanese officials and noblemen around her, when, giving way to the enthusiasm that seized her as she was greeted with such a tremendous ovation at the station in Tokyo, she raised one hand above her head, and with face aglow shouted, or seemed to shout "Banzai!" to the sea of upturned faces before her. The utterance she made could not have been heard anyway, but the attitude and expression were unmistakable in their pleasure, and she caught the crowd at once, as well as that portion of her attendants who were immediately about her and saw the episode. Again, she insisted on seeing the wife of Admiral Togo when the latter called at the American Legation simply to leave their cards for a formal call, in company with ladies of higher rank, and Madam Togo soon found herself, greatly to her own embarrassment, the center of an admiring crowd of American ladies, who recked little that a princess of the imperial household was also of the party. The Japanese had set out, in all their entertaining, to meet the Americans somewhat on their own ground of informality in social affairs and forms, and here they were met in kind. Coming across the country on the "Welcome Special Express," furnished and stocked by the Imperial Government, Miss Alice was showered with gifts of all sorts and sizes and values as well as with bouquets at every station where a stop had been arranged. The gifts began coming on at three o'clock in the morning following the departure from Tokyo and continued to arrive until the reception in Kyoto, after which Kobé took a hand at giving,

before the party went on board the steamer again for the run through the Inland Sea. During the forenoon's run to Kyoto a car was half filled with the presents for Secretary Taft and Miss Roosevelt. They had already been showered with souvenirs of one sort and another at the many social functions, small and great, in Tokyo. The Tokyo papers contained the announcement that the Emperor had given especial gifts to Misses Roosevelt, Boardman and McMillan as well as to Secretary Taft and the members of his staff, and that the Empress, regretting an indisposition which required the Crown Princess to take her place at the audience and luncheon given in the Imperial Palace, had provided these young ladies with rich gifts, besides remembering the wives of Secretary Taft and his staff attendants. These gifts, comprising rich tapestries and other hangings, embroideries, lacquer and silver pieces, were packed together in Tokyo and will be put on the ship with the party when it shall return from the Philippines through Japan. The Japanese, by the way, have said they wish to entertain the party at that time again; and the American Minister says he is under pressure from Japanese of prominence who wished to give social functions on this visit but could not on account of the constant pressure of engagements for the party.

The messages cabled to the United States have given an idea of the scope and of the features of this reception which is just over, but they cannot have conveyed any adequate idea of the great cordiality which the Japanese displayed and of their evident determination to give it to be understood that they want the friendship of the United States. That they entertain any design upon the Philippines so long as the United States chooses to determine the fate of those islands it would be foolish to suppose for a moment in the face of the evident attitude of the Japanese, from their Emperor and highest responsible officials down. On the contrary, it is plain that they wish to count upon the United States as a silent ally, well disposed toward them and their interests in the Pacific through a natural friendship. The great ovations given the party, at Tokyo

first and in a lesser degree in the smaller towns passed through, were, of course, primarily arranged by word from above, but it would be impossible not to believe that there was a genuine cordiality, and on the part of the masses, back of them. Too many signs there were to prove this. To-day even Nagasaki, which is hardly truly Japanese, so long it was a merely foreign settlement with Japanese fishermen, sailors and laborers for its bulk of population, has taken its part in enthusiastically welcoming the party, and its officials were disappointed that it would not stay for an evening banquet afterward. Several towns passed close at hand in the narrow parts of the Inland Sea yesterday had their people out to cheer the people on board the "Manchuria" as it passed, while in the strait between Moji and Shimonoseki there was a salute from a Japanese gunboat, and tugs with Japanese officials and army and navy officers steamed alongside the ship for several miles, shouting "Banzai!" setting off the always unique Japanese fireworks and having bands play American patriotic airs. The "Star Spangled Banner" has been heard everywhere along the route of this party.

Necessarily such an event has its amusing features, and they have arisen chiefly on this occasion through the curious blend of American informality and Japanese etiquette, which has given way in a dozen different directions where it has hitherto been rigid. From the Emperor's palace down this has been the case, and he himself gave the cue by going around informally and shaking hands with the members of the official party, over fifty in number, whom he invited to lunch with him after the formal audience was over. Doubtless some of our American legislators have time and time again shattered a cherished social custom of Japan in their offhand way at these various entertainments of a week past, and perhaps even now the Japanese of the nobility who unbent on this occasion so notably are smiling the silent Oriental smile as they tell over to each other some of the doings of those strange Americans. But they accomplished their object none the less; they met Americans like Americans, or as nearly after American fashions as a Japanese could. They

did not breathe politics; they took the cue of the Government at Washington, which excluded all politics from this event. The Japanese even parried the questions of Americans who would discuss some features of the war—except for Marquis Ito, who is described as a “first-class fellow,” and who would chat it all over with almost any one, and for the great courtesies shown to Representative Foss, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House at Washington,

by the highest officials of the Japanese Navy, who took him to Yokosuku and Sasebo and talked freely with him. But the cordial good feeling inspired on this occasion among Americans of such prominence in national affairs cannot fail to possess future good feeling for the Japanese. Altogether the greeting in Japan equaled the celebrations at the opening of the war and the first reports of victories in Manchuria.

EN ROUTE TO MANILA.



The Portland Exposition

[The following article is by a lady whom we especially commissioned to write for us her impressions of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. She modestly prefers not to have her name appear.—EDITOR.]

IT is a common remark even with Portland people themselves that, of course compared with the gigantic shows of the past twelve years, this Lewis and Clark Centennial is small and not much is here to hold the interest of a supercilious generation which has already visited Chicago, Paris and St. Louis. But it is hard to conceive the soul so unimaginative or supercilious that by the time it has approached Portland it will fail to see the Exposition grounds as the focusing point of all the streams of production and achievement from a region singularly blessed in natural resources and in inhabitants. Those who stay away may choose to explain their absence by condescending reference to a “little Exposition,” but from those whose spirits have been attuned to closer harmony with it by every day’s journey westward one rarely hears the disdainful “Oh! I saw all that in St. Louis.”

Seen in its true light the Exposition is big, and big just as its originators meant it to be, for to the eye which sees its full import *it is the West*, and never once, from Denver to San Francisco, from Vancouver to Los Angeles, do you get away from the atmosphere of the Lewis and Clark Centennial.

Portland has somehow solved the problem of disposing of its crowd more

comfortably than a part of the railroad companies. Perhaps it is younger and more susceptible to thrills of compassion; perhaps with such a climate and location it could not make its guests uncomfortable if it would. Certain it is that *comfort* is one of the ever present features distinguishing it among expositions. Fancy the peace which enfolds the feminine spirit as one realizes that she can tramp all day among the exhibits untroubled by the habitual Exposition consciousness that she is “a sight.” Even the larger masculine mind cannot be above a certain satisfaction in the possibility of coming through a day, and evening, too, with unwilted collar. Also, if my own experience may be trusted as typical, the body no less than the mind gains from exploring such Exposition grounds as never were before—park and lake and river outspread along the foothills of a great mountain range, with four snowy peaks in the distance, huge guards who change their uniforms hourly through all gradations of rose and silver and dazzling white. The penny-in-the-slot weighing machine is one form of dissipation whose allurements I am never able to withstand so long as a penny is forthcoming from my own purse or that of a friend. Conscientious patronage of the entire Lewis and Clark

collection, from the "Trail's" entrance to the Fairbanks exhibit in the Machinery Building (where you are weighed "without money and without price"), not omitting the youth upon the Bridge of Nations who guesses your weight and takes pay according to his accuracy, showed that in my few days' stay in Portland I had added to my original delicate proportions more than as many pounds as there had been days.

There is, of course, an occasional sight-seer, some schoolma'am (I have been one myself, but I also know the vacation art), or delegate from a woman's club, who comes to improve her mind and reduce her weight, and I doubt not she succeeds in both. We saw one of her in the Forestry Building, with note book in hand. She was industriously taking down all the data supplied by the young men in charge of the miniature Columbia River, which, faithfully reproducing all the machinery of the salmon industry, occupies a conspicuous central position, as it should, in this wonderful temple to the sylvan deities of Oregon and Washington. She will go home with every detail and date of ante and post mortem salmon existence, from yellow egg to salad on your luncheon table, on tap for her (let us hope) information-thirsty neighborhood, and she will know the exact amount of lumber contained in each huge tree trunk that rises from floor to lofty roof; but she will miss, I think, something of the ingenuous joy of the young woman who said: "Oh! weren't the tiny fish too cunning as they swam in an animated phalanx with heads all pointed up stream?"

Our party did not refuse enlightenment, either, in the captivating Baby Incubator, altho, to be sure, it was the doctor who received the most of that. The doctor's wife and I possibly took a more lively (and intelligent) interest in the tying of the pink and blue butterfly bows which impart to the bag of waterproof cloth in which the mites are incased an infinitely more festal appearance than is ever produced by the ruffles and hemstitching of the mother-tended baby. At any rate we ran off in the middle of a valuable discussion upon temperatures and nourishment at another woman's announcement of "the

cutest little brown-eyed one in that next room." But we learned enough to be quite convinced of the good fortune of the incubator baby.

It is among the peculiar advantages of the Portland Fair, however, that one may absorb an unusual amount of really valuable information without going in search of it. I suppose that others have made as interesting displays in forestry and irrigation; I confess that I never looked to see. But here, in the heart of a region whose very life they are, they assumed for me an importance far exceeding Oriental embroidery and Italian mosaic. The Fisheries Exhibit is relatively small, but hundreds who never went near more imposing displays crowd around the tanks showing the baby life of the salmon, which they are now eating fresh for the first time. In the excellent Government Exhibit one now takes time to read the letters bearing many a great American's autograph and making frequent mention of Lewis and Clark; and I felt a new interest in Filipino cooking utensils when I had just fallen in with an old college friend, fresh from Government service among the Igorrotes, who pointed out those from whose like he had more than once been served. Then, too, you take time in Portland to do so many of the silly things which bring joy to the soul, especially the soul old and dignified enough to know better. When "hitting the trail" of course you would spend an evening in Kiralfy's gorgeous "Venice," and another among Jabour's trained animals; you would also probably "bite" on some of the fake shows; but if the "Trail" were as long as the "Pike" you might hurry on and miss the delight of being swindled out of successive dimes by such engaging gentlemen as preside over the side attractions, in "Fair Japan," for example.

There is, of course, the Forestry Building, the happiest bit of originality Portland has to offer. One would not regret having come far to see only this marvelous "log cabin," 205 feet long by 108 feet wide, its roof resting upon a colonnade of fifty-two tree trunks, all clothed still in the rough bark of their forest life, 50 feet high and in diameter equaling the height of a tall man, while as many more trees, just as thick and

half as high, support the rustic galleries which skirt the structure on side and end. To one who has inhaled the woodsy fragrance of the place, and measured his insignificant stature beside its monster pillars, the effort to convey an idea of it to others seems so futile that he is forced from customary forms of description, from literary terms to numerical; for here, at least, figures must prove more eloquent than adjectives, even adjectives in the superlative degree. Permit me, therefore, to filch a single item from the estimates of one who has described the building in detail:

"One of the logs contains enough lumber with which to build a one-story cottage 40 x 40 feet in size, with a fence around it, and board walks leading up to it. And there would still be enough wood left to kindle the fire in the grate for many months."

It was in this place, most perfect type of the wondrous West, this spot where the strength of its ancient forests and the vigor of its new-born cities have met in enduring hand-clasp, that Joaquin Miller stood on a Saturday in mid-July and received the many who came to greet him as poet of the Pacific and acknowledge that he had been a true seer when he wrote of their region years ago:

"Dared I but say a prophecy,
As sang the holy men of old,
Of rock-built cities yet to be
Along these shining shores of gold
Crawling athirst into the sea,
What wondrous marvels might be told!

* * * * *

Here learned and famous from afar
To pay their noble court shall come,
And shall not seek or see in vain,
But look on all with wonder dumb!"

He had not in mind, I fancy, either a generation ago or on that day of his reception by enthusiastic Oregonians, alone or even largely the great progress of the far Western States in things material. It is no small indication of the spirit of the region—its fearlessness and independence of judgment—that it has dared to face the bugbear of all previous American expositions and seems to have proved it after all a monster of only imaginary deadliness. Perhaps most significant of any feature connected with Sunday opening at Portland is the fact that it has not come about in response to

the clamor of the worldly-minded and of a secular press, but that the committee which has worked for it and now directs it has for chairman and secretary ministers of the Gospel, and its entire membership drawn from the clergy of Portland or members of the laity eminent for adherence to high moral and religious standards. Certain restrictions have been imposed and carefully maintained; the gates remain closed until noon, thus removing temptation from the path of those whose feet might not steadfastly tread the way to the morning services of the churches; the "Trail" is closed all day, and no machinery is in operation. All other exhibits may be visited as on week days, and open-air entertainment is provided in concerts by a number of excellent bands (those from neighboring military posts and the young Indians from Sherman Institute lending a satisfying Western flavor), which play at different buildings throughout afternoon and evening.

The scheme of the Sunday opening, however, goes much beyond the mere provision of decent and pleasant recreation for a visiting crowd, which, if shut out from here, might seek it through devices less innocent. The major part of the committee's effort, so far as Sunday is concerned, has been directed to the afternoon service in the Auditorium, and there is apparently much reason for gratification with the result of their efforts, both in what they have been able to provide and in the public response in interest and attendance. The program consists of a simple religious service, wholly undenominational, save that one Sunday will be given over exclusively to the direction of the Roman Catholic Church, but simplicity is made impressive by the excellence of the speakers and the music. Comment upon the committee's success in respect of the former would be superfluous when their roll runs: Robert McIntyre, Emil G. Hirsch, James W. Lee, Merle St. C. Wright, Charles M. Sheldon, Josiah Strong, Newell Dwight Hillis and Washington Gladden. One Sunday afternoon of each month is to be given to the rendition of one of the great oratorios, "The Messiah," if I remember aright, the chorus for these being drawn from Portland and

its environs, and the director being a Portland musician. The music for the weekly service is also supplied by local talent, and if all of it ranks with the *Lakme* Quartet, which it was our good fortune to hear, its quality is far from amateurish. The exquisite voices of these young women and their admirable training in quartet work are well worth crossing a continent to hear.

It has seemed worth while to speak at this length of Sunday opening at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, because it is an experiment which will be watched with interest as a precedent for coming world's fairs. Perhaps its completest vindication is the entire absence of protest from either press or people of Oregon, with the possible exception of holders of "Trail" concessions, whose complaint is not of the opening, but of its restrictions.

Another of the unique features of this Exposition is the manifest realization of a group of Western States of their kinship, their common origin and common destiny. There is rivalry, to be sure, but of that good-natured sort which, tho it may poke a bit of fun, is proud to see, and to let others see, its brothers' success. Thus Portland, since to her belongs the honor of the Fair, is very generous in calling the visitor's attention to the beauty of Washington's and California's State buildings, and has admitted to her scheme of illuminations, shining afar across Guild's Lake, the familiar watchword of the "Tacoma Booster," "Watch Tacoma Grow." And Idaho combines tribute to her neighbor with appreciation of her own merits in the sentiment wrought in her native grains upon the door over against the flaming Washingtonian beacon:

"While you watch your neighbors grow
Keep your eye on Idaho."

To Idaho, I think, belongs the palm for the most remarkable product exhibited by any State. I would not rank above it the huge grizzly made from California fruit nor the picture of the Exposition grounds done in human hair by a daughter of Oregon. It is a square of gayly embroidered canvas bearing this simple legend, "Made by a Gentleman." Modest in all but his choice of

colors was this retiring soul, and the unexpectedness of it makes his offering the more fraught with tender interest. One might have been prepared for it from Rhode Island, or even Pennsylvania, but not here in the haunts of the "cow puncher" and the "broncho buster," and the picture of the gentle creature, sitting apart from his ruder kind, decorating the Christmas sofa cushion and laundry bag of many a lady friend, will long cling in my imagination.

Of the eleven States represented by buildings and exhibits creditable and in some instances remarkable Illinois has undoubtedly sounded the note which will vibrate in most hearts and be longest remembered. She makes no display of imposing architecture nor of giant fruits and abundant harvests; it is only a plain and ugly little house, with an interior adorned by scant and unpretentious furniture. But crowds flock to see the counterpart of the Springfield home of Abraham Lincoln and linger long in the square rooms, whose walls are eloquent with Illinois history. The collection of pictures, made by Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, is designed to cover the story of Illinois from earliest times to the present day, and most interesting and pregnant with surprise as well is the array of Illinois Governors, for Louis XIV leads the procession, and George III of England stands before La Salle, while Patrick Henry's face reminds that Illinois was once a county of Virginia. But it is the Lincoln relics which hold the crowd, often with moistened eyes: the marriage certificate with the name of Nancy Hanks, the request to Stanton for a few flags for Tad, the brief note to Grant concerning Lee's surrender, the pictures of Ford's Theater, of Booth and the other conspirators, the mud-scraper on the back porch.

Of all the sights that thrill, of all that gives distinction to Portland's Exposition, none can claim precedence of the figure of the Indian girl, with her papoose strapped to her back, leaning forward to look far out across the lake to the sea. The artist has idealized her doubtless, this Shoshone captive, wife—with a one-third interest—of a Canadian voyageur; but since qualities of mind and heart are hardly expressed in

bronze, who would not wish that youth and grace should be the outward form of that courage which risked her own life to save the papers and scientific instruments of the explorers, that unselfishness which defrauded her own child to share with them her last loaf? The

unveiling of this first statue of an Indian woman, designed by an American woman (Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver), was fitly made an event of importance by the managers of the Exposition and the women of the West.

PORTLAND, ORE.



The Bird, the Rose and the Breeze

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

"AHA!" said the Bird to the Rose.

"Aha, little Rose!" said the Bird.

"Don't you think that my song,

So merry and strong,

Is the sweetest you ever have heard?

Now singing I fly

To the beautiful sky,

But *you* cannot utter a word.

Aha, little Rose!" said the Bird.

"Aha!" said the Rose to the Bird.

"Aha, little Bird!" said the Rose.

"But dainty and fair

Is the crown that I wear.

I'm the queenliest flower that grows!

You may fly on your way,

But the Breeze loves to stay,

So sweet with my perfume he blows.

Aha, little Bird!" said the Rose.

"Alas!" said the Breeze. "And, alas,

Little Rose, little Bird!" said the Breeze.

"The singers shall fly

From the frown of the sky,

And their nests shall be blown from the trees.

And, stealthy and drear,

A strange breath shall come near,

Rose bloom and rose fragrance to freeze.

Little Bird, little Rose!" said the Breeze.

"Oh I never shall die," said the Rose,

"So perfect and rare am I made.

Would I blossom so gay,

Growing fairer each day,

But to fade, little Breeze, but to fade?"

And the Bird, flying high,

Sang in scorn from the sky

Of his wonderful nest in the shade—

And O, the mad music he made!

Alas, for the Rose and the Bird!

For the high little heart of the Rose,

For the flight, wild and free,

For the nest in the tree,—

Since here are the frosts and the snows.

And the Breeze far and near

Has a footstep of fear,

So wild and so restless he goes,

And mourns for the Bird and the Rose.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Literature

The Magna Carta

FOR centuries Magna Carta has been the theme of lawyers, historians and orators, but until the present no really satisfactory and exhaustive commentary has been produced. The reason for this need not be sought far away. He who would interpret for us the thoughts of the men who gathered around King John on that famous June day must be both a lawyer and a historian; he must understand the structure and workings of the Anglo-Norman feudal system and be able to reason with Bracton and Glanvill. All this has been made possible only in our day by the researches of a number of scholars, among whom may be ranked Stubbs, Maitland, Round and Vinogradoff. None of these has seen fit, however, to write a treatise on the Great Charter, perhaps for Stubbs's reason that all English constitutional history is only a commentary on that document. At last we have in Dr. McKechnie's book* a scholarly and authoritative work based on the results of the latest critical research, devoid of rhetorical flourish and meeting the requirements of the lawyer and the historian.

The book is well planned. An introduction of some two hundred pages gives the proper historical setting and technical information for the study of the text. As the preliminary for the elucidation of the document itself, there are chapters on the events preceding the granting of the charter, on the crown and feudal obligations about which the baronial grievances centered, and on the precursory charters prior to 1215. This is supplemented by a short discussion of the legal and political value of the Great Charter, in which Dr. McKechnie clears away many of the extravagant claims and misinterpretations of later generations. The author does not entirely agree with Mr. Edward Jenks, who maintains that Magna Carta was not a help, but a reactionary and feudal hin-

drance in the development of English liberties; he contends, on the other hand, that some of the clauses were not reactionary, that the charter marks a step in the nation-making process, and that even misinterpretations of the document in later days were of great value in the battle for freedom.

The commentary on the text itself occupies over three hundred pages and is followed by an appendix of important documents and a short but well selected bibliography. Departing from the method of grouping related clauses, Dr. McKechnie has chosen the simpler, but in many ways less effective, plan of treating the sixty-three sections *seriatim* in as many chapters. At the head of each chapter the original Latin clause and an English translation are given. The commentary on each section is so clear that the layman in law will have no difficulty in following the interpretation. Throughout the document is explained in the light of contemporary law and custom; the famous clauses on rights and liberties call forth no indiscriminating rhetoric, and the ancient fiction of the charter guaranteeing trial by jury is effectively disposed of. By applying the principle that the barons at Runnymede were a group of practical men remedying specific grievances and not a French assembly formulating a bill of rights, Dr. McKechnie has gone straight to the real meaning of the charter. The reader who has not kept in touch with recent researches in the period of the Great Charter has a number of surprises in store. The famous twelfth chapter, which is commonly supposed to have enunciated the doctrine of self-taxation, is shown to mean no more than the protection of crown tenants from impositions levied by the king as feudal lord. The twentieth chapter, which provides that the villein shall not be so heavily fined as to lose his "contentment," is not a real safeguard for the peasant, but merely prevents the king's court from taking away from him the property that makes his services valuable to his lord; it does not protect him against his own lord at all.

* MAGNA CARTA. A COMMENTARY ON THE GREAT CHARTER OF KING JOHN. By William Sharp McKechnie. New York: The Macmillan Company, \$4.50.

The *judicium parium* clause, fondly thought to have instituted trial by "peers," is a barrier imposed to protect the barons against prosecutions instituted by the king—an extremely reactionary provision. We need not go into ecstasy over the section prohibiting the sale or delay of justice, especially in view of the practices which continued to prevail in law and still prevail in our day. The man with the long purse has always had many advantages in court, and in the land of King John and the many lands belonging to the descendants of his people there are delays at law which would make a modern Job weep. Dr. McKechnie's work will be wholesome reading for "Anglo-Saxons," and ought to relieve meetings of the bar from many mighty platitudes. We are grateful to our author for clearing up the problems of Magna Carta in so scholarly and definitive a fashion.



Karl Wessely's Fayyum

ONLY a few years ago we knew almost nothing about the Fayyum (Faijûm). It was a name with a local habitation and that was about all. When, then, the papyrus fragments came to be unearthed they were full of "unearthly" names that sounded for all the world like Aztec or some other wild speech, and nobody knew where the places were. A series of scientific operations, in which the different nations have vied with each other, has changed all this. In several cases English and French excavations settled the names of places. Then Georges Salmon, the Arabian scholar, worked up the Kitâb Tarikh el Faijûm, the report of a Governor of the Fayyum, An-Nablûsî, and placed before us the first historical map of the Arabian Fayyum in the seventh century after the Hegira. Ahmed Zeki-Bey discussed that same report and compared the names in it with the old names of places that are still known to the natives. Upon these followed numerous treatises of other scholars, among which I observe one by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, of the University of Chicago.

Prof. Karl Wessely, the indefatigable student of the papyri, who for twenty-five years has been delving into these

scattered fragments and revealing their secrets, has now published a "Topography of the Fayyum (Arsinoites nomus) in the Greek Period." It is in the Memoirs "Denkschriften" of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, philosophico-historical group, vol. 50, and fills 182 folio pages, three maps being added. A man like Wessely, able to take up the Greek or the Arabian sources at will, was needed for this work, and Wessely's energy and exactness were just as necessary. He examined the lists of places that he found in the papyri. Sometimes, as in an alphabetical list, he only got a full form for a name of which a papyrus fragment elsewhere had given a syllable or two, or he only got the certainty that that place was there somewhere at a given time. But sometimes it was clear that a list gave the order in which a tax collector went around, and then he knew that a certain unknown place must be in between two others, or that several unknown places were near some one other the position of which he knew. Of course the names changed as in a kaleidoscope as Wessely chased them through the centuries. Look at Pisaei, for example: that in Coptic was Pishai and in Arabic became Abshayet and frolicked around as Abshây, Abshuây, Beshuâi, and Beshé. Sometimes a town had two totally different names in two different languages, sometimes it had in one language a translation of the name in the other language, and sometimes, as we have just seen, the external form was reproduced with more or less success in the other language. It is interesting to see the ancient Egyptians also used the names of well-known cities over again; out of about twenty-eight that Wessely refers to it will be enough to mention Memphis, Athens, Philadelphia and Samaria; and, just like men of to-day, they even had in the province itself double names. It is further remarkable to see how as the water fails a series of villages vanishes and the villagers pass into other towns and press the workmen there, drive down the price of labor. Professor Wessely goes through the districts and townships and shows how the towns and villages and farms were grouped together, and he gives a long list of the places that have been found

in the papyri, showing so far as he can where they were, when they were there and what the references to them in the papyri thus far known are.

Wessely is, however, not only a scholar, but also an inventor. He has put the results of his long researches before us in a most ingenious way and one that I cannot recall having seen in this shape before. It is a pity he did not patent it. At the close of his treatise he gives Georges Salmon's map based on An-Nablûsî; this is on thick paper and shows the Fayyum in, say, the fourteenth century. Before this map Wessely puts on exquisitely fine paper, that you can read through, his map with the names of places in the Byzantine period, and thus you can see at a glance both what the Fayyum looked like then and how those places fit upon the later places. And then he puts before that a map on similar paper with the places in the Ptolemæo-Roman periods. You can thus see all three maps at once and can at once check the agreements in position. May heaven reward Professor Wessely for his labors. The fact that the University of Vienna does not make him a full professor in the university shows how little good work is valued there.

CASPAR RENÉ GREGORY.

The Odes of Hafiz

HAFIZ could not himself have chosen a better translator than Mr. Le Gallienne. He has a gift of graceful versification which he has often used to express the same rose-tinted views of life that he finds in the Persian. Hafiz has the epicureanism of Omar Khayyâm without his philosophy. He sings of nothing but wine and love. Whatever there may have been in the original to give the Sufis a chance to interpret the songs in a spiritual sense, as biblical commentators have done with the Song of Solomon, there is nothing left of it in this version. Mr. Le Gallienne has not merely translated, he has transmuted the odes into true English poetry, and any one but an antiquarian will prefer to read them in this form rather than in the

literal versions. He has made use of a great variety of verse forms, without attempting to preserve any of the features of the Persian, except that in some cases he has made effective use of the characteristic repeating phrase as in the opening stanza of this ode to Spring:

"Heart, have you heard the news!

The Spring has come back—have you heard!

With the little green shoot and the little
pink bud, and the little new-hatched
bird,

And the Rose—yes! yes! the Rose—

Nightingale, have you heard the news!

The Rose has come back and the green and
the blue,

And everything is as new as the dew—

New nightingale, new rose."

Mr. Le Gallienne makes use of all the freedom of Fitzgerald in expanding, eliminating, rearranging and modifying his material to suit Western taste and to meet the requirements of our poetic forms and conventions. As an example of his method we may compare a few stanzas of the ode on the death of his wife as given in the literal prose translation of Colonel Wilberforce Clarke, in which he preserves the repeating phrase or monorime at end of the lines:

"That friend by whom our house the dwelling
of the Pari was,
Head to foot, free from defect, a Pari was.

"My heart said 'In hope of her, in this city
I will sojourn;'
Helpless, it knew not that its friend a traveler
was.

"Sweet was the marge of the water, and the
rose and the verdure. But,
Alas! that moving treasure a wayfarer was."

This monotonous repetition of the theme "was," impressive as it is, could not, of course, be used in English verse. Some expansion, too, is doubtless necessary. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Le Gallienne is that he is inclined to make his task easy by diluting his poetry until it flows freely. With more pains he might have kept more of the terseness and spirit of the original. But, considering what translations usually are, we have reason to be grateful for such as this:

* ODES FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ. *Freely
Rendered from Literal Translations.* By Richard
Le Gallienne. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

"This house hath been a fairy's dwelling-place;
As the immortals pure from head to feet
Was she who stayed with us a little space,
Then, as was meet,
On her immortal journey went her ways.

"The moon it was that called her, and she
went;

In Shiraz I had lived to live with her,
Not knowing she was on an errand bent—
A traveler,
To sojourn for a night, then strike her tent.

"How sweet it was on many a summer's day
On the green margin of the stream to lie
With her and the wild rose, and nothing say;
Little knew I
That she was running like the stream away."



Kropotkin's Russian Literature

PETER KROPOTKIN is no less distinguished by the variety of his talents than by the vicissitudes of his life. He was the first geographer to explore, in disguise as a merchant, the route through the mountains from Siberia to China, afterward followed by Russian expansion. He wrote for *The Nineteenth Century* the best summaries ever published of scientific progress in all fields. He joined with the late Elisee Reclus in the publication of an Anarchist journal, and in "Fields, Factories and Workshops" and "Mutual Aid" has given his ideal of a co-operative commonwealth where there shall be no king, capitalist or soldiers to tyrannize over the people. And the kindly personality of the Prince-Anarchist is naively and interestingly portrayed in "The Memoirs of a Revolutionist."

Now he has entered a new field, that of literary historian and critic, and has given us a much needed compendium of Russian literature.* It is not necessary to say here much about his style and method of treatment, for part of the book was originally published in THE INDEPENDENT. Since he has covered the whole history of Russian literature from the earliest time to the present, and included all writers of any claim to distinction, the book is so overloaded with titles, and names, many of them unknown to the ordinary reader and those

he does know made unfamiliar by a new system of transliteration, that it will be more used for reference than for continuous reading. For this purpose it is very valuable, for there is nothing else so comprehensive and competent on the subject in English and there is no literature of which we have more need of information than the Russian.

In no other country now is literature cultivated with so serious and earnest a purpose. This is partly owing to the censor, who drives into the field of *belles-lettres* many brilliant men, who in freer countries would devote themselves to political, religious or social reform. Consequently literature in Russia is not an amusement, the plaything of the leisure class and the trade-mark of culture, but the expression of national aspirations which are forbidden other outlets. As Prince Kropotkin puts it:

"It is thus seen that for the last eighty years Russian art-critics have worked to establish the idea that art has a *raison d'être* only when it is 'in the service of society' and contributes toward raising society to higher humanitarian conceptions—by those means which are proper to art and distinguish it from science. This idea which so much shocked Western readers when Proudhon developed it has been advocated in Russia by all those who have exercised a real influence upon critical judgment in art matters. . . . These few remarks will explain why Tolstoy's 'What Is Art?' produced much less impression in Russia than abroad. What struck us was not its leading idea, which was quite familiar to us, but the fact that the great artist also made it his own, and was supporting it by all the weight of his artistic experience."

Since much of Russian literature is due to humanitarian and revolutionary motives, Prince Kropotkin is a sympathetic interpreter of it, but there are parts of the volume where the writing strikes one as purely perfunctory. He does not, for example, show that delight in keen critical analysis which is manifest in Merejkowski's study of Tolstoy and Dostoyevski. But he has done us an especial service by making accessible information concerning the younger Russian writers whom we want to know something about, now that their stories are being translated into English and their plays are being produced in this country.

* RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By P. Kropotkin. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$2.00.

American Thumb-Prints. Mettle of Our Men and Women. By Kate Stephens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50

This is not a scientific book by some follower of Galton, but a volume of essays written in so personal and characteristic a style as to make the title quite appropriate. The subjects are various—Franklin, misogyny and gastronomy, for examples—all giving evidences of wide reading and close observation, hardly appreciated by the reader, because they are carried so lightly on her gracefully flowing sentences. But best of all are two sketches of the early days of Kansas and of its State University, in which Miss Stephen for six years taught Greek, by her watchfulness keeping the lamp of classical education burning steadily, altho the boisterous winds that blow over the top of Mount Oread often threatened to extinguish it. Now there are more buildings on the campus and the flame she once tended as a vestal is better sheltered. What sort of boys and girls they were who sought this "University of Hesperus," as she prefers to call it; what they went there to get and what was given to them have never before been told so sympathetically.

Casual Essays of The Sun. Editorial articles on many subjects. New York: Robert Grier Cooke. \$1.50.

The peculiarities of American editorial writing reach their climax in the *New York Sun*, and it is a good thing to have in book form specimens of this special type of literature. In this way they can be utilized by the college professors of rhetoric as awful warnings and will be largely quoted by the philologists of the future as illustrations of the first appearance in print of certain words and phrases. Besides which they are enjoyable reading—that is, until the reader strikes one that ridicules his own hobby, faith or foible, when he is apt to injure the binding of the book. They treat all subjects, important or trivial, in the same way, briefly, flippantly, wittily. It is always, if we may use a like freedom of phrase, the style of the "Smart Alec." There is no evidence that the writer is restrained by any limitations of conscience, consistency or charity from put-

ting down anything interesting or amusing that comes into his head.

Parisians Out of Doors. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.

The Bois de Boulogne, Trouville, St. Cloud, Barbizon, Nice, Monte Carlo, these and the rest of the resorts of Parisians are as familiar to the stay-at-home, if he cares to read about them, as any places can be made by pen and pencil. Nevertheless Mr. F. Berkeley Smith writes of them as freshly and interestingly as tho he was the first to discover them. As he strolls through gambling halls and by woods and sea he makes many conversational acquaintances, and by his sketches introduces them to the reader in the same pleasant way as he did in "The Real Latin Quarter."

Les Classiques Francais. Chateaubriand: *Atala*, René et le dernier Abencérage, préface du Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé. Balzac, *Contes Choisis*, préface de Paul Bourget. Bernardine de Saint-Pierre: *Paul et Virginie*, préface de Melchior de Vogüé. Prosper Mérimée; *Colomba*, préface de M. Augustin Filon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 each.

In this series are to be published a number of French classics, with introductions by distinguished academicians. Being intended for readers and not for the school room, they are altogether in French, with no notes except bibliographical. They are very prettily bound in limp lambskin and are very convenient in form and size. It is, in our opinion, a mistake to follow the French custom of printing such readable prefaces in italics, which few people can read with comfort for a great length of time. But no one could ask for a daintier edition of a favorite book for self or friend.

Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton. Recorded by Isabel Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

These "talks" amount in reality to nothing more or less than the memoirs of the late Laurence Hutton. Feeling unequal to the work of writing out his recollections for himself, he consented to the suggestion of his publisher that they should be taken down from his lips and

put into shape by Miss Moore, who appears in a manner as their editor, tho they have all been passed under his own hand and may be looked upon, therefore, as doubly authentic. They are chatty, rambling, anecdotal, very personal, social rather than literary, concerned solely with the author, his friends, acquaintances and possessions, and are likely, no doubt, to be found entertaining by those who care for the more gossip, intimate sort of confidences about public characters.



The New Testament in the Light of the Higher Criticism. By Ramsden Balmforth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

There is need not only of careful introductions to the books of the Bible and manuals of Biblical history and religion, but also of popular and non-technical essays, setting forth the results of critical study in readable form, with discussion of the bearing of the newer views upon religious faith and life. Mr. Balmforth aims to supply this need, and in sixteen brief chapters he presents the principal conclusions of higher critics on debated questions of the New Testament. His positions are somewhat radical and he follows frequently the authors of the *Encyclopedia Biblica*. He is outspoken as to the legendary character of the stories of the birth of Jesus and the accounts of the bodily resurrection. But his views as to the untrustworthiness of the fourth Gospel as a historical record, and the need of criticism in the use of the synoptics and his recognition of unhistorical ecclesiastical elements in the early portions of the Acts and the later epistles, are matters in which an increasing number of scholars are coming to agree. Mr. Balmforth's discussions are bold, almost blunt, but they are reverent and well considered, and they will do good service in promoting familiarity with the achievements of Biblical scholarship in its most important field.



The Accomplice. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Harper and Brothers \$1.50.

We do not often review detective novels. There are too many of them and

they are so much alike. But this one is worth mentioning because of the unusual way the mystery is unraveled, and those who enjoy being kept guessing as to who is the guilty man or woman will find here a good opportunity for the exercise of their powers.



Pebbles

If a husband doesn't like to have his wife save the old love letters he wrote her, let him write her new ones.—*Atchison Globe*.

....This is a delicate way of putting it, isn't it? "My dear," he said to his wife at table, "I begin to think there are a few misprints in your cookery book."—*Dublin Mail*.

...."Now, boys," said a Sunday school teacher, addressing the juvenile class, "can either of you tell me anything about Good Friday?" "Yes, ma'am, I can," replied the boy at the foot of the class. "He was the fellow that done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."—*Chicago Journal*.

...."Yes," said the conceited bore, "she was quite frigid when I called, but she became more pleasant the longer I stayed." "I understand," replied Miss Peppery; "the longer you stayed the nearer approached the time of your departure."—*Philadelphia Press*.

....They had started for a stroll. "There is our minister," he said. "I'm going to ask him to join us." "To join us? Oh, George, this is so sudden! But hadn't you better speak to papa before engaging the minister, dear?"—*Spare Moments*.

....HIS REASON.—*Smithkins*: "There's old Biffkins. I don't care to meet him. Let's turn this way. Last summer I requested a loan of twenty dollars." *Tiffkins*: "Well, he ought to have obliged you; he's rich enough." *Smithkins*: "The trouble is, he did!"—*Smart Set*.

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

The Oyster is a stupid thing;
He cannot dance, he cannot sing,
He cannot even read or write—
Indeed, he isn't very bright.

When in September school begins
(A school of fish, I mean),
The fishes come with shining fins
And sit in rows with happy grins,
But Oyster isn't seen.

He just lies lazy in his bed,
Altho 'tis day;
And so to oystermen o'erhead
He falls a prey.

—*St. Nicholas*.

Editorials

The Riot in Tokyo

WE have had worse riots in half a dozen cities in the United States than was the riot in Tokyo last week; vastly worse ones in a dozen cities in Russia within the year. A chief difference between them is that while Russia and the United States have seen mobs rise against being drafted for war, these rioters were angry because they could fight no longer.

The authorities had no difficulty in quelling the riot, but it has left a bad taste and some anxiety. It is not strange that the people were much displeased that indemnity had to be yielded. Why a half of Sakhalin should have been given up to Russia even we cannot understand. Nevertheless it was necessary to forego indemnity, and there may have been reasons, after the offer to yield north Sakhalin for money, why it should be given up for nothing. But the reasons for the failure of the Japanese envoys in securing their extreme demands cannot be made publicly known, and the mob in Tokyo only knew the failure. They did not consider the immense gains that were made and were allowed by the Russians—Port Arthur, Korea, the better half of Sakhalin, the recession of all Manchuria to China, the removal of Russian power from the Pacific. All these are glory and fruit enough of the Portsmouth Treaty.

But what now concerns us in this country is the indication of a popular feeling in Japan against the United States. If the Japanese believe that the continuance of the war would have given them great further advantage, and that President Roosevelt's intervention stopped them in a career of quick conquest they may naturally be angry with Mr. Roosevelt for his interference. Indeed, his opponents of the American press were all ready to attack him for "butting in" where he was not wanted, and only his unexpected success has turned that criticism into praise. Of course, any Japanese feeling against the

President's action is turned against the country.

But the Japanese have too much good sense to fail to know what is the kindly sentiment of America toward Japan and what is the real service done to her by this peace to allow anything more than a temporary ill will on the part of the more inconsiderate people. We hear of a number of Christian churches injured in the riot, but so far as we can judge this was not specially directed against Americans, and hardly against Christianity. If the Christians wished shops closed on Sunday, or refused to contribute to Buddhist temple funds, this may be a sufficient explanation, and the feeling will pass away. Christians have been too active in this war, as high officers in the army and navy, and have shown too much sympathy with Japanese patriotism, to allow the feeling to be at all serious. We expect, rather, a more rapid growth of Christianity in Japan.

There will be a little class of bitter critics of Christianity here at home who will try to show that Christianity has no superiority over Buddhism, as shown both by the victory of Japan in war against a Christian Power and by the magnanimity of her treaty of peace. We have never heard of it before, but there has sprung up a "Hindustani Progressive Association of New York City," which has advertised itself by sending a glowing tribute to Baron Komura, telling him that "through His Majesty's goodness of heart Buddhism triumphs over Christianity, and through His Majesty's wisdom the Orient has become secure in the future from the perennial wanton excursions of the freebooters of the West." But they do not represent India or Japan. There is far more danger to both American business and missionary interests in China than in Japan, and that wholly the fault of our own legislation.

The wise Elder Statesmen of Japan have acted prudently and in perfect harmony in the conclusion of the peace, and the second thought of the people will approve their act. There is a national ebulli-

tion of disappointment, but it will pass and Japan will enter on a fresh era of industrial development which will draw her redundant population to Korea, Manchuria and Sakhalin, as well as to Formosa. An immensely strong empire will that be, having a mighty influence in China, and able to enforce peace in the East against "the freebooters of the West."



"The Bargain"

RECENTLY we published a minister's wife's confession of her husband's faults. In this issue another one tells on the deacon and elders in her husband's church. Now if some one will give a Parsonage Aid Society's view of preachers' wives in general we shall have another chapter dealing with the frailties that are peculiar to the good. But we shall find it increasingly difficult to count the beads of their virtues, which is more encouraging to the struggling souls of sinful saints. And so, if anybody knows anything good about the good, let them tell it. Apparently we shall not hear of it from ministers' wives, who are supposed to be intimately associated with that class of people.

In a former editorial we held that the preacher is mere man as much as any other, that he is probably tempted oftener and more subtly, and that for these reasons he is better than the average man when he maintains the average standards in morals. As for the deacons, elders or stewards who compose "church boards," we all know that they are a varied type, often more difficult to manage than the sinners who sustain purely complimentary relations to the pastor. And the things they do for the welfare of the church are often as harrowing as those recorded by the preacher's wife in this issue. But we must not forget how many of them kindly, cheerfully endure old, inefficient or lazy pastors rather than hint for a resignation.

And granting the justice of her complaint, we should bear in mind how regnant human nature is. It may wear a hymn-book smile in the church pew, but really it is the same dear old incorrigible thing there that it is elsewhere. Men are not deliberately mean in the church; they simply have not learned how to do good

with the same facility that they act naturally. Church boards are usually composed of the oldest, richest, most influential men in the membership. And when one of them has dealt unscrupulously in stocks and bonds, or sold goods with a mercantile eye upon his fellow man all day, if he attends a vestry meeting in the evening he is apt by an association of ideas to swap off a feeble pastor for a healthy one. His business instincts have commercialized his ethics.

Now the convalescent pastor does not need more piety in his dealing with such a man, but he should act according to his secular understanding of a nature that will remain commercial in the church, in the world and even in the city of Heaven if he can get a contract there for paving its streets or building its temples. He is not as a rule intelligent in the management of this kind of church pillar. He does not give him a "square deal" in a Gospel suited to the exigencies of particular needs. The old financiering deacon cannot put it into words. His vocabulary is not fitted to these superfine values in spiritual commodities, but he feels vaguely that he is not getting his dues, and eventually he votes for a preacher who hits his nail on the head a trifle harder. This happens oftener than those preachers are willing to admit who walk too softly before their vestrymen. The vestrymen are honest after all in their shrewd worldly way, and they do not like being cheated out of their pastoral chastenings. More men stay away from church because ministers lack a definite courage in delivering their message than stay away because they have taken offense at it. And more preachers resign on this account than for the sake of their health.

Now a word about the preacher's wife. Does she enter a different vocation from that of other men's wives, and is she really "thrown into the bargain," not counted or paid for? She may have brought this state of affairs upon herself, but as a matter of fact the situation does not demand such sacrifices of her as have been described in the article above referred to. Unless she admits that her husband is less efficient, she is no more his deaconess than the lawyer's wife is his clerk or the doctor's wife a sick

nurse. There is such a thing as being too good a pastor's wife, and this one seems to belong to that class. She apparently crippled the church at every point where she could do some one else's work. Nothing can be more enervating to the life of any organization than to have some one in it assume too many functions upon which its vitality depends. It is as often wrong as right to assume other people's duties when they are neglected, because this trains them in neglect.

But the gravest fault of this admirable, misguided woman is suggested by the following quotation: "John," she writes, "entered the ministry solely for altruistic motives. . . . I entered the profession of a minister's wife simply for the love of a man." This is where blasphemy begins for many a woman in a similar position. Having no spiritual mind for a vocation that is distinctly spiritual, she goes as far in the ministry as custom allows, "for the love of a man." People are very keen. They know who is "called" and who works simply for the glory and profit of her own. She cheats them to this extent, professing an interest in their souls which she has chiefly in the success of her husband, and they cheat her by getting her to "play the organ five months" without paying for her services. The writer knows a minister's wife who responds with every evidence of contrition to the first invitation to penitents during a revival in her husband's church. "It encourages the young people to come up when they see me go and keeps the service from falling flat," she once explained, having no conception of the shocking deceit of her conduct.

To love one's husband is a becoming virtue in any woman, but it is an immoral motive for leading in prayer or presiding over all the orphaned female "boards" and societies in his church. And the proof of this is to be seen in the fact illustrated by this particular preacher's wife. Her real relation to the church in the incidents she describes adds to her contempt and indignation, but not to her Christian character. Preachers and "church boards" are far enough from perfection, as it is; let their wives be all

the more discreet about rushing in where angels fear to tread.

Meanwhile let the minister's wife and all the others remember that this is a difficult world to live in any way we take it. And when every one who has been trampled upon or sacrificed rebels, we shall be further than ever from the Kingdom of Heaven.



The Lioness and the Hare

ONCE upon a time, but many years ago, a hare boasted of her large family to a lioness. The lioness admitted her quantitative deficiency, but added that her one offspring was a lion. It was a conclusive retort—at the time. The lioness had no need to be disquieted by the success of her rival in maternity; indeed, she could rejoice in it, for there was no danger that the hares, however numerous, would crowd out the lions; on the contrary, if there were more hares there would be more lions and better fed.

Now, however, conditions have so changed that the reply of the lioness is no longer satisfactory. We have put a stop to killing as a factor in the struggle for existence. The lion has his claws trimmed and his jaws muzzled by law. The battle is not to the strong, but the race is to the swift—breeder. The lion and the hare are compelled to live peaceably together and are placed on an equality. Questions are decided by counting noses, not by weighing brains. There is no reason to think that the propaganda of Neo-Malthusianism will ever influence the hares, nor that legislative bonus or Presidential advice will increase the size of leonine families. Consequently lions are becoming extinct and hares are multiplying all over the earth. In its modern form, therefore, this fable teaches that the hares are bound to beat the lions in the long run, no matter how much bigger the latter may be or how much louder they can roar.

And having extracted this lesson from the fable we drop it right here. A fable is a single-barreled weapon and if you attempt to get more than one shot out of it it is likely to explode, to the injury of the user. So we notify the reader that we are not going to discuss whether the

savage and predatory lion is a nobler beast than the meek and vegetarian hare and better fitted to populate the world; still less are we going to identify with the lion and the hare any particular classes or races.

We only use it to call attention to the fact that Bulletin No. 22 of the Bureau of the Census, dealing with the birth rate of the United States, is more important than all the public documents that discuss the tariff and the currency. For the future of a country depends chiefly upon the character of its population and this upon who were their ancestors. Political forms, educational methods, and social institutions are questions of minor importance compared with the fundamental and determining one of heredity, for good laws will not restrain a lawless people, education will not make the stupid wise, and the more refined and complicated the social machinery the greater the danger from incompetent engineers.

Birth rate statistics are notoriously inaccurate on account of imperfect registration. In New York City, for example, not more than three-fourths of the births are recorded in compliance with the law. But the proportion of children under five years of age to the total population—or, better, to the number of women from 15 to 49 years of age—gives an index of the birth rate much more reliable than that from registration. These data are obtainable from the Federal censuses and it appears that at the beginning of the century children constituted one-third the total population and now are less than a fourth of it. The proportion of children to women of child-bearing age was in 1900 only three-fourths of what it was in 1860. If we could exclude immigrants from consideration the decline in the proportion of children would be much more marked, for there are 462 children for every 1,000 native women and 710 children to every 1,000 foreign-born women. Whether General Walker was correct or not in saying that our population is no greater now than it would have been if there had been no immigration, it appears from the tables that the direct accompaniment of increase of immigration into a State is to reduce the native birth rate. The fecundity of foreigners has had the

very curious effect of raising the birth rate in our large cities to a number almost equal to that of the surrounding country districts. In New York only one-sixth of the births registered are of American parentage. We have always stood for the "open door" policy for our own country; we believe in "a fair field and no favor," but we regret that the older American stock, which, as we have been led to believe by orations on Fourth of July and Forefathers' Day, had some peculiar excellences, is not holding its own in the country where it had the first start.

Of much more importance is the fact that the birth rate decreases with prosperity and intellectuality. Among the older States those which are the richest and have the most schools, colleges and libraries, and have produced the largest number of men of ability and national usefulness in politics, literature, invention, science and business, have the smallest proportion of children, while those States which are the poorest in all these things are richest in children. Statistics from England prove that there the professional and intellectual classes and abler and more capable working and artisan classes have much smaller families than the same classes 50 years ago, and that as you go down in the social grade the reduction in the size of the families is less marked. Harvard University would be a very small institution if it depended for its students on the children of its graduates. This is not due to natural sterility, nor largely to fewer and later marriages, but to intentional limitation of the size of families, and there is no use trying to disguise or ignore the fact. The stupid and reckless are leaving more children to form the population of the future than the wise and prudent. And since this is voluntary, and not inevitable, or accidental, it is, as Professor Ross called it, a true "race suicide."

In spite of all the inequalities and injustices of our social system it is true in general that the educated classes are the intellectual classes, and that if the population were bisected at the line of the average income the wealthier half would be the superior in natural ability. Now since these classes are becoming relatively fewer in geometrical progression, evolu-

tion is working backward in the civilized world. To this cause Prof. Karl Pearson attributes the physical deterioration and dearth of intellectual ability in England.

His statistics, which, however inadequate, are the best we have, show

"that pairs of exceptional parents produce exceptional sons at a rate more than ten times as great as pairs of non-exceptional parents. At the same time, 18 times as many exceptional sons are born to non-exceptional as to exceptional parents, for the latter form only about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the community."

It is this exceptional stock which is, under modern conditions, most apt to become extinct through abnormal modes of living, particularly those of the city. As Professor Ross puts it:

"The great glittering cities attract the brightest youths from the farms and tempt them to strain for the prizes of success. But what with shortened lives, bachelorhood, late or childless marriages, and small families, the cities constitute so many blast furnaces where the talented rise and become incandescent, to be sure, but for all that are incinerated without due replacement. Thus may run down a race keyed up by the migrations of more than two centuries."



A Bishop on a Presbyterian Liturgy

IN *The Churchman* Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, gives his comments on the proposed Presbyterian Book of Common Worship. On the whole he likes it much as an approach to the proper worship by liturgy, but finds some points seriously to criticise. It is of interest to consider what they are.

One criticism is that prayers should have been credited to the Anglican Prayer Book which Dr. Van Dyke has credited to the older sources. In this, it appears to us, the criticism is not well taken. In devotional literature, as in biological nomenclature, we must go back to the earliest authority.

A more serious fault is found in the order for the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Bishop does not like it that it is not mandatory for the minister to lay his hand on the plate and the cup. Why it should be mandatory in a free country we confess we do not see. Of course, he does not

like it that the elements are distributed by the elders, instead of being administered by the minister; but "it is a considerable satisfaction to find, on p. 79, a prayer in which the faithful departed are distinctly remembered."

The order for the baptism of infants the Bishop of Delaware finds imperfect, for "there is no sanctifying of the water and no signing of the cross." That provision should be made for the baptism of adults without their being received to the Lord's Supper strikes him as "surely a blemish."

He is pleased to find an order for "confirmation and reception to the Lord's Supper," and that the words to be said by the minister are "exactly what our bishops use at the time of confirmation"; but he regrets that it is only an "unfortunate permissiveness" that the minister should put his hand on the head of the kneeling postulant.

The rubrics for marriage and funerals meet the Bishop's general approval, especially the fact that in the former "the word *obey* finds its proper place." And in the funeral service he is glad that "the faithful departed are again remembered." The order for the ordination of ministers is also found as good as could be expected, altho "of course it lacks some of the essential ideas which are incorporated in our own."

But the main satisfaction which Bishop Coleman finds in this new Presbyterian Prayer Book is in the fact that it approaches the Episcopal order of worship. The committee which compiled it he thinks "were prepared themselves to go further than they recommended, but were restrained by the fear of jeopardizing their work as a whole," and "for the same reason, perchance," refrained from "mentioning our Prayer Book in instances of quotation therefrom," preferring to give the original sources.

From his own point of view the Bishop is quite justified in his criticisms and in his approval of liturgical development in the Church in which Saint Jennie Geddes is remembered with a certain honor. Yet we are far from convinced that it is the general desire of the Presbyterian Church that there should grow up any such uniformity of liturgical

worship as the committee desired. There are great advantages in written prayers and as great disadvantages. We recall that once Professor Park preached a sermon before the Congregational State Association of Massachusetts which was so tremendously vigorous an attack on liturgical worship that it offended not only Episcopalians, but also some of his own denomination, one of whom called him to task for it. "But," said Professor Park, "I read the sermon to you before I preached it, and you did not object." "True," replied his friend; "but when you preached it you put the devil into it!"



A Good Man for a Town

In a number of Western towns public-spirited individuals will during the early autumn award prizes for excellence in things that make for municipal improvement. In two cities these rewards will be given to those families whose lawns have been selected by judges as the most attractive in the community. The published list of prizes restricted the contestants to those owning homes of moderate value—approximating \$3,000. There were further requirements regarding the hiring of workers, but generally the means were not considered; results only were asked. It cost the donor in one instance \$100; in the other \$200. Then there are awards elsewhere to the boys and girls who maintain the handsomest flower beds and who possess the best tended garden patch.

The effect of such efforts to secure interest in the beautifying of homes is visible in many ways. In one town over one hundred lawns were judged by a committee consisting of the editor of the daily paper, a minister and a florist, and so excellent were the greater portion that a long list of honorary mentions was necessary. "Even where no attempt was made to compete for a prize," says one of the committee members, "a distinct influence was visible, the example of neighbors' lawns being unconsciously felt in arrangement and care of flowers and shrubbery. The value of the prizes was gained many times over by the people of the city and the effect will by no

means pass away with the end of the season."

One of the favorite phrases of growing cities adjures all to "make this a good town to live in." A capital method of doing it is to acquire good men for the town—such as those who, in the instances mentioned, encouraged the fairer side of municipal life. Those who will unselfishly do this serve their fellows in distinct measure and deserve much encouragement. It is one thing to devote money to the improvement of one's own lawn frontage or to one's own block; it is quite another to give it to the day laborer over in the flats because he succeeded in raising a pretty bed of pansies. Yet the effect on the community is greater in the latter case than in the former, as it is likewise greater on the donor. It is not only one bed of pansies that is secured; all over the town are beds of posies to delight the passer-by and to uplift the possessor.

The "good man for a town" is not necessarily the one who gives a massive library building or founds a new college; such donations sometimes become burdens in no slight degree. He who does what he can to foster a spirit of municipal pride, who inaugurates a healthy rivalry in making the city or village attractive or who adds to the good feeling citizens naturally have for their home town accomplishes much—oftentimes more than the giver of greater gifts. It requires fortunes to establish libraries and found schools or colleges; it requires only modest donations to start a movement in favor of a better place in which to reside.

In the building of the new towns in the West only here and there has there been made provision for the esthetic side of the community's development. Parks are omitted, because towns lots may be sold where the park should be; boulevards are not planned, because they would take up too much precious ground; lawns are neglected, because everybody is too busy making money to give attention to such things. The commercial side of the town is developed at the expense of the esthetic and the place acquires a reputation as a "rustler" rather than as a fine town in which to bring up a family. Thousands of such

communities, large and small, are awaiting the inspiration of the right man or the right woman to awaken the other side of the people's aspirations and desires.

It requires no vast wealth—a gift of \$100 set all the young folks of a town of 8,000 people planting out flowers. It does, however, mean a hearty good will and a disposition to sacrifice time and effort for the advantage of one's fellows. This is not always an easy task. It absorbs a good deal of the energy that may be used to advantage in one's own business. There are meetings to attend, committees to form, duties to assume, and criticism to withstand, for some will see self-interest in it all, however much this feature may be eliminated.

But in the end it pays. One little Western town had a few years ago a lawyer who loved literature. The place had been a cattlemen's headquarters; it was a "bad" town in its early days; it had scarcely heard of Shelley or Lanier; the book store dealt principally in paper bound novels of the lighter sort. He organized a group of students, taking in the ministers, the principal teachers, the editors and such others as were promising material. He opened his own home, he purchased books and pictures, he laid out a course of discussions and readings and mingled enough social life with it to keep up the interest. The influence of that group changed the outlook of the town; it brought an era of good literature, the best literature; it resulted in a public library and the sale of real books at the corner book store. The lawyer was a good man for the town and all mourned when he went away.

Probably better opportunity exists in the new, growing communities of the West for helpful personal effort than in older settled portions of the nation, but nowhere is there lacking a field for this sort of influence.



The Telephone Problem

THE older telephone company failed to grasp the entire problem. They undertook to serve commercial interests alone, overlooking the application of the telephone to agriculture and home life. This is not to be wondered at, for there was their

chief profit, and so the smaller profits of the country districts were neglected. But early in the nineties the fundamental patents expired and independent companies multiplied. These were largely expressive of the fact that the smaller towns and rural districts demanded the telephone quite as much as the greater centers of population. Competition spread all over the land, but it also reached out into the country, where the Bell company had neglected to plant itself. Prices not only fell, but, as material grew cheaper through competitive production, service became greatly improved. The present apparatus and service bear no sort of comparison with that which was afforded at a much higher cost in 1890.

The first impulse in rural districts was to establish routes of a co-operative sort. Farmers hitched wires to trees and to hop poles, but the service was poor and very irregular. It needed an expert to oversee the instruments and keep the lines in order. Long distance service was soon demanded, and for this reason coalescence was quite as requisite as better supervision. The question very soon became that of local companies or of municipal plants. The trouble with municipal plants has been to secure skilled electricians and operators. That such plants will come into vogue is highly probable and desirable, but for the present independent local companies are most economic and efficient.

The only cities in the United States now retained by the monopoly are New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati and San Francisco, while the whole stretch of rural districts is practically out of their hands. New York City has been especially handicapped by exorbitant rates. The smaller cities of the State are far better served and at prices incomparably more reasonable. Philadelphia has independent business service at \$80 and home service at \$48. Buffalo pays for single calls 5 cents, New York 15 for the same service. Cleveland gets unlimited service for \$72 per annum; Indianapolis gets unlimited and excellent service for \$40 each 'phone, and St. Louis pays \$72. All the other larger cities of the United States are paying in the same ratio, with the

exception of those we have named. Of course, New York City is seriously handicapped in its business and social concerns by this state of affairs. Relief must be secured from some direction—whether by municipal action or by competition remains to be seen.

To some extent the telegraph may be considered as separated from common everyday life, but telephone service is a necessity of existence. We cannot get on without it any more than we get on without water and light. The possible popular use of the telephone is unlimited. In Minneapolis and St. Paul before competition—that is, before 1898—service was rendered to 5,000 people at \$120 a year; now at less than half that price, under a system of competition, over 25,000 people are served. The same story is told everywhere. In Los Angeles the home telephone company has 18,000 'phones, or one for every 8 men, women and children. The telephone mileage in Iowa increased last year $3\frac{1}{2}$ times over the previous year. When the Bell patents ran out there were 300,000 telephones in the United States; to-day there are over 3,000,000. The story from the country is even more startling. Rural service is covering the whole land and keeping pace with free mail delivery. Indiana reports that 25,000 of its independent 'phones are in the houses of farmers—an interesting fact when we remember that before competition not a farmer in that State had a telephone in his house. The educative force of the change is fully equal to its economic advantages.

Witte
Jokes

"What do you do with your political prisoners?" asked Mr. Witte of the keeper of the Tombs in this city. "We have none," was the reply. "We have in Russia," replied Witte, with not a change of expression. It was his little joke, for he knew well enough, as he had previously asked a similar question of the Commissioner of Police, and had got the same answer, and he must have known long ago that they do not have political prisoners in England or America, imprisoned for their uttered opinions. That is a specialty of

criminology prevalent in Russia, and the adoption of freer speech there would do more than anything else to create stable political conditions, and we imagine that Mr. Witte thinks so, too. So it was one of his little jokes that he asked last Sunday at Mount Vernon if in this country special rank was given to the family of George Washington. He knew well enough, but it was only his way of recalling to himself that in Russia princes indistinguishable and barons innumerable hold social precedence over himself, a mere plebeian, altho he is first statesman of the Empire, by merit of pure ability. He knows that the aristocratic system is bad, but he can only make a bit of veiled pleasantry over it.

Against
Arbitration

While there is so much talk about a sympathetic fellowship politically with Great Britain, there are the same old antagonistic forces constantly breaking forth. One of these is seen in the organization of branches of the Anti-Anglo Alliance League, chiefly under the direction of men of Irish birth or near ancestry. They declare that the appointment of Robert Bacon as Assistant Secretary of State foreshadows the ratification of an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, like that which was defeated several years ago, referred back to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate last year and will come up again the coming winter. A call that has been issued asks attention to "the spirit of the Declaration of Independence [possibly meaning Washington's Farewell Address] setting forth the dangers of entangling alliances," and they warn against "all foreign complications leading up to an invasion of this doctrine." They are organized to combat this treaty, which they declare to be against the Constitution as well as against the Declaration of Independence. While our citizens of Irish birth or origin are organizing to prevent the passage of a treaty of arbitration with Great Britain the rest of the world moves forward in the direction of peace. Brazil has signed a general treaty of arbitration with both of her powerful neighbors, Chile and Argentina. Only the United States fears to join in mak-

ing The Hague what she proposed it should become, the arbiter of the world.

American Citizenship in Turkey

A very serious matter is opened by the trial and condemnation in a Turkish court in Constantinople of an Armenian who is a naturalized American citizen. The civilized world does not recognize Turkish courts as competent to try their citizens guilty of an offense. They must be tried by a consular court of the country to which they belong. An American citizen, one Vartanian, was condemned and sentenced to death for murder, by the Turkish tribunal. The Turkish Government claimed that under its law he was still a Turkish subject, as he had emigrated without permission. Thus both countries claimed him as citizen, the American by his own will and the Turkish against his will. This, we say, is a serious clash. So far as we can see our claim is the more just. If a country makes it difficult to renounce citizenship, and a man escapes to another country, he has the right to protection, even if he returns to his native land. This Vartanian may be a murderer for all we know, but he has the full rights of a citizen to American trial. A serious matter of doubt has sometimes been involved, which needs adjustment by treaty, whether a man who seeks American citizenship and then returns to live in Turkey does not after a time forfeit his American rights, but this is not such a case; and, for aught that is now reported, it would seem to be the duty of our Department of State to protect this man by as vigorous measures as were taken in the case of Koszta against the Austrian Government in 1852.

Changes in Rome

A liberal spirit seemed to have entered the Vatican with Leo XIII. The scholarly and advanced clergy of the Church began to rejoice in its effulgence. Specially is this true of the liberal-minded American prelates and clergymen. A congenial spirit our countrymen fancied they had met in the Rev. Father David, O. S. P., whose

family name, Fleming, bespeaks his Irish birth. Living in Rome, he was ever at hand, always busy, and his aid was freely sought and given. When, however, Leo XIII slipped into the hands of the Jesuits, and Americanism was condemned, then, like the sheep after the shepherd, Father David followed. Thereafter he was as great a reactionary as Rome knew. Soon he got his reward—membership on the Biblical Commission and, if our memory be correct, also the office of secretary. Moreover, after the death of the General of the Franciscans, some years ago, he was *locum tenens* and a strong candidate for that dignity. He failed to win it, as also the Red Hat, which seemed at one time within sight. But now Pius X finds the Franciscan *too liberal*, gives him his *congè*, and sends him home to his native land. Whether on the banks of the Liffey, the Barrow, or the Lee, Father David, like many of his countrymen at home and in America, will have time and chance enough to ruminate on the ebb and flow of Roman politics. If David is too liberal, what must be said of our clerical Solomons? Meanwhile we are concerned over the Biblical Commission.

Race Migration

The two main causes which produce race migration are lack of food and oppression. A growing population finds that the land will not support them, and they must move elsewhere. Professor Panspelly shows in his report to the Carnegie Institution on his expedition to Turkestan how the gradual desiccation of the country during thousands of years has caused wave after wave of population to flow over the more fertile regions to the south and west. So the youth of central Europe and of Italy are now seeking homes where labor will better support life. But it is oppression that is driving the Jews out of Russia. We are not apt to think of this cause affecting the movements of people in this country, but the matter is brought to us by the report on conditions and duties presented to the important Afro-American Council, which lately met in this city. It was the most representative body of the race ever held in this country, and it adopted a series of recommendations,

among which were the investigation of lynchings, the legal testing of laws meant to suppress suffrage, the securing of equal civil rights by a Constitutional amendment, the insistence on prison reform, and the encouragement of both individual and higher education. But we are interested in the further advice that there be "a healthy migration from terror-ridden sections of our land to States where law is respected and maintained." To be sure, the fuller argument appended to this recommendation seems to take away its force, inasmuch as it was recognized that, apart from the larger freedom of the North and West, the South affords vastly more favorable economic conditions for the negro, so that his future is more hopeful there if the racial prejudices and unjust legislation can be relieved. And this they expect. It is very pleasant to observe the optimistic expectation of a change in public opinion at this time, when many are inclined to think that everything is going wrong. And now is no time for division in the ranks of the negroes themselves. Their best leaders, such as Bishop Walters, president of this hyphenated Council; T. Thomas Fortune, who wrote this report; Dr. Washington, and Professor Du Bois, all believe in higher as well as industrial education, and all believe in claiming their political rights, and they ought not to break into separate camps.



The origin of the yellow fever in Pensacola, Fla., was undoubtedly from a man by the name of Judge Ham, who died August 6th. While some of the physicians admitted privately that the case might be yellow fever it was announced that he died of hydrophobia, altho he had not been bitten by a dog or other animal later than eight years ago. Just at the proper time the other cases developed and in the immediate center, or focus, where Judge Ham was sick and died. But Pensacola has been more interested during the past four weeks in devising city laws to prevent the colored people from riding on certain seats in the street cars than they have been in cleaning up the city or even looking after yel-

low fever cases. Montgomery, Ala., had one case of yellow fever and acknowledged the fact, isolated the case and the fever did not spread.



This is an apt description of the oligarchy which controls the party machines in cities and States, as given by a well-informed observer:

"First, saloon keepers, gamblers and others who engage in business that degrades; second, contractors, capitalists, bankers and others who can make money by getting franchises and other property of the community cheaper by bribery than by paying the community; third, politicians who are willing to seek and accept office with the aid and indorsement of the classes already mentioned."

Of the three the second class, the respectable corrupters of the people, are the worst. The thugs of the first class are their ignorant agents; the third class are their political go-betweens.



A case of noble self-sacrifice is told in the papers of last week. The "Savonna" was wrecked in a storm on Lake Superior. The lifeboats, strange to say, would not hold all the crew—there were no passengers—and Captain McDonald, of North East, Pa.; the first mate, the second mate and the wheelsman remained on board to certain death, and sent off the crew, whom the captain felt it to be his duty first to save. That is the ethics of the captain's office. He is the last to be saved in case of wreck.



We have nothing to boast of in the way we have treated our native Indian tribes, and the white race in South Africa, English and Dutch, treat their native tribes no better. At Cape Town a native is not allowed to step on the sidewalk. We see that in the Transvaal what is called the "Progressive" Associations have urged the Government—and they are likely to succeed—to refuse to allow any native to purchase land in the country which a few years ago was all their own.

Insurance

Queer Mutuality

It is generally understood that the cardinal principles of mutual co-operation in a corporate capacity consist of: Representative self-government by the members; equitable distribution of all the burdens; and equitable distribution of all the benefits. These are fundamental; and if for any reason either of them is modified—whether upon inclination of the whole membership; through subterfuge on the part of a small, but powerful, minority; or as the result of neglect by the large and indifferent majority—mutuality is destroyed, representative government is a form without substance, the burdens are fitted to the shoulders of the many and the benefits pass into the possession of the few. Mutuality is almost susceptible, in practice, of being made to conform to the theory upon which the system is formulated.

The system as applied to the conduct of the life insurance business is of ancient origin, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of London being the most distinguished existing example. That institution is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year, and while its territory is circumscribed and its operations comparatively insignificant, the results to its members probably exceed those of any other corporation similarly engaged. It is claimed that for every £1,000 for which the Society became liable on account of deaths during the nineteenth century it paid to policy holders £2,121. To affirm that all the principles of mutuality were faithfully adhered to would be difficult for one not intimately acquainted with the Society's history, but it is perhaps no exaggeration to assert that they were substantially observed.

The investigation into the methods of American life insurance companies by the committee of the New York Legislature, commencing last Wednesday, has already revealed an astonishing condition of affairs. It appears that in so far as their governments are concerned, these companies are more completely "close corporations" than

any of the stock companies. The testimony adduced shows that the Mutual Life, with at least 500,000 qualified voters, casts about 200 votes at its annual elections; the New York Life, with about 800,000, polls from 500 to 2,500; the Mutual Benefit, with 175,000, shows up with about 2,000, and the Connecticut Mutual, with something like 40,000, can muster but forty or fifty at the ballot box. In each case the bulk of this vote is cast by employees at the home offices, supplemented occasionally by a few proxies running to the principal officers. In short, the whole system is a farce. The managements are perpetual; they renominate themselves for re-election, and do all the voting.

What is the cause? The indifference of the policy holders. What the result? The perpetuation in power of men without regard to fitness or merit; the administration of vast sums of money in their own interests in such a way as to avoid any evil consequences resultant from the usual operations of the law; the indulgence in extravagant practices, greatly to the injury of the policy holders; the whole constituting a menace as well to the interests of society at large as to individual members of the companies.

What is the remedy? The answer cannot be given off-hand. Perhaps there is none. One thing only is certain, and that is that if the policy holders will it, the so-called mutual companies can be made mutual in fact. This they can accomplish by voting at annual elections. In this connection we would recommend for investigation and study the systems of government in use by the secret societies and fraternal orders. ❀

THE WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of which John Tatlock is President, reports an increase in income and surplus and a decrease in death claims, office expenses and agency expenses during the past six months. The net decrease in all expenditures has been \$213,858.87. Under its new management the Washington Life Insurance Company is making a notable progress.

Financial

"Honest Graft"

REVELATIONS regarding certain questionable financial transactions that have grown into a system came out last week during the course of the Armstrong Insurance investigations now in progress. These, while by no means surprising to those on what has been called the "inside," will surprise many who are "outsiders." The term "honest graft," originated by Plunkitt, of Tammany Hall, suggests itself in this connection. Graft in modern business has so grown into it that it seems almost impossible to do trading and merchandising without it. The politician has long known and practiced graft as a part of his political business irrespective of ethical considerations, but the entrance of graft into commercial transactions and its growth and development long ago became a serious menace. Wherein "honest graft" differs from graft that is dishonest is, however, an exceedingly fine question in ethics that will be found very difficult of answer. The modern business code, it appears from the inquiries already made by the Armstrong Committee, sees no impropriety on the part of an officer, a director, or even an employee, making as much money out of his employing concern as he can, always provided he does not actually violate the penal code or, in other words, if his graft is "honest graft." The buyer for a department store may thus with perfect complacency accept valuable gifts from concerns of whom he buys goods for his department so long as he does not allow his judgment to be warped by the gratuities received and continues to follow the principles laid down by Adam Smith to buy in the cheapest market. Old-fashioned honesty was not called upon to consider the question of graft at all. The banker and the merchant conducted their business along varying lines, it is true, but with high ideals and kept as far away as possible from even "honest graft," possibly on the theory that degeneracy into dishonesty is always possible and because of the acknowledged difficulty of serving two masters it is best to avoid even the appearance of evil.

BECAUSE of a protest on the part of the Simpson Crawford Company, which has been sustained by the Board of General Appraisers, the duty on paste jewelry has been reduced from 60 to 45 per cent.

....According to trustworthy announcements made last week the Russian Government, instead of canceling its orders for army clothing and other supplies calling for the use of low grade wool in their manufacture, as was expected, has placed additional contracts with domestic woolen manufacturers.

....The Erie Railroad has placed orders for the construction of 5,500 steel freight cars. These cars will be equipped with automatic couplers, air brakes and other modern safety appliances. The cars now building for the Erie road, taken in connection with those under order by the Pennsylvania Railroad, when finished ought to go far toward preventing a car famine.

....The Armour Car Lines have filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission a denial that the Commission has any jurisdiction over their refrigeration charges, and takes a position that is identical with that of the Santa Fé Refrigerator Dispatch—viz., that it is not a common carrier and is not the agent of a railroad. The Armour lines further deny unjust charges.

....The American Bankers' Association will hold a convention in Washington, D. C., beginning on October 9. In connection with this convention it is planned to transport 500 prominent Western financial men from Chicago to the City of Magnificent Distances on what will probably be the most elegantly appointed train of ten Pullman coaches ever to leave the Windy City. The train will be known as the "Bankers' Special" and it will go over the Big Four Railway, via Old Point Comfort, in time to reach Washington on the date of the convention's opening.

....Dividends announced:

Amer. Car & Foundry Co., Preferred, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable October 2d.

Manhattan R'way Co., quarterly, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable October 2d.

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Survey of the World

Mr. Bryan on Questions of the Day

Mr. Bryan, who is soon to begin a tour of the world, was the guest of honor last week at a banquet of the Jefferson Club, in Chicago. Several speakers who preceded him insisted that he must be the Democratic candidate in 1908. Mr. O. M. James, of Kentucky, said that the six and a half millions of loyal Democrats no longer looked to the East. "The wise men used to be there, but, with the star of empire, westward they have taken their way." Judge Tarvin, of the same State, said the nominee must be a man "who stands for something," and one who could win. In his opinion, Mr. Bryan was the man. Mr. Bryan himself said that he was neither announcing nor permitting a candidacy. He had not said, he continued, that he would never again be a candidate, but he was not now a candidate for any office. He believed that his place in history would be determined not by what the people were able to do for him, but by what he was able to do with the people. It was too early now to choose a candidate for 1908. He hoped that when it should be necessary to make a nomination the party would choose a man who could do more for it than he had been able to do. Responding to the toast, "Democracy Against Centralization," he began by speaking of "the partial adoption by some of the Republican leaders of remedies proposed by the Democratic party." In this country, opposition to the rule of the people usually took the form of centralization. But "while the advocate of centralization is urging legislation which obliterates State lines and removes the Govern-

ment from the control of the voters, the monopolist may, on the other hand, hide behind the Democratic theory of self-government and use this theory to prevent National legislation which may be necessary. The Democrat who believes in Democratic principles, and who wants to preserve the dual character of our Government, must be on his guard against both." Advocates of centralization would now probably ask for legislation that would take the business of life insurance out of the hands of the several States:

"No National charter should be granted to an insurance company, and no Federal supervision should interfere with the exercise of the power now vested in the various States to supervise companies doing business in such States.

"So, in devising a remedy for the Trusts, the Democratic party should resolutely oppose any and every attempt to authorize a National incorporation or chartering for trading or manufacturing enterprises. The Democratic National platform of 1900 proposed a National remedy for the Trusts entirely consistent with the preservation of State remedies. It suggested a license system—the license to permit a corporation to do business outside the State of its origin upon compliance with the conditions of the license. But the license would not permit it to do business in any other State except on compliance with the conditions provided by the State. In other words, it would be such a license as is now granted for the sale of liquor.

"No advocate of centralization should be permitted to impair the power of the various States over business done within their borders under the pretense that it is necessary to transfer the power to the National capital, and no Democrat should oppose necessary Federal legislation when the powers of the several States are properly safeguarded."

It was natural, he continued, that the Democratic party should advocate the election of Senators by direct vote of the people, and the initiative and the referendum were growing in popularity because they increased the control of the people over their own affairs.—Mr. Bryan has addressed to President Roosevelt an open letter commending him for his efforts to end the war in the East, and urging him “to use the present opportunity to put on foot a movement for the establishment of permanent peace.” He suggests that the President should ask Congress for authority to submit all international questions (when an agreement cannot be reached by the parties interested) to an impartial board for investigation, “which will, in nearly every case, remove the cause of complaint and reconcile the parties”:

“If the leading nations of the world would enter into an agreement to join in the creation of such a board and pledge themselves to submit all disputes to the board for investigation before declaring war, the danger of war would be reduced to a minimum. Few men have had it in their power to do so much for humanity. Will you improve the opportunity?”



Mr. Roosevelt to the Canal Engineers At a conference with the members of the Isthmian Canal Commission's Board of Consulting Engineers, last week, President Roosevelt spoke at some length, saying that his remarks must be considered as suggestions rather than as directions:

“I hope that ultimately it will prove possible to build a sea level canal. Such a canal would undoubtedly be best in the end, if feasible, and I feel that one of the chief advantages of the Panama route is that ultimately a sea level canal will be a possibility. But while paying due heed to the ideal perfectibility of the scheme from an engineer's standpoint, remember the need of having a plan which shall provide for the immediate building of a canal on the safest terms and in the shortest possible time.

“If to build a sea level canal will but slightly increase the risk, then, of course, it is preferable. But if to adopt the plan of a sea level canal means to incur hazard, and to insure indefinite delay, then it is not preferable. If the advantages and disadvantages are closely balanced I expect you to say so.

“I desire also to know whether, if you recommend a high level multi-lock canal, it will be possible after it is completed to turn it into or substitute for it, in time, a sea level canal, without interrupting the traffic upon it. Two of the prime considerations to be kept steadily in mind are:

“1. The utmost practicable speed of construction.

“2. Practical certainty that the plan proposed will be feasible; that it can be carried out with the minimum risk.”

There might be good reason, he continued, why the delay incident to the adoption of a plan for an ideal canal should be incurred, but if there was not, then he hoped to see the canal constructed on a system which would bring to the nearest possible date in the future the time when it would be practicable to take the first ship across the Isthmus. The delay in transit, owing to additional locks, would be of small consequence when compared with the shortening of the time for construction. The Board will visit the Isthmus a few weeks hence.—In reply to the protests of Hudgins & Dumas and H. Balfe & Co. concerning the award of the contract for supplying meals on the canal route, Chairman Shonts has submitted to the President an explanatory report, which has been approved. The award will stand. Mr. Shonts says he did not advertise, because “it was a railroad matter,” and there was need of haste. At the suggestion of Hudgins & Dumas the weekly *menu* was inserted in the specifications. Hudgins & Dumas increased their prices after he had explained certain things which they had not understood, and they thanked him for the information. He considered not only the prices submitted, but also the experience of the bidders. Hudgins & Dumas had had no experience, except in a three years' contract at Ellis Island, but Markel (the successful bidder) had had charge of railroad hotels and construction camps for thirty years. Mr. Shonts says he thinks he was not really required to invite competitive proposals.—At their State convention last week the Prohibitionists of Massachusetts adopted a resolution (which was sent to Mr. Roosevelt) de-

claring that the sale of alcoholic liquors in the Zone ought to be forbidden, and that any person selling such liquors there should be sent to jail for thirty days and then expelled from the Zone.



Political Topics

The testimony of Vice-President George W. Perkins, of the New York Life Insurance Company, that this company contributed \$48,702 to the Republican campaign fund in 1904, and \$50,000 in each of the campaigns of 1900 and 1896, has led Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate last year, to publish a statement in which he says that the acts of the responsible officers who caused the contributions to be made "were unlawful and their purposes corrupt." Other life insurance companies, he says, and the railroad and manufacturing corporations, made similar contributions:

"The officers responsible for these raids upon the treasuries of corporations have received their reward in unfettered management of life insurance corporations; in unembarrassed raids upon the public through Trusts—condemned by both common and statute law; in refusal to punish criminally the officers of railroad and other corporations violating the laws; and in statutory permission to manufacturing corporations to levy tribute on the people."

The people should insist, he adds, upon legislation making it a criminal offense for officers to contribute corporate funds for political purposes.—In New York, the fusion movement in opposition to the re-election of Mayor McClellan has been affected by the withdrawal of the Citizens' Union from the fusion conferences, owing, the Union's representatives explain, to the disinclination of the Republicans and other associated organizations to take up the question of candidates and to the delay thus caused. These organizations desire to nominate Justice William J. Gaynor, who is not acceptable to the Citizens' Union. At last accounts, his decision had not been made known.—The Republican organization in Philadelphia has withdrawn the local nominations (for Sheriff, Coroner, etc.) made last spring, the nominees having been prominent supporters of the gas

lease and opponents of Mayor Weaver's reform policy. Other names have been substituted, but they are not acceptable to the reform party. At a mass meeting, last Saturday evening, the Mayor, a Republican, pledged his Administration "in all its parts, every department and bureau, to the assistance of the people in bringing about the defeat of the organization this fall."



Interesting Contest Over Franchises

The nomination of Mr. Everett Colby for the State Senate in New Jersey has excited much interest beyond the boundaries of that State. Mr. Colby, a New York banker, who will be 30 years old in December next, is a resident of Essex County, which includes Newark, Montclair and the Oranges. Serving for two or three terms in the New Jersey Assembly, by advocating there certain measures concerning public service franchises and the taxation of railroad property he lost favor with the "organization" rulers of the Republican party in his county and was marked for retirement. Whereupon he boldly sought at the primaries (which were held last week) a nomination for the State Senate, upon a platform opposing the granting of public service franchises in perpetuity, calling for a franchise tax, demanding that railroad property be taxed at prevailing local rates, and asking for legislation providing for an expression of opinion at general elections as to a choice of candidates for the United States Senate. For several weeks he made a vigorous canvass, stoutly opposed by the party "organization," which has been controlled for several years by a shrewd and influential politician, and which, Mr. Colby and his friends assert, has been under the domination of large corporations directly interested in public franchises and the taxation of railroad property. The measure of his success exceeded all expectation. There was an unprecedented attendance at the primaries, and nearly three-quarters of the delegates to the county convention were elected in his interest. He was nominated for the Senate without opposi-

tion, and at the same time eleven men standing upon his platform were nominated for the county's seats in the Assembly. The movement against public service grants in perpetuity and for equal taxation is gaining support in other parts of the State—in which transportation and other corporations have exercised great influence for many years past—and it may be that Mr. Colby and those who stand with him will obtain the legislation they desire. He would have no public service franchises granted for a term exceeding 25 years in the large cities or for more than 35 years elsewhere. Such restrictions have been opposed by his party "organization" in Essex County, but the leaders of this "organization" have now been defeated by the rank and file.

Washington Notes.

Senator Elkins has called a meeting of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce for Nov. 15th, to frame a railroad rate bill. The Senator has been regarded as an opponent of the President's railroad policy. He now says the Republican members of the Committee have reached the conclusion that there must be rate legislation this winter. He would have all rate disputes referred to a Court of Interstate Commerce, composed of nine judges.—All the private car lines, replying to the Commission's complaints as to unjust rates and unlawful rebates, have asserted that the Commission has no jurisdiction over their business, nor any right to inquire as to their rates.—Witnesses have been summoned to testify at the second trial of Senator Burton. At his first trial he was found guilty and sentenced to be imprisoned, but the verdict was set aside upon a technicality.—The Commercial Pacific Cable Company's lines are to be extended to China and Japan. An agreement with China, permitting the landing of a cable from Manila at Shanghai, was made some weeks ago, and a similar agreement with Japan was signed last week by Minister Takahira. Connection with Japan will be made by a line from Guam to Yokohama.—It has been decided by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that the manufacturers of many patent

medicines composed largely of alcohol must take out licenses as rectifiers and liquor dealers and that a druggist selling these compounds must have a retail liquor dealer's license. Large quantities of some of the medicines, containing from 25 to 45 per cent. of alcohol, are said to have been sold in places where prohibitory laws are in force.—Ex-Judge William L. Penfield, Solicitor of the State Department, has been appointed Special Commissioner to visit South American countries and make an investigation as to our trade relations with them. He will attempt to procure a removal of Brazil's discriminating duties on our products and a reduction of the Brazilian export duty on coffee shipped to the United States.

Cuba's Political Campaign

Much excitement has been caused by the action of the Government in what appears to be a contest for the control of certain municipalities for partisan purposes. On the 15th, Gen. Freye Andrade, Secretary of the Interior, asserted that he had discovered a conspiracy in the Liberal Party (which opposes the reelection of President Palma) to remove all the mayors and other prominent municipal officers in the provinces of Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio who were supporters of the President. The work was to be done by the Liberal Governors, and the mayors of Guanajay and Habanas (in Pinar del Rio,) had already been ousted. The President at once issued a decree warning all the mayors that they must not cease to perform their official duties without first receiving orders from the Secretary of the Interior. On the following day the arrest of Acting Governor Alberti, of the province of Santa Clara (of which Gen. José Miguel Gomez, Liberal candidate for the presidency, is Governor), was ordered by the Supreme Court, because he had directed the Mayor of Vuelta to disobey a Presidential decree. In Vuelta the municipal building and records were burned several weeks ago, apparently to prevent an investigation by the central Government. Alberti had afterward refused to recognize a mayor appointed by the President in place of one removed upon the charge that he had conspired to destroy the rec-

ords. The Liberal Governor of Pinar del Rio had removed the Mayor of Guanajay and seated one Diaz, a Liberal, in his place. Diaz was arrested and imprisoned, on the 16th, for disobeying a Presidential order directing him to withdraw. It is alleged that the Liberal leaders sought by such removals to obtain control of the local election boards.—The newspaper organ of Gov. Gomez asserts that the Moderate party has a secret platform, radically differing from the conservative one recently adopted in convention. This secret platform, it says, provides for action by the Government designed to provoke disorders in Liberal strongholds and thus to cause intervention by the United States in support of the present Administration. In reply, the Moderates deny that they have any policy except the one set forth in their published platform.



The Taft Party in the East

Secretary Taft returned to Japan on the 11th and was greeted at Yokohama by many prominent residents of the islands. As he was unable to visit Tokyo, Prince Toguwa, President of the House of Peers, and Mr. Matsuda, President of the House of Commons, came from that city to Yokohama to give him an official welcome. While the Secretary and a majority of the original party were thus making their way eastward, Miss Alice Roosevelt, Major General Corbin and Rear Admiral Train were traveling to Pekin, where they arrived on the 12th. Two days later they were received in formal audience by the Dowager Empress, whose guests they were at the summer palace, and from whom they received handsome gifts of bracelets and rings. On the 16th the tourists went to Tientsin and attended there a reception given by the Viceroy. This week they are to be entertained by the Emperor of Korea at his capital. After remaining there for a few days they will go to Japan by way of Fusan.



European Items

The Hungarian Cabinet has resigned, and Baron Fejervary, the Premier, announced to the Lower House the prorogation of the Parliament until Octo-

ber 10th in order to allow the coalition parties to submit a program to Emperor Joseph. Francis Kossuth, leader of the united Opposition, protested vigorously against prorogation as unconstitutional, when a motion to that effect was adopted, and the House adjourned amid great excitement. Work was at a standstill in the factories the same day, while workmen came in crowds to the Lower House to present petitions in favor of general suffrage. The resignation of the Cabinet has been followed by the impeachment of the members in the Lower House of the Diet. Emperor Joseph, as King of Hungary, directed the members to hold office provisionally, altho their resignation was accepted by him, so that the impeachment is possible. The King absolutely refuses to yield to the chief demand of the Liberals that Hungarian be the language of their army.—Mr. Leishman, American Minister at Constantinople, has by his firm attitude induced the Porte to yield in the case of the Armenian Vartanian, who was tried for murder and condemned by a Turkish court, altho he claimed American citizenship. The Porte has quashed the death sentence; Vartanian went from this country to Constantinople, it seems, to murder another Armenian at the instigation of the Armenian revolutionary committee. We suppose he will now be tried by a consular court.—The loss of property by the earthquake in Calabria, in the southern extremity of Italy, has been reckoned as not less than \$25,000,000, besides hundreds of lives; and two other violent shocks occurred on September 15th, which destroyed several towns. The catastrophe will have the effect of causing a study of the proper construction of houses in regions subject to earthquakes. A large part of the buildings destroyed were loosely constructed of stone, very imperfectly compacted with mortar.—There is a curious report of the discovery of an extensive revolutionary plot in the Balkans aiming at the assassination of King Peter of Servia and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the proclamation of a republic in both Servia and Bulgaria and the organization

of a rebellion in Turkey, primarily for the purpose of liberating the Macedonian provinces, after which Constantinople is to be attacked, compelling the Powers to intervene and guarantee the independence of Macedonia. Servians, Bulgarians and Armenians are said to be involved in the conspiracy, and some of the ringleaders have been arrested. Whatever may be said of the ultimate desirability of such a union by Serbia and Bulgaria as a republic, this is far from practicable for the present, and is likely to await the breaking up of the Turkish Empire.—The Shah of Persia has left St. Petersburg, where he has been making a visit, which is declared at the Foreign Office to have no political meaning and which does not involve a new commercial treaty.

Sweden and Norway It is believed that the differences between Sweden and Norway over the terms of separation have been amicably settled. The final question in dispute was as to the neutral zone. But Norway has certain old fortresses on her Swedish border that have an historical interest and are the object of pride. Sweden wanted all forts demolished, which Norway resented. Then Sweden consented that two old forts should remain, but insisted that the new additions should be taken down. To this Norway objected, saying that forts on her ground ought not to trouble Sweden, as they are only for defense and not for attack; and if Sweden does not intend to attack her the forts can make no difference. Both parties have been very much excited, but the conferring delegates have, it is said, now come to an agreement, altho the terms are not stated. It is said that King Edward has acted as peacemaker. No conclusion has yet been reached as to the choice of a King, and it may go to a popular election. During the last few days Sweden and Norway have each charged the other with massing troops on the frontier, each being compelled to do so by the other's previous threatening action.

Affairs in Russia Civil war seems to have broken out in the region south of the Caucasus Mountains, and it may mean a revolution. For the present the troops are not able to quell the uprising, but 15,000 were expected to come this week. This is the region which Russia conquered half a century ago, when the Caucasian leader Schamyl made himself so famous. The disturbance is in the narrower portion which separates the Black Sea from the Caspian, and a railroad runs from the city of Batum, on the Black Sea, to Baku, the principal port on the Caspian, half way between it and the capital, Tiflis, and the center of the coal oil industry. It is at Baku that there has been the destruction of nearly all the oil works by fire, so that the railroads and steamboats and factories, which principally use the crude oil, have been very much crippled. This is a fight of the modern Tatars against the Christians, Russians and Armenians, for the Armenians seem to have sided with the Russians, and to have been the chief sufferers, as, indeed, they largely control this industry. Hundreds of them have been killed. Now it is said that the disturbance has crossed over to Batum, where there is likely to be an outbreak similar to that in Baku. It is suggested that it was the purpose of the revolutionists to begin their operations in this region, so as to cripple the railroads, and then extend activity to other portions of the Empire. At present the unexpected ending of the war seems to have disturbed their plans. The Russian army, if willing to fight in the Caucasus, ought to have little difficulty in quelling the disturbance, as the insurgents will have no cannon. It is reported to be the plan of the revolutionists to kill all journalists, and a newspaper man was killed in Baku last week, and on Thursday five murders were committed on the busiest streets. There is a panic among the people and the shops have been closed.—The Russian Government seems to have reason to fear an outbreak in Finland. The customs authorities have seized 5,000 rifles landed by a vessel which afterwards was sunk by her crew. Troops broke up a convention of 800 delegates from all parts of Finland called to discuss the political situation.—The Cholera

outbreak in Prussia is not yet controlled. There have been reported 183 cases and 66 deaths.—The Russian Czar and Czarina, with their family, are to take a rest of two months at Darmstadt at the direction of their physician. Apparently there is no available health resort in Russia. Another report says they are off on a cruise in the imperial yacht, and yet another reports a projected interview with the Emperor of Germany.



The Zemstvos Attacked

A statement is reported of an extraordinary circular sent by the Russian Ministry of the Interior to all Governors and Mayors, directing them to keep a close watch over zemstvoists everywhere, with the view to arresting them under specified circumstances. The action is based upon the zemstvo congress at Moscow in June, to which the circular refers in the most condemnatory terms. It accuses the zemstvoists who attended the congress of fraudulently misinterpreting and falsifying the words of the decree issued by the Czar in March, "the aim of which," according to the circular, "was to improve the laws of the country and the economic conditions of the nation by maintaining the actual form of government, based on unrestricted absolutism." The circular accuses the congress of contemptuously rejecting "this freedom offered by the Czar's bounty, of working out a project of government based on universal suffrage, and of attempting now to seduce the nation by propagating their decision throughout the country, thereby declaring open war against the Government." Every zemstvoist must be specially watched by secret service agents and must be prevented from issuing any publication whatever. If detected in doing so the zemstvoists must be arrested and handed over to the courts, while the people must not be allowed to attend their meetings. The circular says: "Once the zemstvo is abolished the disorders of the country will cease of themselves."



Aftermath of the War

Hostilities have formally ceased between the two armies in Manchuria, but peace has not yet been declared. There

has been created an isolating zone which neither army can enter. The armistice was to go into final effect on Saturday last. The Chinese are returning to their homes, and are most happy. The treaty between Great Britain and Japan has not been published, being held back at the request of Japan, and it is supposed that it will be published simultaneously with the publication of the Treaty of Portsmouth.—Perhaps the most terrible disaster that has ever happened to a ship of war occurred at Sasebo Harbor on Monday of last week as the result of fire and explosion, in which nearly six hundred persons were killed and wounded. The "Mikasa" was the finest of all the Japanese vessels, of over 14,000 tons, and was the flagship of Admiral Togo, and went nearest of all to the Russian fleet in the naval battle, and received the most shots. Coming just at the time of the news of the peace terms, which have caused so much dissatisfaction, the suspicion has been expressed that the destruction of the vessel was a sort of hirikari on the part of the officers and crew to express the indignation of the Navy; but this is hardly possible. The vessel is sunk so that the guns in the upper deck are visible at low water.—The Japanese authorities stoutly contradict the imputation that the attack on the Christian churches implies hostility to Americans or to Christianity. They say that one Salvation Army preacher has made offensive statements in a street address, which were resented. When one church was threatened the mob were willing to desist if it would put up a United States flag. Apparently the injury has been much exaggerated, for our missionary societies have received no cable dispatches telling of any destruction. But the feeling against the treaty still is warm, altho the explanations by the authorities have somewhat quieted the people. There have been minor riots in one or two other cities. The Minister of the Interior, Viscount Yoshikama, has resigned, and Baron Kiyura, Minister of Agriculture, has succeeded him. This action was taken after a number of the powerful princes and nobles had memorialized Prime Minister Katsura, holding the Government responsible for the disturbances and urging the dismissal of the Minister of the Interior.—

Mr. Witte and his staff sailed from New York for home last week. Baron Komura, the chief Japanese envoy, was detained by sickness which it was feared would develop into typhoid fever, but his fever has subsided, and he hopes to be able very soon to leave for Japan by the Canadian route. Threats have been made at home by agitators that he would be received with funeral ceremonies, but conservative men agree that when the conditions are better understood a second thought will approve the conclusion of peace.—If one can trust the editor of one of the Japanese papers who is also a deputy to the Japanese Parliament, the result of the war, and of the return of the soldiers to their homes, will be to make the constitution of the Empire more democratic; and that the franchise will have to be extended, as was done in Great Britain after the Napoleonic wars and in Germany after the war of 1870 with France.

Turkish Victory in Yemen

It is confirmed that the Turkish forces have captured Sanaa, which had been taken by the rebel Arabs. There was hard fighting. The Turkish army was under Marshal Ahmed Faizi and advanced by three routes from the coast. The main body, from Hodeida, marched inland and came upon the Arabs and defeated them and then marched on to Sanaa, the capital of Yemen. The previous Turkish army had been recruited in Syria and Palestine and had no heart in the fight. The present army came from European Turkey. A writer in *The Congregationalist* tells us that when the soldiers from Marsovan were drafted for Arabia and left the local mufti at the mosque refused to grant them public prayer and blessing, so that they went with a heavy heart. The reason for refusal was evidently sympathy with the claim of Hamid ed-Din, head of the revolt, that the Sultan is no Caliph and successor of Mohammed, as the Caliph should be of Mohammed's blood and so entitled to wear the green turban. The troops of Hamid are said to have some of the early copies or original leaves of the Koran affixed to the very banners borne in the days of the Prophet, and

to fire on them would be a sacrilege. A venerable mufti is thus reported:

"My friend the mufti tells me how their prophet promised that a mahdi, a guide, would come in the fullness of time, who would perfect all things.

"They asked when he would come, and the prophet said, 'Before the year 1400.' Asked to be more specific he said, 'After 1300.' (It is now 1323 by Mohammedan reckoning.)

"What shall be the sign of the mahdi's coming?' 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and universal peace shall prevail.'

"What shall be the character of his age?' 'The establishment of righteousness in all the world.'

"Whence shall he appear?' 'From the Yemen.'

"And I can easily believe that the day of the mahdi is near, tho this man now is only his forerunner."


The venerable mufti further declared that St. Elias had already appeared at Trebesond, and had said that the Imam would appear in 1336, which will be in thirteen years from now. Such common belief as this explains the unrest in Mohammedan lands, especially as it is believed that the Turks do not live up to the moral laws of Islam.

The Pope Renounces Politics

The Pope has issued an official communication declaring that he has no intention of seeing the nuncios and apostolic delegates for the purpose of conferring with them on foreign politics. The reason for this communication is that too often the purpose has been attributed to the Sovereign Pontiff of meddling with the affairs of foreign states. Within the last few days it has been asserted that the Pope would intervene in the Austro-Hungarian conflict, and also that he was about to establish diplomatic relations with China and Japan, and that he would treat with some Powers for the protection of Christians in the East. The Pope has wished to make it clear by this official communication that he has no intention to occupy himself with foreign politics, that he is a purely religious Pope, with no relation to diplomatic intrigues, and that it is no part of his plan to effect changes in what is called the protectorate of Christians.

The Confession of a Japanese Servant


[Those who have wondered what was behind the uniform politeness and unreadable face of a Japanese servant will be interested in this very frank confession of one, whose preconceived ideal of America as a land of opportunity and equality has been disproved by his experiences here. We have not made any alterations in the manuscript, for his occasional use of Japanese idioms and of bookish English makes his narrative all the more personal and naïve. He requests us to withhold his name, but possibly some of his employers will recognize themselves as seen in a Japanese mirror.—EDITOR.]



THE desire to see America was burning at my boyish heart. The land of freedom and civilization of which I heard so much from missionaries and the wonderful story of America I heard of those of my race who returned from here made my longing ungovernable. Meantime I have been reading a popular novel among the boys, "The Adventurous Life of Tsurukichi Tanaka, Japanese Robinson Crusoe." How he acquired new knowledge from America and how he is honored and favored by the capitalists in Japan. How willingly he has endured the hardships in order to achieve the success. The story made a strong impression on my mind. Finally I made up my mind to come to this country to receive an American education.

I was an orphan and the first great trouble was who will help me the expense? I have some property my father left for me. But a minor has not legally inherited, hence no power to dispossess them. There must be at least 200 yen for the fare and equipment. While 200 yen has only exchange value to \$100 of American gold, the sum is really a considerable amount for a boy. Two hundred yen will be a sufficient capital to start a small grocery store in the country town or to start a prospective fish market in the city. Of course, my uncle shook his head and would not allow me to go to America. After a great deal of difficulty and delay I have prevailed over his objection. My heart swelled joy when I got a passport, Government permission, to leave the country, after waiting thirty days investigated if really I am a student and who are the guardians to pay money in case of necessity. A few

days later I found myself on the board of "Empress of Japan," of Canadian Pacific Line. The moment steamer commence to leave Yokohama I wished to jump back to shore, but was too late and I was too old and ashamed to cry.



After the thirteen days' weary voyage we reached Victoria, B. C. When I have landed there I have disappointed as there not any wonderful sight to be seen not much different that of foreign settlement in Yokohama. My destination was Portland, Ore., where my cousin is studying. Before I took a boat in Puget Sound to Tacoma, Wash., we have to be examined by the immigration officer. To my surprise these officers looked to me like a plain citizen—no extravagant dignity, no authoritative air. I felt so envious, I said to myself, "Ah! Indeed this is the characteristic of democracy, equality of personal right so well shown." I respect the officers more on this account. They asked me several questions. I answered with my broken English I have learned at Yokohama Commercial School. Finally they said: "So you are a student? How much money have you at hand?" I showed them \$50. The law requires \$30. The officers gave me a piece of stamped paper—certificate—to permit me go into the United States. I left Victoria 8 p.m. and arrived Tacoma, Wash., 6 a.m. Again I have surprised with the muddy streets and the dirty wharf. I thought the wharf of Yokohama is hundred times better. Next morning I left for Portland, Ore.

Great disappointment and regret I have experienced when I was told that I, the boy of 17 years old, smaller in stature indeed than ordinary 14 years old

American boy, imperfect in English knowledge, I can be any use here, but become a domestic servant, as the field for Japanese very narrow and limited. Thus reluctantly I have submitted to be a recruit of the army of domestic servants of which I ever dreamed up to this time. The place where I got to work in the first time was a boarding house. My duties were to peel potatoes, wash the dishes, a few laundry work, and also I was expected to do whatever mistress, waitress and cook has told me.

When I first entered the kitchen wearing a white apron what an uncomfortable and mortifying feeling I experienced. I thought I shall never be able to proceed the work. I felt as if I am pressed down on my shoulder with loaded tons of weight. My heart palpitates. I did not know what I am and what to say. I stood by the door of kitchen motionless like a stone, with a dumbfound silence. The cook gave me a scornful look and said nothing. Perhaps at her first glance she perceived me entirely unfit to be her help. A kindly looking waitress, slender, alert Swedish girl, sympathetically put the question to me if I am first time to work. Said she, "Oh! well, you will get learn and soon be used to it!" as if she has fully understand the situation. Indeed, this ordinary remarks were such a encouragement. She and cook soon opened the conference how to rescue me. In a moment I was to the mercy of Diana of the kitchen like Arethusa. Whistling up the courage I started to work. The work being entirely new and also such as unaccustomed one, I felt exceedingly unpleasant and hard. Sonorous voice from the cook of my slowness in peeling potatoes often vibrated into my tympanum. The waitress occasionally called out for the butter plates and saucers at the top of her displeasing voice. Frequently the words "Hurry up!" were added. I always noticed her lips at the motion rather than hands. The proprietor, an old lady, painstakingly taught me to work how. Almost always commencing the phrase "I show you" and ending "Did you understand?" The words were so prominently sounded; finally made me tired of it and latter grew hated to hear of it. Taking the advantage of my green hand Diana of

kitchen often unloaded hers to me. Thus I have been working almost all the time from 5.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. When I got through the day's work I was tired.

Things went on, however, fairly well for the first six days, forgetting my state and trying to adapt my own into the environment. But when Sunday come all my subsided emotions sprung up, recollecting how pleasantly I used spend the holidays. This memory of past pleasure vast contrast of the present one made me feel ache. What would the boys in Japan say if they found me out. I am thus employed in the kitchen receiving the orders from the maid-servant whom I have once looked down and thought never to be equal while I was dining at my uncle's house. I feel the home-sick. I was so lonesome and so sorry that I came to America. Ignoring the kind advice of my friends, rejecting the offer of help from my uncle at home, quickened by my youthful sentiment to be the independent, and believing the work alone to be the noble, I came to this county to educate myself worthy to my father's name. How beautiful idea it was while it existed in imagination, but how hard it is when it came to practice. There was no honor, no responsibility, no sense of duty, but the pliancy of servitude was the cardinal requirement. There is no personal liberty while your manhood is completely ignored.

Subduing my vanity, overcoming from the humiliation and swallowing down all the complaints, weariness and discouragement, I went on one week until Sunday. In spite of my determination to face into the world, manly defending my own in what I have within, together with my energy and ability, I could not resist the offspring from my broken-hearted emotions. Carrying the heavy and sad heart I was simply dragged by the day's routine work. The old lady inquired me if I am not sick. I replied, "No." Thank enough for a first time she gave me a chance to rest from 1 o'clock to 4 afternoon. Sooner I retired into my room, locked the door, throwing the apron away. I cast myself down on the bed and sobbed to my heart contention. Thus let out all my suppressed emotion of grief from the morning. You might laugh at me, yet none

the less it was a true state of my mind at that moment. After this free outburst of my passion I felt better. I was keenly felt the environment was altogether not congenial. I noticed myself I am inclining considerably sensitive.

After I stay there about ten days I asked the old lady that I should be discharged. She wanted me to state the reason. My real objection was that the work was indeed too hard and unpleasant for me to bear and also there were no time even to read a book. But I thought it is rather impolite to say so and partly my strange pride hated to confess my weakness, fearing the reflection as a lazy boy. Really I could not think how smoothly I should tell my reasons. So I kept silent rather with a stupefied look. She suggested me if the work were not too hard. It was just the point, but how foolish I was; I did positively denied. "Then why can you not stay here?" she went on. I said, childishly, "I have nothing to complain; simply I wants to go back to New York. My passion wants to." Then she smiled and said, "Poor boy; you better think over; I shall I speak to you to-morrow." Next day she told me how she shall be sorry to lose me just when I have began to be handy to her after the hard task to taught me work how. Tactfully she persuaded me to stay. At the end of second week I asked my wages, but she refused on the ground that if she does I might leave her. Day by day my sorrow and regret grew stronger. My heavy heart made me feel so hard to work. At that moment I felt as if I am in the prison assigned to the hard labor. My coveted desire was to be freed from the yoke of this old lady. Believing the impossibility to obtain her sanction, early in the next morning while everybody still in the bed, I hide my satchel under the bush in the back yard. When mistress went on market afternoon, while everybody is busy, I have jumped out from the window and climbed up the fence to next door and slip away. Leaving the note and wages behind me, I hurried back to Japanese Christian Home.

Since then I have tried a few other places with a better success at each trial and in course of time I have quite accustomed to it and gradually become indif-

ferent as the humiliation melted down. Tho I never felt proud of this vocation, in several cases I have commenced to manifest the interest of my avocation as a profession of Dust and Ashes. The place where I worked nearly three years was an ideal position for a servant as could be had. The master was a manager of a local wholesale concern. He was a man of sunny side of age, cultured and careful, conservative gentleman, being a graduate of Princeton. His wife, Mrs. B., was young and pretty, dignified yet not boasted. She was wonderfully industrial lady. She attends woman's club, church and social functions. Yet never neglect her home duty. Sometimes I found her before the sewing machine. She was such a devoted wife whenever she went out shopping, to club, or afternoon tea or what not, she was always at home before her husband come back from the office. Often she went out a block or two to meet him and then both come home together side by side. Their home life was indeed an ideal one. Their differences were easily made out. It was very seldom the master alone goes out the evening, except in business. Occasionally they went to the theater and concert. Every Sunday both went together to the morning service and afternoon they drived to the cemetery, where the mistress's beloved mother resting eternally.

She was such a sympathetic young lady whenever I was busy, being near examination. She arranged for me not to have any company and very often they have dine out. Indeed, I adored her as much as Henry Esmond did to Lady Castlemond. She was, however, not angel or goddess. Sometimes she showed the weakness of human nature. One day while I was wiping the mirror of the hall stand the mirror slipped down and broken pieces. Fortunately she was around and witnessed the whole process. It was indeed a pure accident. It is bad enough to break the mirror even in Japan, as we write figuratively the broken mirror, meaning the divorce. In old mythological way we regard the mirror as a woman's heart. I felt very bad with the mingling emotion of guilt and remorse. She repeated nearly rest of the day how it is a bad luck and were

I only been careful so on. Made me exceedingly uncomfortable.

I was exceedingly hate to leave her place, but I got through High School and there was no colleges around. Hence I was compelled to bid farewell to my adored and respected mistress, who was kind enough to take me as her *protégé* and treated me an equal. It seems to me no language are too extravagant to compliment her in order to express my gratitude toward her.

Next position I had was in New York—a family of up-to-date fashionable mistress. I was engaged as a butler. I have surprised the formality she observe. The way to open the door, salute the guest, language to be used according to the rank of the guests and how to handle the name card. Characteristic simplicity of democracy could not be seen in this household. I am distinctly felt I am a servant, as the mistress artificially created the wide gap between her and me. Her tone of speech were imperial dignity. I have only to obey her mechanically and perform automatically the assigned duty. To me this state of things were exceedingly dull. I know I am servant full well, yet I wished to be treated as a man. I thought she is so accustomed the sycophancy and servility of the servants she could not help but despise them. Perhaps the experience forced her to think the servants cannot be trusted and depended upon. I thought I might be able to improve the situation by convincing her my efficiency and also I have no mercenary spirit. Tho the position may be a disgraceful one, I consoled my own, hoping to make it pure and exalt little higher by the recognition of my personality by my master and mistress. I was anxious to find out of my mistress's strongest principle of her self-regard. I have carefully listened her conversation in the dining table with her husband, of whom I regretfully observed the traces of the hard-hearted and close-fisted selfishness, and at the afternoon tea with her friends. But each occasion made me feel disappointed. One day she told me go out get for her the cigarettes. Out of my surprise I said to her, "Do you smoke?" I had not a least bit of idea that the respectful American lady would smoke. I was

plainly told that I am her servant. I got to obey whatever she wants to. Same afternoon I have been told to serve the afternoon tea. The mistress seeing the tea cup, said to me, "No, no; put the glass for the champagne, of course." I was once more surprise. Meantime the luxuriously dressed, pretty looking creatures whom, when I met at the hallway, they were so dignified with the majestic air and impressed me as if they were the living angels; but, to my utter disgust, these fair, supposed innocent sex drunk and smoke like men do. Next day I tendered my resignation to my ladyship.

Another new impression I have obtained in this household. One day I noticed a diagram map of the lineage of the family hanging on the wall of the reception room. The ancestor was a knight of Crusade. This phenomena has quite struck me. Before I came to this country I have told my uncle the worship of ancestor is a primitive idea and boast of ancestor is a remnant notion of Feudalism. I shall be a my own ancestor. I remember how he reprimanded me with a red hot angry. Still at the bottom of my heart I have contended I am right. I thought I rather worship Franklin and Emerson. Now I must say that human nature is everywhere just same.

One summer I worked at steam yacht as a cabin boy. Captain, Chief and sailors were all good-natured human being. I do not see why they have been called as sea dogs. When you come contact with them they are really the lovely fellows. Indeed, they are good for nothing; too honest and too simple-minded to succeed modern complicated business world. Of course they use the unbecoming languages, but they really does not mean so. They use swearing even when they expose their joy and appreciation. I am soon nicknamed as "Jap Politician," as I have always fight against the ship crew of their socialistic tendency, defending the statesmen and wealthy people. It is wonderful how the morbid socialistic sentiment saturated among the unhealthy mind of the sailors.

Altho I has been advocated the gospel of wealth and extolled the rich, I hate the rich people who display their wealth and give me a tip in a boastful manner. I felt I am insulted and I have protested.

Sometime the tip was handed down indirectly from the hands of the captain. Each time when I have obliged to take the tip I am distinctly felt "the gift without giver is bare." I, however, thankfully accepted the offer from a lady who give me the money in such a kind and sympathetic manner. A gentleman gave one dollar, saying, "I wish this were ten times as much; still I want you keep it for me to help your study." Indeed this one dollar how precious I felt. Once a fastidious lady was on the board. She used to kick one thing to another. Of course I did not pay any attention. Whenever she scold me, I said at heart, "It's your pleasure to blame me, lady. I, on my part, simply to hear you. I am not almighty; I cannot be a perfect. If I made mistake I shall correct. You might bully me as you please and treat me like a dog, I shall not object. I have a soul within me. My vital energy in self-denying struggle could not be impaired by your despise. On the contrary, it will be stimulated." That the way I used swallowed down all the reprimand she gave me. I, however, getting tired to hear her sharptongue and hoping to be on the good term with her. One morning I have exerted an exceptionally good care to clean her cabin. Right after I got through her compartment she called me back and told me that I did not take a good care of. I replied emphatically with a conviction, "I did my best under the circumstance." But she insisted I must do better next time. Then she took out a dollar bill, gave it to me. I refused to take it. She thrust the money into my hand. I have thrown back the paper money to her feet. "Madam, this is the bribe and graft. I am amply paid from the owner of the yacht to serve you," said I. "No, madam; no tip for me." Without waiting her answer, while she seemed taken entirely surprised, I quickly withdrew from her. Since then she has entirely changed her attitude toward me.

While I was working on the boat I noticed the cook making a soup from a spring chicken and a good size of fine roast beef. I am amazed of the extravagant use of the material. I asked him why he do not use the soup meat and a cheaper roaster for making the soup. I

was told it's none of my business and get out from the place. Daily I witnessed the terrible scene of wasting the food. I often thought something ought to be done. It's just economic crime. The foodstuff cook thrown away overboard would be more than enough to support five families in the East Side. Yet the fellow honored as an excellent cook and especially praised of his soup!

The owner of the yacht and mistress were very agreeable persons; the children, too, were also lovely and good-natured youngsters. I shall never forget the kindness and consideration shown by them. While I am waiting on the table I have often drawn into the conversation. The mistress, unlike the wife who commands an enormous fortune, possessed a good common sense and has a sensible judgment in treating of her dependence, as she was cultured lady. The owner of the boat was the man of affairs; a broad-minded man he was. He has had struggling days in his early life. He has shown me great deal of sympathy. I did indeed "just love" to serve them, as one of the sailors has said to me.

Next summer I have been told by Mr. C. to work his yacht again. He said he would pay me \$40 per month and if I stayed whole season he would add to it \$100. "This \$100 is not charity; it my appreciation for your self-denying struggle, to help your school expenses," said he. How hard it was to reject for such a kind offer. I asked two days for the answer. Finally I have decided to refuse, as I had some reasons to believe there are possibility to develop my ability in another direction more congenial line. For days I did not hear from him. I thought I am sure he has angered me. I was waiting the occasion to explain to him fully and apologize. About a month later I got the message to come to his office. To my surprise Mr. C. told me he would give me \$50 at the fall to help me out my school expenses. He said, "I am interested with you. You will be a great man some day. I wanted to express by appreciation to the 'hard spot within you.'" How gratefully I felt. I did not find the suitable phrase to express my thanks, so I simply said, "Thank you." But inwardly I did al-

most worshiped him. I felt I am not alone in this world. What encouragement Mr. C.'s words to me; I felt as tho I got the reinforcement of one regiment.

Shall I stop here with this happy memory? Yet before I close this confession I cannot pass on without disclosing a few incidence I suffered from the hands of inconsiderate millionaire. About three years ago I have worked as a butler in a millionaire's mansion at N. J. Mistress was the young lady about twenty-three years old and the master was forty-five years old. Every morning mistress would not get up till eleven o'clock. Master gets up six. So we servants serve twice breakfast. At the dinner often mistress and master served the different sort of food. One day I was sick and asked three days absent to consult Japanese physician in New York. According the advice of doctor I have written twice asking to be given two more days to rest. I did not get answer. After I stay out five days I took 1.30 p.m. train from Jersey City; returned house 4 p.m. As soon as I entered the mansion the master told me I am discharged. This was the reward for my faithful service of eight months. I wanted to know the reason for. He simply said he wants to have waitress and told me to hurry to pack up my belonging and leave instantly. I asked, however, the reference to be given. He said he would send forward to New York by mail. I was everything ready in one hour; left his mansion at 5 p.m. to the station, where I waited one hour and a half. I returned New York again 9 p.m., with hunger and exhausted from emotion, as I am not quite recovered from my illness. Since then three times I asked the reference; he never answered. Until now it is quite mystery what made him angry me. His action handicapped me greatly to hunt new place.

Once I was engaged as a second butler in the villa of a retired merchant. When I got there I found myself I am really a useful man as well as second butler, as I am requested to make the beds of coachmen, carry up the coal for the cook, help the work of chambermaid, laundress and housekeeper wanted me to do. The

members of the family were only three, old gentleman, old lady and their daughter—old maid. They were proud and aristocratic. They would not speak to servants except to give order and reprimand. There were ten servants to serve them. An old lady and old maid has nothing to do but to watch rigidly how servants work. The old gentleman was lovely, good-natured man. So we servants called an old lady the queen regent, her daughter prosecute attorney, the housekeeper, detective. Every morning I wash the front door porch at 6 a.m. But sometime mail carrier or coachman leave the footmarks after I have cleaned the steps. Later prosecutor get up. If she found the marks she will upbraid me that I did not swept the place at all. When she come to reception room every morning first thing she would do was this, drew out her snow-white clean handkerchief, wrap up her forefinger and scrape the crossboard at the bottom of chair and also the corners of woodwork. If by chance any dust deposited to the handkerchief there will be a thunder of reprimand. The housekeeper-detective was a timid and sensitive woman. She enforced zealously the oppressive domestic rules issued by the queen regent. We were told not to talk aloud or laugh. If we commence to gay and our voice began louder sure the detective will come and hiss. If the door by chance of wind close itself with noise the detective come for explanation. I was always looked by her as suspicious boy. There must be complete silence be ruled, hence somewhat gloomy. I have openly called housekeeper "Miss Detective" and told her, "We ought make this household little cheerful, Let us have sunshine, Miss Detective," said I. While the luxurious dishes are served in the table, the meals given for the servants was lamentably poor one. The dog meat or soup meat was given to our dinner. The morning papers was not allowed to be read until 9 p.m. Besides I was expected to work all the time; this was impossible physically. One afternoon I am so tired I sat down in the chair at the pantry and rested. Miss Detective came inquired why I am not working. I said to her, "I have done everything assigned to me. I am not machine. I cannot

work all the time." Soon I was called out before the queen. Her majesty asked me what I have been doing. I replied, "Nothing, madam." "But you must do something, B.," said her majesty. "Did you cleaned the windows of my room?" "I have washed that windows last Saturday; this is Wednesday. They are clean, madam." "Last Saturday! You must wash that windows any way this week!" I told her it is foolish to waste money and it is more so to waste energy. "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" said she. "Do it now!" Finding no use to argue with her I went on to clean the windows. As soon as that is done I told Miss Detective I want to leave instantly; it is perfectly nonsense to work to such a person to enslave myself. Miss Detective, finding me beyond her control, send me up to the head of family. The old gentleman said: "Say, B., do you understand the law protect you and me." "No, sir; not always for a servant. The law might protect you and your millions are ample enough to break the law," said I in a sulky mood. "All I can do is to escape from the law. You can get rid of your servant when you dislike him. If I insist to quit immediately you can withhold my wages and could compel me to stay till the month out, as I have been engaged so, by resorting to the law." He said I must stay till my successor be found. Finally we have compromised that I should stay five days more.

Greatest trouble and disadvantage to be a domestic servant is that he has to be absolutely subjected under the emotional rule of the mistress. No amount of candid or rational argument will avail. No matter how worthy your dissenting opinion be, if it does not please your mistress you have to suffer for it. Once I worked for a widow lady whose incomes are derived from the real estate, stock and bonds. She is economizing so strictly that often handicapped me. One day, taking the chances of her good humor, I told her that her well meant efforts are the misapplication of her energy, trying to save her pin money through the economy of gas bill and grocery bill in the old-fashioned way, while neglecting to avail herself to the "modern high finance scheme" hereby

she may improve her resources. The reward of this speech was an honorable discharge! To be a successful servant is to make yourself a fool. This habitual submission will bring a lamentable effect to the one's brain function. Day after day throughout the years confined into the kitchen and dining-room, physically tired, unable to refresh yourself in the way of mental reciprocity, even the bright head will suffer if stay too long as a servant. Of course, one's character will be greatly improved and refined by serving the employer like Mr. C. and Mrs. B. But they are exception. Majority of employer will not be interested in their servants.

The motive of my engaging in the domestic work, no matter how meritorious it may intrinsically be, our people look with me the scornful eyes if not with positive despise. The doors of prominent Japanese family closed before me. Sometimes I was unrecognized by the fellow students from Japan, who are sons of wealth. I wrote one day a few lines to console myself:

Who does scorn the honest toil
Mayest ungraceful post thou hail
When the motive is true and pure
The wealth of learning to store.

O! never say that my humble lot
Does harm the fame of fortunate sons
Of Yamato. Disgrace me not.
How wilt thou feel, were it thine once.

How I suffer within knowest thou not;
Aspiring hope alone animates weary heart.
Year after year and day after day
Over the rough sea I steer my destiny

Unknown to shape my destination
My heart sobered with resignation.
But far from to be the misanthropist
The love of life giving the keener zest.

I kneel down for the silent prayer
Concealing my own I toil and prepare
To realize the hope dear to my heart
And absorbed the whole my thought.

O what joy how blessed I am!
With inspiring hope for my future aim
To consecrate my own for Truth and Humanity,
To this end I devote with honor and sincerity.

Some says Japanese are studying while they are working in the kitchen,

but it is all nonsense. Many of them started so, but nearly all of them failed. It is all well up to college, where there are not much references need to read. After you have served dinner, washing dishes and cleaning dining-room, you are often tired when you commence to write an essay. You will feel sometime your fingers are stiff and your arms are ache. In the afternoon, just when you began concentrated on the points in the book, the front door bell rung—the goods delivered from the stores, or callers to mistress, or telephone messages and what not. How often you are disturbed while you have to read at least three hours succession quietly in order to make the outline and dug up all the essential points. I have experience, once I attended lecture after I have done a rush work in the kitchen. I was so tired felt as tho all the blood in the body rushing up to the brain and partly sleepy. My hands would not work. I could not take the note of professor's lecture, as my head so dull could not order to my hand what professor's lecture was.

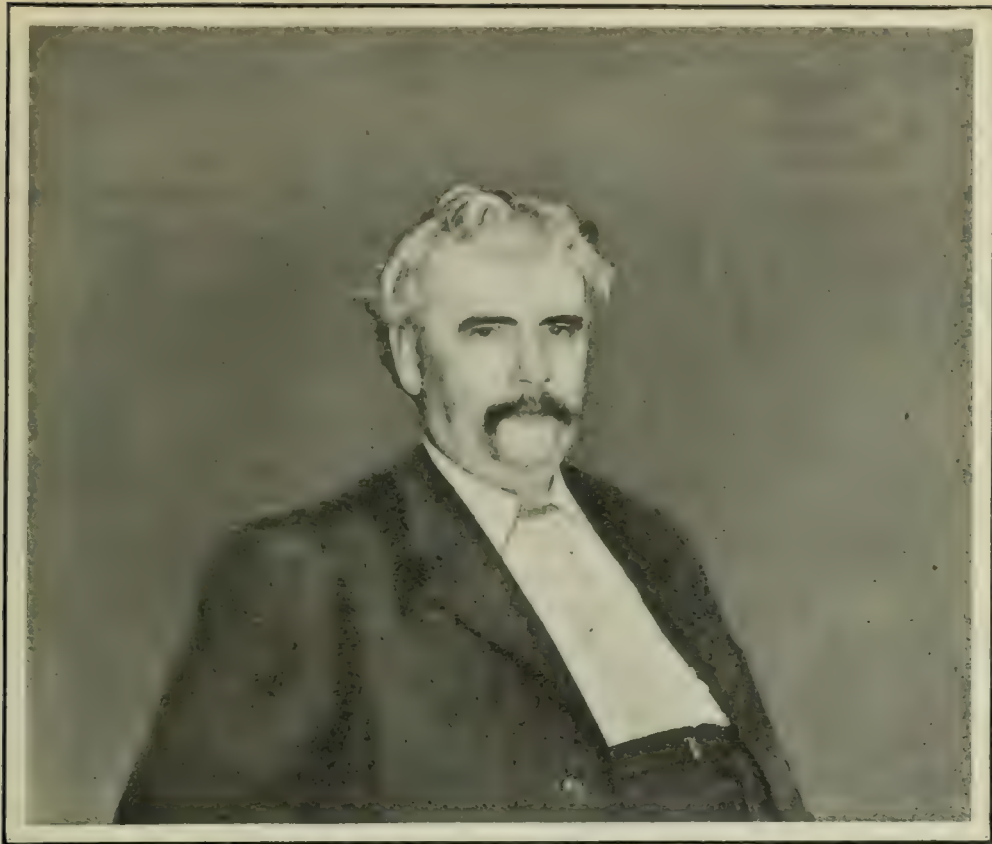
Many Japanese servants has told me as soon as they saved sufficient amount of money they would start the business. But many young Japanese, while their intentions are laudable, they will find the vile condition of environment in a large city like New York has a greater force than their moral courage could resist. Disheartened from the hard work or excessive disagreeableness of their environment often tempt them to seek a vain comfort in the misdirected quarter; thus dissipate their preciously earned money.

Even those who have saved money successfully for the capital to start the business, their future is quite doubtful. When they have saved enough money it will be a time that their business ability melted away or by no means are sharp. Years' husbanding of domestic work, handicapped and over-interfered by mistress, their mental agilities are reduced to the lamentable degree. Yet, matured by these undesirable experience, most of them are quite unconscious of this outcome as little by little submissive and depending habit so securely rooted within their mind. It will be an exceedingly hard to adjust themselves immediately to the careful and shrewd watch required in the modern business enterprise, tho they may be assisted by the instinct of self-interest. Most deliberate reflection is required from these unconscious servile habit of action to restore to their previous independent thinking mind. The sooner they quit the kitchen the better, tho needless to say there are a few exceptions.

Above all I am so grateful to the members of the Japanese Consulate, prominent citizens of our colony, editors of Japanese papers, ministers and secretaries of Japanese missions co-operating each other to help out young Japanese to secure their more agreeable and harmless position, and also they are throwing their good influence to induce Japanese domestic servants to go over to Korea and Manchuria to become a pioneer and land owner in these country, instead of to be the co-worker with the Venus in the American commissary department.

NEW YORK CITY.





W. J. McGEE

The Desert Cure

BY DR. W. J. McGEE

[A few months ago it was published throughout the country that Dr. McGee was going to the heart of the Arizona desert, at Tinajas, Altas, a solitary water-hole about seventy-five miles from Yuma, and reported to be about the hottest and driest spot in the world, to recuperate his health. The doctor has just returned, completely cured, from his novel and successful vacation, as the following article, given as an interview, attests. Dr. McGee is U. S. Commissioner of the American International Commission of Archæology and Ethnology, President of the American Anthropological Association, Chief of the Department of Anthropology at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and recently President of the National Geographic Society.—EDITOR.]

MY residence in the desert from May 20th to September 1st of this year has been one of the most delightful outings of my life. I have been alone except for an Indian boy, and my longest expedition from camp was a walk of forty miles across the desert to meet my wife, who stopped at the nearest railroad point for a visit.

Tinajas Altas, my headquarters, is by trail considerably more than 75 miles southeast of Yuma. It is a little east of south of the station Adonde on the Southern Pacific Railroad, forty miles distant. The nearest village is Gila City, which is the next station on the South-

ern Pacific west of Adonde. The only supply point of any consequence is Yuma.

The life remote from humanity was not undertaken by me as a hermit whim or even solely to gratify my natural fondness for the desert. Early in the year I decided upon Tinajas Altas as a health experiment. The strenuous work of building up the Department of Anthropology for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—showing our half of the world how the other half lives—had come soon after an attack of typhoid fever, from which I did not take time to recuperate fully. I found myself bur-

dened by certain of the sequelæ of typhoid, which in my case were a partial disorganization of the arterial and venous walls and of the capillaries. By reason of this I became subject to small hemorrhages and some disturbance in the action of the heart, which was not very serious but which ought not to be permitted to continue. The condition might be temporarily relieved by drugs, but could not be cured in that way. So I set about to seek for some regimen that would meet the requirements of my system.

Since I had lived in deserts to some extent and had acquired that peculiar affection for the desert which binds the Arab to his home and leads all people who live in the desert to fall in love with it so that they can hardly reconcile themselves to life anywhere else, I naturally thought about arid regions. I began to realize that the best possible regimen would be exposure to the extremely strong sun and the extremely dry air of the desert, both of which tend to stimulate the skin and other external tissues more than any other known agencies.

I consulted one or two physicians, who seemed to think that my diagnosis and proposed treatment were exactly right; and my wife, Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, who stopped in St. Louis for a week on her way from Japan to Washington, and who is a physician, agreed with me that the campaign that I had laid out for myself was the best possible one.

The point which I selected possesses a historic interest. Long before Columbus came to this country the aborigines of the Southwest journeyed occasionally from what is now Sonora, Mexico, into what is now California, and in so doing they had to traverse deserts and seek for water. They discovered two or three water-pockets—Tinajas Altas, or "High Bowls," as the Mexicans call them—at a point in what is now the Gila range of mountains, about 75 miles in an air line southeast of Yuma and about one and one-half miles from the international boundary between Mexico and the United States.

That watering-place became sacred to the Indians. Altho they never resided there, they visited the place in their journeys and carved a vast number of in-

scriptions on the granite rocks about the water-hole. They worked into the flat surfaces of the granite rocks, both in place and lying around as bowlders, a multitude of mortars such as are used for grinding grain and are themselves symbols of food. Hundreds of them still remain and hundreds of the petroglyphs. These consist usually of votive inscriptions which note the passage of a particular group of Indians and take the form of the totemic animal of the group—the mountain sheep, the coyote, the antelope, the rattlesnake and many other animals that were the totems or tutelaries of the tribes.

Just what white man first saw the Tinajas Altas cannot be positively stated, but there is every probability that this man was one of the greatest Jesuits in the history of western America, Padre Kino, the man who discovered that California is not an island, as it had been regarded for many years through a curious blunder on the part of map makers and geographers. Padre Kino went from portions of Mexico included in what is now the State of Sonora to the Colorado River, and described the geography of the region with a good deal of accuracy. It is practically certain that in one of his trips he passed by the way of Tinajas Altas. Later, during the period of Jesuit missionizing, there was a good deal of travel between Mexico and California, and one of the land routes was by way of Tinajas Altas. It was a very hard route, because there was a stretch of some seventy miles without water, but the "High Bowls" were found to be never entirely dry. The parties traveled slowly and many died of thirst before they got to the water. Their bodies were buried in the desert sands or in the volcanic *débris* with which the region abounds, and usually the burial place was marked by a little cross flat on the ground, made of pebbles, because there was no wood.

Another chapter was opened by the discovery of gold in California, and when the golden germ invaded the brain-cells of Mexicans as well as Americans the Argonauts began to flock across the plains and the desert to California. The favorite route for the Mexican gold seekers and one of the routes for the

Americans lay by way of Tinajas Altas, along the old missionary trail.

The gold seekers were followed by pioneers, whose herds of stock subsisted on the prairie grass. There was very little of this grass to begin with, but that little was destroyed and the region therefore became more desert than before. Evaporation became more rapid and the last water dried up on the route between, so that instead of 70 it is now 90 miles from the nearest water on the east to Tinajas Altas.

The gold seekers and pioneers often died on the way from thirst and hardship and occasionally they were massacred by Apache Indians. Each new party sometimes had to bury the bodies of the preceding party. The whole ninety miles from the last water at the little Indian village of Quitovaquito to Tinajas Altas is almost a continuous cemetery.

The lowest basin of the Tinajas Altas is easily found in the granite rock and is now near the level of the plain. The others are higher, altho tolerably accessible. But sometimes when the pioneers arrived after the long, hard journey they had not vigor enough to climb up over the rocks, and sometimes they did not know that there was any water higher, so that they died even so near to the water, and the next party had to bury them. I think that within a few rods of the basins there are as many as one hundred pebble-crosses marking graves.

The discovery of other routes across the continent and the fact that this one was so extremely hard would probably have led to its final abandonment had it not been for the Gadsden Purchase in 1852 and the coming of surveying parties to locate the international boundary. The surveyors were about the last men to pass by Tinajas Altas until, with a curious irony, the County Supervisor of Yuma County went over the route in 1894 and erected guide-boards every dozen or two miles. After that a Mexican and an Indian, who had acquired their horses in an irregular way, watered at Tinajas Altas. The next party was my own, in 1899.

I had been down in Sonora to look for a tribe of Indians that I found extinct, and I concluded to go to the Colorado

River and observe the Cocopa Indians. I wanted to work along up the coast of the Gulf of California, but I found that the absence of roads and the presence of sand and the dearth of water made this impossible, so I went into the interior and struck the old Yuma trail at Quitovaquito. There I prepared myself for the ninety miles without water to Tinajas Altas.

The ordinary climatic processes move slowly there. The trails of the boundary survey party, of the Yuma County Supervisor and of the Mexican and his Indian were to be traced nearly always in the sand without difficulty. We located the camps of the boundary survey party. We followed the wagon tracks which they had made and noted the prints made by the feet of their horses and mules.

We completed the ninety miles without water—a statement which is painfully eloquent to any one who has gone through it, but which means nothing to those who have not done so. At the end of the ninety miles without water we reached Tinajas Altas. Naturally the water was the sweetest and the surroundings the most attractive that the human eye ever saw—for such is the effect of thirst. For that reason I sought Tinajas Altas as a health cure. The hopes which I entertained last spring have been more than justified. The effect of desert life upon my health has been all that I anticipated, and I return to civilization entirely well and with a store of experiences well worth the trouble of securing.

My fifteen-year-old daughter Klotho had been eager to accompany me and I would have taken her with me, but duties at home prevented her. So I started out, intending to have no companion, but when I arrived at Yuma I found prospecting and cattle driving parties, rendering it unwise to stay alone, and I took José, an Indian boy, to guard camp in my absence and help get fuel and water. The boy was away three times, for periods of three days, four days and one week, during which I was alone.

From Yuma a man with a strong team and a light vehicle took us and our rations and blankets out to Tinajas Altas. Our rations for each month consisted of

twelve pounds of raw bacon, eleven pounds of raw navy beans, two pounds of rice, four pounds of sugar and one pound of tea, a total of thirty pounds—a pound per day—for each of us. The merit of the navy bean is that each pound when cooked absorbs so much water that it becomes from five to eight pounds. In spite of the experiments of military organizations all over the world in the last quarter of a century, no ration in condensed form has been found equal to the good old frontiersman's standby of bacon and beans.

I had no tent or other bar against nature, nor did I desire one. I liked the sky above me, and as the average rainfall is only about one-half inch per annum, I needed no protection from the wet. It was, of course, cold at night. The ground was, therefore, more comfortable to sleep on than a bed or cot, because it became heated during the day and at night gave off warmth. Lying flat on the ground I was a great deal warmer than I would have been on a bed even as low as six inches above the ground. The diurnal range is very great at Tinajas Altas, as in all extremely arid regions, and this is one of the most arid in the world. The ordinary summer temperature, as nearly as it can be measured, ranges from 40 to 50 degrees at night to between 110 and 135 degrees in the day.

I have maintained at camp a United States Weather Bureau Station, in which observations have served to define the "summer low" about the head of the Gulf of California and a vapor zone lying between the fog zone and the interior thunderstorm zone, which has much to do with the weather of the Southwest and will aid in weather forecasting hereafter.

For cooking my meals I found sufficient roots and twigs of the mesquite

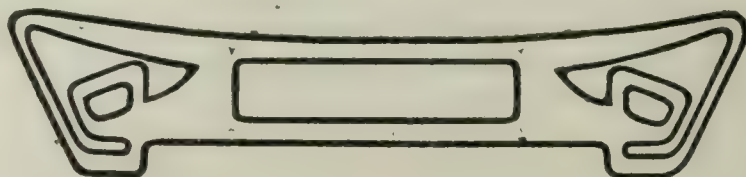
and creosote (*Larrea tridentata*). It does not take much fuel to raise water from the 100 degrees at which it averages here to the 200 degrees at which it boils at the Tinajas Altas altitude of 1,400 feet.

I took no reading matter with me. It was a time of resting. But I did some thinking in the way of studying the fundamental principle of vegetal vitality in deserts, the process by which the cacti, the mesquite trees and the creosote bushes utilize energy from light.

I found more life than I anticipated—two rattlesnakes, four centipedes, half a dozen scorpions, tarantulas and two Gila monsters, mostly in camp. Many birds and insects and some big-horns shared the water with us. I did not shut them out, altho water was scarce. Only two tinajas remain, one containing perhaps 250 gallons of rather bad water, the other with about 50 gallons of fairly good water and more in the sand. Each basin was an hour's climb (round trip) from camp. I am inclined to think the place is a sort of spring, drawing supply from the ground water in the granite rocks.

On July 20th I had the exciting experience of rescuing two Mexican prospectors at the point of death from thirst. They had gone out insufficiently supplied with canteens, boastful of their ability to stand heat and thirst. Five days later they straggled back to camp, semi-delirious, neither one able to articulate. They dropped, fifty yards apart, and José attended one, while I looked after the weaker, administering water and a little whisky, giving also a heart stimulant to the weaker one, to keep the thickened blood moving until the reaction was over. Glimpses of that side of desert life are awful, but happily one can provide against such emergencies.

YUMA, ARIZ.



The Recovery of Family Life

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH gave us in *THE INDEPENDENT* the other day an eloquent description of the death of Family Life—of the Home—in England and America. He showed us how essential to human development, how full of all blessed influences, was this Home which our forefathers possessed and loved, but which, he believes, we are allowing to die out among us. He describes a typical English household known to him in his youth; the corps of faithful servants who honored their employers and cared for them, and who were honored and as faithfully cared for by them. This household was no doubt the outgrowth of the spirit and the time which taught the English child in his church catechism that his religion required him to “order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters.” He is taught the same words now. But what English or American child really believes to-day that he has any “betters”?

Mr. Goldwin Smith is convinced that the old type of domestic service is almost extinct here and in the mother country, and his article is, in fact, only a pathetic requiem for the Home. His logic is dreadfully convincing. The Home cannot exist without separate households, and separate households are impossible without domestic servants, and domestic servants are now all being metamorphosed into shop-girls and mill hands.

From one end of the country to the other the same wail is heard. We are told that in New England forty years ago, when the new summer boarder industry first promised prosperity to fishing villages in Maine and farms in New Hampshire, the women were ready to cook and wash and gather in the golden harvest, but that now the daughters of these women are in the mills, or sit idle at home, reading books on natural science or novels from the free libraries. Their education, they argue, has unfitted them to be cooks or chambermaids. Their

places in the household are filled by raw Irish or Swedish girls, all eager to leave the kitchen for the factories.

In the large cities of the East the riddle of domestic service is incessantly discussed, until the most patient listener is bored and wearied with it. Young married people, in haste to grow rich or to reform the world, have no time to waste on kitchen problems, and crowd into hotels or boarding houses, throwing wholly out of their lives the idea and the reality of the Home. It is, in fact, this hasty action of a class so numerous and prominent among us that has convinced such thoughtful observers as Mr. Goldwin Smith of the rapid decadence of family life in this country. All kinds of expedients have been seriously proposed in these overcrowded towns to remedy this difficulty, from racial suicide to the erection of huge buildings, each of which will contain fifty families; a laundry in which all of their clothes can be washed together, a kitchen where their food can be cooked, and a gigantic nursery on the roof, where all the children can be herded, fed, taught and brought up by the same nurses in or out “of the admonition of the Lord,” as luck may have it. Thus, the inventors of this scheme assure us, the mothers of the family will be set free from all home cares and responsibility and will be able to devote their energies to literary or civic affairs. These remedies, however, have not proved popular.

From the South the reports are not so hopeless. A much larger proportion of the negroes retain their old feeling of respect and affection for their employers than would be credited in the North. There are still skilled old Winnys and Bettys in the kitchens, with their secrets of soups and hot breads handed down unwritten for generations. There are gray-headed body servants who secretly despise the free and easy manners of their modern masters; and, best of all, the old-time Mammy lingers in some

nurseries, able not only to feed and dress the children, but to drill them in "manners," to dose them when they are ailing and to teach them religion in their prayers night and morning. The manners and the simple faith of these old black mothers are not a bad foundation for the life of any little child, white or black.

But the younger generation of negroes, especially those of mixed blood, are largely influenced just now by the ambition for what they call "high development." The foppish waiter behind your chair or the manicure girl in a silk gown and picture hat intends to fill a pulpit and a teacher's chair in some institute before long. Their ambitions are nothing, no doubt, but in the meantime your meals and nails suffer. The great majority of half-educated negroes do not accept the theory of Booker Washington. "Work" is not the cure for their needs, but the vague so-called "development." The man who writes a book of feeble verses or preaches a sermon in which every idea is borrowed is hailed by them as a benefactor to his race, rather than the skilful mason or carpenter. Whether these ideas are right or wrong we need not stop to argue now, but it is certain that while they control the colored people they will not furnish an answer to the kitchen riddle.

In the West that riddle is more urgent than even in New York and Philadelphia. The wife of a wealthy rancher in Montana lately wrote to me: "Household service such as we were taught was a necessity in a home is an impossibility here. Why should a girl be my cook or maid when she can be the mistress of a ranch herself? Wives are at a premium here. One or two boys too weak for outdoor work I have drilled in the kitchen and now they can wash beef or wash and starch shirts very creditably. Before I discovered them, a year ago, and when I was helpless from an attack of ague, the daughter of a neighboring farmer was induced to lend me her assistance for six hours each day. But she stipulated for a sum that would have paid a New York *chef*, and spent most of the time in practicing on my piano."

In the large towns of Montana and

Washington the household difficulty is met by countless small restaurants or *cafés*. The rates at which meals are served in these places seem absurdly low to Eastern housekeepers. From a luncheon of beef sandwiches and a cup of tea at ten cents to a dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, dessert and coffee at twenty-five, provision is made for the most ravenous appetite, and, the Western man being as a rule both honest and shrewd, the food is wholesome and good. To families who refuse to find the lost altar of "home, sweet home," in a covered basket or a table at a restaurant, the Japanese or Chinaman brings silent and effective relief.

The most piteous cries for help, however, come from the large manufacturing towns of the West, to which the negro and the Asiatic have not penetrated. The wife of a mill owner, whose capital is numbered by many millions, said lately:

"We have neither Chinese nor Japanese in our city. There are few negroes. The American and foreign girls prefer to go into the factories to domestic service, tho the mill work brings them in not half as much money. I am willing to pay the highest price for a skilled cook or chambermaid, but for years have felt that I was fortunate if I could secure one girl of all work, untrained, awkward and, as a rule, rude and insolent. When skilful work of any kind is needed now in the house it must be done by my own hands or left undone. Yet I live within fifty miles of Chicago! I have tried to import trained servants from the East and have humored them as if they were Bourbons in disguise. But after a week or two they invariably left me to 'better themselves,' which meant hard mill work at lower wages, under a coarse, rough boss."

"And why?" I asked. "Oh, it is a question of caste. The household servant is held by uneducated people to rank lower than the mill hand," she replied.

Is not this the key to the difficulty everywhere? There is no nation in the world in which caste is more important than in ours, altho we profess to have no such thing. Every village has its grades of social demarkation, laid on absolutely baseless lines.

What will be the result of this uni-

versal difficulty? Is the country to become a huge boarding house? Are the home and family life to die out?

I think not. Surely Mr. Goldwin Smith takes too gloomy a view of the situation.

There is no difficulty in the world which Necessity and Common Sense will not overcome if you give them time enough.

Next to religion family life is the most beneficent influence in the development of men. Are the people of this country to give it up because a certain kind of work is necessary for it and the workers do not come to it at call?

Given any kind of necessary work and good pay and sooner or later the workers will come. They are beginning to come now. In the Eastern cities, if you have the money, you can command a corps of skilled English servants. If you live in the West Chinese and Japanese will do the work with ability and intelligence. In the South better service will be had when enough years have passed to convince our colored friends that they cannot all be professional men and women. To them, as to the great mass of our incoming immigrants, liberty and equality are new waters of life. They have gone to their heads like wine; they all reel a little as they walk. In a year or two they will understand that no labor which is honest is dishonorable, least of all that especial service which women in

all ages have given to their husbands and children. When Irish Molly and Dutch Lena discover that more skill and comfort and profit belong to the work of a kitchen than to that of a mill the difficulty will vanish.

Have the mistresses nothing to do in this matter? Probably the most ideal condition of household service was that which existed a century ago in the large households of the Scotch-Irish settlers in Pennsylvania and Virginia. Cooking, weaving, all kinds of household labor, were carried on by apprentices bound to serve without wages until they came of age. As a rule the mistresses held themselves also bound to train these young people in the service of God, and did it faithfully. They gave personal care to each boy and girl, fitting them to be useful and happy men and women. A strong link of respect and affection bound servant and employer together through life.

How much personal care do we give now to our cook or waiter?

A little kindness and sympathy, a recognition of the human soul in every man or woman who comes near us, will send strange heavenly airs blowing through the darkest places in the world. We form clubs to carry help to prisons and to slums. What if each one of us went alone with it every day down into her kitchen?

PHILADELPHIA.



Peace and the World-Soul

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I SENT my soul to ask the World-Soul *why*
Life-loving men the chance of war still court
Who all so soon this sweet, known earth must
fly,
Yet haste to launch away to Death's dark
port!

The World-Soul answered (not from Time
nor space):

"O fretful atoms 'neath your transient sun,
It is, that yet ye speak of sundered race,
Of alien tribe and law,—who are but *one*;

"For one ye are, wherever men shall fall;
Ye are but one (misnamed as 'friend and
foe'),

In whatsoever tongue your pale lips call
On whatsoever Name of God men know!"

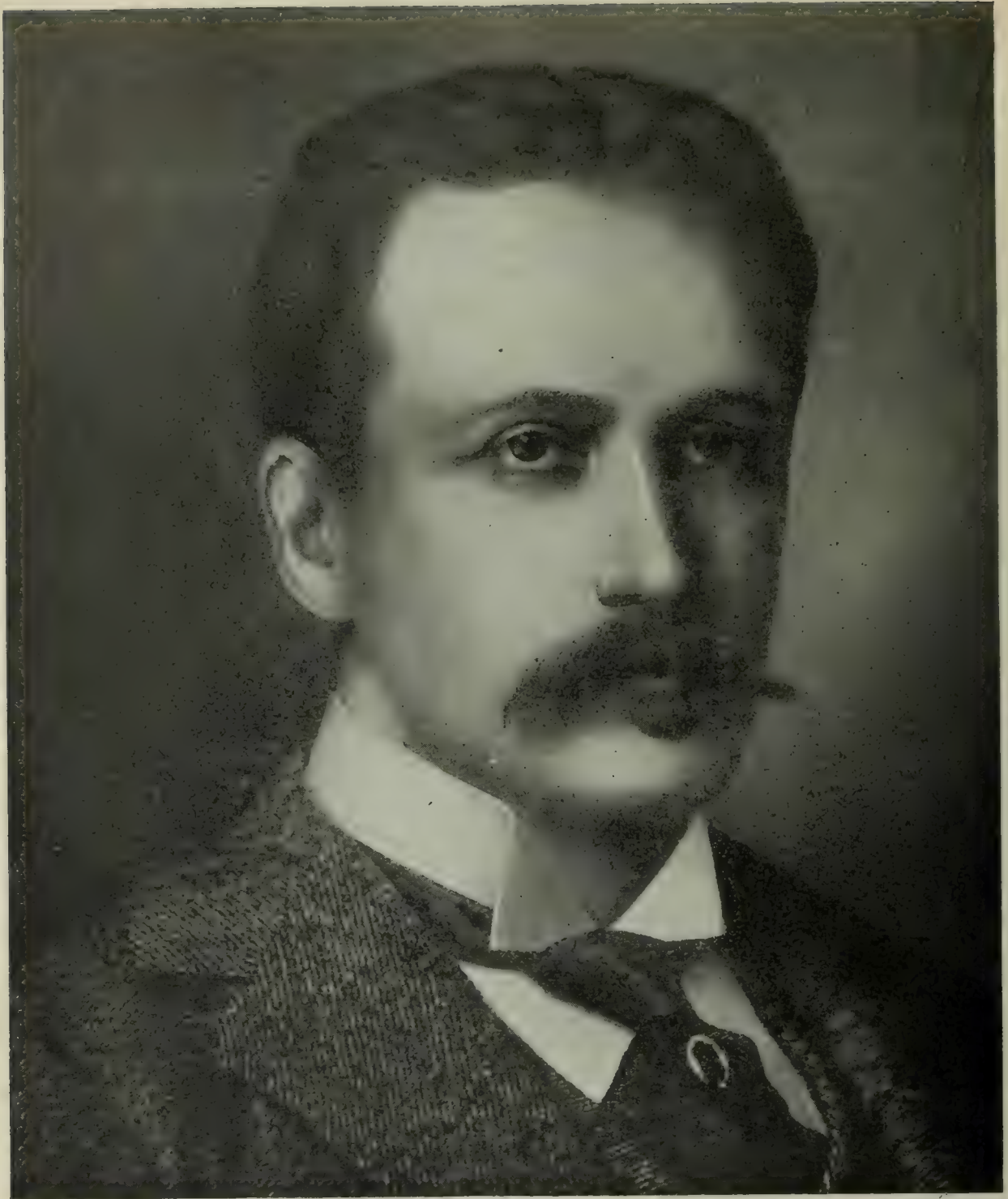
Now—since my soul the World-Soul did entreat,

Through all embattled lands I fain would
run,

Crying: "This knowledge, brothers, is so
sweet—

Rest ye, and hear, *we are but one, but one!*"

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y



The New Assistant Secretary of State

Robert Bacon, whose appointment as Assistant Secretary of State to succeed Francis B. Loomis, resigned, was recently announced, was born at Jamaica Plain, Mass., on July 5th, 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in 1880, in the same class with President Roosevelt, with whom he has since continued a very close friendship. Subsequently he entered the banking house of E. Rollins Morse & Co., of this city, ultimately becoming a director therein. In 1899 he became associated with J. P. Morgan & Co., with Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, and with the Paris house of Morgan, Harjes & Co. He quickly became a power in matters affecting the Morgan interests and gave considerable attention to railroad and industrial enterprises. In 1901 Mr. Bacon was acting head of the Morgan banking house during Mr. J. P. Morgan's absence in Europe. This period, marked by the famous corner in Northern Pacific, afforded Mr. Bacon an opportunity, which he improved, for displaying remarkable qualities. Mr. Bacon was active in the steamship merger and in the settlement of the coal strike in 1902. He retired from the Morgan firm on December 31st, 1902, on account of ill health. His present appointment is the first public office of a national character that he has held. Mr. Bacon is an active member of the best clubs of the city and is a director of the National City Bank, the Bank for Savings, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, Erie Railroad, Federal Steel Company, Northern Pacific Railroad and other corporations.



Lord Minto, Viceroy of India

The new Viceroy of India, whose full name is John Murray Kynynmond Elliot Gilbert, is now fifty-eight years old and is a man of wide experience, having seen service in four continents. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge and at the age of twenty entered the Ensign Scots Guards. Ten years later he served with the Turkish army and was in the Afghan War of 1879. He was the Private Secretary of Lord Roberts when he was in South Africa in 1881, and he volunteered for the Egyptian campaign of the following year. He was appointed Military Secretary of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, and led the campaign against Riel and his half-breed followers in the Rebellion of 1885. He was Governor-General of Canada from November 12th, 1898, to December 10th, 1904. He now takes the place of Lord Curzon, who resigned the viceroyalty of India because of conflicts of authority with Lord Kitchener over the reorganization of the army and the control of supplies for it.

What the Vice-President of the Confederacy Thought of General Grant

BY I. C. CRAWFORD

[The following article was written by Mr. Crawford after an interview with Alexander H. Stephens, which has never before been given to the public. Mr. Crawford has lived in London for the past few years, but before that for twenty years he was one of the leading newspaper correspondents at Washington.—EDITOR.]

THE late Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, former Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, attracted much attention in Washington when he came here as a member of the House several years after the war. In many ways his life had been a most remarkable one. No invalid has ever done more than did he. Physically he was almost helpless from the days of his childhood. Nothing but the energy of his mind and the strength of his character enabled him to take part in the active affairs of life. At no time in his life did he ever weigh over ninety pounds. Thin, attenuated, unable to walk, suffering constantly from pain, he was, in spite of all these difficulties, a most agreeable and cheerful companion. He was able to make his way about a room through the aid of an ingeniously contrived invalid chair. This he was able to propel himself a short distance. A stout negro servant carried him up and down stairs as he would a baby. This servant dressed him and fed him. Mr. Stephens occupied a position on the floor of the House of Representatives directly in front of the Speaker. There he would hold a little court, seated in his invalid chair, and occasionally he spoke from it. He had a small featured, boyish looking face. His hair was very thin and of a sandy brown color. He never had any beard. His face was as smooth and as soft as a baby's. His eyes were a kindly blue, his nose straight and his mouth small and refined. His face was that of a kindly old woman of unusual force and vigor of character. His voice was very shrill and penetrating, but not disagreeable. Mr. Stephens was noted for the clearness of his political vision and his remarkable lack of partisan prejudice. He opposed secession and never for a moment was deceived as to the outcome. He went into

the Confederacy to follow his State, but against his own judgment. There was no time during the war when he was not anxious and ready to negotiate for peace.

Mr. Stephens had a most remarkable memory for names and faces. He had this to a much greater degree than had Mr. Blaine, who was the most noted of the modern politicians for such a memory. If Mr. Stephens ever had a conversation with any one it was exceptional if he ever forgot the individual or his name. Through his invalid habits he was obliged to lead a most retired life. Every evening, however, he was at home in his invalid chair until nine o'clock. His rooms were nearly always thronged during the period which followed dinner. Mr. Stephens dined at six. He was so feeble that he was unable to prepare his own food. A servant would prepare his food and feed him as he would a child. The casual visitor not acquainted with Mr. Stephens was always surprised to hear him talk. By the side of such physical feebleness there was a striking contrast of great mental vigor and felicity of expression of a most unusual character. It was Mr. Stephens's habit to roll his chair quietly up and down and to turn to the right and to the left, taking in every one present in the range of the conversation. He was invariably courteous to every one. There was a special kindness in his manner to young people. He much preferred the society of young men to that of older ones.

I called upon Mr. Stephens one evening soon after his arrival in Washington. He had then been away for many years. It was his first return after his former political rights had been restored to him following the downfall of the Confederacy. His room, where I saw him, was thronged with Southern men. Mr. Ste-

phens was seated in front of an open fire, the yellow light of which played upon his pale, white face. He talked to his associates in a vein of most kindly charity. It was during the passionate and resentful days of the reconstruction period. The debates in Congress at that time were most bitter. Mr. Stephens advised his hot-blooded Southern associates to be patient. Every word he uttered was in the interests of harmony and devoid of all passion. I had but little opportunity then to talk with Mr. Stephens. There was nothing in my visit to attract his attention in any way. I did not see him again until three years after. I then called upon him in company with several others. He recognized me at once as I entered the room, called my name and mentioned the time and occasion of my first and only visit to him. While this was surprising to me at the time I learned afterward that this was not an unusual thing for Mr. Stephens; that he remembered every one and that this habit was strengthened by the fact that he was restrained in his life and occupied constantly the post of an observer.

It was during this second visit that Mr. Stephens related his experiences with General Grant at the close of the war. This is very interesting, as it gives a picture of General Grant as he appeared to a former enemy. It is an estimate of General Grant by one of the shrewdest observers who ever lived in American public life. Mr. Stephens, in the course of a conversation, had his attention called to General Grant by a Southern friend, who spoke of the General, who was then President, in the harshest terms. He repeated the phrases common at that time among General Grant's enemies. He was "ordinary," "uneducated," "boorish," and in every way unfitted for the high places he had reached. Mr. Stephens stopped this talk with a wave of his hand and then said: "It is a great mistake to underestimate an opponent. This was our mistake during the war. It would be worse than folly to continue this blundering view of a man who has the inclination to be our friend and the power to do us so much good. General Grant is one of the few great men this country has ever produced."

Mr. Stephens then went on to give the story of his first meeting with General Grant. It was at this meeting that he formed an impression of the true character of the General. He said: "I was appointed one of the Peace Commissioners to confer with the Federal authorities and to see if peace could not be accomplished without the useless shedding of more blood. It was in the winter of '64 and '65. The Confederacy was doomed. There were many who believed in dying in the last ditch and who were opposed to seeking terms. It was through my influence largely that this Peace Commission was formed. We placed ourselves in correspondence with General Grant and he made arrangements at once to receive us under a flag of truce. None of us had ever seen this victorious General. The only impression we had concerning him was derived from the exaggerated stories we had read in the Southern newspapers. The common impression concerning him was that he was at least six feet high, a coarse, tyrannical brute, who was nearly always drunk, and when sober was in such a cruel mood of fury that every one hated and feared him. We expected anything but a pleasant reception. The staff officer who was detailed to go with us was very particular about his appearance. I remember that he ransacked the shops of Richmond to get together a resplendent uniform, so as to make a fine appearance before this successful Union General.

"We were passed through the Union lines promptly. We arrived at Grant's headquarters in the field near Petersburg after dark. There was no committee to receive us. The guards everywhere were informed of the character of our visit and we found no obstacle in the way of our onward march to Grant's headquarters. Everywhere there was respectful courtesy, but no more. When we arrived at the place where Grant's headquarters were said to be we looked around for something indicating the character of a Commanding General's headquarters. We had been passed up through such formidable lines of sentries that we were surprised to find here at the very point where the General was no sentries and no guards to indicate the importance of the place. We asked

where we could find General Grant. A log cabin in the neighborhood was pointed out to us as his headquarters. We walked there and found no orderly at the door; so we were obliged to knock and to introduce ourselves. The door was opened by a gentleman in civilian clothes. He was of medium height. He held an oil lamp in his left hand, which he lifted just above his head in order to throw the light out. He rested his right hand upon the door as he opened it, saying, 'What is your wish, gentlemen?'

"I said: 'We are seeking General Grant.'

"'I am General Grant,' said he. 'Walk in, gentlemen.'

"This was our first surprise. The second was the unaffected warmth and simplicity of his reception. He placed the lamp upon the table and himself bustled about to find chairs. He stirred up the wood fire and listened to the account which I gave him of what we hoped to accomplish. We were with him an hour. He showed from the first the greatest pleasure at our visit and promised with the greatest cordiality to co-operate with us in working to secure peace. I studied him carefully during that hour. He was always the quiet, unobtrusive gentleman. Altho he was then the commander of an army of more than a million men, at the very pinnacle of the greatest military success of modern times, a soldier of the first rank, he was as quiet and unassuming with us as if he had been a mere captain. I doubt if there were many captains in the army at that time who would have shown such modesty and such quietness of manner. The proof of his greatness was his readiness to abdicate this position of splendid power as a command General in order to serve his country by giving a peaceful solution to the dreadful question between the North and the South. I observed him in his relations to his subordinates. Officers were continually coming and going. The Commanding General had continually to excuse himself to send this or that message by some orderly. I never heard him during that time use to one of his subordinates the tone of an imperative command. Even to the humblest of the orderlies he would say, 'Will you kindly do this or that?'

"When the first part of the conference was closed it was General Grant himself who said, 'You must remain here for a few days and perhaps we will be able to reach a peace.' He then said to us to follow him and he would furnish us quarters for the night. With almost boyish eagerness he picked up a soft black hat and said, 'I will show you myself where you are to go.' I protested at this trouble on his part. I said it would do quite as well if he would send an orderly. But no, he would not listen to this for a moment. It was now very dark. He started out with us and we went stumbling along after him down in the direction of the river, where a lighted steamboat lay. At every step we were challenged by sentries. To the cry of 'Who goes there?' General Grant invariably responded in a low voice, 'The Commanding General,' and on we sped without delay until we reached the steamboat, where General Grant himself selected the most comfortable staterooms and placed them at our disposal. He then said that he would be obliged to leave us. He intended to telegraph to Mr. Lincoln the results of the evening talk. If Mr. Lincoln indorsed the plan we should be able to come to an agreement at once and end the war.

"The next morning we were out on the hurricane deck. It was a clear, sunny morning. There was a sparkle in the air which made us all feel hopeful. Soon after our coming on deck we saw Grant. He came running along down the embankment, like a boy, waving a telegraph dispatch in his hand. He came on board at once and said: 'Good news! Lincoln approves and will send Commissioners to meet you.' I have never seen any one more unaffectedly glad than was General Grant. He sat down to breakfast with us and chattered like a boy and thanked me again and again for the good idea that I had had in seeking to arrive at a peaceful solution of the trouble. I did not see him but once after this. This was later in the day. Then he was disappointed and melancholy. Secretary Stanton had protested against the Peace Commission and his influence with Lincoln had been sufficient to countermand the order. Grant protested, but in vain. He received curt orders from Washing-

ton to proceed with the war, and that was the end of our attempt to accomplish peace. When I left Grant I was deeply affected. There were tears in his eyes when he shook me by the hand. The impression that he made upon me then of loyal simplicity, of true kindness of heart and nobleness of nature cannot be changed. He was in every sense of the word a true man.

"His conduct toward the South at the surrender of Lee's army only confirms my previous estimate of him. Since coming to Washington I have had a number of occasions to see General Grant. He has always treated me with the same kindness and consideration as at the time when I first met him. I think that if we Southern men had not kept away from the White House during this reconstruction time, but had gone to him with the frankness we could properly display in

going to a loyal enemy, our relations with the Government would have soon become agreeable and that General Grant would have met us more than half way. He has never shown the slightest desire to take advantage of any of his triumphs. He is too broad-minded not to know that one part of the country cannot prosper at the expense of the other without disadvantage to the whole."

It was in this kindly vein that the former Vice-President of the Confederacy used to talk to his Southern associates about General Grant. He did more to correct the misapprehensions in Southern minds concerning General Grant than any other public man at Washington. He was to the close of his days a loyal friend and was never weary of expressing his admiration for the high qualities and upright character of this greatest of the Generals of the late war.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Hawaii and the Japanese

BY A. L. C. ATKINSON

[A. L. C. Atkinson is Secretary of the Territory, and is serving his third term as Acting Governor, tho only 34 years of age and legally too young to be Governor. It is generally understood here that he is ultimately to succeed George R. Carter as Governor. He is also Chairman of the Territorial Board of Immigration and Board of Archives. As Secretary of the Republican Central Committee in the first campaign he was the organizer to a very large extent of the party in the islands. He is an attorney, a graduate of Ann Arbor. The following article is from an interview.—EDITOR.]

I DO not believe that Hawaii is destined to be Japanized. It is a fact that the Japanese population of the islands is more than twice the number of Caucasians of all nationalities, and it must be admitted that the Japanese, originally brought here as laborers—a large majority of them contract laborers before annexation—have made very considerable advances as skilled laborers and have driven many American skilled laborers away from the group. The oft-mentioned fact that there are thousands of young Japanese growing up all over the islands who will have the right, being American born, to demand American citizenship and vote must also be admitted. It is pointed out by alarmists in Hawaii to-day that in about ten years enough of these youths will grow up to

dominate the political situation in the islands, and a Japanese Legislature and Japanese county officials in this little American Territory are freely predicted by the alarmists.

The Japanese, however, do not become expatriated. They will not want American citizenship. They do not want it now. In the last general election here the Japanese who voted can be counted on the fingers of a hand, tho there are undoubtedly several hundred who could qualify. The Chinese far more readily accept American citizenship, or, rather, reach after it when able, and we have about two hundred of them as voters. The Chinese desire for citizenship, however, is usually not founded on devotion to Americanism. It is merely a matter of avoiding the difficulties and incon-

veniences of the Exclusion Act, for a Chinese who is an American citizen may travel to and from the country as he wills. The Japanese want our education, our business and mechanical knowledge and our money, but, far more than the Chinese, they want to keep their own nationality. This is why they will never dominate an election in Hawaii and one reason why I say that the Hawaiian Islands will never be Japanized.

Another is that Hawaii herself has begun to initiate a movement which will populate her beautiful fertile valleys and plains and hillsides with the homes of whites.

In recent years the people of Hawaii have awakened to the realization more than ever of what is meant by the words spoken by President Roosevelt when he said that Hawaii must be developed "along traditional American lines," and also, perhaps, they have awakened to a realization of the fact that the American ideal was not being achieved here. I believe that our large sugar plantation men—even those who have asked from time to time that Washington allow them Chinese coolies—are taking more than ever an interest in this problem.

Hawaii boasts of an incomparable climate, soil of unexcelled fertility and scenery so charming that no visitor ever fails to say its impression will linger in his memory till death. She has thousands of acres of splendid Government land lying idle. She has the finest and largest sugar mills in the world and vast cane fields watered by some of the largest pumps ever installed by man. On the single island of Oahu there is pumped from the soil by this vast machinery the incredible total of 350,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. In these great mills and pumping plants there is employment for a small army of skilled engineers and machinists. Hawaii's uncultivated acres can produce tons upon tons of valuable tropical staples for which the United States every year pays millions of dollars more than she need pay if Hawaii were her tropical garden. Yet the past two years have seen the American, in fact all the white, population actually decrease. The Japanese or else the Chinese have taken the skilled laborers' places and little has been done to encourage the

American homeseeker. But a start has been made.

The Legislature has just created a Board of Immigration, which, in co-operation with the sugar planters and others, is laying plans for securing a supply of white labor consisting of men with families who will found homes and become American citizens, and for encouraging the immigration of the American settler. The mistake of encouraging the Asiatic skilled laborer at the expense of the American is now realized, and I believe that a few years will see a marked return of white skilled laborers to these islands.

The first missionary work will have to be done here. We shall have to put our own house in order. Our large employers must be brought to realize their responsibility. Hence we are asking the plantations and other large employers what they are willing to do. We want them to offer the whites employment and we expect them to do so. We can supply the homes. Give them work and give them homes and whites will settle this country. Hawaii has the work to be done and at good wages, and she wants the right kind of citizens to come here and do it.

The citizens who have made Honolulu and Hawaii what they are, including the present generation and their ancestors in the islands, achieved far more in the development of an American community than the average American is aware of. They have made a success of the scientific agricultural and mechanical features of sugar producing far beyond anything else in the world. There are no sugar mills, no fields of cane, in the world which are comparable to those of Hawaii. This result has been won by the application of the best scientific talent to be had in both lines. Nowhere is there more scientific farming than on the sugar plantations of these islands, where twelve tons of sugar to the acre are produced, as compared to the three or four tons regarded as satisfactory elsewhere; and nowhere else, after the cane has been harvested, is its saccharine matter extracted with equal skill or perfection of machinery. I believe that the people of the islands who have achieved these great commercial results are also capable of

solving their political problems and of carrying out the wish of our President and of McKinley before him, that the islands be developed along traditional American lines. In doing this they have to meet a concentration of what is known as the "yellow peril" such as has never before been met by an American com-

munity. The other "yellow peril," which is just beginning to be talked about, but which, let us hope, will never be a real peril—that of the utter defenselessness of the islands against naval attack—is one that may be left to the statesmen at Washington who are in charge of such matters.

HONOLULU, HAWAII.



Yellow Fever and the South

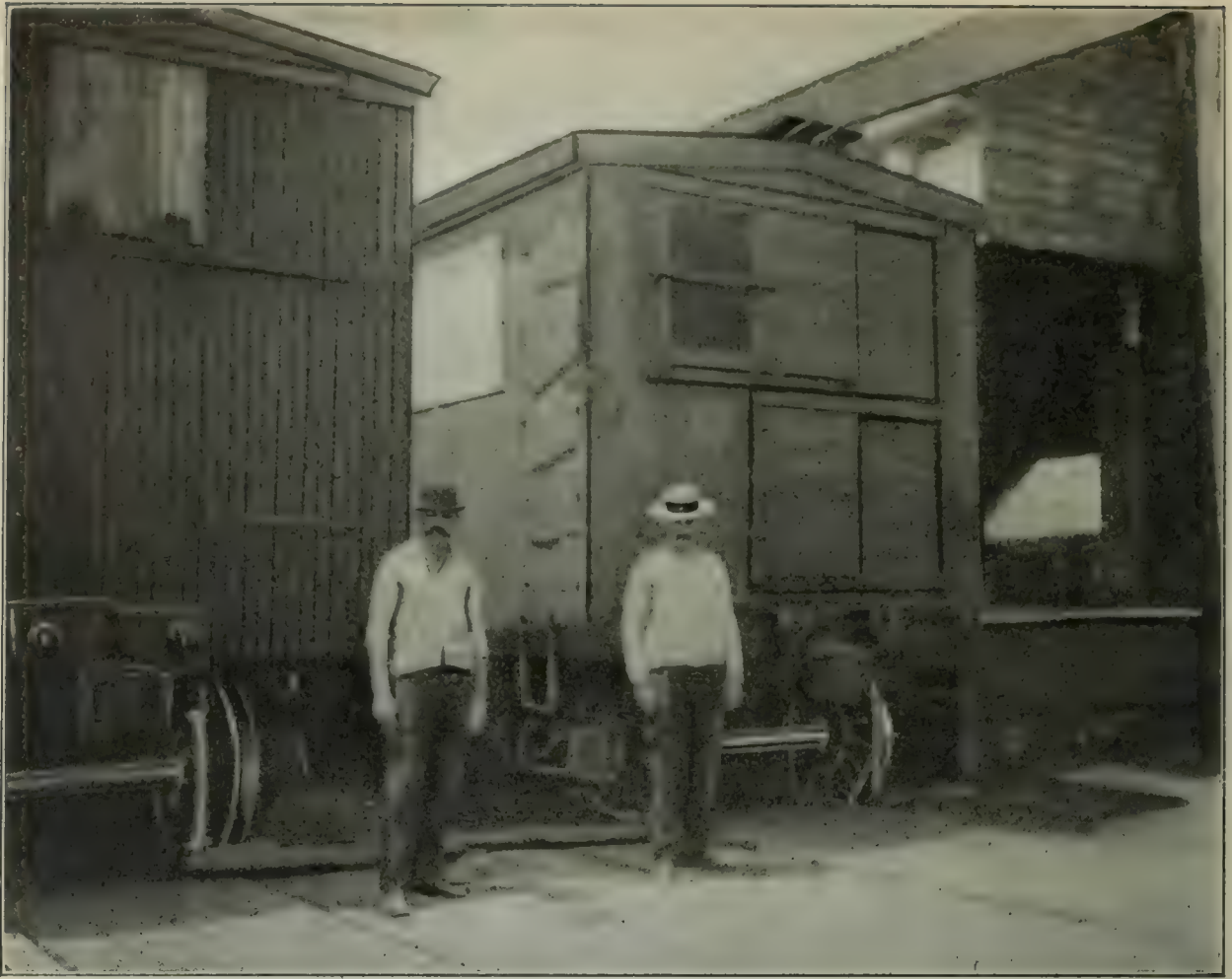
[Few people are so loyal to their home city and so careful to say no word of disparagement concerning it as are the residents of New Orleans, and it was with considerable difficulty and only on condition that his name be not used that THE INDEPENDENT secured this interview from a prominent railroad man who has spent his life in the Crescent City.—EDITOR.]

TO the Northerner and in the Northern newspapers yellow fever assumes a more dreadful aspect than it does to those who have lived through the epidemic. We who are old

residents of New Orleans know how to treat the fever, and we know several maladies which are worse. I have had both the yellow fever and the typhoid malarial fever, and rather than suffer



Tremaine Street, near Chartres, in the French Quarter of New Orleans. One of the cisterns commonly seen in connection with all residences is shown. These cisterns are in two compartments, the water from one side of the house flowing into the lower, and from the other side of the house into the upper. In all households of old residents the water is boiled and filtered before using



Fumigating Freight Cars

one attack of typhoid malarial I think I would be willing to go through with the yellow fever five or six times, either in respect to the after effects or to the present pain and discomfort. The yellow fever patient is wholly delirious. He knows nothing about it. As soon as he regains consciousness, if he does at all, he is almost well. For forty-eight hours the fever rages, then it subsides. For three or four days following the patient must live on liquid diet. After that he may eat what he pleases. He is no longer sick.

The mosquito bit me—I don't know the precise moment, but I am sure it was the mosquito—in the epidemic of 1878. I had the fever then, and feel perfectly safe about never having it again. My mother and two sisters were likewise seized with it. Each of us recovered under a treatment of ice and iced brandy or iced champagne. That is all that can be done. Nourishment is impossible and medicine almost equally so, with the tissues decomposed as they are. The cure for the fever is simply in keeping the patient cool and quiet and covered up.

Time after time I have seen this simple care prevail. No one need fear if he has a good, wise mother who has had the fever and is not frightened. She can manage the disease without a physician. She puts her patient to bed, preparing for a siege of about six days and remembering that it is an absolute requisite that the patient shall not be permitted to catch cold. Taking cold invariably proves fatal. The sheets and the night clothing turn a pale yellow (giving the name to the disease) and the fever burns on, with only a cooling stimulant now and then to work against it. A young lady who is a relative of mine suffered even the black vomit, but recovered under this regimen. The doctor packed her in ice and her attendants placed small lumps of ice touched with champagne to her lips as tongue and palate became dry. After her recovery we noticed that she seemed stronger than she had been before her sickness.

The practice of the negroes, who are usually too poor to get the more expensive champagne or brandy, is to administer cool teas made of orange leaves,

watermelon seeds, or, in fact, the infusion of almost any plant. Their indiscriminate dosing is far better than the panic of the Italians. In order to appreciate the senseless terror of these people one must understand that the Italian community of the lower delta is composed almost altogether of extremely ignorant persons who are very much afraid of the Americans. They rarely learn to speak the English language and are clannish to an extraordinary degree. They regard the English-speaking people of the city as a sort of Mafia and are loath to confide in them. The fever they look upon as a scourge, such as the cholera, sent by an incomprehensible fate and impossible to combat. Their first idea when the fever seizes one of their number is to conceal the patient. Their acts at such a time seem little short of insanity. Numerous cases have been known where they have thrust the fever-

stricken ones between mattresses or on roof-tops, or under cisterns. The mortality in such instances is, of course, very large. It would probably be equally so in typhoid.

Regarding the fever, as they do, as a visitation of an offended Deity, and having small knowledge of remedial and none of prophylactic measures, it is not surprising that these poor creatures have more faith in their scapulars than in material measures. Archbishop Chappelle, who could speak the Italian and who had great influence with them, happily utilized this religious fervor of theirs as a lever to help in bringing about a proper care of them. He encouraged them to have faith in their sacred emblems, but also in the good will of the doctors. His death makes it doubly hard to control the Italian quarter, and grief for him adds to their previous distress.

The little gray, spotted Lady Stego-



Screened Ambulance in Front of Hospital

myia is the weakest of all the mosquitoes. A single blow of the hand will kill it. But we have always regarded its bite as most vicious of all the mosquitoes, causing large, inflamed welts, even before we heard of its connection with the fever.

I suppose that we really have the yellow fever in New Orleans every summer—some few cases which, perhaps, are

tient be spared from publicity and quarantine.

We have every reason to believe that the fever actually existed in New Orleans May 24th. Yet when I left the city with my family, July 12th, to spend the summer in the North, as we usually do, there had not been a whisper of the fever.

There is great advance, however, in



Entrance to Cemetery of Charity Hospital, Where Many Are Being Buried

called by some other name. The great evil that we have had to face is that the doctors will not be frank about it. Of course it is hard in a city composed, as New Orleans is, of old families who have long been on terms of most intimate friendship with one another for the doctor to report cases when they occur among those to whom he is bound in closest affection, especially when these old friends plead with him that the pa-

the attitude of the people generally toward the disease. In 1878, when New Orleans and Memphis and almost all the South except the pine belt region were infected, there were far more refugees than now. In fact, of persons now who have fled the city because they wanted to get away from the fever there are really very few. The reason of the apparently heavy travel to the North is in large part because many families were

stopping at coast resorts when quarantine was declared, and in order to get back to their own city they were forced first to come North.

Among the causes of the dread which the disease inspires in persons to the north of New Orleans is the rarity with which it has appeared there and the ignorance of its nature which exists in those districts. Taking Memphis, Tenn., as an example, we will find that in 1878 about one-tenth of the population died of the fever. One Mississippi town tributary to Memphis was practically wiped off the map. Out of something like 300 inhabitants there were 278 deaths. Other places were subjected to almost as rigorous visitations. In New Orleans at present the deaths are not one in 1,000 in proportion to the population.

The people several hundred miles north of New Orleans do not know how to treat the fever properly, the doctors as a general thing being almost as little informed on the subject as the laymen, and when the horror of '78 is remembered it is not strange that they should become alarmed at even a remote prospect of another such visitation. I am credibly informed that in 1889, when there was fever at Brownsville, Tex., and at New Orleans, the city authorities at Memphis went so far to prevent a panic as to have men and women imprisoned for repeating rumors that there was a case of fever in the city and that the Mayor of Memphis forbade the Western Union officials and employees, on penalty of arrest, from sending away from Memphis any dispatch even hinting that there was fever there. No such message was sent out from Memphis and neither was there any fever there that year. So much harm had been done to the commerce of the town, however, and so upset was the business world by the causeless alarm that some of the people of the city began to urge that under the improved sanitary conditions a repetition of the epidemic of '78 was impossible, and a mild outbreak of the fever might prove a blessing in disguise, as it

would demonstrate that Yellow Jack was not so much to be feared after all. It was this opinion probably that loosened the quarantine ten years later, when yellow fever did appear again in Memphis. There were then several deaths, but there was no panic worth mentioning and the outbreak really did do Memphis good, for it allayed the insane fear that existed.

We of New Orleans have faced the fever so long that we are no more afraid of it. We know that it will not stop until frost, and that the month of September is always worse than the summer months; but we are not losing our heads over it. One would not know, in walking along the streets of New Orleans, that any epidemic exists. The street-cars are just as crowded and the baseball games are just as well attended. One of the amusement houses, which opened September 3d, received a telegram from New York suggesting that on account of the fever it might be better to delay the first performance until October 1st. The reply immediately went back that the theater would open September 3d, as planned; that the people were hungry for amusement and would not brook any postponement. And the theater did open and has crowded houses.

The test most infallible is that of the stock and bond quotations. If the people were frightened these would fall, and they have not done so. On the contrary, real estate in New Orleans just now is the best investment I know of. We have some improvements to make, such as a better placing of some of the cemeteries and a better water supply from the Mississippi River, the water of which is purer and clearer here than at any other point along its course, but these will come. Natural location gives New Orleans surpassing advantages for future commerce. As the Panama Canal goes on to completion the city will undoubtedly double its population, and ten years from now this entrance port to the United States may contain 750,000 inhabitants.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.



Through American Eyes

BY EDWARD TREGEAR

SECRETARY OF LABOR FOR NEW ZEALAND

ONE of the most valuable services that can be rendered to an insular people is for an intelligent visitor freely to express his convictions and impressions of their position. New Zealand has lately received this benefit through the action of the United States Government in sending a special representative from the Department of Labor to report on the actual state of things in a colony concerning which much praise and dispraise have clouded the clear issue in the minds of those who want to arrive at facts, and if possible learn lessons therefrom.

The action of the United States Government in choosing Dr. Victor S. Clark as its representative is amply justified by the report he has presented on "Labor Conditions in New Zealand." (*Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor*, No. 49.) Our visitor was unusually well equipped for his task—impartial, clear-headed, capable and gifted with a pleasant social manner, which helped the collection of information. His report is highly valued here and will no doubt be often quoted in arguments on industrial questions in America. It is this consideration which induces me to pen the present article.

I do not think that the report should be widely accepted in the United States without considerable searchings of spirit. So far as it deals with facts it is, as I have said, valuable exceedingly, but observations have been added which, being inductions on the facts collected, are in my opinion open to argument. Let me quote the passage to which I take the strongest objection. Dr. Clark says (page 1255):

"An American, while he finds much to admire in the intent and in many of the details of social legislation in the colony, senses a class consciousness among the people and a tendency toward rigidity and status in their institution that does violence to his inherited ideals and sympathies. It is not in a dead level of material comfort that the real prosperity of a nation consists. That was provided by the Incas of Peru. But it is in the constant incentive to individual enterprise, in untrammelled ambition, in the consciousness of the call to

labor on the part of every member of the community. The 'strenuous life' is already a well-worn term in our country, but it contains the secret of living for the present generation of Americans. . . . We are less law-abiding as a nation than New Zealand and more rampantly independent as individuals. An American community would soon kick holes all through the acts of Parliament of the other country. We shall have to solve our social problems in our own way, and perhaps after longer and severer experiences than those of the colony."

I greatly fear that the last sentence is true, but if so I cannot help thinking that it will be through downright obstinacy and shutting of eyes. Of course, it does not follow that work done under certain conditions in a laboratory can be perfectly reproduced on a larger scale and under different conditions. But there are certain fundamental principles at the base of human society which create parallels not to be escaped and a kinship not to be denied. What possible difference can there be in the vital necessities of social life between the American and the English colonial? "Hath not a 'colonial' eyes? Hath not a 'colonial' hands? Prick us, do we not bleed? Tickle us, do we not laugh?" There can be no more reason why moral laws applied to industrial life in New Zealand successfully should lose power and become pernicious in the United States than that the functions of a triangle should differ in the two countries. I cannot believe that the American father enjoys seeing his wife and children starving during a strike, or that it is better for an American child to work in a cotton mill or mine for twelve hours a day than for our youngsters to work eight hours under carefully guarded conditions of education and holidays.

If Dr. Clark represents truly the general American spirit then all I can do is to lift my feeble voice together with those higher minds in the States who protest against the "untrammelled ambition" of private enterprise run to riot. Some of us consider that a high level of material prosperity is more conducive to the higher life than that

condition in which six people eat canvas-backed duck off gold plate while sixty more deserving persons gnaw crusts as they provide the others with dainties. Recalling Mr. Clark's allusion concerning the Incas I fear that the Peruvian slave lashed with whips as he bore Pizarro's treasures to the coast did not relish "untrammelled ambition" as he did the wholesome fare of pre-Spanish days.

I feel sure that for the whole of the people of the United States a position of material prosperity is a thing to be desired. By many it has been attained, but there are still tens of thousands below the poverty line, and it only fills their hungry bellies with the east wind for their representatives to say, "We prefer untrammelled ambition to a general level of prosperity, and, tho New Zealanders may obey the best laws they can evolve, there is no law for us, the champion high kickers of the universe." Dr. Clark says his countrymen would soon kick holes through our acts of Parliament; well, some of our own people try to do so, and very sore toes they get.

There are principles in industrial life as common to America and New Zealand as the fact that water runs down hill. Let us take two of them: (1) The worker tries to get the best price for his commodity (labor) that he can. (2) The employer tries to obtain labor as cheaply as possible consonant with getting the most efficient work for the wage paid. Now, stripped of the usual humbug masking the subject, that conflict of interests means WAR! There may be a common third interest as against some competitive rival, but between the principals it is sheer unrelenting battle, with a pretty heavy butcher's bill on the always decimated workers' side. No one can doubt this who learns that in Great Britain a worker is killed every thirty-five minutes throughout the year, and in America there are more persons killed at work on private railways annually than on both sides in three years of the Boer War. Can the fighting be made to cease? Certainly not under the wage system. All that can be done is to do as in the case of military war, assuage and ameliorate the fierceness and cruelty of the fatal strife as much as possible. In military war we do so by forming Red

Cross societies, by providing floating hospitals, homes for convalescents, etc. What can be done in the case of the industrial war? We can mitigate the pain and anguish of this conflict only in one way, *by bringing the whole power of the State to keep the struggle of individuals within reasonable limits.* One manufacturer shall not deal another a foul blow by producing "sweated" goods; one worker shall not starve another by offering to do his work for half price; one trade shall not be ruined because two bands of unscrupulous men in another trade try to argue out a question with clubbed banking accounts and the revolvers of the "picket." That is to say, there shall be a "regulation of industry," now nicknamed in America "compulsory arbitration."

It may be urged that I write on the subject too generally and do not attack details. I have already said that the details in the report are wonderfully correct, and it is only with the inductions I disagree. There is one detail, however, worth attention: Dr. Clark speaks of the constitution of the Arbitration Court and objects to it for several reasons—reasons raising large questions and seen distinctly through his clear-eyed view of matters.

(1). The court is not an impartially appointed body, but is representative.

(2). Persons not cited nor allowed to appear before it are bound by its decrees.

(3). There is no appeal.

(4). It legislates and then takes cognizance of violations of its own laws.

I reply (1) That with growing institutions and the evolution of society there may well be changed methods. The Arbitration Court consists of three persons—viz., a judge of the Supreme Court, a member elected by unions of workers and a member elected by unions of employers. Such a court, suitable for a young but intensely earnest democracy, insures that the President, tho holding the real position of arbitrator, shall not issue a decision without the review and consideration of every point by his colleagues, the representatives of capital and labor. By this much of the "personal equation" of the President is neutralized, and how important this is only those who have known the unequal sen-

tences given by different judges for precisely similar offenses (within the wide margins of the Criminal Code) can value at the full. (2) That persons not cited to appear nor allowed to appear before the court are subject to its decisions and its penalties is quite true, but the explanation is simple. The Industrial Arbitration act was instituted, as its preamble affirmed, "to encourage the formation of industrial unions," and only unions or employers can appear before it. To effect this object of promotion the minimum number of those forming the union was set at seven persons. Experience has proven that even with this low minimum there is an insoluble residuum of selfish persons who prefer to remain outside the unions of their trade in the hope of obtaining all the benefits (high wages, short hours, etc.) won for them by unionism, but they themselves pay neither in money, time nor risk for their advantage. If such a one is not able to appear in court it is because he finds it to his own interest to be non-unionist, and there is no harm done, not even (in my opinion) a sentimental one. (3) There is no appeal. This also is a necessary and useful arrangement. The court seldom makes an award for more than two years; it understands the highly complicated nature of its business better than any Appeal Court could, and the two years would be often exhausted by protests and delay if appeal was allowed. Moreover, the sin of all ordinary courts is that the money power can constantly appeal from court to court till justice is mocked. The Arbitration Court of New Zealand is the only court on earth where the poor man can conduct his case without being fleeced. (4) If the court in giving its judgment on highly technical matters issues certain mandates for which there is no legal precedent this perhaps may be considered a kind of legislation. If so, the court certainly decides what is a breach of its award, and so sometimes punishes the breaker of its self-made law, but the necessity is inherent in the circumstances of the case.

Concluding, I make one more reference to the quotation already cited from Dr. Clark's report, the part where he says that "the strenuous life" contains the secret of living for the present gen-

eration of Americans. Secret certainly, for its merit is well concealed. It is wonderful that the early American's passionate love of liberty should have led his children to a life of willing slavery as an ideal. New Zealanders would perhaps also lead the strenuous life—that is, strain to acquire wealth—if two conditions could be fulfilled. One is that if a fortune can be made it shall go to the man that earns it, not to the human fish-hawk who can grab the spoil. The other condition is that the stakes should be worth playing for. Mere money is not; "no one is so poor as he who has only money." The nerve-racking, body-exhausting strain of "the strenuous life" is too unworthy and life too large a stake to risk on the game of money getting; so the New Zealand worker with his (doubtless mistaken) dislike of strike and lockout, of child labor and trust methods, remains in the full vigor of enjoyment when the American operative has got into his own coffin and pulled down the lid. I might bring a hundred quotations to show the position. I will cite only one, from the last review I have read of American industrial life. Miss Von Vorst in "The Woman Who Toils" gives us a picture of modern factory life in a Carolina cotton mill employing between 1,200 and 3,000 hands. She says:

"Plague is not too strong a word to apply to the pest-ridden, epidemic-filled and filthy settlement where the mill-hand lives, moves and has his being; horrible honeycomb of lives, shocking morals and decency. . . . There seems to be no effort to mitigate the dangers of the mills on the part of employers or to provide proper ventilation or fans."

Miss Von Vorst goes on to speak of the little children workers, unwashed, clad in rags, driven into the mills for thirteen hours of daily toil. Such work is the strenuous life indeed, but without reward (no mere "level of material prosperity"), for this filthy breeding ground of money is the garden plot of "untrammelled ambition," the soil necessary to grow an occasional multimillionaire. The beautiful young ladies who buy that variety of British title which can be exchanged for money are the lilies springing from this dung-hill of accumulated wealth. But is the product worth the cost?

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Literature

Thwaites's Early Western Travels

THESE reprints of the narratives of early Western travels* continue to have great interest for the student of life on our ever-changing frontier. No better picture of American expansion can be found. James Flint's "Letters from America" (1818-1820) [Vol. IX] are the best possible sources of information. Altho he saw both the lights and shadows of democratic institutions, yet he tells of them with such a dispassionate fairness that unfavorable criticism does not offend as in the writings of Basil Hall or Mrs. Trollope, whose unjust and flippant criticism so irritated Americans of the Jacksonian era. Flint has some very interesting opinions of New York and Philadelphia, but his chief interest was in what he saw as he crossed Pennsylvania and from Pittsburgh floated down the Ohio, whence he made a circuit through Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana. His keen eye and mind studied everything in his way. His comments upon the judicial system of the West show a good perception of the stern necessities of primitive justice, united with the law-abiding spirit which marks the Anglo-Saxon race. He even saw, in that early day, what the buying of Louisiana had done to remove the danger of a Western secession from the United States. Again, tho the Missouri trouble had but just begun, he saw with prophetic eye that the nation could not exist half slave and half free. He saw even then that the master suffered more deterioration by the system than the slave. He saw, too, that historic conditions, not the present masters, were responsible for the system. Flint was a scientific economist who had come to America for facts, such as the ratio of prices to wages and the prospects for emigrants. He condemned the unsound banking of the West, its booming of town sites and the irregularities of its

legislatures. On the whole he was one of the fairest critics that America had in her early, callow days before she had won the respect of other nations.

The tenth volume contains Hulme's "Journal" (1818-19) and Flower's "Letters from Lexington and the Illinois" (1819-21). These works were brought out by the bitter controversy resulting from the settlement of a colony of English immigrants in southeastern Illinois. Farming in England was much depressed at the end of the Napoleonic wars. This led to the growth of a strong movement to abolish the Corn Laws, attain manhood suffrage and abolish privileges. The resultant mobs and riot aroused in peace-loving men a desire to emigrate to America, to cheap lands and political freedom. Besides laborers, there were men of substance and property, like George Flower, who bought a large area in Illinois and founded a colony for the relief of poor English farmers. Detractors at once arose to decry all English migration to America. After the shrewd observations of Hulme, the sane and kindly views of Flower and the judicious comments of Woods there followed a series of books by English travelers, two of which are reprinted in Volumes XI and XII, which made acrimonious attacks upon America and her people. William Faux wrote "Memorable Days in America," in which he revealed, in addition to unpleasant truths, a lack of manners and good taste. He betrayed kind hospitality and showed a low craving for notoriety. What more delicate-minded men had hidden his brutality and frankness revealed. His book and that of Adlard Welby (also reprinted here) were used by the *London Quarterly* in a series of attacks on our manners and customs, which were answered in the *North American Review* until the "War of Reviewers" took a prominent place in the history of the time. So extensive became the migration from England that its public men became alarmed and they tried to frighten prospective colonists. Welby's book was especially useful to

* EARLY WESTERN TRAVELS (1748-1846).
Edited by R. G. Thwaites, LL.D. Cleveland: The
Arthur H. Clark Company. Vols. IX to XVII.
\$4.00 each.

this end, for he disliked America before he started, and as he traveled westward in his own carriage, with his valet, he found it easy to rail against bad roads, bad inns, high charges and poor food. "To a rough, untutored set of savages," he declared, "another race of little less than savages has succeeded."

The thirteenth volume, Nuttall's "Journal of Travels into the Arkansas Territory," has its chief value for the scientist, but it is not devoid of interesting comment upon the border civilization (1818-20), the settled portions of Arkansas country. Volumes XIV to XVII, inclusive, contain Edwin James's account of S. H. Long's expedition (1819-20) to the upper waters of the Arkansas and Red rivers. The party did not foresee the possibilities of the railroad and irrigation ditch, so that their report depreciated the value of the region and retarded migration to it, because the Government was influenced to follow, rather than to lead, the movement thither.



Art Criticism by a Painter

WHEN the competent painter chooses to exercise the right of the artist to speak on his art he usually says something worth hearing. Hence those who are at all acquainted with the paintings of Mr. Kenyon Cox will take up his little book of art essays* with anticipatory pleasure. And they will not be disappointed. For, short as most of these essays are (there are twenty-one of them packed into less than 300 16mo pages), they form, taken altogether, perhaps the most notable and significant book of art criticism pure and simple, not only of the year, but of several years. Mr. Cox disclaims any attempt to write a systematic history of art. What he has written is a series of appreciations of certain individual masters in art, yet the book does present something like a general view of the course of painting since the sixteenth century. Perugino, Michelangelo, Veronese, Dürer, Rubens, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, among the older masters; the Pre-Raphaelites, Meissonier, Baudry,

Puvis de Chavannes, Whistler and Sargent, among the moderns, are his chief subjects. In dealing with these masters he wastes no space on well-known biographical details—he summarizes the history and devotes himself to criticism.

This criticism he writes as one having authority. For, altho the only plea he makes for his book is that "at least it has the unity of a point of view—that of a painter, seeing with his own eyes and not bound by authority," it is just this authority of the practicing painter that is of greatest value to the lay reader. Instead of trying to say something new of each artist he mentions he is concerned only to say the vital thing, to emphasize the salient points of the master's achievement, and, where the master fails, to say so and tell why. He does this clearly, succinctly and delightfully. He has seen with his own eyes and they have been well trained. He has studied the work of the masters closely and carefully at first hand and on that he bases his judgments. When he has something new to say he says it fearlessly. Much of what he says, whether new or not, is incisive and illuminating.

Of the older painters Veronese is Mr. Cox's special favorite, and the paper on him (who has been least and least adequately written of among all the great masters of painting) is valuable both as an appreciation and as an exposition of his mastership in composition. The essay on Baudry, whom among the moderns he reverences as much as any, is a timely and excellent tribute to a great French artist who deserves a wider fame. That on Sargent, the American of the wonderful draftsmanship, ranks with these. But the best paper in the volume is the one on Whistler. Indeed, this paper is probably the most discriminating and the sanest word that has yet been uttered on the work and development of that eccentric genius. It is a healthily direct and a thoroughly sustained exposition of the growth of Whistler's technic until it almost ceased to be a technic—"almost as if he painted with thought":

"The painter has come almost as nearly as is conceivable to a realization of his personal ideal—the ideal of painting purged of its rep-

* OLD MASTERS AND NEW. *Essays in Art Criticism.* By Kenyon Cox. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

representative elements, and brought to the condition of what is called 'absolute music'—painting in which color, pattern, line, exist for themselves, with the least possible reference to anything external. But if we are refused so much that has hitherto pleased or interested us in painting, what we get we get with a singular intensity. Clear your mind of prepossessions, forget about meanings and intentions, forget about nature, forget about form or substance or definition—let the artist play to you, and you shall find his airs ravishing in their sweetness."



The Art of the Musician

MUSICALLY the greatest need of this country is more intelligent appreciation of the art itself, more music lovers. Understanding of music can be taught, appreciation can be inculcated, the love of the best can be developed. It was with a realization of these facts that Mr. Hanchett prepared this book,* intending it to stimulate investigation of music—to emphasize the distinction between the real study of music and the study of the arts of playing and singing, which has so long been mistaken for it. Most of all he intends his book to help mature lovers of music to understand the aims and purposes of a composer, some of the methods of his work and to get some ground for fairly judging his attainments and results. In short, it is a treatise on how to listen to music that he gives us, and it is a very good one. There is abundant room for it, for the author is justified in lamenting "that the musical standards of persons of good, general education are so shamefully low," and any work that tends to assist in elevating the standards of church, theatrical and popular music should be widely welcomed.

Mr. Hanchett's method is a semi-technical one, dealing largely with the actual material of music, considering the different and varied qualities and possibilities of that material and what composers do with it and how they handle it. Yet technicalities are used only when necessary, and when they are demanded by clearness or accuracy ample explanation

is supplied. To get the greatest good from his book the reader should be able to read music readily, for his discourse is illustrated with copious examples in musical notation. The discussion of rhythm as "The Life of Music," of harmony as "The Soul of Music" and of melody as "The Beauty of Music" is both interesting and suggestive. Professional musicians and critics as well as the knowledge seeking layman might profitably ponder the author's remarks on the differentiation of time, meter and rhythm, so often are these elements confused. Thematic development, counterpoint and fugue, form building, classical and romantic music, musical education, are some of the other topics treated. While a book of 300 pages cannot be exhaustive on all these subjects, much of what the author says is helpful and illuminating to the student who applies the word to the examples given. And Mr. Hanchett succeeds remarkably well in making his pages interesting.

His suggestion of the title "mozarta" for the hitherto vaguely named specific movement form in the sonata is a good one and might well be adopted for the avoidance of confusion. He is liberal enough to point out that "the distinction between the romantic and the classical must necessarily be a distinction in tendency and motive, not a radical distinction in material and construction"; that "the living great men—Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Strauss, Elgar, Parker, Chadwick, McDowell—may be classics sooner than we think"; to go to Liszt for an illustration of counterpoint, and to see a large and legitimate field for the semi-mechanical instruments: "Hearing music requires practice no less than performing it, and a pianola can give the ear very good practice, indeed." His contention cannot be too much insisted upon that

"The appeal of music is to the emotions, but it is an intelligent appeal. Perhaps its greatest virtue is its power of lifting the mind above sordid cares and worries and giving pleasure, stimulus, peace and rest; but that power is multiplied many times by a thorough understanding of the structure and secret of the art. We have put too much emphasis upon technic, performance, display; too little upon expression, interpretation, education."

* THE ART OF THE MUSICIAN. *A Guide to the Intelligent Appreciation of Music.* By Henry G. Hanchett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

China in Law and Commerce

IN this admirable work* Mr. Jernigan, who has long held a high position in the United States Consular service in China, has contributed a volume which will be indispensable to every student of the civilization of the Far East. It may be classed with Arthur H. Smith's "Chinese Characteristics" and Prof. E. H. Parker's "China." The fifteen chapters which constitute the book are really separate monographs on as many leading features of the Flowery Empire. Seven are judicial in character and discuss government, law, family law, tenure of property, taxation, courts and extraterritoriality. Seven are industrio-economic and discuss guilds, business customs, banks, weights, measures and currency, land transit, water transit and railway transit. One chapter is of notable interest and scope. It relates to the physical features of China and the origin of its inhabitants. In regard to the former, when the author follows in the footsteps of Professor Marsh, little or no criticism is possible. But in regard to the latter, where he follows Kingsmill and the school which elevates ethnology over philology, exceptions may be taken to his theories. Thus, his statement that the Kings of Ch'u were by race Man-tsz is a mere repetition of the phrase of the Manchu princes, who called all the South Chinese "Man-tsz," or "Southern barbarians." The Cantonese, to whom the epithet was specially addressed, applied the same term to the My-u-ge, Miaos, or aborigines, and declared that they themselves were the real sons of Han, while the Manchus were "Northern barbarians," or even "foreign devils." If Man-tsz is to be used as a definite ethnographic term it must be to indicate or represent the pre-Chinese inhabitants of Southern China, and not the South Chinese.

Objection must be made to the author's theory that the Chinese are mainly Malays with a mixture of Aryan and Arimasian blood. This assumption involves an absurd rearrangement of the Indo-Gothic family and the use of the term Arinasp, the name of an alleged

Scythian tribe, to mean a race made up of a few so-called Mongol types. Our present knowledge is too limited to account for the origin of the Chinese. The only working hypothesis is that the Chinese, Manchu, Mongol, Korean, Turk, Hun and Finn are members of a family or race whose earliest name, Sushen or Seshun, is given by Confucius.

Barring these two questionable propositions of the author there is naught to be said but praise. The work is accurate, thorough, terse and comprehensive. It gives the reader a clear insight into the legal and commercial phases of Chinese civilization, and as these constitute at least two-thirds of the social life, it enables him to understand nearly all the so-called mysterious traits and habits of the people of the Middle Kingdom. In China, as everywhere else, the present is but the resultant of environment and irresistible forces working through the years. The Chinese environment was and is very different from that of other civilizations; the forces have been very much the same; the resultant has but perpetuated in sociologic form the differences of physical environment.



Curly. By Roger Pocock. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Arizona is a land that invites romance—with its mysterious desert, hazy and limitless, its fierce heat, its savage vegetation, rattlesnakes, horned toads and twenty years ago Indians, cowboys and bands of robbers. The story of *Curly*, told by a certain "Chalkeye," is romantic to a degree. The style in which the cowboy tells the stirring tale is crisp, vivid, vigorous and only occasionally marred by coarseness; the offense is in the expression alone, the thought is not coarse. We are astonished to find a band of marauders such good company, a robber chief such a gentleman in most essentials, his child an enticing young woman, in spite of range-riding, broncho-roping, herding, branding and corralling cattle, killing a man or two, escaping from prison, living among a gang of horse-thieves and murderers and doing many things that are far from the thoughts of the usual romantic heroine. There have been many stories of the

* CHINA IN LAW AND COMMERCE. By T. R. Jernigan. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Southwest of varying degrees of verisimilitude, but *Curly* has caught a certain rush and swing and verve that are all of the long-trail—the dash of the horsemen, the roar of the desert wind, the fierce loves and hates of the torrid painted wastes of rock and sand—not a little of its charm, much of its wild beauty, and a Spanish touch in the Mexican riders:

“Good boys; light-built riders, with big soft eyes always watchful, grave manners, gentle voices, gay laughter and their beautiful Spanish talk like low thunder rolling; brave as lions, true as steel; gorgeous in dull gold leather, bright gold straw sombreros, rainbow colored serapes, spur and gun aflash, reins taut and horses dancing, gone in a cloud of dust and glitter away across the desert.”

It is pleasant to hear a good word for the Mexicans from one who knew them so intimately. The ethics of the story are of the accustomed frontier topsyturvy kind, and we “sympathize with Justice, but not with Law, as “Chalk-eye” puts it.



The Elements of Psychology. By Edward L. Thorndike, Professor of Educational Psychology in Teachers' College, Columbia University. New York: A. G. Seiler.

This book differs from other brief psychologies in being pre-eminently teachable. The questions and exercises are practical and suggestive, the references to collateral reading are well selected, and the subject is divided into topics convenient for the assignment of lessons. To use culinary terms the meal is served *à la Russe* in separate portions, instead of in the English style of bringing the uncarved joints to the table. The teacher is thus relieved of much of the time-consuming and unprofitable drudgery of instruction. Besides this, the book is distinguished from its rivals by its comprehensiveness and balance. If Professor Thorndike has his hobbies—and we all know he has—he has resisted to an unusual degree the temptation to exploit them in a text-book. He has covered evenly the whole ground from Sensation to Conduct. The only marked instance of a disproportionate assignment of space is the introduction of a large number of illustrations of neurones, but this

will be pardoned when one sees what unusual photographs these are.



Beethoven. A Character Study. Together with Wagner's Indebtedness to Beethoven. By George Alexander Fischer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.40.

Mr. Fischer has nothing new to tell of Beethoven or his works, no new light to throw upon the character or the artistic nature of that composer. Why he calls his book a character study we cannot guess. It is no more specifically a character study than any ordinary biography is. He has familiarized himself with the original authorities on his subject and he has written out the record of the master's more important compositions, along with a statement of what was happening to Beethoven at the time. His method is straightforward enough, but his style is an exasperating journalese, without distinction of any kind. The appended short essay on Wagner's Indebtedness to Beethoven is a gathering of some of the more significant of the numerous references to be found in Wagner's essays and autobiographical writings and a mention of some parallelisms in the methods of the two masters; for example, in using trombones “when solemnity was required,” and in employing violins and wood wind instruments in the highest register, instead of the conventional harps, to produce “celestial music.” It is not of any special value or significance.



An Elizabethan Virginal Book. Being a Critical Essay on the Contents of a Manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. By E. W. Naylor, Mus. D. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book contains nearly 300 pieces of clavier music, including dances, songs, arrangements, madrigals, fancy pieces, fantasias and 17 organ pieces, by more than thirty different composers, most of whom were Englishmen. Dr. Naylor says: “It is not going too far to say that if all other remains of the period were destroyed it would be possible to rewrite the history of music from 1550 to 1620 on the material which we have in the Fitzwilliam book alone.” He has made a careful

study of most of the pieces in the old manuscript collection in the hope that it may be of real use to students of the history of music and as well to students of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, "who daily increase in numbers and are often at a loss for musical illustrations such as are necessary for the representation of these works, even on a humble scale." The book contains a complete set of instrumental pieces, strictly contemporary with Shakespearean times, which are sufficient for almost any occasion of the sort, together with a description of the dancing steps which will be found useful for the same purpose, and it certainly possesses the unique value its author claims for it.



Minerva's Maneuvers. By Charles Battell Loomis. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

At last the place left vacant by the death of Frank R. Stockton is filled. If *Minerva* does not seem so funny as *Pomona* it is simply because she did not come first. There is the same dry, detailed manner of telling of absurd happenings, the same kindly view of the actions of all creatures, human and sub-human; the same wholesome, whimsical humor; the same absence of plot and problem. Mr. Loomis simply tells the story of a literary man and his wife who try to lead the simple life for a summer, but find occupation in the attempt to keep their cook, a New York lady of color, contented in the country by taking her riding, giving her nature-study lessons and providing her with a follower. It is a good book to read aloud, but only a chapter or two at a time.



M. Roosevelt, President des Etats-Unis, et La Republique d'Haiti. Par A. Firmin. New York: Hamilton Bank Note Co.

The condition of Haiti is not so bad as some of our Southern friends would make out if one of its native statesmen can produce a well written study of international politics like this. Mr. Firmin realizes that his country is looked upon as a test of the ability of the negro race for self-government and improvement and for that reason especially he argues

that it is of great importance that it should remain independent and be allowed to work out its own destiny. But he believes that the jealous policy of isolation adhered to by Haiti has been injurious and he hopes to see American capital and methods assist in the development of its immense natural resources. He endeavors to allay the apprehensions of his countrymen that President Roosevelt has designs upon the independence of Haiti, and in order to make them better acquainted with the United States he sketches the history of our nation and his own from the time of Columbus to the present.



Ivories. By Alfred Maskell, F.S.A. [The Connoisseur's Library.] Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.75.

Notwithstanding the extensive use of ivory as a decorative material that has inspired the production of the Maskell volume on *Ivories*, it will surprise many people whose attention has not previously been drawn to the subject to find how intimate the connection of ivory has been with almost every other substance employed in the production and adornment of objects of art in all ages. These took various forms, prominent among which were the diptychs, which had secular as well as ecclesiastical uses, and were often beautifully carved; plaques, symbolic carvings, introducing animals, vegetables and fanciful shapes; pyxes, panels, book covers, chairs, tankards, tablets, altar decorations, crucifixes, statuettes, pastoral staves, crosiers, liturgical combs, caskets, drinking horns or oliphants, mirror cases and shoe-horns. A beautiful Flemish harp appears in one of the illustrations. Some consideration is given in the book to the working of ivory, to artificial ivory, its coloring and staining; to forgeries and to the great European collections. While the literature relating to the general subject of carvings in ivory is already extensive, the present volume will be found satisfactory and very comprehensive. The bibliography which it contains affords a ready reference to the authorities that cannot but be exceedingly valuable to the specialist. The eighty-eight illustrations which the book contains are all in photo-gravure.

Edward FitzGerald. By A. C. Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

This is a pretty good number of the English Men of Letters Series and very entertaining reading. The biographical sketch and general characterization are excellent, the specific criticisms of FitzGerald's writings sound and fair. There is only one drawback to the criticism as a whole: the writer seems hardly to know why FitzGerald should occupy a place in such a series at all. As a creator he was undoubtedly a failure, and so he was too as a translator or adapter, with the single exception of the *Rubáiyát*. But while he was by no means a great systematic thinker, his familiar letters reveal a vision of life and an attitude toward the world for which there is properly no other name than philosophic. Of this side of his character Mr. Benson makes far too little; he is too resolute to see him as a regretful straggler or laggard who drops out of a race he has not the vigor to pursue, and in this prepossession he fails to consider that gentle reminiscent regret is incident to age, whatever our previous courses, and that the man whose instinct it is to detach himself from vanity is a sage fully as much as he who does so by self-compulsion.



Terrence O'Rourke. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: A. Wessels Co. \$1.50.

The story of the adventurer has an undying interest. Careless courage, especially as light-hearted as that of *Terrence O'Rourke: Gentleman Adventurer*; faith to a friend and to the lady of his heart, hot temper, a high code of honor, a superb physique, a handsome face and a fighting arm, combine to win the reader's heart. The breathless narrative of his adventures in Egypt and elsewhere ends appropriately in a racing motor-car rushing at top speed from the scene of the last of many duels—or we trust it proved the last, as few men could lose so much blood as the hero has done in the course of the story and safely spill any more of it. *Terrence O'Rourke* is a lovable Irishman with the few ardent faults and many impetuous virtues of his race, his adventures, well told, suggesting a fourth Mousquetaire, or a

modern Richard of the Lion Heart. The theme of the first part of the story is apparently suggested by the career of Jacques Lebaudy as Emperor of the Sahara.



Pebbles

A TALE is told of a Kansas minister, a great precisionist in the use of words, whose exactness sometimes destroyed the force of what he was saying. On one occasion, in the course of an eloquent prayer, he pleaded: "O Lord! waken thy cause in the hearts of this congregation and give them new eyes to see and new impulse to do. Send down thy lev-er or lee-ver, according to Webster's or Worcester's dictionary, whichever thou usest, and pry them into activity."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

....Ethel, aged 6, was coming across the river with her mother for the first time in her little life to see the plunging horses. The bridge and the great ships below it and the forest of tall buildings were all very, very wonderful. But she managed to obey her mother and keep her lips shut upon her amazement until she beheld the, to her, amazing spectacle of horse cars in Park Row. This was quite too much, and nudging her mother she exclaimed in a horrified whisper: "Why, mamma, just see that trolley car pushing those two poor old horses along the street!"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

....There was no limit to the humorous situation for which the late Right Rev. Thomas L. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, was responsible. Some years ago while attending a lecture in Boston he observed a man sitting three seats in front whom he thought he knew. He requested the person sitting next to him to "punch" the other individual with his umbrella. The polite stranger did so, and, the disturbed person turning his head a little, Bishop Clark discovered his mistake. It was not the person he supposed. Fixing his attention steadfastly on the lecturer, and affecting unconsciousness of the whole affair, he left the man with the umbrella to settle with the other for the disturbance, and this man being wholly without an excuse there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Bishop Clark was profoundly interested in the lecture. At last the man with the umbrella asked, rather indignantly: "Didn't you tell me to punch that person with my umbrella?" "Yes." "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not."—*The Boston Herald*.

Editorials

The Second Conference of The Hague

BEYOND question a second Conference of The Hague will soon be held. We presume that as soon as President Roosevelt returns to Washington he will provide that our Department of State send out communications to all the signatory Governments asking them if they are ready to attend such a Conference. It was Russia which declined, a few months ago, to enter on a Conference before the conclusion of her war with Japan. Now she will have no reason for declining, and all the other Powers then assented.

The United States is chiefly interested, as in the first Conference, in the question of arbitration, and the development of its scope and power. But there are other questions which have arisen out of the late conflict, and which now await settlement.

One of these—and few are more important—is the immunity from capture of mails and mail steamers. If mail steamers carry contraband they may be properly captured and confiscated, to the great injury of those whose letters are detained. There ought to be an agreement of nations forbidding the carrying of contraband goods on such steamers. The mails themselves ought also to be free from capture. The conditions are very different now from what they were a generation ago. Then belligerent communications and information had to go by the mails; now everything of that sort is sent by cable. It is so, at least in war, with mercantile orders for arms and other military stores. The mail steamer is quite too slow for Government use in time of war, so that the necessity has ceased for capturing and opening the mails going to a belligerent port. It would be well to make both mails and mail steamers immune from capture.

Another very important question has to do with the right of a vessel or fleet to remain in a neutral port in time of war. This is involved in the

prolonged stay of the Russian fleet in French ports, particularly in Madagascar and Tonkin. On this matter there is no settled law of nations. The United States, Great Britain and most other countries limit the time of stay to twenty-four hours, but the laws of Germany, France and Austria set no such definite limit. France only requires that the belligerent shall not make "continuous use of her territorial waters." M. Delcassé did not request the Russians to leave Hamranh Bay until he had received information that the Russian fleet was making such continuous use. The difference between the two theories is enormous, and a law of nations ought to be authoritatively settled.

Another matter of importance has to do with the sinking of captured vessels carrying contraband of war, as was done more than once by the Russians. Such action does away with prize courts. If a cruiser can capture a vessel, take on board its cargo, and then sink it, it constitutes itself a prize court without redress. We have already a rule than neutral merchandise in a neutral bottom even if going to a belligerent port is free from capture. But if a vessel can be captured and sunk because certain contraband goods are found on her, or goods wrongfully said to be contraband, then the innocent neutral goods would be lost with the guilty contraband. This must be corrected.

Another question is raised by the action of the Volunteer Fleet in the Black Sea, usually engaged in trade, and which passed the Dardanelles as trading vessels, and then blossomed out as ships of war. A vessel must be one thing or the other. It cannot be a trading vessel one day, with the right to stop at a neutral port as long as it will, and then leave and hoist a fighting flag. No more, in time of war, should a war vessel be allowed to hoist a commercial flag. It must remain one thing or the other.

The sinking of the Russian warships, the Variag and the Korietz, in Chemulpo

Harbor by the Japanese raises another question. That was in Korean waters. What right had Japan to enter those waters? The only right could be involved in the claim that Korea had no right to be called a Power, that she had no fleet to protect herself, and was the prize of the two Powers. The status in time of war of such weak or nominal countries needs definition.

The Conference of The Hague agreed that for five years it was inadmissible to drop explosives from balloons on a hostile force. That period is now passing, and a further decision in the matter is to be desired. Equally, the question of floating mines should be considered. Floating mines were used in the late war, very much to the danger of neutral shipping. Their use should be forbidden.

There are other questions that will arise, but these are important, and were discussed at the late meeting of the International Law Association at Christiania, and on some of them action was taken such as we have indicated. War is so terrible that everything should be done for its mitigation. We are not yet ready to agree with those who hold that it is a better policy to make it as horrible and destructive as possible, so that it will perish and end with its own enormity. Of that we have little hope. The Japanese war has not encouraged that hope.



Do They Think It Right?

THE investigation of the insurance companies has brought out some startling notions of ethics. Mr. Jerome says that "it may not have entered into the minds of the Equitable crowd that they were doing wrong. Their point of view, however, is," he thinks, "open to correction." Yes, and possibly to conviction.

We have another such case in the testimony of Mr. Perkins, who does not hesitate to let it be known that he, as Vice-President, has run the New York Life Insurance Company, and who is so certain that everything he has done is right that he does not want any lawyer to represent the company, as it has nothing to conceal, and will justify everything. So when the testimony was brought out that

the New York Life had contributed \$50,000 to the Republican campaign fund in each of the three last Presidential elections, he acknowledged it frankly, and declared that it was a right thing to do, and a good policy thus to protect the financial interests of the company against the mischievous doctrines of the Democratic platforms. We have to take his word for it that he really believes that it is right for a mutual insurance company to use its funds for political purposes. But we observe that he knows nothing about the purpose for which \$100,000 was sent to Albany, strongly suspected to have been expended for lobbying, to prevent the passage of unwelcome legislation.

Similarly, Mr. Perkins and the Treasurer of the New York Life, Mr. Randolph, argue strongly that they have the right as individuals to take a profit, by means of their official knowledge, from financial operations in which the company is engaged. This they regard as both honest and honorable graft, and very plausible arguments can be presented for that position, and it was declared that no man of standing could be secured to act as director of a company if he could not use his information for his own profit.

One of the most interesting of phenomena is the growth of the ethical sense. Virtues become sins, and sins become virtues. The instinct of duty, obligation, right and wrong, is permanent, but the intelligence which rationally decides what is right or wrong changes in every generation. Similar changes take place in the fields of philosophy, science and religion. The wisdom of one generation, expressed in the four prime elements of earth, air, fire and water, is the absurdity of the next. Astronomy inverts its basal idea with Kepler and Galileo. In theology we are in the process of revision, so that fifteen Methodist bishops are in doubt whether to save their faith or save their face.

The morals of the Old Testament had to be revised in the New, and we are still revising them. Zipporah was not far out of the way in calling Moses "a bloody husband," and David's harem was the pride of his people and the prey of his son. Abraham and Jacob may

have been patriarchs, but they were no saints, in the modern sense. They saw no wrong in what we would now call prison offenses. Samuel's slaughter of Agag would forever disgrace Oyama or Linevitch, but to him it was the command of the Lord. A Bedouin Arab proudly boasts that he is a robber, and very decent men of their day have been pirates and slave stealers, and in our day slaveholders. Saul persecutes to the death and thinks he is doing God service, and Hindu mothers murder their own children in the same obedience to God which made Abraham willing to do the same thing.

We need not, then, be surprised if, in the present advance of moral sentiment, some men linger behind, and believe it right to purchase State Legislatures and Presidencies with money, and in the process to bribe voters and legislators, on the old theory, the damnation of whose supporters St. Paul says is just, that they must do evil that good may come. But the ethical tide is rising, and the public unanimously condemns the contributions to political debauchery which are so bravely, or brazenly, defended.



Mr. Bryce on Navies

MR. BRYCE'S argument in the last issue of THE INDEPENDENT has attracted much attention. He argues that the present international combinations are so strong that they make enlargements of the naval strength of the nations unnecessary. Thus the treaty between Great Britain and Japan makes it quite useless for Russia, or any other Power, to attempt anything on the Pacific or in the Indian Ocean. If Russia wishes to enlarge her navy it must be for use in the Baltic or the Black Sea. Equally the agreement between Great Britain and France protects them against any other Power. Germany could do nothing against them. Germany, therefore, will gain nothing by increasing her naval strength, and the same is true of Italy, whose kindly relations to both Great Britain and France are a sufficient protection. It would seem as if this were a time, Mr. Bryce says, for the Powers of Europe to reduce

rather than increase their naval armaments.

But how about Great Britain, and the two Powers allied with her, France and Japan? At present the peace of the world rests on their alliance; is it not necessary, then, for them at least to keep up their superiority? It would seem so. There may be no need of increase, so long as Germany, for example, or Italy, does not enter into the policy of expansion, but it will be necessary to replace vessels that become old and unserviceable.

Yet there is always the further consideration that alliances do not always last long. It is hardly a year since France and Great Britain were on no friendly terms with each other. A war between them is conceivable, and we imagine that neither is likely to cease enlargement. The time may very possibly come before long when the renovated Chinese Empire, with a modern and strong navy, and supported by Japan, may provoke European nations to war, in which case a strong navy will be of the first importance.

Just now, when there is no emergency, no increase of navy seems to be needed anywhere in the world. It is desirable that this condition continue, and for this end we have State Departments, arbitration and the court of The Hague. But we cannot be sure this will last. Human nature is not yet perfected to the Christian, or the Buddhist, standard. A navy is like the pistol as described by the settler on the border, "not often wanted, but when wanted, wanted mighty bad." It is in the nature of an insurance. A man insures his house not because he expects it will burn or wishes it to, but out of fear that it may burn. So a nation neither wants nor expects war, but yet it knows that wars are possible, and in case of war the navy will be indispensable. For this reason we do not join those who oppose all expenditures for the navy, or even its enlargement. Of all nations we need a strong navy. The protection of the entire hemisphere, not to speak of islands in the Pacific, depends on us. At present, with Japan, we can assure peace in the whole Pacific, "*per ensem*,"

or we could do it with Great Britain. But so far as our continent is concerned, we need to be able to do it alone, and so we indorse the naval policy of President Roosevelt, who is a great peacemaker. May our children live to see the time when, thanks to a strong international court, we shall be able to turn our cruisers into commercial vessels, always excepting those which, by international agreement, shall be retained to enforce the decisions of the international court.



Why Not Honest Graft?

THE newspapers that are retained by the "money power" are of two easily distinguishable classes, namely, the reputable and the disreputable. The reputable sheets devote any amount of space to the exposure of every kind of wrongdoing except that which is indulged in by their own patrons. Many of them can be counted on for brave service in political reform campaigns. The disreputable sheets defend not only the financial misdemeanants, but also the political bosses and machines.

The respectable journals have of late been saying a good deal about the Tammany philosophy of "honest graft." The honest grafter, according to Senator Plunkitt, as reported by Mr. Riordan, never misappropriates public funds and never soils his hands with blackmail. He only watches out for opportunities, and makes the most of them. As an "insider" of the State or City government, he knows in advance what public improvements are afoot. If a bridge is to be built, or a street is to be graded, he quietly buys up the land that will be wanted for public purposes. He goes into the contracting business also, and stands ready to offer advantageous terms,—for himself.

With all due deference to our contemporaries of the respectable sort, we are moved to ask them to tell us, if they can, what there is wrong about Senator Plunkitt's nomenclature. If the graft that he describes is not "honest" why is it not?

Of course it is dishonorable. Writers as accomplished as those of the respectable press do not need to be told that

there is a distinction between the merely honest and the nicely honorable. To make use of public office to enrich one's self is a betrayal of trust, which, from the days of the Roman Republic until now, has been regarded as dishonorable. But if we are going to raise the issue of merely honorable conduct in the relation of private individuals to the public, it seems to us not quite honorable to limit the investigation to Tammany politicians. We can't help asking whether it is altogether honorable for respectable newspapers, in the interest of their owners or patrons, the "money power," to misrepresent great issues of public policy.

Let us be explicit. If it is dishonest for a politician, acting on inside information, to buy up real estate that is bound to increase in value through public effort, does the dishonesty consist in a private appropriation of wealth that ought to be covered into the public treasury or does it not? If it does, then all private wealth derived from real estate speculation in public improvements is dishonest. If it does not, we are forced to admit the alternative that there is one standard of honesty for mankind in general and another standard for the politicians. Which of these horns do the respectable newspapers prefer to repose on?

Our own modest opinion is that the "honest graft" of the politicians is dishonest, as thoroughly dishonest as anything can possibly be, and in holding this opinion we do not propose to dodge its logical implication. The graft in question is dishonest simply and solely because, in the last analysis, all private appropriation of wealth created by all members of the State through public activity is in its very nature unjust and dishonest, and cannot possibly be anything else. It is for that reason only that abutting owners are required to pay for street improvements.

This view of the matter brings us squarely face to face with the issue which the respectable newspapers are dodging or misrepresenting; the issue which, with all their might, they are striving to keep out of the approaching campaign in New York city. That issue is, Shall the enormous potential wealth of the New York streets and docks, of its

bridge approaches and ferrries, of its yet undeveloped underground, be given over to swell the fortunes of the multi-millionaires, or shall it be retained by its rightful owner, the public? If it is to be given over to individuals and corporations, and if such surrender is "honest," then we must confess that we see nothing dishonest in an appropriation of some portion of it by Charles F. Murphy and his Tammany henchmen. They have just as much right to come in for a share of it as the Belmont syndicate has. And as for the nicer point of honor, we are not yet convinced that it is any more dishonorable for a Tammany "insider" to make use of his first hand information than it is for the directors of a corporation to obtain wealth-begetting franchises in exchange for enormous contributions to campaign funds.

It is perfectly natural that the respectable organs of a corporate interest should try in every possible way to divert public attention from the issue of public ownership. And we are not surprised that they resort to such weapons as the cry of "socialism," "radicalism" and "confiscation." All this was to be expected. But we should have a higher opinion of their sense of honor if, while engaged in such a service for their masters, they did not at the same time raise their hands to heaven in denunciation of the very frank Tammany philosophy of "honest graft."



The Origin of Life Once More

At least as regards the notoriety that has been acquired it was a rather fortunate thing for Mr. Burke, the lecturer on biological subjects at Cambridge, England, that his announcement of a possible new origin of life under the influence of radium was made just at the beginning of the summer season. English journalists call it expressively the silly season, because, in the absence of real news, so many curiously interesting but insubstantial news reports find their way into the papers during this period. There is probably by this time not a weekly paper published in this country that has not noticed at considerable length the novel observation, its supposed significance and the far-reaching conclusions that may be drawn from it, if it

only prove to be as significant as some of the sensation-loving press writers have suggested.

In order to avoid even the appearance of exploiting its sensational qualities we have waited to discuss it until the original excitement had subsided. Of course, it is perfectly possible that the origin of life, even at the present time, may be discovered. Spontaneous generation has by no means been proved to be impossible. So far, however, all the observations that seem to point to its occurrence in this epoch of evolution have proved to be seriously defective. Biology must be considered as above all an advancing science, and it is with regard to the indefinitely little in living things that we have learned more during the last quarter of a century than in all the previous history of mankind. It must not be forgotten either that when so distinguished a scientist as Pasteur offered to demonstrate publicly that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation, tho his experiments were eminently conclusive to his audience of the time, he himself pointed out within a few years that they were so defective that any one might readily have demonstrated apparently the direct opposite from them. He had concluded that a single boiling would kill all life in an organic solution, yet he himself had to invent the process of discontinuous sterilization, by which nutrient material is boiled on several successive days, because some microorganisms in the spore stage resist the destructive effect of boiling water and may develop into ordinary organisms a little bit later.

While this shows the necessity for care in not considering that our present demonstration of abiogenesis is complete, still there are certain reasons why Mr. Burke's supposed observation would not seem to be as significant as has been suggested. It depends for its apparent meaning on certain appearances of life. Now morphology, or the study of the forms of living things, is the least reliable department of biology in the evidence it furnishes as regards the existence of living beings. For many years in medicine a number of curiously interesting appearances have been described as occurring within the cells of cancer growths in human beings. These phenomena have taken on the counterfeit

presentment of parasites of some low order of animal life to such a degree that a number of observers have been tempted into describing them as protozoa. Some of these supposed intercellular parasites have been described as having distinct nuclei, which took very different stains from that of the surrounding substance. Many micro-photographs have been made of these so-called parasites and artists have drawn their appearances very carefully, so that most medical men are thoroughly familiar with them. Within the last few years, however, there has come to be a very general persuasion that these appearances are illusory in as far as they are supposed to be parasites and that they really consist only of changes produced in the cells of cancerous tissues during the process of preparing and staining them for study.

Besides, as has been pointed out, in various medical journals, it would seem very probable that if the beginnings of new life were to be found in this stage of evolution they would occur in extremely minute bits of protoplasm much smaller than the appearances described by Mr. Burke. After all, it is generally recognized that at least one of the micro-organisms that has been carefully studied by bacteriologists is so small as to be quite beyond even the highest powers of the microscopes that we have at the present time. Professor Loeffler, the distinguished German bacteriologist, whose name is associated with the diphtheria bacillus, was commissioned a few years ago to study foot and mouth disease, an animal affection, which sometimes has been observed in human beings also and which is much commoner in Germany than in this country. The conclusion of his observations was that it was due to a microbe so small that it could not be seen by the microscope, tho it could be grown in culture media, and after passing through a number of tubes in the laboratory, growing in each one luxuriantly, could still be used to produce the same disease by inoculation on further animals.

Each form of microbe is a definite organism in the sense that it has an individuality of its own and a set of qualities which it transmits by heredity to its descendants. This involves the assumption

of a definite complex constitution of its own. If the primal material that represents the beginning of life is to be observed it would seem, then, as tho it should be smaller than any of the known definite forms of life at present existing and presumably developed from it.

Another difficulty that has presented itself with considerable force to medical scientists in discussing Dr. Burke's observation has been the fact that all forms of radiant energy used in medicine, from light through radium to the x-rays, produce destructive effects upon life, but never seem to have any stimulant effect. Rapidly growing tissues, the cells of which presumably have less vitality because of their very rapidity of growth, are destroyed by radium and the x-rays when other tissues are left unharmed. This seems to be the reason why these agents are effective in the treatment of certain forms of superficial cancer, where their direct effect upon cell life can be obtained without the hindrance of overlying tissues. That an agent like this, then, which has been known to kill seeds exposed to its effects for even a few days, should prove to be a generator of even a low form of life does not seem at all probable.



A Farm Idyl

FROM an outside standpoint hop picking is an idyl of rural life, one of those rare times when play and labor most harmonize. The fields are always in fertile limestone valleys—climbing the hills on either side until forest and orchard are crowded out, and the whole landscape is a succession of groves, all exactly fifteen feet high. The rows of poles in a well ordered field are the pink of precision, like the rows in an Ohio corn field, and you can look an eighth of a mile with unobstructed vision, diagonally, as well as straight down the lanes. When the vines are well grown they either droop in great branches of flowers or are run from pole to pole, on wires or cords. It is a quiet, cozy picture; not, however, without anxiety to the owner. For just as the harvest seems sure begins the danger. The hop louse, a green member of the aphidæ family, having reared several generations on plum trees

and thorn hedges, often comes in amazing numbers, to do its next and most destructive work in the hop fields. It is nearly impossible to cope with these insignificant creatures, altho spraying with kerosene emulsion will do much to reduce their numbers and vitality.

Occasionally an August tempest sweeps down the valley or rolls over some hill top and tumbles whole hop orchards into a mass of tangle and ruin, uprooting poles and tearing vines in such a way that repair is impossible. There is hardly a sadder sight ever presented in an agricultural section. The heavy top growth gives the wind special advantage in twisting, while not unfrequently scores of poles are broken off at the bottom, till the whole harvest, with poles, is a wreck. In one hour a farmer sees thousands of dollars snatched from his hands. Nor does this end the danger besetting hop growing. Picking should begin about September 1st. It frequently happens that a hot and wet season sets in about that date, bringing mildew, which sweeps through the fields, entailing enormous loss. It must be remembered that the hop, to be of value, must be a perfect flower. But if all is ready and pickers are in the field, the hop growers are still by no means through with anxiety. Several successive wet days will so hinder the picking and damage the quality of the hop that sometimes fields are abandoned just at the last moment.

The tribulations of the hop grower have not ended when the crop is housed for drying. A crop that varies in price from \$1 a pound to 5 cents a pound, and may so rise or fall inside a few weeks, introduces more of the uncertain and speculative than can be dealt with by the average man in any employment. It is not even possible to get at the conditions that will determine the market. When prices rise from 10 cents to 20 cents it looks probable that there will be farther rise before the need of selling. But for many years the price of hops has ruled much lower, with an occasional spurt. When on the rise the farmer is almost sure to hold his stock more firmly. He has known a dollar market; why may it not be reached again? A few make fortunes, but there is too much luck in the

game. Of late dealers have fared as badly as growers. The auctioneer has sold half the homes and farms of whole valleys. When money is made it is seldom spent wisely, because it comes so rapidly as to unbalance business judgment. Smart teams are an early symptom. Few farmers keep accounts, and the outgo, tho in small streams, soon balances and outstrips the inflow.

The season of picking is indicated by a rapid and alarming increase of tramps. They come from everywhere into the hop valleys. Then the pickers are collected. These have been engaged months before, and now dozens of long wagons, with seats down the sides, are driven to the towns and cities, and come back full. These loads sometimes number thirty or forty, laughing and shouting. Some of these are decent people of the cottage class, happy to get an outing and anticipating good wages. But the larger part are a very indifferent set, while some whole loads are either criminals or scoundrels. They will do mischief before they are sent back, and some of them will be arrested before picking is closed. Barns, orchards and hen houses will suffer. Gangs of prowlers will be about all night. They know no such thing as responsibility. On the whole it is a demoralizing time. Growers expose their children to influences that can never be neutralized.

Picking must be completed inside three or four weeks. One gang can pick several of the smaller farms in succession. When the company is respectable the work, altho dirty, is healthful and socially cheerful. It brings into cooperation a whole neighborhood of friendly people. Pleasant associations are formed. Evenings are socially spent, often with music and dancing, occasionally with reading. The odor of hops is soothing, and "hop sleep" is to many a novel luxury. But where there is a bad crew the night is filled with rioting and crime. Pickers sleep in barns, on cots, or under the huge sheds of old-fashioned farm houses; sometimes in tents or loosely constructed huts. These are pleasant resting places, provided a storm does not occur. Fires, however, are not infrequent.

Pay is from 50 cents to 90 cents per

hundred pounds. A fairly good picker gets in from 125 to 160 pounds a day; some do much better. A few will go up to 250 or even 350, and there is a record of 488 pounds. Families frequently work as a unit and collect from \$5 to \$20 a day. This would be a Godsend were these folk capable of appreciating the necessity of economy. In most cases the money is spent with astonishing carelessness, not lasting more than a couple of months, after which poverty pinches through the rest of the year. Pickers are divided into sections, while there are specially selected persons to pull the poles and do the weighing. It is the duty of some to see that no dirt or leaves get in with the flowers and that no cheating is performed in the weight. The hops are taken to kilns, where they are loaded into elevators and carried to drying floors. Here they are evenly distributed on the porous floor to a depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. A steady heat comes up from the fires below and passes out through great ventilators, which move about like a chimney top. On the furnace below is placed a quantity of sulphur. The fumes pass, with the heat, through the hops for three or four hours. The whole process lasts for about twelve hours, reducing the weight about one-third. Pressed, the bales weigh about 190 pounds.

The charm of hop picking is that it introduces an entire novelty into the ordinary routine of farm life. Perhaps there is some advantage in the fact that success in hop growing requires absolute accuracy and scientific work from beginning to end of the season. This is a good thing for the common farmer. But to the pickers the charm is almost entirely social. You will see old men with trembling fingers and unable to pick over fifty pounds in a day, and by their side boys that are stripping the hops to a tune of 250 pounds in a day. Small children are running about because they cannot be left at home, but most of these are able to pick a few pounds or run of errands. Farm houses and cottages in every direction are empty of inhabitants. You will find extensive hamlets where among a score of houses you will get no reply to your rapping and calling but the barking of dogs or possibly the response of some feeble octogenarian.

Diamonds Next to Dr. Darwin's Presidential Address at the meeting of the British Association in South Africa no paper had greater interest than that of Sir William Crookes on the diamond, read in the principal home of the diamond. The explanation he gave of the origin of the diamond is the same as that now generally accepted by geologists. It is that there were at some early period great vents, or pipes, that opened from the lower depths through which there was pushed up the contents of long molten matter, containing much molten iron. Here there had been an enormous pressure as well as the intensest heat, sufficient to liquefy carbon, which separated from the iron and crystallized into diamonds, just as in the meteoric iron of Arizona there have been found diamonds. Moissan's experiments in the artificial production of diamonds were on the same line of tremendous heat and pressure on the purest iron, with carbon made by burning sugar. The most extraordinary thing is the size of these vents, in one case nearly half a mile across, and these were filled by the coarse mixed blue clay which had been forced up through the pipes as a sort of mud volcano. The largest diamond yet found is the Cullinan, weighing 1 1-3 pounds, and next the Excelsior, over half a pound.



Fleas The native Africans knew from time immemorial, as Dr. Livingstone first told us, that the tsetse fly causes the disease which destroys their cattle; but it is only within the past few years that we have learned that human diseases, such as malaria and yellow fever, are caused by mosquitoes. Now the doctors are eager enough to find what other insects produce disease. Of all these fleas are now most suspected of being the means by which both leprosy and the bubonic plague are distributed. But there has been as yet no such study of the various species of fleas which infest animals and men as has been made of mosquitoes since their malignancy became known. In an article in *Nature* Mr. C. F. Baker, who is connected with the agricultural station in Santiago de las Vegas, Cuba, asks help in

this study. It is pretty well settled that somehow rats are related to the bubonic plague, but just how has not been stated. Some have said that the infection is caused by stepping barefoot on floors or earth infected by the rats. The puncturing apparatus of the flea is covered with intricate saw-teeth, very different from the smooth needle of a bee's sting. If a flea were to bite the buboes of one afflicted with the plague the bubonic bacilli would be sure to stick to these serrations and would be transferred to the next persons who were bitten. Fleas are very different in their method of biting from mosquitoes, says Mr. Baker. Where a mosquito is a glutton, and will at the first chance fill his abdomen with blood, the flea is an epicure, and will bite in a dozen different places, and not fill himself. A line of a dozen bites will sometimes be seen. Mr. Carter proposes to take what risk is necessary in the study of fleas of rats and other animals to understand their relation to leprosy and plague, and he asks help from other students. This would seem to be one of the cases which both our Agricultural Department and the Carnegie Institution are created for.



**Mr. Bryan's
Advice**

Mr. Bryan is an editor, and it is good journalism for him to write an open letter to the President, to be sent by the Associated Press over the country. What he asks is that the President, to whom he offers compliments, altho he thinks the Senate was right in refusing to approve his general arbitration treaties, should ask Congress for power to refer all disputes, before war, to outside Powers, or The Hague, for investigation, not arbitration, and the mere investigation would, he thinks, be sufficient to prevent war. This is well enough, perhaps, but it is insufficient. What we want is more than investigation: it is authoritative arbitration. Mr. Bryan is behind the times. Investigation is seldom needed. The facts are generally known. It is the meaning, or bearing, of them which sets nations by the ears. There is nothing that needs investigation between Norway and Sweden. No investigation was

needed before the Spanish War, for all knew what was done in Cuba. Mr. Bryan's letter concludes as follows:

"If the leading nations of the world would enter into an agreement to join in the creation of such a board and pledge themselves to submit all disputes to the board for investigation before declaring war, the danger of war would be reduced to a minimum. Few men have had it in their power to do so much for humanity. Will you improve the opportunity?"

We think he will not: for the very good reason that he is after larger game. He will soon call, or ask The Hague to call, the second Peace Conference of The Hague, which will have many questions to consider, and none more important than the urging and formulating of treaties of arbitration. That is where the investigation should be done, when it is to conclude something.



Jules Oppert Jules Oppert, who died in France last month in his eighty-first year, was one of the four great scholars to whom Assyriology is indebted for the first connected translation of cuneiform texts. Of the four the greatest was Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, devoted to the service of a soldier in India and Persia. At the foot of the list was the photographer, Fox Talbot, whose talbotypes were the best kind of photographic pictures of their day and who gave his spare time to studying the then mysterious wedge-shaped signs. The other two, Dr. Hincks, of Ireland, and Dr. Oppert, the German Jew, transplanted to France, were professional scholars, and as different as they could be. Dr. Hincks was modest, retiring, but extraordinarily keen in his search after the grammatical elements of the two principal cuneiform languages; while Dr. Oppert was assertive, if not quarrelsome and boastful. He remarked twenty years ago to the editor: "The difference between H. (a French scholar who had much antagonized his Sumerian theories) and myself is that he writes on a great many subjects he does not know about, while I know a great many things I don't write about." In the early fifties these four scholars were asked, by the skeptics as to the trustworthiness of decipherment, each to translate independently a long inscription of Tiglath

Pileser I, and have them compared. This was done, and the translations were first read by the President at a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, and they were published in parallel columns in its Journal. Their agreement confounded the doubters, but Rawlinson's was much the most complete of the four. Dr. Oppert was a most prolific writer of books and papers on his exploration of Babylon, and his error in making that city include an enormous area, so as to extend even to Borsippa, still prevails in maps. Of late he wrote mostly on Oriental metrology, astronomy and chronology.



Dr. Gladden's Resolution As was expected Dr. Gladden's resolution against "tainted money" was presented by him at the meeting of the American Board at Seattle. It reads:

"Resolved, That the officers of this society should neither solicit nor invite donations to its funds from persons whose gains are generally believed to have been made by methods morally reprehensible and socially injurious."

The resolution was referred to the appropriate committee and was later brought forward for action, and was defeated by a vote of four to one. But it was made perfectly clear that in no way would the Board indorse the character or the methods of givers. All it would do was to assure givers that their money would be used for the missionary and educational purposes of the board. And, as might be expected, Dr. Gladden showed no bitterness in his action. After the decision he expressed himself as still ready to do all he could for increasing the missionary activity and operations of the Board, which he can well do in his position as Moderator of the National Council. Certainly the discussion has been healthy, if not wholly agreeable.



Mr. Dixon, of "The Leopard's Spots," and Governor Vardaman find great comfort and support in their contentions as to the inferiority of the African race by

referring to the backward condition of Liberia, which is said to prove the incompetency of its people to carry on a Government. But Sir Harry Johnson, a first-class authority on Africa, has lately returned from his third visit to Liberia, and he expresses a very favorable opinion of its condition in *The Geographical Journal*. He is impressed not only by its natural wealth, but by the development of cultivation. He finds 3,500 square miles occupied by plantations, towns and settlements of settlers from this country, and nearly as much more cleared by the natives. The great wealth of the country is to come from the forests of rubber-producing trees and vines. There the arguments of caste and prejudice vanish away.



This is a rather pessimistic view to be taken by one who expects the Church to create the Kingdom of God in the world:

"The world outside of the Church has cut loose and has drifted out on a stormy sea. It has trampled under foot the Holy Scriptures, cast God out of the schools, torn asunder the bond of matrimony and even authority has now been assaulted. Socialism is rampant. And the men who have caused this cataclysm are now looking around for a haven of safety. They see only the Pontiff in Rome."

Possibly Archbishop Farley suffers from myopia.



Within a few weeks a son of Keshub Chunder Sen, the famous organizer of the Brahmo Somaj of India, has married the widowed daughter of a rajah. That is an extraordinary rebellion against an ancient rule in India, and the beginning of a domestic revolution which has the support of many advanced Hindus who do not themselves dare to more than speak in its favor.



They say that the American Peace Society, which has held up the banner in Boston for two or three generations, was in the field for the Nobel Peace Prize. But now they said in Brussels that it ought to go to President Roosevelt.

Insurance

The Insurance Investigation

THE committee of the New York Legislature which is investigating the life insurance business last week investigated the New York Life Insurance Company.

Mr. E. D. Randolph, Treasurer, stated that when the combination of the New York Life with the New York Security and Trust Company and the Continental Trust Company was effected, "a mutual examination" of the two companies was made, the result of which was a request by the trust companies that the New York Life relieve them of \$1,500,000 of New Orleans railroad stock in the assets and take up a participation of \$2,913,750 in one syndicate. Asked why the New York Life extended this relief, he replied that the latter had made more than \$3,000,000 on the sale of the 5,005 shares of New York Security and Trust stock, and the argument was made that with so handsome a profit it could afford to take over the other deals. It developed during the examination that the New York Life eventually disposed of the New Orleans and syndicate ventures at a loss of \$326,000.

Mr. Randolph showed that the Life company kept on deposit with the Trust company large balances, running in 1902 from a minimum of \$5,250,000 to a maximum of \$12,531,000. Asked as to the reason for the increase in the account, Mr. Randolph said he supposed it had resulted from loans and because money was put there on account of the interest paid on it, which subsequent examination showed was always one-half per cent. less than the rate obtained by the Trust company.

The International Navigation Syndicate deal of 1902, managed by J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., was taken up. The New York Life put up \$4,000,000 on this in installments. On December 31, 1903, \$800,000 of this was sold at par and on January 2, 1904, \$800,000 was purchased at par. The sale was made to,

and the purchase from, J. P. Morgan & Co. Mr. Randolph explained the sale on the ground that the company did not desire to hold in excess of \$3,200,000, but was unable to account for the repurchase two days later. He said the transaction was carried out by Vice-President Perkins with the consent of the Finance Committee. When pressed by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Randolph admitted that the sale was made in order that the company might show in its report to the Insurance Department on December 31, 1903, that it held but \$3,200,000 of the International Navigation securities.

A transaction involving the investment of \$10,000,000 in Chicago & Alton bonds in 1899 revealed the payment of that sum by the New York Life to Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and that it was a joint account with Goldman, Sachs & Co., the New York Life carrying \$5,000,000 for the latter for two years. When the bonds were bought there was a bill before the Legislature to make them a savings bank security, and it was upon an expectation that they would appreciate substantially in value that they were secured. The bill did not pass, and the company was left with \$5,000,000, which are now worth 86. If the bonds had been resold, Mr. Randolph explained, the company would have made a profit, instead of a loss.

The principal witnesses on Wednesday and Thursday were Mr. Frederic Cromwell, Treasurer of the Mutual Life, and George F. Baker, President of the First National Bank. They described in detail the system of syndicates which has grown up within recent years, and which, they insisted, the life companies were, from motives of expediency, forced to participate in.

Friday brought Mr. Randolph, the Treasurer of the New York Life, but he had not been under examination thirty minutes before the Committee struck a line of inquiry concerning two checks to the order of Andrew Hamilton, of the company's law department, that required

the presence of George W. Perkins, the Vice-President, who recited his career and rapid advance in the company's service from \$300 a year at age 16 to \$75,000 a year at age 40; asserted that he had organized the company's agency and financial departments; had brought hundreds of thousands of people into the company, and that he was the "most important one factor in it." He often commended Mr. Hughes with the observation, "That's a good question," and occasionally suggested to the committee points which should be covered by legislative action. He knew nothing about the checks for \$55,000 and \$45,000, given by order of the President to Andrew Hamilton, the Albany lawyer, but justified as correct the authority of the President to pay out \$50,000 or \$100,000, in his discretion, without consulting any one. He testified that the company had contributed \$50,000 to the campaign funds of each of the two McKinley campaigns and \$48,702 to the Roosevelt cause last year. He thought there should be a law compelling the companies to publish a schedule of all the policyholders' money they disburse. He explained that he alone had disposed of the \$800,000 International Navigation securities to J. P. Morgan & Co., with which he is a partner, on December 31, 1903, and bought them back on January 2 following. Asked why he sold and bought back, he said it was to "protect the company's situation." He refused to admit that the only situation there was to be protected consisted in showing but \$3,200,000 of these securities in the annual report to the Insurance Department, which had to be made of date December 31, 1903. He was asked to explain just where in this transaction of the sale and repurchase to, and from, his own banking firm he ceased to act as Vice-President of the New York Life and commenced to act as J. P. Morgan & Co. The answers were irrelevant, and one of the Committee explained that the interrogation had reference to the Biblical assertion that no man could serve two masters, to which the witness eagerly replied, "I serve but one." Mr. Hughes then quietly inquired, "Which one?" This drew

from Mr. Perkins an extended dissertation on the duty of a man in a public position to serve all the people.



Royal Arcanum Matters

ROYAL ARCANUM delegates and members of the Supreme Council held their final meeting at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, on Labor Day, September 4th. Several changes were made by them in the rate schedule of the order. According to the new plan members who have been suspended since June 1st have the option of securing reinstatement without medical examination. All members of the Royal Arcanum over 65 years of age, according to the Labor Day decision, may pay only one-half of their assessments under the new rate card and the other half will be debited against their certificates and will constitute a lien against them. Secretary Robson has issued a statement to the effect that options B and C have been made applicable to the present membership only, and new members have been restricted to a selection between the regular rate and option A. The proposal to create a fraternal fund by annual contributions of twenty cents per capita to assist old members in paying their assessments was referred to a committee with power to procure the necessary legislation, the plan being contrary to the laws of the State of Massachusetts.

The action of the Put-in-Bay meeting is not regarded by Arcanumites in all quarters as entirely satisfactory. A strong feeling against the decision exists in Brooklyn. In Boston itself, which is a Royal Arcanum stronghold, no little dissatisfaction prevails. The suggestion has been made in the Hub that the Massachusetts lodges unite in making application for a receivership for the order. The movement looking toward the application for the receiver originated in Alpha Council No. 1, which was the first lodge of the Royal Arcanum to be formed. There is every prospect that further trouble in the order will come.

Financial

Concerning "Syndicates"

VERY great confusion exists in the public mind as to the nature of the Syndicates with which the large insurance companies have been connected, as appears from the summaries given by the daily newspapers of the evidence elicited by the Legislative Committee now in session in New York.

These Syndicates are often spoken of as selling bonds to the companies—a wholly misleading statement—and the inference is suggested, if not actually stated, that the participants in such syndicates make money out of the companies by reason of their participation.

To comprehend what is a very simple affair when once understood, and only complex in appearance when not understood, let us describe the process by which, for instance, a railway company sells an issue of bonds: The Railroad needs, say, fifty millions of dollars. It sends for its banker and lays before him a list of the collateral securities by which the bonds are to be secured, discusses the rate of interest it proposes to offer, the duration of the loan, any special privileges or advantages which may be thrown in to make the issue attractive and the price at which it can afford to sell the bonds to net the Railroad the sum it wishes to obtain. These questions and others pertinent being decided, the usual course is for the banker to make an offer to take the entire issue at a fixed price, which, in some cases, may be from five to seven and half per cent. less than the price at which the bonds are to be offered to the public. To protect himself from loss and insure the success of the issue the banker, therefore, selects from among his business correspondents and friendly houses engaged in similar business and from among large investors those whom he thinks most likely to aid in marketing the bonds and offers them a participation in an underwriting syndicate to guarantee the entire sale at a fixed rate of commission, or share in the estimated profits of the sale. It will be perceived that the syndicate buys nothing; it assumes a risk upon the success of the banker in disposing of the bonds and is paid for it. If the public does not take all the bonds at the price

of the offering the unsold bonds are divided among the underwriters in proportion to their subscription. This is the modern substitute for issuing bonds without a previous guaranty. It insures the success of the scheme; the railroad gets its money in one sum and the banker sells the bonds at one time to many different investors. There is no partnership between the underwriters, but each receives the percentage or share of profits to which his subscription is entitled, and no more. It is of no consequence to any underwriter who his associates are, provided they are solvent; no one makes any money out of any other one of the syndicate.

A director, therefore, of an insurance company who joins with his company in an underwriting syndicate does not sell anything to his company and does not make any money out of his company. It is for each individual to decide whether under all the circumstances it looks well for him to engage in these enterprises or not. There are arguments on both sides.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has declared a dividend of one and one-quarter per cent., payable October 16th. The net revenues for the quarter ending September 30th are estimated at \$1,900,000, and the surplus, after paying dividend, is \$16,325,888.

....Dividends announced:

Otis Elevator Co. (Preferred), quarterly, \$1.50 per share, payable October 14th.

United Fruit Co., quarterly, $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable October 14th.

Atch., Top. & S. F. Rway. (Gen. Mort., 4's), Coupons, payable, October 2d.

San Francisco & San Joaquin Valley Rway., Coupons, payable October 2d.

Mergenthaler Linotype Co. (quarterly), $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable September 30th.

Chicago, Rock Is. & Pacific Rway., $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable October 2d.

N. Y. & Harlem R. R. (Preferred and Common), each 2 per cent., payable October 2d. (quarterly), $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable Oct. 16th.

Western Union Tel. Co. (quarterly), $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., payable October 16th.

Interborough Rap. Transit Co., 2 per cent., payable October 2d.

Amer. Typefounders' Co. (Preferred) (quarterly), $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable October 16th.

Franklin Trust Co., Brooklyn (quarterly), 3 per cent., payable September 30th.

Amer. Locomotive Co. (Preferred), $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable October 21st.

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Survey of the World

**Mr. Foraker's
Speech in Ohio** At the opening of the Republican campaign in Ohio, on the 23d, Senator Foraker spoke at a meeting in Bellefontaine, and his remarks were regarded as indicating opposition to the President's views concerning reciprocity and the regulation of railway rates. He said:

"There can be no reciprocity treaties considered by the Senate unless the President first negotiates them and sends them there. The initiative is with him.

"But if he should find himself able to make such treaties the Senate, I am sure, would not ratify them unless it was found on examination of their provisions that they did not seriously injure any important American industry. The platform on which President Roosevelt was elected so declared, and I do not imagine he would disregard that declaration in negotiating such a treaty, and if he did I know the Senate would not ratify or approve his action in doing so.

"Reciprocity, then, should be confined to non-competing products and to such products as are able to stand a reduction of duties without injury to the industry that produces them. Each treaty must, therefore, be tried on its own merits, according to its own provisions, and for that reason no one can tell in advance what will be done in any particular case.

"If we are to sacrifice the protection of any one industry to secure larger markets abroad for some other kind of American products, it will be difficult to show why we should not dispense with protection as to all and thus go at once to free trade or a purely revenue tariff, the folly of which has been demonstrated as often as the experiment has been tried.

"What will be ultimately decided on with respect to it cannot be foretold, but it can be regarded as settled that no important changes, if any at all, are likely to be made in the tariff by treaties of any kind."

Sooner or later, he continued, there would be revision of the tariff, for the

Republican party would not hesitate to make changes in rates when changed conditions required this to be done. But that party would not reduce duties to increase revenues by stimulating importations. Turning to the railroad question, he remarked that it had been charged that rates were too high; that rebates were secretly given, and that discriminations were practiced. It was proposed that all these evils should be cured by conferring the rate-making power upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. Rates, he said, were "not higher than what is reasonable and just under all the circumstances." The granting of rebates had been practically discontinued, and the Elkins law had been found to be ample, if properly enforced, to accomplish its purpose. There were many forms of discrimination, but what appeared to be discrimination was found upon investigation in many instances to be due to the law of competition and to be the result of natural causes and conditions which neither Congress nor the companies could control. Undoubtedly there would be legislation to prevent discrimination, but it would be unwise and unjust to confer the rate-making power upon the Commission. Having said that the companies were employing 5,000 skillful men in making freight rates, he continued:

"A better way may be found of making these rates than that which is now in vogue, but I do not believe it possible for Congress to provide it by intrusting such a complicated, delicate and vitally important duty to any such agency of its creation as is that which has been proposed. There are numerous difficulties of a practical character that must arise

the moment the Government undertakes such a duty.

"To take control of the rate-making power is to take charge of the revenues of the roads, and that means that the Government is to assume the responsibility not only of determining what rates shall be charged, but also of necessity how much money a railroad shall be allowed to make, and thus determine also of necessity what improvements it shall be permitted to make, what extensions it may build, what equipment it must provide, what new tracks it may lay, and what kind of service it shall render; for rates are so interdependent that there is no such thing possible as changing one without affecting many.

"Any other notion is a delusion refuted by conditions and experience. In short, if the Government is to determine how much money a railroad shall be allowed to make it must of necessity determine also what expenditures shall be permitted. None of these things can be escaped, and none of them can be done by the Government so well as they are now being done by the companies themselves."

Mr. Foraker is an active member of the Committee on Interstate Commerce and will probably take a prominent part in framing any rate bill which that committee may report. At the same meeting Vice President Fairbanks said that a Republican Congress would readjust the tariff whenever readjustment should be essential to preserve the integrity of the protective system. Existing laws had not put an end to unjust favoritism in railway traffic, and they must be strengthened.



Beef Packers Admit Their Guilt.

In Chicago, on the 21st, four officers of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Packing Company, who had been indicted with the officers of the other great packing companies, but not for exactly the same offenses, unexpectedly pleaded guilty. In this plea they admitted that they, as charged, had conspired to obtain unlawful rebates from the Rock Island and five other railroad companies, had solicited such rebates, and had received them. The four officers are Samuel Weil, vice-president of the company; Beth S. Cusey, traffic manager, and Cusey's two assistants, V. D. Skipworth and Chess E. Todd. It appears that Mr. Weil was suffering from nervous prostration and unable to stand the strain of a trial. An understanding with the Attorney-General had been reached. Under the law, the defendants could have

been imprisoned for two years. In consideration of all the circumstances, the penalty of imprisonment was not imposed. Mr. Weil was fined \$10,000, and each of his three associates \$5,000. The money was promptly paid. There remains against all of these men an indictment charging that they unlawfully interfered to prevent certain persons from giving testimony before the grand jury. It was said in court by the District Attorney that these men and their packing company had obeyed Judge Grosscup's injunction and withdrawn from the combination commonly called the Beef Trust. Therefore, they had not been indicted for unlawful combination in restraint of trade, as the other companies had been. In attempting to compete with their former associates, however, they had solicited and obtained rebates from the railroads. They were indicted for this under both the Sherman and the Elkins laws. It is announced that the railway companies which gave them rebates will be prosecuted, but indictments must be procured from a new grand jury. Officers of some of these companies deny that rebates were given. Railroad men who oppose the projected rate legislation which the President desires point to this case as evidence that existing laws are sufficient. Others say that for a long time there have been laws against rebates, but that these laws do not provide for a prompt and fair regulation of unjust general and open rates, or for the control of private car lines and the rates granted to manufacturers' terminals and side-tracks.



Panama and Costa Rica

The State Department was informed last week by Mr. Lee, Consul General at Panama, that Señor de la Guardia, Panaman Minister of Foreign Affairs, was about to visit the capital of Costa Rica, with the purpose of negotiating a treaty of annexation with that country. It is said at Washington that the offer about to be made by Panama will cause no surprise in Costa Rica, and will be accepted. The proposed union has already been discussed by diplomatic representatives of the two countries. It is understood that the peaceful consolidation of two or more of the Central

American republics would be regarded with satisfaction by our Government, for the protection of whose rights on the Isthmus after any changes of that kind due provision was made in the Canal Treaty. Señor Calvo, the Costa Rican Minister at Washington, says that the overtures of Panama will be cordially welcomed in his country. Annexation, he adds, would be advantageous to both countries, as well as to the United States. The area of Panama is 32,000 square miles; that of Costa Rica is 23,000. United, the two countries would be nearly as large as Iowa or Illinois, and their population would be about 700,000.—The Canal Commission and the Board of Consulting Engineers will sail for the Isthmus from New York on the 28th. After their arrival at Colon they will be lodged on the steamship "Havana," which will lie every night at some distance from the shore. All possible precautions will be taken to exclude mosquitoes. A special train will be used daily by the visitors in their inspection of the Canal route.—Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads, said last week while addressing a meeting of farmers in Minnesota, that the Canal would be "an expensive toy," of little use in extending American foreign trade.



Politics in Cuba.

The election of boards of registration thruout the island, on the 23d, was accompanied by very little disorder, but it had been preceded on the afternoon of the 22d, in Cienfuegos, by a bloody contest between the police of that city and a group of Liberal politicians. Accounts of this affair appear thus far to come exclusively from Government officers, and Liberals assert that they are not entirely trustworthy. The police had information that explosives had been secretly placed in the Hotel La Suisa, and probably in the rooms occupied by Enrique Villuendas, the leading orator of the Liberal party in the Cuban House of Representatives. By order of a local court a search was made. The police, while ascending a stairway, were confronted by Villuendas and his associates,

who shot and killed the Chief of Police, Señor Illance, and two policemen. By a volley in return, Villuendas was killed. Six men lost their lives, and four times as many were wounded. The Rural Guards then surrounded the house and order was restored. In the evening several carloads of Guards were sent to the city from Havana. Three dynamite bombs were found in Villuendas's rooms. There was a Liberal plot, the Government asserts, to destroy the municipal buildings in Cienfuegos. The conspirators had attempted to corrupt the secretary of Chief Illance, and he had betrayed them to his employer. Therefore the search was made. Villuendas had received twelve bombs, but only three were found. At an extraordinary session of the House the Liberals (having a majority) adopted resolutions censuring the Government and holding it responsible for the loss of life. Governor Gomez, the Liberal nominee for President, asserted that the killing of Villuendas was a premeditated murder, and denied that there had been any bombs in his possession. At the election of registration boards the Liberals at some places refrained from voting, alleging that they were intimidated by the police and the Rural Guards, acting in the interest of President Palma and the Government. The Moderates were successful generally thruout the island, and the result foreshadows the re-election of Palma in December.



Latin America

In Nicaragua there is considerable excitement over the fact that an American citizen by the name of Albers has got himself into trouble. The Nicaraguan side of the case is to the effect that Albers refused to pay the tobacco tax, and told the tax collectors that if they entered his house they would do so at their own risk. He thereupon armed his employees, raised the American flag on his roof, and threatened the authorities with trouble if anything should be done. He was at once seized by the authorities and kept under semi-imprisonment during his trial, when the American Consul at Managua, Mr. Donaldson, addressed a letter to the Presi-

dent of the Republic asking for Albers's liberty. The President would not interfere while the matter was before the tribunal, so Mr. Donaldson sent a peremptory note to him, which caused the Nicaraguan Government to cancel his exequatur. Whether this be the true version or not we do not know, but the case has been referred to the State Department at Washington, and Minister Merry, now at Costa Rica, may be conveyed by the "Princeton" to investigate the case and take whatever measures may be necessary. In Venezuela, President Castro is at last in serious difficulties with France. He has broken off entire relations with the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. Taigny, who protested against the shutting up of the land stations of the French Cable Co. and the expelling of the company's manager. President Castro firmly refuses to allow the offices of the company to be reopened, and it is said he has already placed an order for guns and ammunition in case of war. Judge Calhoun, the Special Commissioner of the United States at Caracas, has had several conferences with the Venezuelan Government on the subject, but so far nothing has resulted. In Paris the semi-official *Temps* urges that the United States and France make a joint naval demonstration at La Guayra similar to the one made two years ago by Italy, Germany and England. As the United States has grievances of her own against President Castro, France thinks we could legitimately join her in the necessary coercion. At Washington the impression seems to be that the administration will have no objection to France coercing Venezuela up to the point of permanently occupying territory. In the meantime the suit of the Venezuelan Government against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Co., now pending in the Venezuelan courts, has temporarily stopped while the testimony of several of the witnesses here in this country is being taken before United States Commissioner Alexander in this city. The company's side has not yet been given, but some of the witnesses, who were former employees of the company, testify that orders had been given to afford aid to the revolutionists, and furnish them with food and supplies. An engineer of the company said that

the company's cars had been used to convey revolutionists from place to place, and disclosures were made by a former bookkeeper that indicated that a "Government relations" account has been carried on the books of the company. The suit is for \$111,000,000 damages against the company for aiding in the Matos revolution.



Movements for Peace

The Czar has announced his intention of inviting the foreign powers to a second peace conference at The Hague. This is somewhat surprising, in view of the fact that President Roosevelt took the initiative in suggesting a second Hague conference a year ago, and that the proposals of Secretary Hay were favorably received by all the nations addressed, except Russia. It is, however, explained from Oyster Bay that Baron Rosen, on his visit to the President September 13th, informed him of the Czar's wish to call the second conference as he had the first, which was held in 1899, and that Mr. Roosevelt gave his hearty approval of the Czar's proposals.—The Universal Peace Congress opened its session in the Kursaal, at Lucerne, September 19th, with 340 delegates in attendance. Elie Ducommun, of Berne, who received the Nobel Prize for his efforts in behalf of peace, was elected president. Among the American delegates were Rabbi Louis Grossman, of Cincinnati, and Benjamin F. Trueblood, of Boston. A resolution was adopted favoring the neutralizing of maritime routes.—Mr. Witte on his return to Paris was somewhat coldly received on account of his pro-German sympathies. He had an interview with President Loubet, and then went on to Berlin, where he met Emperor William at his hunting lodge. He is reported to have remarked to Paris friends, who asked about his American experiences:

"We made peace in order to get rid of the mosquitoes. I understand now why the American national temperament is so very nervous. Americans suffer stoically one of the greatest torments known to human flesh."

—Mr. Plançon, secretary of the Russian Peace Commission, has arrived at St. Petersburg with the treaty, which will be engrossed on parchment for the signature of the Czar. Mr. Takahira

sailed on the "Dakota" from Seattle September 20th with the Japanese copy. Baron Komura, who has recovered from the fever, left New York with Baron Kaneko September 27th for Vancouver.



Russian Affairs

The first step in what may be a permanent peace between the warring races in the Caucasus was taken at Baku on September 24th, when representatives of the Armenians and Tartars met in conference at the request of the Viceroy of the Caucasus, and signed a preliminary peace agreement. A general congress of the representatives of all the different factions will be held in October to consider methods of putting a stop to race riots. There is still much disorder in the district, but owing to the large number of troops which have been brought in, danger of a general rebellion is believed to be over. Fifteen thousand Persian workmen have been expelled from the oil region, and Russians and Armenians are leaving in large numbers, as it will be some time before work can be furnished, on account of the destruction of the wells and refineries. The members of the municipal government, physicians and engineers have fled from Baku, and the water supply of the city is suspended. At Tiflis a strike in the woolen shawl factories has thrown 8,000 workmen out of employment.—Prince Ivan Obolensky, Governor-General of Finland, is reported to have resigned on account of the danger of assassination. A little over a year ago he was appointed Governor-General to succeed General Bobrikoff, who was killed by Ernst Schaumann, a young Finnish patriot. His administration has been even more cruel and obnoxious to the Finns than that of his predecessor, and his life has often been threatened. Russian troops are being hurried into Finland to prevent an insurrection and quartered in private houses in the cities. In Helsingfors 4,500 troops are to be placed, 900 in Viborg and 900 in Vasa. At Vasa an attempt was made recently to blow up the residence of the Governor. Finland is not at all pleased by the announcement made in the Czar's manifesto that there will be representatives from Finland

in the new Duma to participate in legislation dealing with all questions "common to the Empire and the Grand Duchy." This would deprive the Finns of their constitutional right to make their own laws, and would reduce still more the powers of the Finnish Diet. The Congress of the Representatives of the Zemstvos was permitted to meet at Moscow, notwithstanding a general prohibition of such discussion of the Duma. At a former congress the Zemstvoists had declared their intention to boycott any such national assembly which does not have effective legislative powers, but now more moderate counsel has prevailed, resulting in the passage of the following resolution:

"The Zemstvo and Municipal Congress considers that the National Duma will not give national representation in the true sense. Having in view, however, that the electoral assemblies, uniting a great part of the social forces of the empire, may serve as rallying points for the general movement looking to the attainment of political freedom, this congress recognizes the necessity for those Russian citizens who are united on the political program formulated by the Zemstvo congresses, to seek to enter the Duma in the largest numbers possible for the purpose of forming there a united group with the object of obtaining guarantees of personal liberty and equality."



The Hungarian Crisis

The strain between the Hungarian Kingdom and the Austrian Empire becomes increasingly greater, and negotiations seem to have reached an absolute deadlock since the leaders of the Coalition majority, feeling themselves supported by the results of the last election, are uncompromising in their insistence upon the use of the Magyar as the language of command in the Hungarian regiments, and the Emperor-King is equally firm in his belief that in making such a concession he would be false to his trust as the responsible head of the military forces of the two nations. Baron Fejervary, who has for three months and a half headed a cabinet repudiated from its inception by the Diet, has at last given up the attempt to govern Hungary, and on September 12th the cabinet resigned. Brief and ineffectual as was the existence of the Fejervary Ministry, it introduced into the controversy a new factor of consid-

erable importance, that is, the question of universal suffrage in Hungary. Baron Fejervary was unable to secure the assent of the Crown to this feature of his program, and this was the ostensible cause of his resignation, but Mr. Kristoffy, his Minister of the Interior, has initiated a public agitation in favor of the reform which receives the enthusiastic support of the Socialists and gave them an opportunity to show their strength by a demonstration at the opening of the Hungarian Diet September 5th. A petition for universal suffrage bearing half a million signatures was handed to the President of the Chamber, Mr. Justh, and a well organized crowd of 50,000 workmen bearing banners with such inscriptions as "Give us rights, that we too may have a Fatherland," and "Political rights against economic exploitation," marched to the square in front of the House of Parliament to make a personal appeal to the Deputies. This in a way cuts the ground from under the Kossuth-Apponyi Coalition, whose claim of being the true representatives of the Hungarian people is somewhat weakened by the fact that in a population of 17,000,000 there are only 900,000 voters, and the Magyars, who insist that their language shall be the only official one, are really in a minority in Hungary. The Fejervary proposals, by granting the franchise to all Hungarian male citizens who can read and write in any language, will strengthen the power of the minor races of Hungary. Upon the assembling of the Hungarian Chamber, Baron Fejervary announced that his resignation as Premier had been accepted by the Crown, and that he had been requested to continue provisionally in office until His Majesty should have an opportunity to consult with the Coalition in regard to a ministry acceptable to them and the majority. He then read a rescript proroguing the House until October 10th. Mr. Kossuth thereupon made a protest against such prorogation as illegal, and reiterated the Banffy resolution, which called upon patriotic citizens to refuse to pay taxes or supply recruits to the army until a constitutional government was established. Baron Fejervary and his colleagues then left the House, followed by Count Tisza, ex-Premier, and the Liberal party. The members of the Coalition,

forming two-thirds of the House, remained, and unanimously adopted the resolution. On September 23d the Emperor-King called before him at his Vienna palace the leaders of the Coalition, Franz Kossuth, Count Julius Andrássy, Baron Banffy, Count Zichy and Count Albert Apponyi, and in the German language spoke in severe terms of the injury and misfortune they were likely to bring upon Hungary by their irreconcilable attitude. He asserted in the most positive terms that he would make no concession in regard to the language of command in the army or foreign service. The Hungarians were then curtly dismissed and referred to Count Goluchowski. They refused to consult with him, on the ground that he was an Austrian, and the King then appointed Count Bela Cziraky instead. After a brief and fruitless interview with him, the Hungarian leaders broke off negotiations and left for Budapest, where they were received with great enthusiasm by the people. A torchlight procession of a hundred thousand persons passed before the headquarters of the Independence party in the evening, and were addressed by Franz Kossuth and Count Apponyi.



Sweden and Norway Agree

The conference at Karlstad, Sweden, between the representatives of Sweden and Norway reached an agreement on the afternoon of September 23d, by which the peaceful separation of the two countries is insured. Some concessions were made upon both sides, and an interesting feature of the agreement is the extension of the powers of The Hague Court. Sweden and Norway agree for a period of ten years to submit to The Hague all matters of dispute except those which affect the independence, integrity and vital interests of either. So far this corresponds to the usual provision in recent arbitration treaties, but while all the other treaties are weakened by the fact that either country may consider that any particular question in dispute is of such vital importance that it ought not to be referred to arbitration, the new Swedish-Norwegian treaty provides that in case of such difference of opinion The Hague Court is to decide as to whether the point

at issue is of such vital importance that a country may refuse to submit it to the International Tribunal. The agreement may be terminated by two years' notice from one of the parties. The question of the fortification of the frontier, which seemed at times likely to break up the conference, has been settled by the establishment of a neutral zone, fifteen kilometres wide, on both sides of the southern portion of the frontier of the two countries. Within this neutral zone neither nation shall station armed military forces, and no fortifications, war ports, or depots for the army or navy can be maintained in the zone. The Norwegian fortifications now existing within the neutral zone are to be demolished within the next eight months to the satisfaction of a commission composed of three foreign military officers. The fortifications at Fredriksten, Gyldenloeve and Overbierget are to be allowed to remain, but in a demolished condition. The nomadic Laplanders are to be allowed to pasture reindeer in Norway until the year 1917. In regard to inter-traffic, each country agrees not to interfere by prohibitory import or export laws or by transit regulations with commerce between the two countries. When the Swedish Riksdag and the Norwegian Storting have accepted this agreement King Oscar will rescind the active union and declare Norway an independent state. It is not probable that he will allow one of his family to assume the throne of Norway, and it is questionable whether Prince Charles of Denmark will accept the Crown. The decision of whether the new government shall be a monarchy or republic will be left to a referendum of the people. Public sentiment is said to be increasingly in favor of a republican form of government.



German African Colonies The natives are still on the war path in both the German colonies of Southwest Africa and of East Africa, and there is no immediate prospect of either insurrection being quelled. It is estimated that some \$60,000,000 have been expended in military operations in Southwest Africa, and the new outbreak on the other side of the continent will also require a heavy outlay, for the terri-

tory to be controlled is greater and more difficult of access. The outbreak there was begun by the Wangoni tribe of Zulul, living by Lake Nyassa, which attacked Bishop Spiess and four missionaries, including two nuns, who were on their way from Kilwa, on the coast, to Liwale in the interior. Bishop Spiess tried to convince them of the peaceful nature of the mission, but the whole party was massacred. The native guard fled at the first attack, leaving the missionaries defenseless. The Wangoni tribe is estimated at 36,000 men, and has been joined by another tribe, the Wapangwa, from the northeastern shore of Lake Nyassa. The insurgent natives in the southern part of the colony have been defeated without loss on the part of the German troops, but an expedition of 300 or 400 miles into the interior against such warlike people as the Zulus is not a promising undertaking, particularly in view of the discouraging results of the campaign in German Southwest Africa. General von Trotha, Governor of this district, is now to be removed because his methods of subduing the revolution were both inhuman and ineffectual. He issued orders that every male Herero caught within the German frontier, whether armed or not, should be shot at sight, and in their treatment of prisoners, and women and children after an engagement the German troops are reported to have committed barbarities which almost equal those of their opponents. General von Trotha's methods aroused so much indignation in Germany that the Imperial Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, ordered the repeal of his proclamations. General von Trotha was then indiscreet enough to publish a letter in the colonial press in which he blamed the Government for restricting his operations and in that way encouraging the natives. General von Trotha has now been again outwitted by Hendrik Witboi, who evaded the head of the German columns and attacked the convoys in the rear, near Kietmanshoop, and practically annihilated the escort. The Witbois captured 1,000 head of cattle and 120 wagons loaded with supplies and ammunition. The newly appointed Governor of German Southwest Africa, Herr von Lindequist, formerly Consul-

General at Cape Town, has announced his program for the conduct of the war. He will make a distinction between the different tribes and endeavor to break up their alliance by favoring some and relentlessly pursuing others. The Witbois will be hunted down without mercy unless they surrender. Of those captured, the leaders will be hanged and the rest placed at hard labor. The Hereros will be granted amnesty if they surrender within a month, and will be placed upon a reservation for which they will pay rent. The Ovambos in the North will be asked to surrender the leaders who organized the insurrection, and if they prove recalcitrant the country will be opened up for colonization with the help of a railway, and the natives will be confined to reservations. It remains to be seen whether Herr von Lindequist will be any more successful than his predecessor in carrying out his policy.



Chinese Reforms The departure of the missions of the Chinese Government for study of foreign countries has been checked by an attempt to assassinate members of the embassy by blowing up the train in which they were to leave Peking. A bomb was exploded in the private car which was to take the embassy to Tientsin. Four minor officials were killed and twenty other persons wounded, altho none of the members of the mission were seriously injured. Wu Ting-fang, Under-Secretary of the Foreign Board and former Minister to the United States, was slightly wounded by the explosion. He was not a member of the commission, but was at the station to see them off. The assassin, who was inside the car, was blown to pieces. It is variously rumored that he was a Chinese anarchist, or was acting in the interests of the Chinese conservatives, who wish to prevent the departure of the mission and consequent reforms in the Government. Four missions were authorized by an imperial edict of July 16th, to visit the principal countries of Europe and America to study their Government, educational methods, and industries, with a view of adapting such as seemed desirable to Chinese condi-

tions. The commissioners expected to spend a month in Japan and then sail for America. It was uncertain, on account of our Chinese exclusion law, whether they would visit the United States. If not, they would pass thru Canada to Europe. Following the custom of Japan, a number of picked young men will be educated at Government expense in the different countries, tho probably not in the United States on account of the bitter feeling against this country prevailing now in China. The Chinese boycott against American goods is distinctly broken, at least in Shanghai, where 40,000 casks of American oil were publicly sold last week. American goods now enter North China in freedom. It is reported that a plan has been adopted for complete reorganization of the Chinese army. The empire will be divided into twenty military districts, each with four regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and engineers and artillery. All the men will be enlisted for nine years and will be thoroughly drilled and equipped along modern methods. This is expected to give China an army of 500,000 men by 1910. Yin-chang, the Chinese Minister at Berlin, has been recalled, and will be given a command in the reorganized army under Yuan Shi-kai, Viceroy of Pechili, who is leader in the reform movement in China. It is made known from Washington that the Chinese Government (some weeks ago) made a formal protest to the Russian and Japanese Governments against two of the conditions in the Portsmouth treaty of peace. The provision that Manchuria shall be evacuated within eighteen months is regarded as altogether too long a period, as China holds nine months as quite sufficient for the withdrawal of troops. The treaty of peace provides that both Japan and Russia may protect their respective portions of the Chinese Eastern Railroad in Manchuria by a guard not to exceed fifteen men to each kilometer of railroad. China considers herself quite competent to maintain order in Manchuria and objects to the permanent maintenance in Manchuria of such a number of foreign soldiers as this provision would permit.

A German View of the United States

BY THE RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH," ETC.

PROFESSOR MUNSTERBERG is a German by birth, who has lived for a good many years as professor in the oldest and most famous of American universities. He has felt himself called upon as a new citizen in one nation who has not forgotten his attachment to the land of his birth, to try to make each of the two peoples understand the other. Thus, having some time ago published a book called "American Traits," in which he defended certain German ideals and criticised certain tendencies which he observed in America, he thereafter composed another book, which appeared in the German language in Germany, and sought to convey to the Germans a further idea of the American people than they had formed for themselves. This is the book,¹ which, translated from German into English, now appears under the title of "The Americans." One can see from the turn of many of the sentences that it is translated from a German original; and its substance shows it to be addressed not to Americans, nor to Englishmen, but to the original countrymen of the author. He realizes their point of view; he knows what are the faults they see in America, what are the misconceptions they are likely to form. He sets himself to remove these misconceptions, and by palliating or explaining these faults to lead them to a fairer or at any rate a more indulgent judgment of the American people. Of his new country he is not only a friend but almost an advocate, bringing out the strong points and touching tenderly the weak points which the institutions of the United States present. The optimism of the New World has got into his blood. The lights are full and strong, the shadows few. He is on the whole justified in taking this line, because he may thus rectify the balance. Europeans, and Germans perhaps more

than most other Europeans, are so apt to judge America harshly, perhaps chiefly thru want of knowledge, that it is well to incline a little to the side of leniency and hopefulness in any description or analysis meant to be read in Europe. But Americans themselves will make some deductions from the large balance of merits to their credit which the kindly author reckons up.

The book is divided into four parts, respectively entitled, "Political Life," "Economic Life," "Intellectual Life," and "Social Life." Similarly, it is based upon the delineation and illustration of four principles, in which the author finds the essence of the American character, and of the features of American life. These principles he calls "The Spirit of Self-Direction," "The Spirit of Self-Initiative," "The Spirit of Self-Affection," and "The Spirit of Self-Assertion"; and it is to the chapters analyzing each of these four "spirits," rather than to the description of the institutions and habits in which he finds each of them reveal itself, that the author himself attaches most importance.

This is quite a German method of proceeding, and indeed the book all thru is an interesting example of the German way of approaching concrete phenomena thru abstract notions. The American man in his essential and distinctive properties is first conceived and described as a Norm, and from this Norm all the attributes which he shows, and the things which he makes and the acts he performs are deduced. The method is ingenious and suggestive. Neither the analysis nor the deductions always carry conviction, but coming as they do from a writer who possesses abundant knowledge, together with an acute and fertile mind and a lively style, they are well worth reading. Whoever writes about another country needs to have not only knowledge but also sympathy. He must try to put himself in the position of those whom he de-

¹ THE AMERICANS. By Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. Translated by Edwin B. Holt, Ph.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

scribes and sees things thru their eyes. Thus he becomes able not only to understand, but to explain; and as his explanations will be helpful to the outsiders for whom in the first instance he is writing, so, too, will his criticism be more acceptable to the natives of the country dealt with, for they will perceive that he sees them, if not as they see themselves, yet with a comprehension of how they see themselves.

The book is so big a one and deals with so many topics that it is impossible to give in a short article any general account of its contents, especially as it is not only a philosophical analysis of the American nature, their *Wesen*, as the Germans would say, but is also full of remarks on current events and prominent personages. There is a good account of the Pennsylvania coal strike of 1903-4. There are portrait sketches of the President of the United States and the president of Harvard University, nor do any two men in the American continent better deserve to be portrayed. To the English reader the most interesting chapters will probably be those upon labor questions, upon the universities, and upon the phenomena of social life, particularly those entitled "The Self-Assertion of Women" and "Aristocratic Tendencies." Of these two subjects the former is one which always excites the curiosity of Europeans. For the sake of giving a specimen of Professor Münsterberg's style, let a paragraph from his description of the American woman be quoted:

"The American woman is a tall, trim figure with erect and firm carriage; she is a bit like the English girl, and yet very different. This latter is a trifle stiff, while the American girl is decidedly graceful; the lines of her figure are well molded, and her appearance is always aided by the perfect taste of her raiment. In the expression of her face there is resolution and self-control, and with the resolution a subtle, mischievous expression which is both tactful and amiable. And with her evident self-control there is a certain winsome mobility and seemingly unreserved graciousness. The strength appears not to contradict the grace, the determination not to be at variance with the playfulness; her eyes and play of expression reveal the versatile spirit, fresh enthusiasm and easy wit; yet her forehead shows how earnestly she may think and desire to be helpful in society, and how little contented simply to flirt and to please men."

This description suits one type; but there are many (p.559) types of women

in the United States, and some quite unlike the one which is so admiringly delineated here. Our author is rather sweeping in his generalizations, yet he does not overstate the difference between the position women hold in America and that to which they are relegated in Germany.

We have looked with interest to see what he has to say in this connection upon two subjects wherein American experiments and American experience have been much appealed to, viz.: the extension of the suffrage to women and the legislation which has, in nearly all the States of the Union, made divorce so much easier than it is in England or Scotland. On the former subject Professor Münsterberg expresses a view which seems to be now generally held by Americans, including American women of the educated class, in the Eastern and Middle States. He thinks that women suffrage has not, where tried, tended to make politics better. He holds that the present drift of public opinion is against it. He sees no likelihood of its being much more widely adopted in other States than the four (he speaks only of three) which have already enacted it. His treatment of the divorce problem is hardly commensurate with its importance; nor does he sufficiently recognize the evils which a lax law brings in its train. But he points out that the frequency of divorce in many parts of America is by no means the index of a declining morality. Marriages made heedlessly in youth, together with nervous tension producing irritation and a chafing against the bond, are the real sources of what is, be the cause what it may, a regrettable phenomenon. He holds, and he is probably right in holding, that the people of the United States as a whole stand on a high moral plane, that their minds and tastes are pure, that marriage is much less of a commercial affair than in Europe, and is more generally grounded on affection and nothing else. The rest of the chapter defining the position women fill in social and in intellectual life is well worth reading, and on the whole true, tho one may find some little humorous exaggeration in this account of the wife of the day laborer:

"The man pushes the baby carriage, builds

the kitchen fire, and takes care of the furnace, so that his wife can attend to getting fashionable clothing; he denies himself cigars in order to send her into the country in summer. And she takes this as a matter of course. She has seen this done from her childhood by all men; and she would be offended if her husband were to do anything less. The American woman's spirit of self-assertion would be aroused directly if social equality were to be interpreted in such a ridiculous way as to make the man anything but the social inferior." (P. 572.)

The last chapter describes the growth in the United States of a social differentiation which is working for the separation of classes according to their culture and their manners, and which is vesting a measure of authority in the classes that may, in a social sense, be called "Upper." It is, however, pointed out that the increasing significance of these distinctions is compatible with the maintenance not only of that complete political equality which was long ago achieved in America, but also of the sentiment of human equality, the feeling of the old Puritans that all men are alike in the sight of God, the

feeling expressed in the Declaration of Independence that by nature all men have certain primordial and imprescriptible rights. The chapter is interesting, if a trifle sketchy, as indeed the whole book is interesting. It is perhaps rather "viewy." It mingles philosophical theories with a running fire of remarks on the events of yesterday or to-day in a way which may sometimes bewilder those who do not know America at first hand. But it is always vivacious, always cheerful, generally acute. And it ought to effect the object which the author had mainly in view, that of enabling dwellers in the European continent to take a fair and sympathetic view of the Americans. For Englishmen to understand the United States is much easier. Many as are the differences that have developed themselves during two centuries and a half between the two branches of the old stock, there is still a solid groundwork of common modes of thought, common beliefs, common habits.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



Fiat Tua Voluntas

BY WILLIAM ADDISON HOUGHTON

And is Christ risen indeed, and shall we rise
To share His final triumph evermore,
Entering in through Him, the only door;
Gathered to those unto salvation wise?

God grant it! Yet our being's inmost core
Harbors a lingering doubt; so dead is death,
So seemingly extinct all life with breath,
The soul with the quick vesture that it wore!

But Thou, God, art; and Thou art God—and love!
We trust that love's unfathomable deep!
We yearn for the immortal world above;
Thou knowest if boon or bane that life would prove;
Will'st Thou the grave for aye its tenant keep?
Thy will be done! Give Thy beloved sleep.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, ME.



Native of New Guinea—Photographed by Herr Roeber, of Sydney, Australia.

A Ride Into German New Guinea

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW, M.A.

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

HERBERTSHOEHE is the capital of German New Guinea, and from here I started off on horseback for a ride thru the jungle in search of information on matters not detailed in official reports.

The road was the show one of the island—we would call it rather a bridle-path; half the way it led thru thickly matted jungle, the other half afforded beautiful views of the volcanic ranges which are in the South Seas features as common as the kopjes of the South African veldt.

My objective was the police station of

Toma, some fifteen miles in the interior, and incidentally I sought explanation for the strange but universal dislike for Germany entertained by the Papuan natives. Here are a few memoranda made on the spot:

November 23d, 1904: Not a single sign of water did I see; not a native village; occasionally a few huts indicating great poverty; occasionally groups of natives tramping along with loads; the moment they caught sight of me they ran into the jungle; it was the act of animals whose first instinct is fear of the enemy. I had no means of

letting them know that I meant no harm—I felt like apologizing to each naked man and woman that I met. Passed also some convicts working under guard; the convicts looked about the same as the alleged free and innocent—leastways I could see no difference. Those in an official character, police or runners for the Government, wore a yellow military cap—the motor car sort of thing. These men invariably took off their caps and stood at attention for some fifty yards before I passed them—had been evidently carefully drilled.

Passed a couple of white men's houses, plantations, mostly of corrugated iron, the Johannesburg type—very hot looking and uncomfortable; no evidence so far that any German planters care to make themselves comfortable, as they do in Borneo, even if they know how, which I am inclined to doubt.

The jungle was alive with noise—impossible to say what; the human cries seemed as those of monkeys, but then out here there are birds that yell like humans and insects that scream, not to mention monkeys, parrots, etc. It made an orchestration different from anything I have known in the backwoods of America.

In many of the fields were gangs of natives working in that listless manner so different from the energy and concentration of the Chinaman.

At a sharp turn of the road I came upon a tin or iron roofed little house—it was not good enough to call a bungalow—the plantation of a Herr Wolff, now famous because a year or two ago his wife and child were murdered by the natives. He was to have been killed also, but happened to be away at the moment. By reason of this murder the Government confiscated an immense tract of land in the neighborhood, drove away the natives and planted at Toma a police station with fifty native soldiers, and my friend Herr Polizeimeister Fitsch was in charge.

Close to the police station is a little tin German Catholic mission station, a branch of the big cathedral at Herbertshoehe. But since the massacre of the ten missionaries on July 13th, 1904, and in spite of the fifty policemen and Herr

Polizeimeister Fitsch, the white section of the mission has decamped and taken refuge under the German coast battery at Herbertshoehe, leaving the further recruiting to be performed by a black so-called "teacher" or native servant, who is well looked after and who in turn is expected to look after the material interest of the mission no less than for the souls that may be involved.

How this recruiting is done was explained to me by the Polizeimeister himself, a broad, deep and heavy specimen of the German non-commissioned officer, whom I found in the undress uniform of hot weather—slippers, bare feet, trousers and gauzy undershirt. He was full of work, mainly involving shouting to various natives who crawled about leisurely in their different spheres. The Polizeimeister had a sweet, happy looking wife, who left her work at the wash-tub in order to welcome me. Both were from East Prussia, on the Russian frontier, and when I enumerated the different points of his native soil at which I had touched, all between Memel and Rominten, he thawed out immensely and his wife asked me what I liked for dinner. Off went Frau Polizeimeister to swelter in the kitchen, altho one hundred and fifty natives were there from which she might have picked out any dozen by way of "help." And this itself casts a side light on housekeeping in German New Guinea.

While the lady of the house was away bending over pots and pans, Herr Polizeimeister told me something about his official duties. He said that his life would be a picnic were it not for his missionary neighbors. "Whenever there is trouble for the police or the courts nowadays, depend upon it," quoth he bitterly, "the missionary is at the bottom of it."

As he spoke around from the back of the house appeared a policeman with a loaded rifle, leading an old man with white wool and whiskers, behind him a young woman looking like the stage "Topsy" out of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She had been at some time presented with the long garment intended to cloak her from neck to ankles, but had obviously slid from grace, had succumbed to temptations of various kinds, and had parted with so much of this garment that when

she appeared before the Polizeimeister her long garment had reduced itself to something like a short red cape, exposing her stomach and the lower section of her breasts. Her waist was encased in the "*lawa lawa*," or breech cloth. In her present rig it was as tho a lady had come to breakfast in Mayfair with a towel round her waist and another round her neck. The head of this lady was stained yellow.

Behind her walked a naked black native, who was pointed out to me as the

tract between families, so all errors under that head fall in the same category, and to treat family affairs in New Guinea according to the white man's code is as dangerous to the public peace as tho the police of London should attempt to put into prison every man who became merry on a Saturday night.

"And this is what makes my life difficult here," lamented the good Polizeimeister. "This is none of my business; it is a matter for the family to settle after their own customs. Now, they



This picture shows the dress and equipment of the German Native Police throughout the New Guinea Possessions. The handcuffed prisoner is on his way to be shot for alleged participation in a conspiracy to kill the members of the Roman Catholic Mission near Toma. The similarity of these natives to our negroes is striking.

lady's first husband. The native with the white whiskers and wool had, according to the priest, tampered with the affections of this lady. To judge by externals this fact in no ways ruffled the equanimity of the husband, who walked close behind his wife. All three appeared on good terms among themselves; their only grudge was against the missionaries, who had meddled with what is here regarded as a strictly family or tribal affair.

As marriage is itself a matter of con-

come to me, these missionaries, and compel me to send soldiers to seize these people, to drag them from their village, to rouse suspicion and hatred of the Government, and I must send them fifteen miles to the capital under escort. They must be locked up and wait trial and then punished; and even if *they* are not punished *I* am, for I have all the work and responsibility, and more than that, there is constant risk of stirring up the native passions in some way

we may not at the moment suspect!"

"No doubt," said I. "Then why don't you simply send these good people back and tell the missionary to mind his own business?"

"A nice job that would be for me! They would complain to the Government; it would be reported at home; I should be punished."

"Punished for what?" said I with surprise.

"The missionaries have secured a law that compels me to arrest the natives when they bring charges of this nature against them, and it is just this sort of thing that is making the colonial work very difficult. The country about here has lost much in native population since I first came here, six years ago. At that time there were villages all about; now we have the greatest difficulty in getting work for the plantations; the natives disappear, partly because they dislike our Government and partly from disease. It's been noticed all about here that the natives die out as soon as they come in contact with us." And then he pointed to a lot of about a hundred natives who had come up for muster before going to the fields to work.

Amongst them were a dozen children of twelve or so; many of them were feeble looking, a large proportion had diseased skins, ring worms, etc. They were indeed a poor lot compared with such negroes as I have seen working timber on the Mozambique coast or in the mines of Johannesburg and Kimberley.

"These are the best we can get, and glad to get them; they are scarcer and scarcer; the Chinese won't come." And no wonder, for here the planters have the right to flog their coolies, and worse than that, the whole tone of the administration is on the side of the planter, and is not disposed to inquire too closely into the details of harshness. Consequently we find but few Chinese on plantations; they prefer the life of a trader or handicraftsman.

Here at this station there was but one language between master and servant, the ubiquitous Pidjin English. The good Polizeimeister had been, he said, repeatedly commanded to use only native language, but found Pidjin English easier, as all the natives knew it already.

The dinner was delicious—a genuine simple German meal, such as I might have enjoyed in a village of East Prussia; a sort of gruel soup, then corned beef hash and yams, which here serve in lieu of potato—that was all. There was no bread, no butter. The Frau Polizeimeister not only prepared it and cooked it, but also brought it from the outhouse in the broiling sun, waited at table, and did everything else. No servant came into the main house while I was there. She had a help called "Mary," who, however, appeared to be capable only of rough work, and remained in the kitchen outhouse. All women here are called in Pidjin English "Mary." It is an old form, going back to early times, when every sailor or trader who struck this beach looked for a native wife and promised that he would "marry" her. And so the word came to represent the *ewig weiblich* in these parts.

When we rose from the table we found three naked native women squatting patiently on the ground in front of the veranda. Before each was a little bunch of yams. They sat there in silence, waiting for some one to notice them and make them an offer for their produce. The Polizeimeister said that he bought every scrap that came in; he could not get enough. In past years he used to have abundance, but nowadays food was scarce; it looked as tho the natives disliked trading with the white man.

He went into the house, took out some tobacco, and for each pile of yams tossed down into the sand enough tobacco for a couple of pipes full. Not a sound was uttered; the white man threw down what he chose, the black woman took it and went away without a word, the kitchen black slavey picked up the yams and took them to the house. This was marketing in New Guinea.

One woman did attempt something in the shape of a grumble, but the Polizeimeister paid no attention, but went into the house, and the matter was ended.

Of course, there are two sides to this form of bargaining. If the white man gives too little he may overreach the native for once, but the black will avoid his house the next time. Therefore, it is good policy to be just.

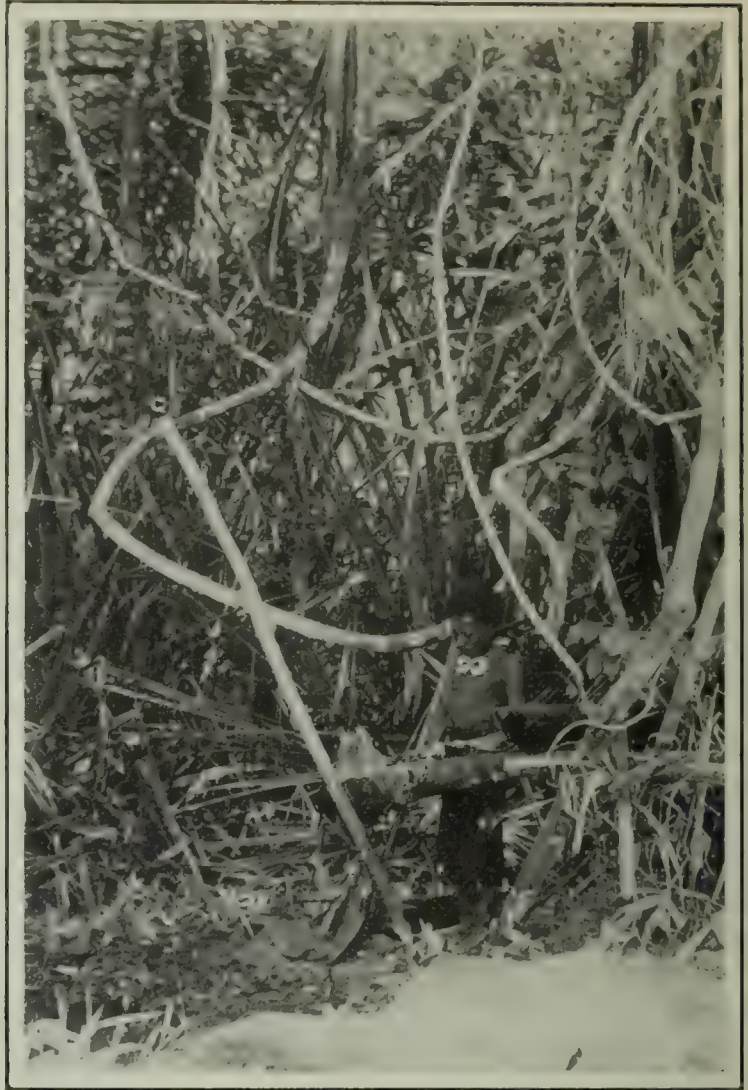
I was sorry to say good-by to the warmhearted Polizeimeister, for he was

evidently a hard working, conscientious official, in daily and nightly danger of his life—to say nothing of his sweet wife, who had been married to him but six months.

He told me that after all his years out here he could not say that he had a single friend among the natives; that he could not guess what they were thinking about; that so far the only means he knew of for commanding their services was to impress them with the white man's power to punish.

On my way back to Government House I had not ridden more than an hour when I fell in with a great concourse of natives, all naked save for the trifle of cloth about the hips, the "*larwa larwa*." In the midst were my friends from Toma, the three natives being escorted by the black policeman. He had a rifle, but otherwise there was no sign that one or the other was a prisoner. The whole countryside population was escorting them as a sign of honor, for the man accused by the missionaries was a chief, and it was a pleasure to the natives to show their respect for him.

The Polizeimeister here holds the same sort of authority which a superintendent of police holds in a British colony. He must be a man of much experience with natives; he is likely to be appealed to on all imaginable subjects. In British colonies I have found army officers and men of social importance holding such positions. But here is a "non-com." who is obviously not calculated to impress the natives by his grandeur of demeanor, particularly when they see his wife carrying in a soup tureen across the blistering yard. Herr Polizeimeister told me that when he took up this appointment for the second time he brought out his wife on the promise (of the Governor) that he should have a pension. Today my friend is not entitled to a pension, and what is worse, as he told me pathetically, his wife would get nothing should he be killed tomorrow; and under the circumstances it



Typical Jungle Scene—Photographed by Dr. von der Hellen.

is highly probable that he will die a violent death.

The Polizeimeister had a bungalow built for him by some one who had obviously never been in the tropics, the walls all tight up and down and round, like a European house intended for a stove. There was not a breath of air to be got save by drawing the long chair immediately across the threshold, and of course blocking up the way.

Afterward I called on Planter Wolff. He looked anxious to sell out and go home. The murder of Wolff's wife and child had its home. The Police Director in Herbertshoehe told me later in the day that the origin in a quarrel over some ancestral tombs on land claimed both by Wolff and the natives. Wolff had agreed (according to native account) to respect these graves, but had not, so said the native chief. There was also a bit of boundary dispute along with it.

On my return to Herbertshoehe I inquired of Herr Adelman, the Governor of the Prison, about the old native and the young wife and the first husband whom I had passed on the way with the large native escort.

Adelman said indignantly: "The

judge dismissed the case; the matter had already been settled before the native authorities; fines had already been paid; and the poor people had been dragged down and humiliated for nothing! *Die verfluchten Missionaren!*"

MUNICH, GERMANY.



The Emotions of an Anonymous Writer

[The writer of the following article is well known to our readers, some of whom endorse her views and many of whom do not. That is all the hint we can give.—EDITOR.]

I DO not remember at just what age I became a literary aspirant. The earliest documentary evidence which I possess of serious effort to enroll myself among American authors is a novel begun by me at the age of ten. It progressed to its twenty-fifth chapter, and its plot was "of an originality"! (I came upon it one day last summer, tucked away in a box with some cherished paper dolls, and I stained its penciled pages—they were not too clean, anyway—with a few teardrops of tribute to the youthful promise so scantily fulfilled). I cannot say just what cause led to my abandonment of this monumental work before its completion. It may have been due to my decision to go on the stage, or to my first experience of the pangs of unrequited love, both which things befell me about the time of my twelfth year; or possibly to the inconsiderateness of a father with a highly convincing way of indicating his belief that geometry and Latin had more definite claims upon a young lady's time than literature. I am sure it could not have resulted from any loss of confidence in my genius, for I clearly remember the secret scorn with which I received the well-meant suggestion of a married cousin who had been favored with the perusal of a few of my chapters, that "even if I never had the book published it would interest me when I was grown up to read what I had written when I was a little girl." I assented, being a polite child, but I said in my heart that I would "show her."

As I advanced through my teens I at

intervals essayed the short story, but, having on all occasions made myself the heroine, I found these efforts to be such revelations of the most intimate secrets of my inner self that I had not the courage to show them to my mother, much less to an editor. However, as time passed I found my productions, from which all romance was now sternly eliminated, in considerable demand for college magazines and the like, and finally I ventured to try them, always written upon one side of the paper only, and with stamps enclosed, upon editors of more pretentious sheets. They never wasted my stamps. Sometimes my articles came back with only the heart-chilling printed slip, sometimes with the unpalatable rejection overlaid with a meringue of sweetened explanations, which were, no doubt, satisfactory to the editor.

Finally I gave it up. Then one day I read a magazine article which aroused my uncontrollable indignation, and then and there I sat down and wrote a letter to the editor setting forth my opinion of any man who would print such stuff. A reply from the arbiter of literary destinies himself came back in an early mail—and I was afraid to open it. When at last I broke the seal I fully expected one of the thunderbolts of Jove to fall out, but no! He had found my abuse "delightful"; he confessed further that he remembered with approval the manuscripts which he had been systematically returning to me in past months, and, in short, wouldn't I like to become a contributor to his magazine?

A new era of life began for me. At

last I was "discovered"; I had become a literary possibility. (This bit of autobiography is given to other aspirants for what it is worth. When you have striven in vain to take the editorial fortress by finely turned phrases and a meek demeanor, try a bit of abuse, put, of course, into such a form that the editor knows you would not have him print it for the world. It may not always work, but the experiment only costs two cents.)

The editor asked me to give him a list of subjects which interested me. When I did so, he calmly passed them over, but remarked that he had been much interested in some chance observations of mine upon a topic quite foreign to them all; suppose I try an article on that—anonymously, of course, because it was a ticklish matter to handle. In the innocence of my heart, I did it. And when the article was trimmed and polished to his taste, I thought that shining Fame stood very near me. I well remember that on the beautiful (altho raining) day when the letter came which said that my production "would do," I met on the street a distinguished authoress, who recognized me with a charming smile (which she does not always do, by any means; she is "so provokingly near-sighted"), and I felt that she knew me at last by that subtle something which marked me as one of her own kind. I dreamed bright dreams under my umbrella of the day when I too could wear six inches of my skirt-binding trailing on the pavement without exciting unfavorable comment, and could see the rich and great flock to my receptions, ready to rend their purple and fine linen in the scramble to clasp my hand and drink my cups of tea.

My article came out in due time, and was answered; it also got a press comment or two. Then my editor sent me for review a book dealing with the same topic: It stirred me profoundly, and I took no pains to disguise my approval of it. When that review was published I began to realize something in addition to the sweet intoxication of seeing myself in print. It was that I stood committed to a position upon a question of considerable public interest, and that I had taken the unpopular side. Especially is it unpopular in the community in which I live,

move and draw my salary. That salary, as it happens, is largely conditioned upon my enjoyment of public approval; what is still more fraught with solemn import, that salary alone stands between me and the poorhouse. Therefore I remain anonymous. For I cannot get away from the influence of my maiden effort. New phases of the subject constantly come to my notice, and arouse feelings which clamor for utterance. If I myself could suppress them, my "discoverer" is ever ready to break down my resolution with the subtly flattering suggestion that I am peculiarly fitted by circumstances to treat this theme. And so I have written upon it not once but repeatedly, and in what I have said I have gone from bad to worse, if the quantity and quality of criticisms evoked may be taken as an indication. And every criticism does but tempt me to say more.

Yet a few months ago I did by a mighty effort break loose from the shackles of a compelling habit. I did write an article in which I invaded a wholly different field. There is a familiar, though homely, saying anent the relative comfortableness of the frying pan and the fire; those who prefer classical forms of expression may choose to paraphrase it by allusion to Scylla and Charybdis. No matter which way your taste for metaphor inclines, you can enjoy a practical application of the conditions thus proverbially described, if you will simply turn your attention from the matter of pointing out certain imperfections in an institution beloved by a part of the people to that of suggesting the possible fallibility of one revered by the public as a whole. I believe that I may modestly assert that if my name has not been a household word during the past few months, it is only because households have not known by what name to call me. In the absence of such knowledge, "that woman" has seemed to serve very well for fervid commentators scattered from Atlantic to Pacific, as well as a few across the Canadian border. Unquestionably, fame is mine; if any one doubt it, let him look at my trunk of clippings and letters, which stand as witnesses to prove how widely I am read. Yes, Fame has come to me—and I must turn her out of doors. Who could have made me

believe three years ago that she was so uncomfortable, even dangerous, a being to consort with? For—yet—I am afraid of her. A year or more ago an irritated critic boldly challenged me to “come out in the open” and repeat there what I had said behind the screen of anonymity, and my own moral deterioration came out then and stared me in the face, and has squeaked “Coward” at me ever since. I began to write with all the becoming illusions as to having a “message” for the world, a message far removed from any sordid considerations of pecuniary gain; but how can I deny that I—I, who have been said to show at my best behind a runaway horse, who can even face a dentist with a cheerful countenance—am after all so little brave, so far from being that stuff of which reformers are made, that I rate my convictions below a paltry hundred dollars a month. Truly, the necessity of bread and butter doth make cowards of us all—at least, I hope it does. I like to believe that, after all, other “aspirants,” including the above-mentioned critic, are not insensible to considerations so vulgar as three meals a day and an occasional new hat. If they fancy that they are, let them consider that, even so, their position differs from mine in this: with them the being known as the authors of even the most startling sentiments is, after all, the thing which secures a continuous provision of the bread and butter; with me that is precisely the thing likely to cut off the supply. For, if I have not been guilty of the unlovely act of wounding the hand which feeds me, my indiscretions might at least suggest to the power behind that hand the expediency of extending it in another direction. And my literary notoriety is not of a sort to assure support should my regular means thereof fail. The peculiar disadvantage of anonymous writing is that, brilliant tho your efforts be, each separate bit is a thing by itself, the product, so far as the public knows or cares, of as many different pens, and so no editor meets you with favorable inclinations toward the promising author of “a notable series of articles.” Each new editor must be approached by you as a stranger; upon the merits of the single article which you offer him must you stand or fall. (I am

skeptical about the assertion that established authors must meet these same conditions.)

Nor does society take you up, so that you may hope to avert starvation by dining out. I am not holding receptions as yet, and I have about come to the conclusion that the distinguished authoress spoke to me because she mistook me for someone else.

Meanwhile, living upon the crust of a volcano is not without a certain interest. Not the least of it is the pleasurable excitement of observing my friends’ general unconsciousness of my imminent prospect of being engulfed. For instance, the morning when I opened the daily paper toward whose existence a fraction of the previously mentioned salary contributes, and found the entire first column of its editorial page devoted to *me*, and then listened with what serenity I could to the rejoicings of fellow-breakfasters that their favorite sheet had made mincemeat of “a woman who didn’t know what she was talking about,” I derived a sinful joy from knowing how much more crestfallen than I they would feel if they could learn that they had been discussing the woman in her own hearing. Sometimes the temptation to throw the bomb of confession almost overcomes me with its uncanny fascination. It would be fun; but then how unpleasant to be gathered up in fragments afterward, and how melancholy for my family. I am always strongly moved by that thought of my weeping family. They regard my career with very considerable apprehensions as it is; only a few weeks since my mother, a gentle soul, wrote me wistfully that “she had hoped that the next thing I wrote would be something that wouldn’t offend anybody.” And, aside from considerations of filial regard, I sometimes think myself that it would be pleasant to write something which might serve as Sunday reading for the young without being issued in an expurgated edition, if I could find some nice ladylike editor who would print it. They do appear to accept polite literature from some writers, but not from me. Did not an article come back to me this very day, upon which the most pronounced criticism was that it was not as *sensational* as my

last one? *Such* is the standard which I seem to have set for myself. A beautiful predicament, truly, for a respectable woman and a church member!

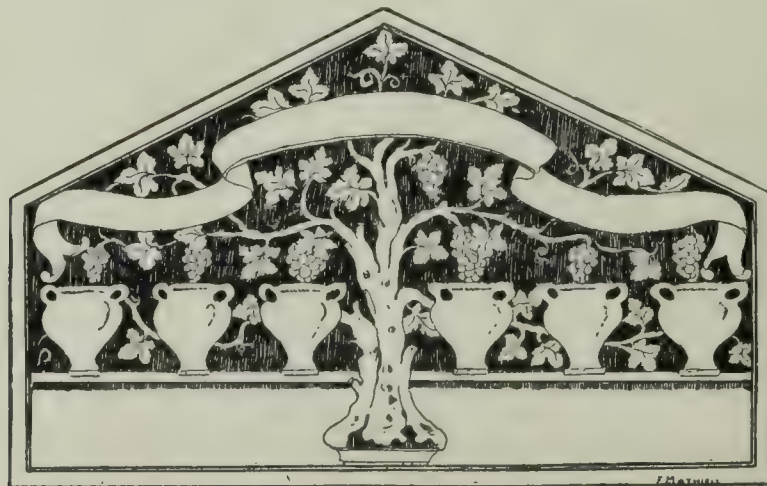
Not that my experiences have been uniformly unpleasant. A few friends and relatives, dwelling in places safely remote and proven above all suspicion of the "leaky ear," are in the secret, and their comments upon my work are usually as amiable in intention and not so unfortunately ambiguous as that of the friend who wrote, after the appearance of my first article:

"Clara and I called on your Aunt Mary Tuesday, and she gave us your article in the ——— to read. Of course, we found it *a great deal more interesting than we should have if we hadn't known who wrote it.*" (The italics are not hers.)

There was, for instance, the young man from the far West, who, when calling upon us, quoted my own statements to me with qualifying earnestness until the uncontrollable mirth of the household brought him to an amazed and interrogatory pause. I suppose he is still thanking his stars that his comments had happened to be commendatory. And last month a clergyman, one of the boys of my youth, wrote me: "Why in the world don't you try fiction or something that you can sign, so that we can brag about knowing you?" I suppose that his pride in my acquaintance might be modified if he had noticed that one of the leading papers of his Church had referred to me as "a moral pestilence." I chance to belong to that

same branch of faith myself, and, in view of the above, I am sometimes much touched by the courageous indifference to the possible dissemination of pestilential germs displayed by my pastor and the church officials in accepting both my presence and my money. Perhaps they do not realize the risk they run. I suppose I do not, in my outward semblance, suggest the Plague personified. In truth, the fact almost eludes my own inner consciousness, except when I read my press notices.

Why have I written all this? Partly to relieve my mind, but mainly as a warning to those for whom there is yet hope. My advice to those is briefly this: If you are going to be an iconoclast, look the part. Do not wear the conventional garb, or teach a Sunday-school class, or honor your father and mother. Thus you will avoid becoming settled in any undeserved but comfortable niche of respectability from which some startling printed utterance may rudely dislodge you. 'Twere better not to have known this shelter than to lose it. Or, if you think it fun to fool the public—and that it possesses elements of the humorous, I do not deny—first secure a generous bank account, which can stand the strain of any discrepancy between the vagaries of genius and the public capacity for sympathy. Then may you afford to recognize sensationalism as your "mission," and the bright bird of fame may rest upon your shoulder unperturbed by the vulture of starvation playing a grim peek-a-boo from the other side.





Florida for a Winter Home

BY E. P. POWELL

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY HOME," "OLD FARM DAYS," ETC.



I T was early in February when I entered Florida—the coldest month of the year. A bad frost had just made havoc with oranges and other semi-tropical fruits. These frosts come about once in ten years, making orange growing so problematical that it cannot be set down as a specially secure industry, until you get quite well down toward Tampa. At Orlando the orchards are generally in good condition; but in Lake County, a little farther north, without the care most people are unprepared to give, orange groves are a failure. I saw at least twenty deserted groves and homes to one that has prospered. Those who made openings in the pine woods, and planted these orchards, came along between 1880 and 1890. They were most of them from city life—not a few ministers, lawyers and physicians—with borrowed capital, and no farm experience. A heavy frost came in 1886, but everything was on the boom till the winter of 1895, when the severest freeze Florida has ever known destroyed not only the fruit but the trees, and turned thousands of people into beggars. They had used up all their capital, and no more could be borrowed. Most of them flocked out of the State, leaving cottages and groves behind for their creditors. A few, with more grit, skill and capital, fought out the battle, and adjusted themselves to changed conditions. These people have either fine groves (protected by huge fires when frost appears) or they have turned to other employments.

All up and down the Atlantic border of the State you find the transformation already well worked out. Everyone has become a truck farmer. One crop of lettuce is sown in November or December, and sent North in January; another immediately prepared for and harvested the last of February. Celery is then put in, to be sent North in June. After this third crop, crab grass is allowed to grow as a fodder crop, and hay crop—to be

plowed under for the next season's trucking. These folk have a wonderful advantage in the way of irrigation. They have only to bore down from ten to twenty feet to strike water, that will gush up in flowing wells, and has only then to be guided about their gardens. Every little back yard is a lettuce garden or a celery bed. Money comes in readily, and thrift is apparent. But you and I are after winter homes, and are not likely to be satisfied with this flat land—rich as its prospects may be. All of these regions are dotted with resorts, many of them very beautiful with their magnolias and palms. Tourists rarely go outside this section; and as a consequence their reports concerning Florida mean nothing more than what they see here near the coast. Burroughs speaks of the "tourist infested" region with some justice.

Passing rapidly through these border counties, I started for the center of the State—where the conditions are totally different. The land thruout Lake County lies in great rolls and swells, and these occasionally rise to the height of hills. Down in the hollows lie lakes—sometimes only lily ponds—sometimes half a mile, or several miles, in length. Circumstances directed me to the banks of Lake Lucy, a clean, clear body of water, half a mile across, and about two miles from the village of Sorrento. On the banks were several residences, and others were in sight. Some of these embraced superb orange groves, the trees loaded with golden globes, while grape fruit was pulling others down toward the ground. My neighbor, Mr. Hawkins, whose summer home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., said cordially, "Always help yourself, and to all that you can use." He has spent some twenty winters here, but while keeping up his own orchard, does not advise any more orange planting.

The soil is sandy, and of various degrees of strength and quality. It is, however, easily enriched. I do not know

any part of the United States where Nature has provided more material for food, and at the same time for soil renovation. The velvet bean stands perhaps at the head of all legumes—growing from thirty to seventy feet in a season. It must be mowed early for hay; then it can be foddered for several weeks; and finally plowed under to enrich the soil. The only difficulty is that the farmer must be quick enough not to let everything grow out of his power of control. The hay, including the bean itself, is relished by all sorts of animals, and for feeding quality is far ahead of any of our Northern forage plants. Cow peas are but little behind the velvet bean for all sorts of purposes—furnishing excellent food not only for animals but for fowls. Bermuda grass is another marvelous product in the way of hay; but it is so exceedingly rank that in the course of three years the roots have to be cut with disc harrows or the sod plowed under. Beggarweed is another splendid plant for horses—either cut green or as hay; and is nearly as valuable for cattle and swine. Orchard grass thrives finely, and in some sections vetches and alfalfa. Now add to these cassava, a coarse sort of sweet potato, with roots two or three feet long, yielding ten tons to the acre, and you begin to see how very easily this part of Florida can take care of itself—so far as feeding domestic animals is concerned. Our Northern grains do fairly well, but are hardly needed—except oats, which produce good crops—especially after velvet beans. The real key to the situation lies in these wonderful legumes, with nodules on the roots that collect nitrogen from the air, and so enrich instead of exhausting the soil. I do not say that Florida farmers are appreciative of their advantages; but many of them—even the Crackers—are waking up to scientific methods of soil culture. One of these natives I found to be decidedly the most wideawake farmer about Sorrento. The State has yet to get rid of a few more of the get-rich-quick orange growers, and add a few more well trained Northern farmers. Yet I found the folk frank, cordial and good neighbors. The negro element is not large, nor is it of the poorest quality.

For vegetables I had sweet potatoes

every day, dug freshly from the soil, when wanted. Irish potatoes grow equally well, but are planted in January and February. A good neighbor sent me bunches of carrots one foot long, fresh pulled out of his garden, and they were delicious. In fact, I found that a Florida vegetable garden might include everything that we grow at the North, especially crisp lettuces and celery. On the higher lands watermelons absolutely "cover the ground" in June. They were planting the seeds of these melons in February. They are shipped to Northern markets, reaching New York a couple of weeks ahead of the Georgia crop. It was not an easy matter to find out exactly what hardy fruits could be grown, because so much attention had been given to semi-tropical sorts. I think a dozen people told me that raspberries and blackberries would not thrive in Florida, but after a while I found a man who was growing Cuthbert raspberries successfully, and I found blackberries of the trailing sort in great abundance. As for strawberries, some varieties do superbly—not always the varieties that thrive best in Northern gardens. Peaches and plums were in blossom February 15th, and could speak for themselves. Pear buds were just opening on March 1st, and tho slightly affected by the frost, promised a heavy crop. Only this must be borne in mind, that our Persian peach stock and our European plums and pears had better give way to Chinese peach stock, and to pears from the sand-pear stock. From these, however, superb sorts are being rapidly developed, so that nothing is lost by the change. Indeed, I think there is nothing more interesting about Florida than the fact that it opens new fields of horticultural research. Several varieties of apples, including the Red Astrachan, Grimes Golden, Dutchess, Bismark, Newtown Pippin, Gano and more of our very finest winter stock, do well in Lake County.

Now add to an almost complete collection of hardy fruits such tropicals as loquats, oranges, grape fruit, and you see what we have for a Florida orchard. Mulberries do wonderfully well, yielding enormous crops for birds as well as human beings. Fig trees stand in rows

alongside Japan persimmons, while walnuts and pecans constitute groves of their own.

Beside the Scuppernong grape, a strictly Southern type, almost all our best grapes do well in Florida. Among the rest Brighton, Niagara, Herbert, Moore's Early, and Diamond are very thrifty and prolific. It is not well to plant moderate-growing sorts, like Delaware, unless the vines are kept carefully trimmed and trained. There is a wild olive, flowering finely in early February, and furnishing the bees a very acceptable feast. It is of no value for fruit. I do not yet feel quite sure about gooseberries and currants, yet I believe that they can be grown, with common sense. Of course, our small fruits cannot be stuck down into the warm, sandy soil, without proper mulching. Mulch, which is so very important here, is even more important where the soil easily dries and where the sun is fervid.

All this while we are in the woods. In every direction the pine forest spreads itself, and homesteads are simply clearings, while roads are trails that connect these homes, or reach away to the towns. You are traveling all the time under great pine trees, that lift themselves with straight shafts, twenty inches in diameter, and forty feet to the limbs—often fifty or sixty. The soil is never muddy, but the sand makes wheeling with narrow tires somewhat difficult. Quite unlike what you would expect, these pine woods are everywhere green with grass, and most abundantly carpeted with flowers. There are no swamps in this part of the State, except the margins of one or two streams. The lakes are everywhere free from marsh, and the water is even wholesome for drinking. Most of the lakes abound in fish, and these destroy the larvæ of insects. I saw but two mosquitoes while in the State. There are snakes, I suppose, but not any more than are found in New York and Illinois. Harmless small lizards bask in the sun, as I have seen them in Connecticut. Alligators are in the larger rivers, but I do not know that there is any more harm from them than the loss of an occasional duck. But I saw wild ducks sitting on the water of Lake Lucy and white herons, as if they had no fear from any-

thing below. Quail fly up from every sly place, and deer are said to abound in the hummock land.

Water can generally be reached at a depth of fifty to one hundred feet, and the more progressive farmers raise this with windmills into tanks. I found the cost of drilling such a well to be very much less than in our clay soils at the North—rarely exceeding fifty dollars for the well, and perhaps another fifty for the windmill. It is easy to reach surface water at depths of fifteen or twenty feet. Whoever builds a home in Florida should certainly make sure of a thoroughly good well at the very outset.

There is no stock law in Florida, and cattle run the woods freely—owned largely by Northern cattle kings, who get rich by making the State a free pasturage. The Cracker element favors this disposition of the land, because it allows them also free range for their horses and cattle. To secure a fresh growth of grass each year, fires are kindled in the dry weeds and underbrush. I was there just in time to see these fires, in long lines of flame, sweeping through the forests. Occasionally a tree that has a weak spot catches the flame, and creates a column of fire until it crashes to the ground. These fires destroy millions of young pines that are just starting; but worst of all, they burn up annually all that accumulation of vegetation which should be carefully preserved to add humus to the soil. It is necessary to plow fire lines eight or ten feet wide around homesteads and orchards, in order to keep out the flames.

The turpentine men have come into the State recently, after exhausting the supply in Georgia and the Carolinas, and are leasing or buying all the pine trees possible. The trees are tapped ruthlessly, by slicing off great chips with an ax—a process that is repeated again and again, until after about three years the tree is ruined. The result will be a total change in the face of the country, and whatever pine lumber is left will be greatly enhanced in value. Sawmills follow the turpentine gatherers, and lumber from Georgia pine is at present very cheap. It is a good time to purchase, anticipating the results of the destruction.

I was awakened every morning by the

mocking birds—a bird after all not to be compared with our catbird for sweetness of song. Mourning doves could be heard in the distance at daybreak, and Bob Whites sent out their cheery notes from the edges of the gardens. A little later and one could distinguish the notes of the cardinal bird—a most superb neighbor, building nests close by the houses. As my visit was strictly economical, I made no special study of the ornithological and botanical features of the country, altho my son found his entomological researches very fascinating. It was warm enough at midday to take off our coats and sit in the shade, while butterflies of gorgeous hue flew about us, and the mocking birds came near enough to exhibit their natural curiosity and shout all sorts of melodies. A soft breeze was invariably blowing either from the Gulf or the Coast, and never a northern edge to it. Toward night the temperature invariably cooled down, so that we were spending our evenings around a hearthstone, where we had burning a pile of pine knots and pine cones. Robins were with us by the thousands; but about the 20th of February they began their return flight to the North. It was a curious sight, about five o'clock in the afternoon, to see the flocks moving off, so many thousands of them as to darken the skies. This was kept up for three or four evenings, after which only a few stragglers were seen.

The fact is that Florida is a great open field for Northern farmers. It is not so tropical as has been represented. Only the southern tip of the State can be assigned to pineapples, mangoes and similar fruits—altho most of these can be grown around houses in sufficient quantities for home use. The soil is sandy, but nowhere else in the world is there better provision by nature for adding to the humus—when a class of men gets

there with sense enough not to burn it up.

Talking with all sorts of men, I found almost a unanimous conviction that the land should hereafter be planted with something besides oranges. Newcomers should only have a few trees for home use, and with them a few lemon trees, and loquats, and pineapples. I can say advisedly to a host of Northern farmers, Go to Florida. That is, go to Florida if you are willing to learn, and have the good sense to adjust yourself to new conditions. There are very few residents there now who have fairly tested the State or comprehended its marvelous possibilities. You do not have to spend a month getting ready for winter, and another month getting ready for spring. You can grow something at all seasons. Cows can be pastured or soiled for twelve months. Land, of the best quality, can be procured for from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre. Houses, such as climate and comfort demand, can be erected for from five hundred to a thousand dollars. There are no coal bills, and your wood practically costs you only the expense of cutting. You are not being worn out by the severity of rough winters. I was myself astounded at the simplicity of the problem, and shall build a home for myself and family at once—where we will spend five months of the year.

The true policy, of course, is to create homes. Go there, not to get rich, but to live well. Grow what you can eat and use, before you begin to grow for market. Buy as many acres of pines as you can afford, for within twenty years pine lumber will surely be scarce. Build a neat and comfortable house, and not a picnic arbor nor a shanty. Then sit down and study the condition of things, and the situation, and adjust yourself to modest home-growing.

CLINTON, N. Y.



In and Around Mukden

BY J. H. DE FOREST, D. D.

[This is another of Dr. De Forest's interesting articles on his trip through Manchuria under the auspices of the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association.—EDITOR.]

BETWEEN Liaoyang and Mukden, a distance of forty miles, we pass thru one of the greatest battlefields in the world, where the two battle lines along the Shaho River hugged each other for months until at

of ceaseless fighting, where their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was over 150,000. This is called the Mukden Battle.

I was in Tokyo at the war office in March when the news came that the



"What part did you have in the fight?" I asked Colonel Watari. "O, very little," he modestly replied. "I captured some 200 Russians out here and the white horse their officer rode." "Please mount and let me snap you." And here he is, a common combination of a Japanese officer on a Russian horse.

last another Kuropatkin defeat and hasty retreat that left 13,333 dead Russians on the field, and resulted in the Mukden-Fusan battle line of one hundred miles. This ended in a far more overwhelming defeat and utter rout of the 350,000 Russians during fifteen days

Russian line was contracting and breaking under the deadly assaults of Oyama's invincible armies. A month later I was riding slowly in a freight car thru the Shaho region, every mile of which was strewn with signs of the fierce struggle, and where some of my warm Japanese



The brilliant, scholarly Major Yamaoka, who was sent to demand the surrender of Port Arthur, August 16th, 1904; and was severely wounded in the Mukden battles of March, 1905.

Mrs. Yamaoka, daughter of Baron Hosokawa, head of the Peeress' School.

friends had met their fate. Trenches were seen in every direction, and the underground holes in which the troops of both sides had burrowed during the intense cold. Every culvert and bridge was barricaded and guarded by Japanese soldiers, lest some Chinese hireling should dynamite the track, and thus break the one slender line of Japanese communications. Captured guns and broken carriages of every description were collected here and there by the railroad. And I caught sight of some of those huge siege guns that had made Stoessel feel weak and that had pounded to death the Russian battleships in Port Arthur. These same guns had been transported north and had brought dismay into the ranks of the enemy 'way up in the Shaho fight.

A battlefield is an impressive sight, with its pieces of guns and shells, caps, cartridge-boxes, boots, clothing, and desolation in general. But I saw one ludicrous pile of things, a brass band, the pieces of which were of enormous dimensions. They were heaped up against a wall and had the appearance

of having suffered with bullet wounds and shell explosions much like their former owners.

Every portion of the way was full of exciting sights, made more exciting by the vivid explanations of the officer in the car. The one thing conspicuously absent was villages. All that region had been swept clean of houses. Scores of flourishing villages had disappeared, and even the ancestral graveyards, now treeless, were almost beyond recognition. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese refugees had fled for their lives, utterly ruined by the battles of aliens waged upon their farms. I found 50,000 of these in Mukden alone, and it is deserving of permanent record that 10,000 of these were being successfully cared for by one missionary, Dr. Christie, of Scotland.

We reached Sakaton, fifteen miles south of Mukden, and from there had to ride in Chinese carts, for the retreating Russians had blown up the long railroad bridge across the Hunho River. Heretofore they had left millions of dollars worth of beautiful brick and stone

dwelling and stations and barracks in Dalny, Newchwang, Liaoyang and all along the way, intending to come back before long and take possession again after driving the little Japs into the sea. But after the Liaoyang experience, they got discouraged about coming back again, and from there north they blew up bridges and destroyed things generally.

At Sakaton I had a memorable experience of joy and sorrow. Every one has read of the brilliant herald whom Nogi sent to Stoessel in the early days of the siege demanding the surrender of Port Arthur. He was Major K. Yamaoka, one of the ablest and most cultured of the younger officers in the Japanese army. A master of European languages, and thoroughly conversant with the war history of western nations, it was a delight to listen to his sustained conversations. He was in the war with China, and later shared in the march of the allied armies on Peking. Just before this present war broke out, he told me in a modest way that he thought the soldiers of Japan were not inferior to those of

Russia, and he was confident from what he had witnessed that the Russians were a far more cruel lot, capable of bayonetting even women and children with the glee of demons. He added in subdued yet determined tones, "We will sacrifice everything, even wives and children, but we will never yield to Russia."

Well, this officer, beloved by so many foreigners too, was in the Mukden battles and was shot in his right temple, the bullet passing behind his right eye and coming out of his left. I heard this news at Newchwang, and when I reached Liaoyang the surgeons there kindly searched the records of all their hospitals and assured me that the Major had not come there. So at Sakaton I asked my military host if he had heard anything of Yamaoka, and he replied, "O, he came here yesterday and is now over in that house." Our carts were already provided for us to ride to Mukden, but I begged permission to stay over one night with the Major. When in Tokyo I had called on his wife, the daughter of Baron Hosokawa, and had taken in my arms the tiny little baby



A common sight from the cars as you go from Dalney to Mukden. These Russian guns were "presented" to the Japanese, who think they are hardly worth taking.



Gen. McArthur, Col. West, Capt. Lynch, on the porch of the Llama Temple at Mukden, April 10th, 1905.

boy born since the father went to Manchuria, and that would be good news for the wounded man.

It was astonishing to find the same power of brilliant conversation in a man through whose head a shrapnel shot had passed. He owned up to no pain as he sat in bed and talked for an hour. "How did you feel when you were hit? Did you faint?" I asked. "Not a bit of it. I was perfectly conscious, but I thought I had been struck with a stick. So I sat down and began to feel around and I found my left eye hanging in shreds down my cheek. But I thought I could distinguish the troops and some trees with my right eye, and so when these bandages are taken off, I fancy I shall see. And if I can fairly well distinguish objects, I'll be back again on the battle line, where I'll stay to the finish. The hole at first was over half an inch in diameter, but it's already nearly closed up."

As he talked he occasionally passed his hand slowly over his eyes and temple, and I could not but notice anew what I had long known, the delicacy and shapeliness of the Japanese hand. How can such a woman's hand with such slender fingers wield the sword with such fatal effects? When talking with some officers later on, I spread my broad, thick, stub-fingered hand on the table and challenged them to show theirs, which they did with a jolly laugh at the contrast. It is this lady hand that makes Japan famous for its art and its surgeons, and its swordsmen too.

On leaving the hospital, I privately asked the surgeon whether there was any chance of the Major's recovering sight with his right eye, to which he replied, "No, never. But we let him talk." He is in Tokyo now and has been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. But whether he ever sees again the faces of wife and boys and friends or not, I feel sure that the world will hear again from that gifted brain.

The next day we rode thru one of those blinding sand storms into the ancient capital, and to Field Marshal Oyama's Headquarters, where his aide-de-camp, Captain Tanaka, gave us a pleasant welcome. The Marshal, busy as he was just at this time with interviews and consultations with his generals and the Chinese authorities, found time to receive me. I had never before met this illustrious warrior, but there flashed into my mind a description of him by a certain disgruntled war correspondent ten years ago, at the capture of Port Arthur, stating in effect that Oyama's blood-thirsty face was all aglow over the barbarous slaughter of the garrison, including women and children. Nothing of this ferocity was apparent in the genial face of the old gentleman at Mukden. Marchioness Oyama, when a little girl, was sent to New Haven, and was for a while a member of Dr. Leonard Bacon's family, where I had seen her. He too visited New Haven about the same time.

With a fatherly look, he remarked that I was in danger of being annoyed as a possible Russian, and so he ordered Captain Tanaka to provide a badge that would protect me. He inquired about the success of the Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers. Then I was located in the Russian Bank that was, and the next five days were filled with most interesting excursions under the guidance of gendarmes and commissioned officers.

Major-General Fukushima, of whom the readers of *THE INDEPENDENT* already know, is the Chief of Staff, and I heard from him briefly about the series of recent battles. On my speaking of Likampo as the key to Mukden, he said it was a key, there being several others. He told in racy English about the capture of the baggage and whole commissariat in its disastrous retreat. The wagons covered the plains in a mass fifteen miles long and three wide, and were by all odds the richest bag thus far taken in the war. In speaking of the effect of the war on the Chinese, he emphasized the one word that every Japanese loves—"education." The Chinese will never wake up without education, and it will probably be a long process.

Well, this is rather a long introduction to Mukden. But, after all, Mukden is little else to the spectator than a great city with low, unattractive brick houses on the main streets and everywhere else only mud hovels packed thick along the vilest streets. I saw a row of carts, each drawn by three horses, stuck helplessly in the mud not a block from the Marshal's Headquarters. That Mukden mud! If the ordinary plains produce *kow-liang* twelve feet high, the streets of Mukden, if put to farming purposes, ought to raise pumpkins a mile in diameter. I saw two dead horses one day lying in the gateway, and they had been whipped to death for not dragging their carts thru this bottomless mud and filth. The beastly black hogs that rooted in the black mud of the streets, the dead horses

on the wayside, and the living horses stuck in the mud, maddened under the murderous lashes of their drivers and wishing they, too, were dead—this is the chief picture I carry in my mind of this slimy city of 200,000. Such a condition of things was a real peril to the Japanese army, and, knowing this, the military administrator had levied a sanitary tax on the city, the first one probably the people had ever heard of. That is one of the things included in that word so highly prized in Japan—"education." But for this zeal of the Japanese for healthy conditions, the present heat of 95 degrees in the shade might breed a pestilence that would imperil the army. So I go on to Likampo.

Two springless Chinese carts and a mounted gendarme were provided for Mr. Fujioka and myself. One would think that a village only twelve miles from Mukden, where three days' desperate fighting had left over 3,000 dead on the field, and where vast quantities of ammunition and stores were captured,



The temporary grave of Lieut. Col. Yoshioka on the place where he fell.

could be easily found. But apparently there are no roads in Manchuria, at any rate there were none in the regions where the battles had been fought. Of course the villages had disappeared. Thousands of impressed carts, loaded and empty, in lines that in some cases extended five miles, drawn by a mixture of mule, donkey, horse and bull, the four kinds being sometimes hitched to one cart, the drivers of which had no lines, but flourished ten-

his best man, the color bearer of his regiment, Lieutenant Kishiwada, to conduct us over the field.

What a horrible fight it was around and in this village! I began to see how this insignificant hamlet that is not on the maps was one key to the Mukden victory. It was of course valuable as one of the fortified outposts in the Russian line, but far more than that, it was necessary that the Japanese should by a



Cavalry Horses and Bivouac Shelters of the Third Japanese Army Division in a valley near the village of Luchupo, about four miles north of Port Arthur. The broad top shaped object faintly seen in the distant field at the left, beyond the trees, is a tethered balloon, used for reconnoitering. Copyright, 1904. Underwood & Underwood, New York.

foot poles with ten-foot lashes, were going over the plain in various directions, dodging the trenches and the wide, swampish mud holes. The Chinese of whom our guide inquired could only point in the direction of Likampo, and that we already knew. It took four hours to get there, but it paid. Our coming had been telegraphed to Colonel Watari, in charge, and as he was of the Sendai garrison he gave us a warm welcome, and detailed

desperate attack hold as many Russians as possible here, while General Nogi swung his division far around in the rear ninety miles north, where he eventually surprised the retreating army and nearly ground it to powder. The Japanese at Likampo had a terrible task to perform. With only one brigade they had to attack and defeat a whole Russian corps behind trenches. It was fearful odds in point of numbers, five Rus-

sians to one Japanese, but it was yet more fearful in that the Japanese could not approach by counter trenches, because the ground was frozen several feet deep. So they did the impossible in this way—they crawled up on their bellies thru the snow, pushing sandbags in front to protect their heads, until they could get close enough for bayonet work. They held every inch of ground gained, and fought without sleep for three days. They at last reached the village, where they fought for the possession of the houses one by one, until the gateways were clogged with the corpses of Russians and Japanese piled one on the other. Every officer of the Thirty-third Regiment was either killed or wounded. At the crisis Lieutenant-Colonel Yoshioka made his name immortal by penetrating the Russian lines, where he came face to face with the Russian Chief of Staff, and with one descending stroke of his sword cleft him from shoulder to stomach, but he also fell at the same time riddled with bullets.

Deeds of exceptional merit naturally receive the written encomium of brigade and division commanders, but it is rare indeed that a name is heralded thruout the whole twelve divisions of the army. There are only three such, I was told, and Yoshioka is one of them. He with his 4,000 men held 20,000 Russians for three days and nights, inflicting a loss of 8,000 in killed and wounded, and meanwhile Nogi was making that marvelous flank march of ninety miles in four days. Not only did Yoshioka defeat this superior force, and enable Nogi to flank the Russians, but he won one of the strategic roads to Mukden. But his regiment was virtually annihilated. That is the price Japan is willing to pay, if necessary, for every victory. And this

is all I studied up of the hundred mile battlefield.

While in Mukden I lunched with our General MacArthur, Colonel West and Captain Lynch, who were living in what was left of the Llama Temple in the suburbs of the city. The wide temple hall had been stored full with Russian rifles, bicycles, cooking utensils and stores. But the retreat was so sudden that the stores could not be carried off, and so the Russians burned this historic building. The priest's quarters in the rear escaped the fire, and there we lunched; and I may add, at the expense of the Emperor's private purse. The Diet, in voting the war budget, made no provision for the foreign military attachés. The Emperor therefore generously takes them all as his guests. I know very well that no Japanese would wish this Imperial act to be coarsely trumpeted abroad, but I think a courtesy that involves the comfort and even luxury of scores of foreigners on the battlefield for months, and even years perhaps, is of international significance, and may well be mentioned with sincere appreciation.

My regret on leaving Mukden was that I could not accept the rare privilege of visiting the newly forming battle line toward Kirin. But it was no small thing to have seen a section of the battle line where more than three-quarters of a million men made a desperate fight of two weeks, the shock of which resulted in a total of 250,000 killed, wounded and prisoners. It was the greatest victory that Liberty confronting Despotism ever won. It was one more irrevocable step forward and upward in the universal struggle for what the Japanese call *Seigi Jindo*—Righteousness and Humanity.

MUKDEN, MANCHURIA.



A Little Owl of Florence

"NIL INVITA MINERVA."
(*Stemma Vecchia.*)

BY E. I. PRIME-STEVENSON

AS I came down the dingy Via della Spada, in Florence, that humid, grey morning, my glance fell on the display of limp pigeons, depressed canaries, and nondescript song-birds, all the worse for shop-wear, and all huddled in filth and gloom together, in the narrow shop of a bird-fancier. Then I caught sight of a less familiar captive—a remarkably small brown owl, only about as big as my hand, staring out from a dirty cage, with that look of mingled misery and indignation that wild birds often have when suddenly shut into noisy and close incarceration. Now, a wood-bird of almost any sort, brought captive to a town street, means an abominable crime to me, as to most persons. Under Italian conditions, the unlucky prize is simply a martyr. Besides this, all owls happen to have a positive, honorable sort of claim on my humble self, because of what may be called family reasons; on the strength of a certain usage now some hundreds of years old, and, more than that, thru a tradition not merely hundreds but thousands of years respected, as runs "the tale of Troy divine."

This little fellow looked up at me with a specially melancholy reminder, I thought, of what was just my bounden pagan duty. So after a short but voluble wrangle over the price of the creature (a dicker purely for the sake of principle), I bought the object of my solicitude for a lira and a half—some thirty cents—and brought him away with me. The little owl, so the dealer informed me, had been "sent over from Vallombrosa" a few days earlier. "An owl from Vallombrosa" sounds well. His vendor also remarked that the captive was wonderfully tame ("*meravigliosamente addomesticata*"). In denial of which statement, the owl at once bit me. But such little owls have no great biting powers; and I did indeed note that this one was by no means so agitated as might be during his traverse

over the Piazzzi Santa Maria Novella to the hotel where I was wintering. He stared at me all the way, with a certain degree of sedate gratitude and friendliness, I fancied. At any rate, within an hour, there he hung, in a fine new cage, in the pleasant court of (appropriately named) the Hotel Minerva. And so for several weeks was I interested in one of the most amusing, unconventional, and companionable pets that have come to my hand; and I am sure that his memory is green in the vicinity of the arid Piazza Santa Maria Novello today, and also that his owl-biography deserves print. During the carrying of him to his new environment, I had fixed on a dignified and Hellenic name for him, and also had remembered that servants of even the best hotels are not too delicate in their curiosity. So when the little owl was hung up on the vine-grown wall of the Minerva's court—he looking down at me the while, with a most odd, stolid approval of all that I did, I thought—over his head was written in Italian as "choice" as Hamlet's taste would have accepted—"My name is Zeno. I am very wise, but also timid. Please do not tease and frighten me." And I am bound to say this pathetic injunction was respected, day by day. Never was any queer little bird more kindly entreated, even by Italians, who love pets in general, and hate owls in particular, as being "unlucky" things. The only exception to the rule was on the part of one extremely clever member of the Minervian establishment. This was the big white house-cat, named Galileo. Galileo had private and cattish ideas as to owls—far removed from those of a humane nature—and Galileo could not (so far as I know) read. But fortunately Galileo, though often prowling about Zeno's cage, and even staring up at him at short range, in a most offensive, cold-blooded, calculating manner—to the excessive perturbation of Zeno—was never

able to compass a tragedy that, I am sure, over and over again was earnestly rehearsed, or near to that.

This little owl was of the "*civetta*" species, common all over Italy. Whether Shelley's "aziola—a little downy owl" is identical, I cannot say. Zenino's color was a dusky brown, with white flecks. He was only a few inches high, as I have said. But he had already his full growth. He belonged (I hope I should write "belongs," for I should be sorry to feel that over such a tiny pattern of dignity and wisdom and harmlessness, the preterit yet is needed) to the "semi-nocturnal" sort. This made him much the more interesting; because instead of being somnolent and stupid all day long, and brisk only as nightfall came on, Zenino—for so he soon was addressed with true Italian affection in diminutives—was as lively as a grig in daylight hours, save for a few forty-winks episodes, now and then. Moreover, as far as I could ever discover, Gabriele, the hotel cook, was correct in declaring that Zenino "slept like a good Christian all night, and disturbed nobody." I had feared that Zenino would hoot and tu-whit, to-whoo, in the darkness, which (Shakespeare to the contrary) is not at all "a merry note" to nervous guests in an inn. But no such bad manners. His only sounds, first and last, all the time that I had him consisted of three sorts. The first was a wonderfully pretty, soft, descending chirrup. It ran down through nearly an octave of the minor scale; almost always pitched in A, as I took pains to ascertain. This ejaculation came when Zeno was really interested in anything but, *nota bene*, without being frightened by it; or if he was contented, pleased, and found the outer world generally going well for him. This swift chromatic gamut was also his regular, almost never-failing salute to myself, or to any one else that he came to know and to trust—I dare not ascribe any really warmer sentiments to him, for he was reticent to the last as to such. Even if I went to his cage late at night, or spoke to him early in the morning, before removing the thick cloth that protected him from Florentine winter cold, I could scarcely say to him "Zenino! Zenino! Art thou

asleep?" before this clear, soft answer came. I knew that his wonderful yellow eyes were wide open, even in the gloom, watching for the visitor. Of his other sounds later, for the benefit of anybody else who chances on an owl as a pet and who may be (as I was) rather perplexed at the diet problem, let me say here that Zeno lived exclusively on raw beef-heart, cut up into the smallest possible dice. Mice, I could not purvey him; and I am by no means sure if he could have moused one. He would not touch any other sort of raw meat than the heart, so long as I had him; not even liver, nor sundry more aristocratic portions of an animal. He was fed always at about five o'clock in the evening—a lucky remembrance on my part of the customs in German zoological collections. He promptly began eating, when the fare was put before him; and when he had had enough, nothing would make him long play the polite glutton. After some weeks he would also eat, in the early afternoon, a very few bits from my hand; but only as if for civility's sake and to show that there was no hard feeling on his part—nor stomach-ache. He ate (in the whole dusk, or evening) a cube of beef's heart about two inches square, a single pound lasting him several days. The dealer assured me that Zenino would "never drink water, never!—*civette* never drink water." This was not at all the case; for Zeno supped down about a half a gill daily. I found, what was more to my surprise, he presently developed a vague liking for a bath! This I used to give him when he was privileged to pass a morning up in my room—from the window of which he would survey the Piazza below with a intense but cultivated interest that cannot be described in its solemn drollery!—bending, turning, quirking his round head with vast shrewdness, now and then looking over at me. Contrary to my expectations, too, Zeno was a remarkably cleanly pet; and when his cage was put in neat order for the day, not to speak of his own small person, he showed a distinct sense of neatness in his housekeeping, highly commendable in Italy.

As time passed on, Zeno became a still more friendly little companion. He

was almost daily brought up into my room. His cage being set on my writing-table, only a few inches from my hand, he would remain on his perch, often for an hour, making almost no bodily, general movements, but perfectly alert to the smallest motion I might make, and following my pen or pencil with keenest observation. Sometimes it seemed to me that he really would—could—speak. Ah, that quintessentially wise, deliberate, judicial, pyrrhonic, pagan stare! But Zeno never spoke, that is, any recognizable human vocables, though now and then emitting that soft, half-plaintive, half-pleased owl-remark in his swift half-tones. An excellent understanding came to us—to a certain degree, that is to say. Also, I took great pains that he should become used to the sound of his owner's voice. To that end, I thought the most delicate and literary attention that could be paid to any owl alive (and obliged to hearken) was to read good books to him, in his native idiom. So we went through together cheerful scenes from Goldoni, fragments of Metastasio, Alfieri, Tasso and Guarini; and even discreet passages from Dante. All which Zenino seemed greatly to approve. But, on the other hand, I discovered that Zeno had no taste for modern literature whatever. He certainly gave me to understand that he thought D'Annunzio, for instance, merely a shallow, lurid, over-advertised bore—little more than a terribly super-rated spinner of phrases. And his poor opinion of several contemporaries—Bracco, Negri, Deledda, Giacosa, and Arturo Graf—was unmistakable. I read him once an article by Matilda Serao, from the *Giorno*, and he became so nervous that I had to soothe him by a long excerpt from Sophocles. Apropos, how far he understood languages other than Italian I never could quite decide; for altho I am perfectly convinced that owls know almost everything—as do cats—without the trouble of learning anything, still Zenino had had but a country up-bringing in Vallombrosa, despite its convent and Miltonic magnetism. I have not forgotten the afternoon in which I tried him with a specially favorable bit of Ibsen. Then and there came the only time in which I ever saw Zeno first yawn, next cast up two or three of those queer little pellets that

owls so expertly reject—and then, in a few moments more he fell down from his perch, having had a perfect exposition of sleep come over him! The humiliated look with which he picked himself up, and hopped to the perch again—yet as if he blamed me for such an accident—was eloquent of a tacit criticism.

Even in the kindest captivity, time hangs heavy on any self-respecting little owl's feathers. Zeno passed his day in alternately intense tranquillity, or in fits of restless fussery. When nobody was visibly about and he had nothing else to think of, he would prove (in a way that went to my heart) how strong in his tiny brown bosom was the wish for freedom. He would hop back and forth on the cage floor, fluttering at the bars sometimes, with frantic monotony. Or for an half hour he was peering out from below the door, with a new, fierce light in his topaz eyes—making no sound the while, but restless, until the restlessness was painfully infectious to my own nerves. But then if any one would go to him and talk to him, the result was his being diverted from this unrest, and his waxing quite cheerful once more. A fine way of keeping him from these useless paroxysms was to appeal to his intense curiosity. A bit of wood, a stone, a gay fragment of tile, laid in his cage would engross his little brain for hours. Perched above it, eyeing it now from one side, now another, studying its every detail from a safe distance; or else, if satisfied it was harmless, testing its traits by pokes with his furry foot and bites with his beak, would Zenino show his philosophic seriousness of head-piece. At such times he was extremely droll. But all words fail when I would describe how he used to behave when a mirror was in sight—and his image in it. First and last, he never grew used to that sort of thing; and, in fact, I gave up allowing him ever to be near to what seemed to trouble, to terrify, to bewilder him so extraordinarily. Even philosophy failed Zeno then; and had the mirror been the Gorgon-shield of his divine patroness, Minerva herself, matters could hardly have been more agitating. He would swell himself out, every feather on end, till he was as big as two normal Zenos. Then, alternately crouching down and stretching up to his

full seven inches, his eyes glaring and his beak clapping, he would try to attack this double—in a perfect fury! Indeed, Zeno was a regular little fire-eater at heart, quite as becomes all distant relatives of the birds of prey, bigger or little. I have mentioned the dangerous, suave manners of Galileo, the great cat. In spite of all that I could do, of course Galileo found divers chances greatly to frighten Zenino—once being caught just in act of a most noble spring that perhaps had not been wholly in vain. But with Galileo in view, my small Zeno would swell his whole panoply out to the fullest feather, would open to their widest his wings, stare back at his foe like an eaglet, and hiss like a very cat himself, in defiance of all Galileo's claws and teeth! The sight of that tiny caged creature's helpless bravery had something splendid in it! But everybody in the hotel took pains, I am sure, that such tests of it should not often occur.

I think there never was an owl, even in an Athenian temple, a more general favorite—omens or not in contrariness to the sentiment. And also I came to believe that every man, woman and child in the neighborhood of Boccaccio's famous rendezvous, Santa Maria Novella, knew of our Zenino's existence, and took personal interest in it. Perfectly amazing to me were the daily inquiries from strangers, tradespeople, the clerks in the postal station, the school children in the Piazza! "Come sta, la Sua civetta? Va bene Suo Zenino?" I met such amiable inquiries continually. Great, too, was the interest in the domestic regimen of the Minerva, when, as the Winter advanced, and Zeno grew tamer and tamer, he was actually allowed to flutter about my room for an hour daily. Really this license was amusing enough to figure where I began to think Zeno otherwise might figure—in the daily papers, which in Florence have mighty little of which to write. To see Zenino put his round, big-little head on one side, to decide if the cage-door was *really* open—to mark his sedate hop-hop, "down and out"—to see him walk along the table on his toes, peering at me as if for final leave—to watch him flit up softly to the window cornice, to the clothes tree, sidle about, often force his way into some cranny not at all made for

his occupancy—these were memorably vignettes in the story of my ownership of him. He loved to hide, and being so small he could hide well. Once I looked for him in vain for ten minutes, not being able to trace him at all, till suddenly I perceived his round orbs staring at me from over the top of an old shoe, where he had crept. I may add that there was always a terrible battle between us when the time came for Zeno to be restored to his cage, and so to be sent downstairs for the evening and bed. He would hiss, sprawl, struggle, bite and claw my hand like a perfect little devil! What was more, sometimes he would not allow me the slightest liberty with him for the rest of the afternoon, conducting himself with a manner aggrieved, irritable—as of one who has been scandalously abused and hounded. But, as above-mentioned, his bites were not perceptible, compared with a parrot's geometric nippings.

Just here, perhaps, I may as well answer the question lurking at hand as to whether Zenino really ever became "perfectly tamed." I cannot, I am sorry to say, reply in the affirmative as clearly as vanity would make me wish to do. He certainly grew to tolerate his master and some other acquaintances. Olinto, a young waiter from the dining-room, was in Zenino's good graces. For Adolfo, a handsome young Tuscan, who was busy about the hotel court, he seemed to have also a rather distinct approval—in fact, Adolfo and Zeno used to have conversations together; and Adolfo, too, was successful in making Zeno promptly to go thru that curious "bowing" evolution of body, so funny at all times on the part of the owl family. Zeno certainly loved to have his head scratched. If one made plain overtures that way, without sudden movements of the hand, parrot-like he would allow the scratching for as long as the hand could conveniently keep on. But—his temper was, first and last, uncertain! The unexpected was always happening with it. He never lost his fierce little spirit. He was *ad finem* a caged wild birdlet of prey, resenting his predicament, and hating at heart his best friends. I know that others have had more successful personal relations with owl pets, and I am sure I did all that patience and real affection could

do to win Zeno's distinct regard. But I cannot say I ever achieved it in full.

As the time drew on for me to pass onward to the South the disposition of Zeno became an acute problem. For while regretful to give him up, I felt that he would prove an impossible addition to my luggage and one's travel-cares. My idea had always been to take him to the green alleys of Florence's "Cascine," when the time for parting would be ripe,—and so to set him free, in his proper woodland haunt—that he might fly, forgive and forget. The severity of the winter, too, would then be over, and no danger of turning out my pet upon a cold world to shift for himself. But friends reminded me that the season was subject to inclemencies; that Zeno had not acquired—probably—many really useful experiences in independent bird-life—that never had any owl been so much petted, now to his own future peril; and that Italians shot owls with peculiar conscientiousness. So a medical friend kindly took Zenino off my hands. Whether the medical friend liked Zenino, on further acquaintance, as much as had

been indicated when the matter of the transfer was mooted, and whether Zenino liked his new home and patron—as he certainly ought to have done—these queries I cannot decide, though often even now they haunt me. At any rate, my intimacy with this little protégé of Pallas Athene had been a beguiling one; and certainly wholly not a case of "*Minerva nil invita*" so far as my efforts went. If Zeno lives, caged or free (for the new possessor was also owner of a suburban villa, and had expressed pleasing ideas of letting Zeno flit where he would, as warm weather came on)—I wish him well; and also all the field-mice that were not possible for him when in town-confinement. In that little brown, downy, orbic head of his, behind those marvelous eyes, of inscrutable gaze, were I am sure, many "thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations." If I failed to improve, better my chances of such sagacious company, combined with such an odd and shy ornithological personality, why, the fault surely was mine alone in venturing out of my intellectual depth.

MUNICH, GERMANY.



The New Capital of Australia

BY HENRY STEAD

Editor of the "Review of Reviews for Australia."

AFTER many delays and much argument, recriminative and otherwise, the site for the Federal Capital of the Commonwealth of Australia has been definitely decided upon.

When Federation was brought about, one of the conditions was that the Capital of the Commonwealth should be in New South Wales territory. This was arranged in order to secure the adherence of the Mother State to the Union. In order, however, to compensate Victoria for this, it was also agreed that Sydney should not be the Federal Capital, nor should it be within a hundred miles of that city. Until the place was selected it was agreed that the Federal Parliament should meet in Melbourne. The Victorian Parliament gave up its fine building

to the Federal legislators free of charge, and at present occupies makeshift quarters in the barnlike Exhibition Building. The Federal Government departments have found insufficient abiding places in what were at one time private houses forming a terrace near the House of Parliament.

There was no real attempt made to fix upon a site for some little time, more urgent matters requiring attention. The Victorian members were, however, credited by their New South Wales colleagues with a desire to postpone the question indefinitely in order to keep the Capital in Melbourne. However, toward the close of the first Federal Parliament the matter was taken in hand, but nothing definite was done, as the Senate and

the House of Representatives disagreed on the site. The former always insisted upon Bombala, the latter finally selecting Tumut. The bill went thru all right when the site was left blank, but a deadlock resulted in attempting to fill it in.

Pretty nearly every town in New South Wales considered that it had a claim to be selected as the Capital, but it was not long before only three districts were left as the real candidates for the site. These were what he termed the Western, the Southern and the South Eastern. The first, situated just west of the Blue Mountains, was that area surrounding Lyndhurst. Tumut was the principal place in the second, and Bombala in the third. Lyndhurst was championed by most of the New South Wales members, being close to Sydney. Victorians favored Tumut and Bombala, one of the chief reasons being that both could be reached without having to traverse New South Wales territory, as the limit of the capital area could be made to march with the Victorian boundary.

Four commissioners were appointed to report upon the seven chief Capital sites. Mr. Howitt, the celebrated explorer, the Victorian representative, is now in London preparing his book on the native races for the press. New South Wales, South Australia and Queensland each sent one representative as well. In their report the commissioners arranged the sites as follows: First, Tumut; third, Lyndhurst; sixth, Dalgety, and seventh, Bombala. According to this report, therefore, apart from political reasons, a worse selection could not possibly have been made than the Bombala district. Very severe criticisms were made on the report, the most effective being that by Mr. Alexander Oliver, president of the New South Wales Land Appeal Court, who was appointed State Capital Site Commissioner by the New South Wales Government. Mr. Oliver died some two months ago, and his death is everywhere regretted. He was the only man who gave a really thoro estimate of the cost of the proposed Federal buildings. He studied almost every work of reference in the world on the subject, and his estimate, £2,117,500, is regarded as accurate. In his report he put Bombala first, Tumut second, Dalgety fourth and

Lyndhurst fifth. Thus do experts disagree!

Federal members during the last two years have visited the different sites in parties which were personally conducted over each by its special advocate. Mr. Sydney Smith, Mr. Reid's able lieutenant, was the champion of Lyndhurst, Sir William Lyne of Tumut, and the former Minister of Defense, Mr. Chapman, of Bombala. These visits occurred so frequently that they were derisively termed "picnic" parties in search of the "Bush" Capital.

It was a difficult matter to decide between the sites, and members were assisted by numerous tables and pamphlets giving exhaustive particulars about the different districts. As far as accessibility went, Lyndhurst stood easily first and Dalgety last. Lyndhurst is situated on a railway connecting direct with Sydney and Melbourne, so that no expenditure in railway communication would be required. Tumut is already connected with Sydney by rail. To complete its communication with Melbourne would cost £50,000. Dalgety is 32 miles from the nearest railway station, the Sydney line terminating at Cooma. To make that connection would cost £142,000. To link up with the Victorian railways a line would have to be built over very difficult country to Bairnsdale, a distance of 120 miles. This would cost £1,414,000. That is to say, that before the Capital can be shifted to Dalgety, £1,656,000 will have to be spent on absolutely necessary railway works.

The next important item was that of water supply. Tumut came first, the cost for water works (gravitation scheme) being £201,000. Dalgety comes second, with £328,000, and Lyndhurst next, with £428,000. This is estimating that a supply of water for 50,000 persons will be required. The value of the land which has to be purchased by the Commonwealth from New South Wales is least round Dalgety, being only £2 10s. an acre. Land at Lyndhurst is valued at £3 an acre and at Tumut £4 an acre.

The actual site was chosen by ballot, the result of the first vote being:

Southern district.....	21
South Eastern district.....	22
Western district.....	25

The Tumut site was thus knocked out by one vote. A second ballot resulted as follows:

South Eastern district.....	39
Western district.....	28

Thus the Bombala district was chosen by a large majority. It was at first proposed to omit the exact location from the Bill, but it was finally decided to insert "within seventeen miles of Dalgety" and the Bill was passed in that form. The Senate, which had previously inserted Bombala in the Bill it sent to the Lower House, now substituted Dalgety, and the Bill became law. The question of the area to be acquired is still undecided, and negotiations are to be opened with the New South Wales Government on the subject. Originally it was thought, and all reports seem to have assumed, that the area required would be some 4,000 acres, but the Bill asks for about ten times as much. It says that the area should certainly not be less than 900 square miles. This area would secure access to the sea at Eden and to the Victorian frontier. Although the Labor Government during its short life, was able to accomplish little in the way of legislation, its resolute attempt to settle the vexed question of the Capital site deserves all praise.

If the Federal Government secures the 900 square miles it asks for, Dalgety will be far the cheapest site from the Federal point of view. The resumption of the land will cost £1,440,000 as against £2,304,000 required for the Tumut district. The absolutely minimum cost, not allowing for any extras at all, of making the Federal Capital at Dalgety would be:

Land purchase.....	£1,440,000
Water supply.....	328,000
Public buildings.....	2,117,500
Railway works.....	1,656,000

£5,541,500

It would be pretty safe to say, therefore, that a sum of £7,000,000 would hardly suffice for the establishment of the Capital.

Dalgety itself is a small village in and near which live 200 people. It is situated upon the Snowy River, one of the prettiest in Australia. The views from the proposed site are extensive and picturesque. Mt. Kosciusko (7,328 feet) in the Snowy Range, the highest point

in Australia, is in full view, 40 miles to the West. Water supply will be drawn from the Snowy River and its tributaries rising in the Snowy Mountains. The suggested site, which has an altitude of 2,650 feet is two miles west of Dalgety, 31 miles south of Cooma and 65 miles west of Twofold Bay. The soil is poor, and a considerable portion of the surrounding district is granite country. The land is estimated as being able to support one sheep to two acres. There is a fair amount of building material in the district in the shape of granite, basalt and bluestone, and in addition there is a cream colored sandstone found within 10 miles. There are large outcrops of limestone, and abundance of clay suitable for brickmaking. The greater part of the area consists of undulating, treeless country, but extensive supplies of messmate, box and mountain ash for building purposes can be obtained within 30 miles of the site, and there is plenty of timber nearby, suitable for firewood. Dalgety is the coldest of all the sites inspected, the lowest reading ever observed being 14°, the highest 104°; Lyndhurst varies between 98.4° and 15.4°; Tumut between 106° and 27°. As Parliament usually sits during the Winter, members, especially those from Queensland, will feel rather chilly.

The South Eastern district is the only one which has access to the sea, and this will undoubtedly be of great advantage to the new Capital. The harbor at Eden is a good one, as fairly large ships can berth there. One objection to Bombala was that it lay too near the sea, and could be easily captured by a hostile force. Dalgety is 24 miles further inland, and although out of range of the guns of a fleet, is still not far enough inland to be safe should an enemy be prowling round the coast.

The desirability of having a "Bush" Capital at all is often called into question, but there is little doubt that it would be better for the Commonwealth to be governed from a place which is entirely separated from State politics. It is quite impossible to avoid a Victorian tinge being given to Federal matters when members read Melbourne newspapers every morning, and are surrounded on every side by Victorian interests.

There is no denying, however, that Melbourne is more central than Dalgety can ever be. As things now are, South Australian members leave Melbourne on Friday night, and return from Adelaide by the Monday night express, in time for the assembling of Parliament on Tuesday. The New South Wales members do the same, the journey to Sydney being comfortably performed in a night. West Australian, Queensland and Tasmanian members cannot, of course, get home for week ends, and live in Melbourne during the Session. It would be impossible for the South Australian members to get from Dalgety to Adelaide for the week end. Victorian members would have to make a journey they are now saved, and New South Wales members will not have a very

much easier journey than they do now. Many members have businesses that require their supervision, and it is probable that many of the best Representatives will find it impossible to remain in the House. That will, of course, speedily adjust itself when the "Bush Capital" becomes a reality. At present no one seems to think of living permanently in the new capital. Members will go there to legislate for four days a week during the session, but for the other three days, and during recess, the Bush Capital will apparently be deserted except by those tied there by administrative duties. Of course, if a race course can be arranged in the Federal area, members might remain, but to the average M. P., and indeed to most Australians, a town without its weekly races is to be shunned.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.



To an Old Heart in a New Cause

(GEORGE S. BOUTWELL)

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I MARVEL not that Youth,
Impassioned for the Truth,
Cleaves but to her, as bridegroom to his bride,
Not heeding praise or blame,
Indifferent to fame,
Craving her smile—well worth the world be-
side.

But when in Age I find
Young courage and young mind,
And eyes that see their morning vision clear,
Like him but lately dead,
Who after four-score led
Our battle-charge, I wonder and revere.

Tho Prudence bade, "Beware!"
He answer'd straight, "I dare!"
And swept like retribution on the foes;
Put compromises by—
Half-truth is still half-lie—
Nor barter'd his convictions for repose.

He heard but to despise
The precepts worldly-wise
That check the vanward impulse of the soul—
The sly, corrosive doubts,
The cynic sneer that flouts
All virtue and denies the unseen goal.

Years never palsied him
With disillusion's grim,
Nor taught the lie that numbers most avail;
He held that not to fight
For Freedom and for Right,—
Our captains—is the coward's way to fail.

He was not overborne
By ridicule or scorn,
Nor daunted by the dangers of the time;
He even could resist
The friends whose love he missed
And comrades of the causes of his prime.

To suffer and endure,
To keep the spirit pure—
A fortress and abode for holy Truth—
To serve eternal things,
Whate'er the issue brings,
This is not broken Age, but ageless Youth.

MAGNOLIA, MASS.

Literature

A Socialistic History of France

HITHERTO Socialists have confined their attention largely to the formulation and criticism of economic doctrines or to the study of particular industrial institutions. It is true that, for the purposes of illustrating their social philosophy, they have occasionally entered the historical field, and that Marx and his followers have rendered history a real service by the emphasis of economic forces rather than political and diplomatic affairs; but until the present time socialists have not attempted any historical work on a large scale, or applied their doctrine of the economic interpretation to a long and complex period of national history. It is therefore with considerable interest that we receive the first instalment of *The History of France Since 1789*, which is being published by the distinguished French Socialist, M. Jaurès, and his collaborators.* Five large volumes bring the story down to the close of the Directory, 1789-1799.

Tho the intention of the authors is to emphasize the fundamental economic forces underlying the development of modern France, their plan does not exclude the consideration of other important factors in social changes, as well as political and military events. Notwithstanding its polemical title, this work is singularly free from partisan bias; and to corroborate the opinion of the eminent student of the Revolution, M. Aulard, it is a monumental contribution to the literature of the period.

The theory of the Revolution elaborated by M. Jaurès may be briefly stated: For the destruction of medieval feudalism a highly centralized monarchy was necessary; feudal and ecclesiastical privileges were curtailed only so far as the interests of the monarchy demanded, while the remaining rights burdened the people; the bourgeoisie, founded on industry and commerce, began to develop a class consciousness and restlessness at the aris-

tocratic and medieval restrictions on their political and economic activities; the peasants were not so oppressed with taxes and feudal obligations that they were devoid of hope or intelligence; the reckless expenditure of the nobles and court forced a financial crisis which the monarch could not meet without appealing to the nation; the hopeless incapacity of Louis XVI made the quiet transition to a constitutional state impossible; France was forced into a republic and into radical measures before the mass of the people was prepared for them; hence a social cataclysm which gave ardent politicians full scope for ambitious intrigues.

While M. Jaurès does not underestimates the work of Voltaire, Rousseau and the other publicists in preparing the Revolution, he protests against the common opinion that it was the result of abstract theories rather than concrete abuses. In this connection his treatment of the Fourth of August is interesting. He holds that the nobility made no voluntary surrender of their privileges on that famous night; but that burning chateaux and revolutionary ferment thruout the country forced them to make some concessions, while they exacted full indemnity for all the important privileges they abandoned. M. Jaurès makes a thoro exposition of the process by which the August decree was carried out, and of the nationalization and distribution of the Church property. His study of the social and political ideas prevalent in Europe is particularly illuminating. There was a great deal of intellectual unrest in Germany, but most of it was rendered innocuous by the patronage of petty princes. Lessing left reforms to the slow process of the ages; Kant expected them from governments, not from the people; and Goethe was looking backward, not to the future, not to the universal liberation of man. English and French conditions are contrasted at great length and with remarkable insight; the doctrines of Adam Smith and the physiocrats; the principles and policy of Pitt; the radical literature of Paine, Mackintosh, Cowper, and

* HISTOIRE SOCIALISTE, 1789-1900. *Under the Supervision of Jean Jaurès. La Constituante, La Législative, La Convention. By M. Jaurès. Thermidor et Directoire. By M. Deville.* 5 vols. Paris: Jules Rouff and Company. 47 fr. 50.

Wordsworth, and the reactionary writings of Burke are carefully examined.

After the establishment of the constitution and the abolition of feudalism as a restrictive economic system, the social work of the Revolution was accomplished. Hence the history of the Revolution is the story of political struggle and party fortunes. War was declared to keep up revolutionary enthusiasm and to test the real attitude of the King suspected of treason to the nation. Louis XVI was found wanting; in the inevitable conflict between monarchy and the new principle of national sovereignty there was no compromise, and the King was sent to the scaffold. The innumerable party contests after the death of the King and during the Terror M. Jaurès attributes to no essential differences in economic principles nor clearly defined antagonism between the people and the bourgeoisie. In the contest for power one party appealed to the masses and the other to the middle class, but the fundamental economic theories of Robespierre did not differ from those of the Girondists. The revolutionary measures of the Terror had no economic foundation: they were therefore abnormal, and a reaction to an orderly bourgeoisie state was inevitable.

M. Deville in the fifth volume takes up the story at the fall of Robespierre and writes the history of the reaction and the government by the Directory. Tho he gives some attention to commerce and industry, political and military events naturally predominate, for the economic and social work of the Revolution was practically finished before 1794. The conflict with England for commercial supremacy engaged the energies of France, and domestic politics were party intrigues which culminated, to the great joy of the speculators and the traders, in the accession of Napoleon as First Consul.

Holding that history has a moral function, our authors draw some lessons from their researches into this period of turmoil. They advise the French people that professional militarism is a danger to the nation, that avoidable but none the less disastrous conflicts may be precipitated by the intrigues of ambitious leaders, that social revolutions are not made but can result only from a redistribution

of economic power which disintegrates the old order, and finally, that especially during a crisis leaders should avoid stirring up mob passions.



Islam in Conquest and Government

THE story of the way in which the sword of Islam won its vast dominion and is yet working havoc in Eastern Europe is told in a volume by Mr. Wollaston and a series of essays edited by Mr. Villari. The former work* is intended for the general reader rather than for the scholar. About half of it is devoted to a disjointed and perfunctory account of Mohammed and the conflict between the Cross and the Crescent. The historical part breaks off at the middle of the sixteenth century and the remaining centuries are dismissed with a page or two of generalities. More entertaining and useful are the concluding chapters, which deal with the principles and practices of Mohammedanism. The Koran is described and analyzed and the leading ideas on God, angels, resurrection, paradise, hell, prayer, alms, ceremonials and civil and criminal law are concisely stated. The famous Mecca pilgrimage and the sects of Islam are the subjects of the final chapters.

The second work† has a totally different theme and purpose. It is designed to furnish a description of the real conditions in European Turkey, to urge the importance of the Balkan question and to suggest policies for action. Mr. James Bryce writes the introductory chapters, in which he reviews the general situation. To this distinguished publicist the Eastern Question is the problem of discovering the best means of removing or mitigating the evils of Turkish government and facilitating the inevitable extinction of Ottoman rule in the Balkan regions. He has no faith in the possibilities of reform by Turkey, and proposes two solutions: the incorporation of oppressed nationalities into the territories of surrounding Christian Powers or their erection into independent States. While

* *THE SWORD OF ISLAM.* By Arthur N. Wollaston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.00.

† *THE BALKAN QUESTION.* Edited by Luigi Vitari. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

Mr. Bryce has no indiscriminate faith in the principle of nationality, he believes that there is more of promise in the recognition of it than in the extension of the sway of one or two huge military empires. All the essays in the collection are by writers qualified to speak on their respective topics. Mr. Pears, of the Consular Bar in Turkey, describes the government of that country; Mr. Bourchier discusses the attitude of the Balkan States toward the Macedonian situation; the history of Turkish reforms since the treaty of Berlin is reviewed by Mrs. Victoria Buxton. The races, religions, Turkish misrule and insurrectionary movements in Macedonia form the topics of three chapters by Luigi Villari, Dr. Tatarcheff and Mr. Frederick Moore. M. Valentine Chirol, the well-known writer on Eastern affairs, examines the attitude of European Powers in general toward the Balkan problem, while the policies of France and Italy in particular are described by M. Victor Bérard and an anonymous Italian Deputy. In conclusion, Mr. E. Hilton Young outlines a scheme of reform and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby pleads for the abandonment by Great Britain of the traditional policy of bolstering up the Ottoman Power. The burden of the book is that the Macedonian situation is unbearable, that Turkish government is as usual "atrocious" and that only a vigorous show of force will bring about a satisfactory reform or reconstruction. Taken as a whole the book is a valuable contribution to our literature on the Eastern question. To be sure, it is a piece of liberal propaganda and tells only one side of the story, but it is nevertheless a lucid explanation of a very complicated situation. It is highly probable, however, that the call for aid will fall on unhearing ears. There is no Gladstone in England now, and when the "Turkish atrocity" was mentioned in Parliament last winter Mr. Balfour dismissed interference as the gratuitous invitation to trouble. Germany is too happy advancing her economic interests in Turkey to risk offending the Emperor's friend and brother, the Sultan; Austria is interested, but is rather busy with domestic race questions, and Russia will be some time recovering from the effects of her engag-

ing occupation still further East. It is a fond but unhistorical tradition that nations intervene in the interests of humanity alone.

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The Gospel for India

The foremost merit of President Hall's *Barrows Lectures** is their supreme tact, their gracious Christian courtesies. It is by no means an easy assignment to be directed to go to the educational centers of India and present to cultured and convinced Hindus the essential doctrines of the Christian religion. It demands a clear and comprehensive grasp of one's own faith, an understanding of the exceedingly difficult and abstruse conceptions in which the Hindu mind is steeped, and, above all, patient and persistent effort to keep one's self in sympathy with a people from whom one is separated by age-old differences. That President Hall has performed this mission with signal success, that he was heard by learned Hindus with unflagging interest to the end, and that both Hindus and missionaries and Christians in America have united to secure him an immediate second appointment for a second course of lectures is exceedingly high praise, and makes one open the volume containing his lectures with earnest anticipations.

An impression from the first page, and one which continues to the last, is the superbly skillful approach to an audience which disagrees, and which is expected at the close still in large measure to disagree. Stopping just short of flattery, but never missing an opportunity of appreciation, the author keeps himself *en rapport* with his "learned hearers," and advances his Christian argument, never with apology that might o'erleap itself, yet never without utmost adaptation to the critical minds before him. If the savants of Calcutta and Lahore did not hear a great Christian philosopher, they at least came in contact with a true Christian gentleman and saw exemplified a Christianity which perhaps they failed to hear described.

For, to speak plainly, these Barrows

* *Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience*: Lectures delivered in India, Ceylon, and Japan on the Barrows Foundation. By Charles Cuthbert Hall. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.

lectures fail in the clear statement of essential Christianity as notably as they succeed in Christian courtesy and Christian spirit. They declare God as "Life in the utmost wealth of attributes, in the opulence of self-consciousness, in the infinitude of self-expression," and set forth as the object of Christian faith an "ineffable Unity" of "self-realizing, self-satisfying Personal Distinctions." One has but to ask himself what Zaccheus the publican and Peter the fisherman would have made of such declarations to realize how far this philosophical formulation of Christianity is removed from the thought of its founder. Despite, therefore, the "honors" that have justly come to the lecturer, and the conscientiousness of his "labors," and the "vigor" of his spirit, we find him guilty of certain "errours," as well in his conception of the essentials of Christianity as in the spelling of certain English words. The successful interpretation of Christianity must be by the true reading of its history and not by its mystification in the terms of the Hegelian philosophy.

Mr. Robert A. Hume, whose lectures on missions at Andover and other theological seminaries are published under the title *Missions from the Modern View*,* is a missionary of Ahmednagar, India, and a man of the same courteous gentleness and broad-minded tolerance as the last Haskell lecturer. He conceives Christianity as a growing religion, and accepts cordially and outspokenly many of the principles and conclusions of the newer theology. Yet, to judge from his enthusiasm, the "nerve of missions" has not been cut. He maintains, on the contrary, that "no one thing now causes more dislike to foreign missions among large numbers of the best Christians than the supposition that the average missionary believes and teaches to non-Christians that there is no salvation except for those who definitely express their faith in Christ." He speaks continually of "God's Hindu children," and describes phases of Hindu faith as that which God has taught the people of India hitherto. Especially suggestive is the chapter on what Christianity is likely to learn from contact with

the East, and the changes and developments it may undergo in the hands of the Eastern peoples. The concluding chapter is an account of a conversation of the missionary with an inquiring Hindu, setting forth in a graphic and interesting way the precise content and method of missionary preaching.

Chinese Life in Town and Country. Adapted from the French of Emile Bard by H. Twitchell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.

Under the above title M. Bard has given in compact and readable form the impressions and knowledge gained during a four years' residence in the Middle Kingdom. The characteristic and chief value of the book is its freedom from bias. The author does not flatter the reader's pride by enlarging upon the weak spots in Oriental civilization and its inferiority to Occidental; neither does he indulge in the would-be cynical practice of extolling the East at the expense of the West. He takes the facts as they are, summarizes them skilfully and presents the results with the easy grace of a French man of letters. So well is the condensation performed that the work might be accepted as a handbook for the traveler; and so charming the writing that it might be approved as a bit of good summer reading. Most of his information has been gathered at first hand. For his other facts he depends properly upon the best authorities. Owing to this method, the little volume is singularly free from inaccuracies. The last chapter is devoted to an "Outline of the Nation's History," which summarizes the 4,500 years of its annals in 62 pages. It might have been better to have devoted the space to the subject of the book. The photographic illustrations have been selected with discrimination and good taste.

The Weird Picture. By John R. Carling. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

A melodrama on paper; a fantastic mixture of mud artist, veiled lady, secret passage, mysterious disappearance, poisonous perfume and bloody murder. Those whose blood is yet uncurdled and whose detective sense has never been baffled by literary mystery might try this.

* *MISSIONS FROM THE MODERN VIEW.* By Robert A. Hume. With an Introduction by Charles Cuthbert Hall. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse. By William Chaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.

In this volume Professor Wilkinson, of the University of Chicago, has gathered from the *Homiletic Review*, *THE INDEPENDENT* and other journals a series of articles containing his personal impressions of great preachers of England, France and America, seventeen in all, including such names as Beecher, Talmage, Brooks, Newman, Spurgeon, Moody and Gunsaulus. Professor Wilkinson's sharp criticism of some revered personages and his keen analysis of some popular bits of pulpit rhetoric will offend certain sensitive individuals, but to disprove the justice of them will not be found easy.



Literary Notes.

A BOOK on gentlemanly dress and etiquette, entitled "Good Form for Men," by Charles Harcourt, is published by J. C. Winston, Philadelphia. (\$1.00).

....Mrs. Humphry Ward's great novel, "Sir George Tressady," first published ten years ago in two volumes, is now reissued by Macmillan in a single volume at \$1.50.

....Two little pocket reference books, one giving "Mottoes and Badges," of Families, Regiments, Colleges and States, and the other a biographical dictionary, "Who Was He"? are sold by Dutton & Co., New York. (50 cents).

...."The Handbook of Princeton," by John Rogers Williams (Grafton Press, New York, \$1.50), gives just the information wanted by the visitor to the University, and is well illustrated in line and half tone.

....The history of the Old Pine Street Presbyterian Church, from its founding, 140 years ago, to the present time, has been written by its eighteenth pastor, the Rev. Hughes Oliphant Gibbons. (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company.)

....Dr. Morgan Dix's "History of the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York" has now reached its third volume, covering the rectorship of Dr. Hobart, 1816-1830. The inclusion of a number of letters and original documents gives the work a general historical value in addition to its ecclesiastical interest. (Putnam, \$5.00.)

....Those who wish to embroider their remarks with old saws and poetical quotations will find very handy two volumes published by

Putnam's Sons, New York, "Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases" and "Classified Quotations," a book of toasts and menu quotations. With one of these books in his pocket one can prepare an impromptu speech in short order. (\$3.50, full leather).

....The latest issues of Putnam's dainty little editions of French classics are Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe," with a preface by Paul Bourget, and Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," with a preface by Augustin Filon. (\$1.00, limp leather).

....A guide to the Italian and Spanish "Paintings of the Louvre," by Dr. Arthur Mahler, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. (\$2.00). It contains 166 well printed illustrations, and gives a complete list and critical discussion of all the Italian and Spanish pictures down to the Renaissance exhibited in the Louvre galleries.



Pebbles

....A BUSINESS TALK.—"Miss de Simpson," said the young secretary of legation, "I have opened negotiations with your father upon the subject of—er—coming to see you oftener, with a view ultimately to forming an alliance, and he has responded favorably. May I ask if you will ratify the arrangement, as a *modus vivendi*?" "Mr. von Harris," answered the daughter of the eminent diplomat, "don't you think it would have been a more graceful recognition of my administrative entity if you had asked me first?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

....WON HIS BET.—General Miles, in company with a friend, was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, when a person entirely unknown to the veteran soldier rushed up to him, and grasping his hand, said, warmly: "Well, Nelse, old boy, I'll bet anything you don't remember me!" "You win!" coldly and laconically replied Miles, as he released himself from the grasp of the stranger and resumed his walk.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

....Bishop Doane of Albany was at one time rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the services at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain one Sunday played a joke upon the rector. "Dr. Doane," he said at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it." "You have not," said Dr. Doane. "I have so," said the humorist. "Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it." "I'll send it," Twain replied. And he sent the next morning an unabridged dictionary to the rector.—*Hartford Post*.

Editorials

Accounting and Accountability

THESE are trying days for "the pillars of society," as Mr. Ibsen calls them. The function of a pillar is to hold up something, and a pillar of society is expected to hold up "the existing order." Now the most important structural part of the existing order is an oligarchical industrial organization. A major part of industrial capital is owned by a small minority of that group which is called "the business world." The individuals composing this minority used to be called "captains of industry." The designation is no longer sufficient. The captains have become monarchs of industry and no longer even constitutional monarchs. They are absolute monarchs.

It has always been the theory of these monarchs, big and little, that business must of necessity be conducted on other than a democratic basis. Their favorite defense of the existing order is that mills and railroads cannot be run by town-meeting methods. The joint stock corporation has served their purposes well as a contrivance to bring the investments of many individuals into one big pile. But they have found ways to prevent this heterogeneous lot of investors from becoming in any sense a democratic body. They have contrived from the first to rule it aristocratically or monarchically—of late to rule it absolutely.

So ruling, they have done what absolute monarchs always do: they have forgotten the distinction between "mine" and "thine"; they have grown oblivious of the rights and interests of those whose property and lives they hold in trust, and they have ceased to render a true and full account of their stewardship. So it has happened that this absolutist plan on which modern business is conducted, this existing order, which its beneficiaries have defended as not only the best possible, but even as the only possible order, turns out to be an arrangement on all fours with political absolutism—a system for the easy exploitation of the struggling and toiling subjects of these mighty and self-sufficient potentates.

In the light of this disclosure it has become difficult for the pillars to uphold the existing order without some shaking of the knees. They can no longer appeal to truth, to reason, or to common sense. The town-meeting plan of doing business may be clumsy, but it at least is fair and above-board. The monarchical plan turns out to be morally rotten. The pillars cannot fail to apprehend that as between a clumsy and wasteful system, which might possibly be improved upon, and a dishonest system, which robs and crushes, the mass of mankind will prefer the former.

This state of affairs provokes a radical question. We say a question, for while it is convenient to frame the issue in two questions, the two are at bottom one. How have the monarchs of industry acquired their absolute power? How have stockholders become a negligible quantity? The absolutist's answer to both of these questions is a reassertion of his original proposition, that democracy is unworkable in business. The two questions, therefore, resolve themselves into this one, namely: To what extent is democracy more unworkable in business than it is in politics?

The off-hand reply that most men offer is that business calls for mental grasp, resourcefulness, shrewdness, vigilance, and unfailing judgment, and that comparatively few individuals possess these qualifications. Are we then to acknowledge that these qualities are not called for in statecraft? Does it require talents more exceptional to manage the affairs of a railroad or of an insurance company than it does to manage the affairs of a commonwealth or of a nation? The suggestion is preposterous. "But," we are immediately told in explanation, "actual government is not conducted by the many." It is conducted as business is, by the selected few; and, as a rule, the selection in politics, as in business, is a sort of natural selection. Men do not become Presidents, or even Governors, until their executive ability has been demonstrated in minor offices.

This explanation accepted, the further question at once presents itself: In what,

then, does democracy in the political world consist? The answer is not far to seek. It consists in the accountability of the governing functionaries to the people which has entrusted them with office, and which may at stated intervals pass judgment upon them at the ballot box.

Here we come to the very heart of the matter. Are not the managers of business enterprises accountable to the body of stockholders as truly as executives are accountable to the people? Where lies the difference? Why are politics in fact democratic while business is in fact monarchical? Is it because in the joint stock corporation one man may hold more shares than all other stockholders collectively, and may out-vote them all, while in the State each elector has one vote and only one? This is indeed a vital difference, but it is not the only one, nor in our judgment the one that makes democracy unworkable in business.

Democracy succeeds in the State because in the political system accountability is enforced by a full and truthful accounting; that is to say, because the electorate obtains through the newspaper press and other organs of public discussion full knowledge of the actual conduct of government. Without this knowledge by the electorate accountability would cease, and democracy, in spite of universal suffrage, would immediately become in fact, whatever it continued to be in name, a monarchical absolutism. In business, on the contrary, there is no such knowledge in the possession of stockholders. There never has been. The transactions that make up business are still regarded for the most part as private and privileged. Often the most important decisions of managers are never made known to the body of stockholders. Books are imperfectly and even crookedly kept. Quarterly and annual statements do not enlighten. In a word, corporation accounts are not true and adequate disclosures of the conduct of corporation managers, and accountability is therefore not enforced by accounting.

When in the business world, as in the State, accountability is enforced by accounting, we shall hear no more about

the impossibility of democracy in the economic realm. The "existing order" will be a very different thing from what it is today.

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Campaign Fund Contributions

A LIFE insurance company's money ought not to be used for political purposes. Not a cent of it should be contributed to the fund of a political committee. In the case of the New York Life, not even the consent and approval of the company's directors or trustees was procured. In three Presidential campaigns nearly \$150,000 was given to the Republican committee, and the three contributions were made by the company's president entirely upon his own responsibility. He had no right to do this. We do not question his own explanation as to his motives, but his act was a breach of trust. The executor of an estate, or the president of a savings bank, who should so use the funds under his control, would be in the same position. If he had so used his own money, and had publicly urged policyholders to follow his example, he would have been clearly within his rights.

Policy-holders' money so expended should be restored to the company's treasury. Mr. Alton B. Parker, for many years the chief judge of New York's highest court, says that these contributions were unlawfully made. Others think that no law was violated. We should like to see the matter tested in the courts, in the suit of a policyholder or of the Attorney-General of the State.

The duty of the officers of savings banks, life insurance companies, and other fiduciary institutions, with respect to political contributions from their trust funds is, we think, very clearly defined. The money of other corporations should not be used in this way without the authority of a vote of the directors. In many corporations, having a large number of stockholders of various political affiliations, no money whatever should be given for partisan political purposes. Individuals, of course, may lawfully give of their own money as they please.

What is the duty of political committees? Surely, they ought not to solicit

contributions from life insurance companies or other corporations of a fiduciary character, and publicity should be required by law for all their receipts and expenditures. In his first message after last November's election Mr. Roosevelt recommended the enactment of a law on this subject:

"It should go as far as under the Constitution it is possible to go, and should include severe penalties against him who gives or receives a bribe intended to influence his act or opinion as an elector; and provisions for the publication not only of the expenditures for nominations and elections of all candidates, *but also of all contributions received and expenditures made by political committees.*"

Legislation, both Federal and State, is needed. It is easy to see what corporations and committees ought to do, but there must be laws to keep them within the limits suggested by good morals and a due regard for the public welfare. In several States there are laws relating to political contributions and the expenditures of candidates and committees. There should be such a law in every State, and the local regulations should be supplemented by a Federal statute. In the Legislature of New York, a bill for such an act was passed last winter in the Senate, but not in the House. So far as the election of members of the national House is concerned, Congress has power to deal effectively with the question.

It has been said that a presidential campaign cannot be reached by an act of Congress, because, while the President is a Federal officer, the electors by whom he is chosen are officers of the States and are elected as such. But this was not regarded as a formidable obstacle by the late Senator Hoar and his associates in the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, four years ago, when with one accord they approved and reported Senator Chandler's bill "to prohibit corporations from making money contributions in connection with political elections."

That bill, upon which no further action was taken, made it "unlawful for any national bank, or any corporation engaged in interstate or foreign commerce, or any corporation organized by any laws of Congress, to make a money contribution in connection with any election to any political office," and "for any corporation whatever" to make such a

contribution "in connection with any election at which a Representative in Congress is to be voted for." As presidential electors are chosen at the same time with Representatives, this proposed law would, the friends of the bill thought, restrain all corporations from contributing money to the presidential campaign fund. Such was the opinion of Mr. Hoar (chairman of the Judiciary Committee), and two of his associates in the Elections Committee who are now on the bench.

During the coming winter, at Washington and at the State capitals, legislation requiring publicity for the receipts and the expenditures of political committees, and making it unlawful for corporations to contribute to campaign funds, should be carefully considered. It is not necessary, and it would be unjust, to assume that any considerable part of the party campaign funds is expended in the bribing of voters. But we are of the opinion that politics in this country would be much cleaner, and that the public welfare would be promoted, if full publicity were required and if corporations were forbidden by law to put their money in the campaign treasuries.



October Wives and Husbands

October and June are the two most popular months for marriages. Therefore, some advice to the newly-wedded may be pertinent—if advice were not always impertinent! We would call the attention of these very dear young people, loved by all the world, to the fact that there are two kinds of love; one, so exacting, jealous, and consuming that its baleful flames scorch everything they touch; the other, a wiser love tho not less warm, whose cheerful fireside blaze kept within bounds, hurts nobody. There is a jealousy, not at all of the vulgar sort, which wearies and exasperates altho it claims to be a proof of love. It is jealous of everybody and of everything; of all past experiences and acquaintances; of one's profession, occupation or pre-occupation; of every absorbing pursuit, and abstracted thought. It demands, "All, all, all or nothing!!" and altho it frequently by its exactions attenuates the unswerving love of its objects to nothing, it is not satisfied. Much talk of "sharing the lives of

others," whether by parents, philanthropists, socialists, or lovers, is pernicious nonsense. Lives may be shared to a certain point, and there the process should stop. Each human soul has a right to its reserves and delicacies and decencies. There are places where "angels fear to tread," and justly so, but where our friends try to rush in. A soul should have a holy of holies where the high priest of love alone may enter, and he not more often than once a year. The flame of a pure passion may burn away veils of reserve, but the inner altar ought to remain draped to even the nearest and dearest of friends.

It is the attempt to penetrate to the innermost shrine made in the name of love, which so soon causes disenchantment and disillusion. There is a love which is ever too exigent in its claims and there is a wiser love which gives the largest liberty.

One love is the sort which craves constant companionship, which will never leave the loved one alone. But the beloved *likes* to be alone sometimes, and really needs it. "Watchful love" is the spirit that drives young people to desperation, often, by its unceasing surveillance. Not that they wish to do anything wrong—but they justly resent being spied upon, and having their hearts and minds pried open to see what is in them. It is the feeling that sends the mother to her room in tears when the boy trots off to school for the first time alone. We excuse it in her, because we know, as she knows, that she is losing her baby who was so sweet and dear, but it is less easy to excuse the young wife who acts in the same way when her husband starts off for the office, with his business face, after the return from their wedding journey. Dear girl! you can "share his life" all the better for not perching around and watching it all of the time. Allow him a few dignified reserves. We know you would like to be a mouse in the wall of the office or in your husband's pocket, all day, just to look at the dear boy at work—but it is better for both that you cannot.

The selfish, jealous, exacting type of love is not confined to the feminine half of our October newly-wedded couples.

by any means. If she wishes she could read all his letters and thoughts, he wants to know every crystal fact of her former life—that incredible time before they knew each other. He wants to share her present life, also, in its minutest details. Friend Benedick, leave some refinements of concealment to her discretion. Do not brush the bloom from her present infatuated fancies or past innocent maiden memories by constant handling.

Many unpleasant and disagreeable things in life have their root in love. The inquiry: "What did you do with that last 25 cents I gave you?" may be prompted by his desire to share every experience of her life, however trivial—but it does not sound that way. Intimacy without courteous reticence to soften it, is unbearable. A mother should knock at her child's door before entering as soon as the child is old enough to be grateful for the courtesy. Husbands and wives should observe every rule of good breeding, in their life, necessarily so intimate. A great love must be a wise love as well in order to grow and broaden and deepen with the years. And it must be a courteous one. Be interested, but not prying; give and exact liberty of action and then the beauty of these golden October days will be only a shadow of the supreme loveliness of family life.

American Science and Discovery

In an address in Berlin, after his return from the Exposition at St. Louis, Professor Waldeyer, of the University of Berlin, showed much familiarity with American scholarship in science and discovery, and gave the highest recognition to our progress.

He told his German hearers that it is an error to suppose that in this country material interests are supreme. He reminded them of our great universities and public libraries, freely used by all classes; of our public schools, which reach the highest university; our museums, collections and laboratories, which equal or excel anything in Germany. Professor Waldeyer finds that in climate and in racial types America is no whit behind Europe, and accordingly our scholars

have taken high rank as biologists, economists, jurists, philologists, philosophers and historians.

He is especially impressed with the magnificent equipment of our scientific institutes, of the great universities, and of the Smithsonian Institute. He calls attention to the provision for the study of biology, which is his own special department:

"I find that over there they stand equal to us in all essential points, in the kind and method of scientific work, in the value of the same, in the equipment and arrangement of laboratories, in materials for instruction and in the form and mode of imparting knowledge. Visit the great workshop of Alexander Agassiz in Cambridge; the anatomical institutes of Huntington in New York, at Columbia University, and of Mall in Baltimore; the Peabody Museum, so brilliantly filled by Marsh, at Yale; the anthropological museum in New York, etc., and you will say that I am right. J. Orth has recently made a similar statement. In a few years the new buildings of the Medical School at Harvard will be ready; . . . it may be prophesied that in them we shall have the best to be seen anywhere."

But yet, lest we should be too vain of our young advancement, Professor Waldeyer points out where Europe still has kept the great advantage.

All these, he says, are the discoveries of the last fifty years, many of them of the past few years. And what can America show to equal them? We are not sure that he gives America full credit for some of these discoveries or applications; but it is a fact that the more important and revolutionizing discoveries of the last fifty years have come from the laboratories of Europe rather than from America, altho we had a fully equal chance for them. If the telegraph and telephone are American, they hardly balance the more numerous discoveries which Professor Waldeyer mentions. We have nothing to set against Darwin's work in the theory of the origin of species, much as we have done to develop or perfect it. Indeed, we may say—and it is a confession—that our students have been more busy in developing and perfecting, or even repeating, the work of their European teachers than they have been in working out new and larger principles which are fruitful of great results. They have been unexpectedly lacking in originality and enterprise. It is leaders we want in science, not men

so busy in teaching classes that they have no time for investigation or for large generalizations. What American chemist can we put by the side of half a dozen Europeans. We have our great collectors in botany and paleontology, who have vastly enriched the knowledge of their science, but hardly do they count with the philosophers who seek for laws, rather than enumeration of species, out of which the greater philosopher will deduce the laws of life.

But, as we so often say, we are yet a young country. The outlook is most hopeful. Our young scholars need to go to European universities less to learn their science than to enlarge their acquaintance of men and methods and language and gain stimulus for research.



A Victory for Arbitration

If Professor Waldeyer tells us that America has made very few great discoveries in science, we may console ourselves with the knowledge that the greatest discovery and invention in statecraft of modern times came from America. It is The Hague Court of Arbitration. It is an institution of American birth set up in the Netherlands, and its wings overshadow the world. The last magnificent victory of arbitration is achieved, in the settlement reached between Norway and Sweden. The two nations agree that for the period of ten years, all questions that do not affect the integrity, independence, or vital interests of either, shall be finally settled by the Court of The Hague. So far there is nothing new; everything is left in the hands of the two powers in a quarrel; but either could declare that it was a vital matter that was in dispute. That is the nature of the treaties of arbitration that Great Britain has indulged in with France and other European States. It is very pretty, but it means comparatively little, because there is no sort of dispute which can arise that may not be regarded as a matter of honor, to be backed with the cry "Fifty-four, forty or fight!"

But Sweden and Norway have taken another step forward. They have voluntarily and in advance absolved them-

selves from this method of escaping arbitration. They have agreed that if there be a difference between the two powers, as to whether it be such a vital matter of honor, it shall be left to The Hague Court to decide this also. Thus either party can insist that they both go to The Hague. This is further than any arbitration treaty has gone before, and it is an example of immense value, and one, too, that is safe.

For what are the questions that so affect national honor that they cannot be referred to The Hague? Are they questions of territorial boundary? Such disputes have often been referred with perfect safety and justice. Is it independence? But who can imagine an independent nation's independence denied or threatened until after war? Or should a weak nation like Rumania or Korea be threatened by a stronger, like Russia or Japan, its cause would be safer in the Court of The Hague than in the field of war. The time will come, we trust, when the next step will be taken, and nations shall agree that all questions in dispute shall be referred to The Hague, with no reservation; and then cannon and cruisers will become archæological curiosities, the monuments of a past inconceivably barbarous age.



Educating Adults

MODERN progress is in no way more invaluable than in its grasp of the idea that, if the State shall make provision for the training of those between infancy and twenty-one years of age, it should not stop at that point; but should afford the elements of free instruction and culture for all persons through all their years. The school thus becomes a life affair; not all of it inside schoolhouses, but much of it there even for those of old age. This is not a new idea, but is as old as Plato and as Solomon. It is the rejuvenation of a principle that was likely to be submerged by the very fecundity and richness of inventions for teaching the young. Froebel's best thought was not in connection with the kindergarten, but in relation to the education of adults, and making the whole community a unit of intellectual and moral co-operation. He insisted that edu-

cation "never ends"—either at the home or in the schoolhouse. Our own Commissioner, W. T. Harris, never tires of insisting that the school should be considered, not as an entity by itself, but as a supplement to home life.

The experiment was made six years ago of using the schoolhouses in New York City for evening lectures—for those of all ages. One hundred and eighty-six lectures were given the first year, to an attendance of about twenty thousand persons. The attendance at these same schools which closed their lectures last June, was over one million, and the lectures reached the schedule of 4,645. They had been largely systematic and consecutive. Topics of public and immediate interest had been taken up; such as Conditions Favoring Tuberculosis, and First Aid to the Injured—questions of household importance. History was a favorite topic, especially American History; but human evolution in all its phases had been considered. Electricity and general physics were considered, as bringing the common people into a better understanding of the new power of the age. Municipal duties, protection and free trade, labor and capital, municipal ownership, were all discussed. The ablest teachers in America had been subsidized for help; among the rest President Eliot, and Superintendent Maxwell, with professors of Columbia and other universities.

In one sense this is university extension, altho, instead of carrying food to the people, the people are invited to come to the food. Other cities have expanded the same conception, laying emphasis upon local needs. The aim has been to keep in full key with people of moderate information and intelligence. Among the attendants generally reported are "apprentices, sewing women, newsboys and day laborers." One attendant in the New York Schools writes that the result has been for him a great uplift of his whole being that he never dreamed of. "In a nutshell, I have outgrown myself." This is about what all education should aim at, to make the pupil of any age outgrow himself. Dr. Leipziger reports letters of appreciation from the attendants of one Lecture Center as including one carpenter seventy-

years of age, a painter sixty-four years old, housekeepers, bookkeepers and others from fifty to eighty years of age. The result is shown in many ways beside the help that it gives to individuals; affecting quite as surely and wholesomely homes, and the whole community.

In the country the application of education to adults can even more easily be assured. The town school building is central; it ought to be, and, before long, it will be a garden school. From its peculiar relation to the whole community influences will ray out to homes to make them more beautiful, and to make more ethical public sentiment. Schools of this sort will be the center of influence of the township, and the natural source of authority for isolated people. It is found that evening lectures are well patronized, while evening schools are less needed and called for than in the cities. Farmers' boys do not require such instruction as the trade boys of the cities stand in need of. Library work will always constitute a marked feature where population is scattered. We have only as yet got a glimpse of what the new school is going to be as a community affair, but we see enough to know that it is to affect the adult population quite as strongly as the children.

Man's last years logically should be his best years. They should be full, not only of accumulated experiences, but of knowledge; and with these an uplifting capacity. Old age will come more slowly to one who is always keeping step with his age. The world has no real faith in the doctrine that it must retire from its active list all those who have reached the age of thirty-five or forty. Even our Aryan ancestors, of three thousand years ago, drew the line at fifty—at which age the citizen became a "forest dweller," that is an instructor of rightness and an example of virtue. We are not only lengthening infancy, but greatly extending mid-age, while old age is pushed beyond the eighties. It is just that the schools should recognize this tendency and open their doors to all periods of life. Put Cicero's "Essay on Old Age" into the schools as a text book. Encourage the citizen to retain his youth, and by no vice to devitalize himself. Here the school and the church meet to-

gether, for the central thought of Christ was, I came that ye might have more life. An opportunity for the richest and fullest life is what society ought to insure every citizen. The best pension for old age is accumulated and accumulating wisdom.



The Grange in Politics

No organization outside of politics has ever secured a position of such social and political import as the Grange. The fact that it is national and rapidly increasing its membership makes its utterances of peculiar import. The National Grange has recently approved and adopted a very remarkable report of its legislative committee. This report presents briefly those matters which the Grange desires shall be acted upon by Congress. A careful study of the points taken will convince an unprejudiced reader that the committee was at the same time conservative and radical. It will be easily granted also that great wisdom has been shown in the statement of the questions considered. The document altogether may be set down as one of the ablest and most judicious public papers of the present day. It seems quite possible to do a large amount of our social discussion apart from political campaigning—divorced from office-seeking. We shall observe that the questions considered are commercial or agricultural, or are both of these; and in all cases industrial. Most of them should never enter the field of partisan debate.

It must be remembered that rural free mail delivery was in the first place secured largely through the influence of the Grange. It is now desired that no stop be put to the extension until every square mile of the United States be covered. The revolution already worked is the most remarkable in the social history of America. Over two hundred thousand miles are daily traversed by the carriers; but as yet they do not reach over one-seventh of the rural population.

The establishment of postal savings banks has been repeatedly urged by THE INDEPENDENT. We are still strongly convinced that this economic measure

is the most important that can possibly be enacted for the welfare of the poorer population in our cities, and for the scattered rural population, which does not easily reach the ordinary savings bank with its dimes and pennies. Character as well as business prosperity depends very greatly upon a bank account and a habit of saving. The National Grange lays great emphasis on this subject. It indorses no particular bill, but desires that Congress take up the subject at once and give us needed legislation.

The election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people seems so rational a measure and so much demanded by political history that we do not wonder that public sentiment is developing in favor of such a measure and that the Grange indorses it. The House of Representatives has acted favorably on the proposition on two occasions and many of the State Legislatures are on record in its favor. There is a very general conviction that the removal of this election from our State capitols would tend enormously to the purification of our legislative bodies.

Concerning the regulation of corporations, the Grange conceives that the wisest course would be an Amendment to the Constitution granting Congress more extended power of control. It would not disturb the most profitable use of capital in legitimate business; but would bring huge combinations under such control as to prevent fraud. It is evident that the platform stumbles at this point and covers a great financial problem with confusion of words. The solution of the relation of corporate capital to the public is not yet found.

To enlarge the duties and powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission is most reasonable. The Commission as at present organized is powerless to enforce such rules in regard to interstate traffic as have been found essential to the business prosperity of the country—rules that at the establishment of the Commission it was supposed could be enforced. A bill to remedy this matter has been before Congress and should be passed.

Doubtless a subject of vital impor-

tance to the people of the United States, tho. the evils may be exaggerated, is that of preventing the adulteration of foods. Repeated investigation shows that many articles of food that undergo transformation after they leave the hands of the farmer suffer adulteration. Some of these foods reach the consumer in a state highly dangerous to health, if not to life. It is not a question that concerns simply protecting the manufacturers of honest products from the misbranding and false naming of adulterated goods but the protection of the great body of consumers from wasting their money on articles of an inferior or deleterious quality. The Grange has placed much emphasis on this important question.

Besides indorsing the speedy construction of an Isthmian Canal, the Grange demands national aid in the building of public highways, and the construction of a ship canal from the Mississippi River, by way of the Great Lakes, to the Atlantic Ocean. Appropriations for building roads will meet with a good deal of opposition from judicious legislators, but the construction of a ship canal is meeting the approval of all classes and industries. The Gulf of Mexico has become the American Mediterranean. New Orleans and Galveston are rivaling New York and Philadelphia as export cities. Six great lines of railroad carry the freight of the Northwest down the valley, instead of sending it to the seaboard, as formerly. The Great Lake system is tapped by Canadian waterways, so that by twenty more miles of deep waterway lake boats can go directly to the ocean. The Atlantic States are deeply concerned in a ship canal.

The Grange is wise also in the emphasis which it places on the extension of foreign markets. The Agricultural Department at Washington is doing a vast deal to make our products more familiar in the markets of the world. Our apples and cereals are now reaching the Oriental markets from the Pacific Coast almost as freely as the European markets to the East. Secretary Wilson tells us that up to the present time the trade balance in favor of the United States is more than two-thirds due to the shipments made by our farmers. It is true

that manufacturers are also learning the same lesson and competing all around the globe; but the farmers are far in the lead, and it is probable that they will stay there for some time to come.



The Guilty Beef Packers

The four officers of one of the Chicago beef companies who pleaded guilty last week were associated with the other defendants in the Beef Trust case, but had not been indicted for violating the law as to combinations in restraint of trade. In obedience to the injunction they had withdrawn from the combination, and therefore were entitled to some consideration. It was for soliciting and receiving freight rebates that they had been indicted. If they were guilty, it follows that the six railroad companies that gave them rebates are also guilty. These companies are to be prosecuted. The conviction of these four defendants proves, the opponents of Mr. Roosevelt's railroad rate policy are saying, that there is now law enough to deal with the evils which he has attacked. This is not true. There is law enough for the prosecution of those who receive or give rebates, altho the penalties may be too light. But these laws do not provide remedies for the evils due to the use of private car lines and terminal tracks, or for a prompt substitution of a reasonable open rate for an open rate found to be unreasonable and unjust.



Co-operation and Competition.

In his testimony—perhaps we had better call it his speeches—before the committee investigating the insurance companies, Mr. Perkins, Vice-President of the New York Life Insurance Company, and also of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., put into terse and emphatic language a theory of political economy and finance which the great leaders of finance have pretty thoroly adopted, but which other people do not yet accept. He said:

"Competition is no longer the life of trade. That old-fashioned theory has been exploded. Co-operation is the life of trade now. The life insurance companies are the biggest syndicates in the world. Whether it is Vanderbilt who takes out a \$1,000,000 policy or

the man who takes out \$1,000, the money all goes into the same treasury."

Doubtless there is truth in this statement. At any rate, co-operation it is that rules business in this country now, as all over the world. Syndicates and trusts grow larger every day, and the field of competition is narrowing. We began it politically by shutting out foreign competition against our own products, and now the trusts shut out the small producers, and tell us it is for our advantage. Laborers tell us the same thing, that competition must go, and that co-operation is the only protection of labor. Each year shows us larger combinations in both production and labor, larger syndicates, bigger trusts, huger labor unions. What will be the end of it? Is it well to limit the reach of co-operation, so as to retain place for competition also; or shall we go on to the end, when all the people and all the production are united in a single force, which can be nothing less than the National Government, which can be nothing less than Socialism?



The treasurer of the New York Life Insurance Company, Mr. Edward D. Randolph, wishes us to correct a statement in which his name was included with those who argued strongly that they have a right as individuals to take a profit, by means of their official knowledge, from financial operations in which the company is engaged. He calls our attention to the following extract from his testimony before the committee, which we are glad to publish to his credit:

"I have never had any participation in any syndicate, either connected with the company or at any time. I have never been in any syndicate. I have never derived a penny of profit in any name or form from the company except my salary. I have never had a speculative interest either inside the company or outside the company during my entire connection with the company. My salary has been my sole source of revenue and my sole receipt of revenue of every kind from the company."



To General Porter, our late very distinguished and eminent Ambassador to France, we owe an apology for the doubt we expressed as to the identity of the body which he claimed to be that of Paul Jones, and for consequently underestimating the debt of gratitude our people

owe to him for his patriotic and successful efforts to find the body and secure it for interment in the United States. No one now can reasonably entertain a doubt that the identification of the body was thoro and complete and satisfies every possible historical and scientific test; and that General Porter deserves the lasting gratitude of the American people for bringing back to American soil the greatest American hero, who died and was buried abroad.



A hundred protests from organizations of every sort have gone to the Mikado against approving the treaty. But a hundred thousand fools do not balance the four wise old statesmen who concluded that just now peace is better than war, and that good fortune must not be trusted too far. It was an ancient Eastern king who threw into the sea his most precious jewel because he was terrified by his prolonged good fortune, and who, when it was brought him the next day in the stomach of a fish, took it as a warning of the terrible calamity that followed. The Japanese may not be more superstitious than other people, but they did well to stop before the tide turned against them.



We have heard much of Belgian cruelty to the natives in the Congo Free State; and it has been charged that the native rebellion in German West Africa was started by the cruelty of the German officials; and now we have the arraignment by Count de Brazza of the Governor-General of the French Congo, said to have hung up women by their feet till they died, and responsible for the death of an enormous number of natives. And Count de Brazza is noted for the humanity with which he treated the natives in his explorations. It is so hard, it seems, for white Christians to think of people of other races as equal human beings.



As long suspected by all but the most adventurous scholars, we shall have to give up the pleasant notion that the ruins found in Rhodesia are the remains of works erected by the Phenician traders.

A careful investigation, reported by Mr. Randall McIver before the British Association at its meeting in Bulawayo, showed that these were not Solomon's mines, but that the ruins were the work of natives, who had a strong kingdom some five hundred years ago. Thus the pretty rainbows pass away.



Under the new law, all children in Pennsylvania must go to school until they are 14 years old, and only by special exception from the school superintendent can they be kept from school between 14 and 16 years of age. Farmers can no more keep their children home to work in the fields than those in the city can send them to the factories. It is an excellent result of the law that it has increased by ten per cent. the attendance in the schools.



Is it a competent public school system which allows that in one of the largest and best known cities of our Union, for an excluded third of her children no teaching is provided, beyond the fifth grade? Is it strange that in that city the number of pupils who attend such schools is considerably less than it was eighteen years ago?



President Castro, of Venezuela, seems to have a fine faculty of getting into trouble. We shall be glad to let France take a hand with the President-Dictator; and we hardly expect that the United States will be particularly eager to help Venezuela again out of her difficulty.



Verily China is moving fast in the road of progress. She has discovered anarchists, and has annexed the bank as a political engine. American sympathy will go to our old friend, Wu Ting-fang, who was one of the company injured by the explosion.



That is special legislation by which, under a new act, the races may be separated in the public schools of Kansas City, Kan., and we do not wonder that its constitutionality is to be tested in the courts.

Insurance

The Insurance Investigation

ADDITIONAL details regarding political campaign contributions on the part of the New York Life were brought out last week. According to testimony furnished by President John A. McCall, not only ex-Judge Parker, but the Chairmen of the Democratic National and State committees, as well as other friends of the Democratic candidate for President, solicited financial contributions to their campaign fund last fall. Mr. McCall is reported to have said:

"My life was made weary by the Democratic candidates chasing me for money in that campaign. Some of the very men who today are being interviewed in the papers and are denouncing those men who contribute to campaigns, their shadows were crossing my path every step I took, looking for money. One—the candidate himself, Parker; the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, if he should show us his books for that corporation money, as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee—it would give you a fit. He never rejected a dollar in the world. He would take every dollar that was paid to him."

This statement when shown to Judge Parker was denied by him in the following language:

"My attention has been called to certain testimony said to have been given today by Mr. John A. McCall while a witness before the Insurance Investigating Committee in reply to Mr. Hughes' question whether he thought 'that in 1904 the interests of the policy holders were so seriously endangered that the company ought to contribute.'"

"It is evident that Mr. McCall was laboring under great excitement in making his reply, for it is very incoherent, but if his answer is intended to convey the impression that in the campaign of 1904 I, either directly or indirectly, solicited from him or his corporation, or any other corporation, any money or valuable thing, his statement is absolutely false."

"On the contrary, I repeat now what I said before the election, that I expressly notified and directed the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Committee that no money should be received from corporations."

William F. Sheehan, who was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Democratic National Committee in the last campaign, said emphatically concerning Mr. McCall's charges:

"There was not a single man connected with the Democratic National campaign that solicited a dollar from Mr. McCall. If any such person made any such solicitation Mr. McCall should name him."

The disclosures to which reference has just been made, as well as those concerning syndicates the plan and scope of whose operations were explained in THE INDEPENDENT last week, were brought to the attention of the convention of the National Association of Life Underwriters at a session held at Hartford on September 20th, and a direct censure of certain officials of companies whose methods have been laid bare by testimony given before Commissioner Armstrong was narrowly averted through the adjournment of the convention.

The Equitable replaced the New York Life "on the rack," and operations of three syndicates not reported by Mr. Frick or Superintendent Hendricks were discovered. More transactions of "James H. Hyde and associates" were also brought to light.

The Life Insurance Companies and Yellow Fever

VARIOUS life insurance companies have done much toward the suppression of the recent outbreak of yellow fever in New Orleans. This has been accomplished not only by a campaign of education undertaken by the interested companies, but also by means of substantial money contributions on their part to the fever fund. Prominent among the companies who made cash contributions to the fever fund were the following: The Pacific Mutual, \$1,500; the New York Life and the Penn Mutual, \$1,000 each; and the Mutual Life, the New England Mutual, and the Virginia Life, \$500 each. A circular letter signed by Walter Parker, editor of the New Orleans *Vindicator*, sets forth that the fever epidemic has not increased the death rate of the Crescent City above the normal; that the city is cleaner today than it ever was; that in the opinion of J. H. White, who is in charge of the work being done by the United States Government toward suppressing the fever, the situation is quite as encouraging as could have been expected, and that in districts where measures to exterminate the contaminating mosquitoes have been promptly and scientifically applied, the fever scourge has speedily been completely overcome and the "plague" conquered.

Financial

Enlarged Erie System

THE tendency toward consolidation in the railway world is shown once more by the Erie's purchase of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road. When J. P. Morgan & Co. bought control of the Dayton from the Hollins syndicate, a few weeks ago, some thought that the property thus acquired would be taken jointly by the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. But it all goes to the Erie, which thus increases the length of its lines from 2,315 to almost 6,000 miles. As the Dayton controls the Père Marquette and the Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville, the enlarged Erie system will include a network of roads in Michigan, together with additional lines, touching many important points in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The World's Wheat

THIS season's first European official estimate of the world's crop of wheat (that of the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture) has not been carefully prepared and is misleading. It makes the output of the importing countries 872,000,000 bushels, against 860,000,000 last year, and that of the surplus or exporting countries 2,315,000,000, against 2,248,000,000 in 1904. Still, the exportable surplus of these last-named countries is less by 20,000,000, according to this estimate, than it was last year. The most important errors are to be seen in the quantities allotted to those countries which have wheat to sell. Thus, our own crop is in the list at 675,000,000 (it will exceed 700,000,000) and our small crop of last year has been increased by 30,000,000. Russia's crop is estimated at 557,000,000, against 561,000,000 in 1904. But recent reports indicate a very large decrease this year in that country. Altho it is well known that Canada's output is much larger than ever before, it is entered in the tables at last year's figures. Our surplus for export this year is estimated at only 119,000,000, while last year's is placed at 167,000,000, altho the official reports made it only 43,000,000. Evidently, the whole series of estimates is of little or no value. Probably we shall be able to export not less than 175,000,000

bushels, and facts which the maker of the Hungarian tables overlooked indicate that deficiencies abroad will create a fair demand for the North American surplus.

Financial Items

....The world's production of tin in 1904 was 92,243 tons, and a little more than 40 per cent. of it was consumed in the United States.

....Kansas farmers will soon begin to harvest the most valuable crop of corn ever grown in the State. It is said to be worth \$75,000,000.

....Mexico's foreign trade report for the last fiscal year shows that the imports were \$85,761,081, of which \$48,303,167—an increase of nearly \$6,000,000—came from the United States.

....According to the most recent German statistics, there were in the world, on January 1st, 537,105 miles of railroad, valued at \$43,000,000,000. America's share was 270,386 miles, and Europe's 187,776.

....Reports from Alaska say that a mining expert has found on the Tanana and White Rivers enormous deposits of copper, the formation in some places resembling that of the Lake Superior mines, while in others the pure metal appears in slabs and ledges.

....Dividends announced:

Amer. Woolen Co. (Preferred), quarterly, $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable October 16th.

New York Central & H. R. R. R., $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., payable October 16th.

New York Air Brake Co. (quarterly), 2 per cent., payable October 17th.

Amer. Telephone & Tel. Co., \$1.50 per share, payable October 16th.

Union Typewriter Co. (1st Preferred), $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., Payable October 2d.

Union Typewriter Co. (2d Preferred), 4 per cent., payable October 2d.

Union Typewriter Co. (Common), 3 per cent., payable October 2d.

Buffalo & Susq. R. R. Co. (Common, quarterly), $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., payable October 2d.

Westinghouse Elect. & Mfg. Co. (Preferred), $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable October 10th.

Nat'l Park Bank (quarterly), 4 per cent., payable October 2d.

Am. Chicle Co. (Preferred, quarterly), $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable September 30th.

Am. Chicle Co. (Common), 1 per cent., payable October 20th.

Southern Pacific Co., interest on various bonds, payable October 2d.

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Survey of the World

The Railway Rate Question

After beginning his journey around the world, Mr. Bryan addressed to President Roosevelt an open letter commending him for his determination to insist upon railway rate legislation. "You have," said he, "the contest of your life before you, and I desire to render you all the assistance in my power." The railroad magnates, he continued, expected to prevent the passage of the desired bill. "The railroads have been at work all summer circulating literature against railroad legislation, and the Senate contains a number of members so intimately connected with railroad interests that they cannot be expected to take the people's side":

"The railroads will try to persuade you; if they fail in this will try to scare you; if they fail in this, also, they will try to defeat your recommendation. It will embarrass you to have strong party leaders against you; you may even be embarrassed by having so many Democrats co-operating with you; but you must reconcile yourself to both. In this fight your strength lies in the fact that you have a large majority of the voters of all parties with you. Pass over the railroad representatives and appeal to the people. Compel the opponents of railroad legislation to meet the issue in the open. There is no logical or even plausible argument against the legislation which you recommend. Extortion in rates, unfairness in discrimination against persons, discrimination against places, midnight tariffs and rebates galore—all these iniquities have resulted from lack of regulation. They are intolerable and must be stopped. Will you use the great influence of your high office to secure the regulation now, or will you leave the honor to a successor?"

The Democrats, if they had no higher purpose than to secure control of the offices, might wish the President to lead the

railroad element of his party, Mr. Bryan added, but they were citizens first and Democrats afterward—more interested in securing needed reforms than in securing credit for them:

"If in your fight you deem it wise to attack the Trusts you will find that they have few friends—none worth cultivating. If you are willing to help reduce the tariff where it shelters a Trust you will find the Democrats ready to aid you, and with them an increasing number of Republicans. If, encouraged by the success of your efforts in the anthracite strike, you decide to urge the establishment of a permanent board for the arbitration of differences between labor and capital, you will find a growing force behind you.

"Stand by your guns! You have developed a reform element in the Republican party; you must lead it or suffer the humiliation of seeing the leadership pass to some one else. Your words have excited great expectations which must be met, for you will be measured by your own words. Go forward; you owe it to yourself, you owe it to your party, and more than all, you owe it to your country."

—On the other hand, Mr. Richard Olney, former President Cleveland's Secretary of State, has published in one of the periodicals an argument against legislation empowering the Government to make rates, pointing out what seem to him to be the economic and commercial objections, and adding that the proposition presents legal and Constitutional difficulties of a most serious character. Mr. William E. Chandler, formerly Senator from New Hampshire, has published a series of letters in which, while advocating the President's policy, he predicts the President's defeat in the Senate by "the money power." Testifying before the Commission last week, two railroad presidents, Mr. Stickney and Mr. Ripley,

asserted that the beef packers, owing to the concentration of their interests and the magnitude of their business, were able to dictate rates to the railway companies, thus securing rates far below those set forth in the published schedules.

More Convictions in Land Cases

✱
Congressman John N. Williamson, of Oregon; Dr. Van Gessner (his partner in the live stock business), and Marion R. Biggs, formerly United States Commissioner at Prineville and now an attorney in that place, were found guilty by a jury in Portland last week of conspiracy to suborn perjury by inducing persons to file fraudulently on Government land, and by hiring them to do so, under an agreement that these persons would afterward convey title to Williamson and Van Gessner. This was the third trial of these defendants, the first and second having ended in jury

disagreements. The other member of the House from Oregon, Binger Herrman, formerly Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, will soon be tried on similar charges, having been indicted in Oregon and also in the District of Columbia. The case of Senator Mitchell (recently convicted at Portland) is before the Supreme Court on appeal. Speaking of Williamson and his associates, and of the sentences to be imposed, Secretary Hitchcock said last week:

"I hope that they will be given the limit of the law. Whenever a little fellow who is hungry or in need is convicted of a crime, no mercy is shown to him. I don't know why any mercy should be shown to public officers who wilfully and knowingly violate a public trust. These men did these things with their eyes open. The crime was premeditated. They deliberately went about the work of enriching themselves at the expense of the people, and their conduct was disgraceful. We are only beginning our war on this class of criminals. I have reason to believe that the extent of this offending has been very great. We have many men indicted in Idaho, New Mexico and elsewhere. We intend to pursue the investigation to the end, no matter whom it strikes."

Additional indictments were announced on Monday last, the men so accused being E. N. Wakefield, formerly a partner of Williamson; Charles A. Graves, a surveyor; O. L. Parks and Robert B. Foster. They will be tried for conspiracy to obtain Government land by fraud.

Washington Topics

✱
The President left his summer home at Oyster Bay on the 30th, and returned to Washington, where his reception on Pennsylvania avenue was of an extraordinary character. No President at the end of his summer vacation had ever been welcomed there by so many people or with such expressions of admiration and respect. On the 18th inst. he will start for the South. After leaving St. Augustine he will visit Mobile, Tuskegee, Birmingham and Little Rock. New Orleans will be the last city on his list. He will be there on the 26th, and will avoid



A New Portrait of John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers of America. As Leader of the Anthracite Coal Miners He Will Demand an Eight Hour Day and Recognition of the Union After the Expiration, on April 1st Next, of the Existing Contracts.

all quarantine complications by returning to Washington by water on a warship.

—Letters which passed between the President and Senators Heyburn and Dubois, of Idaho, last summer have now been published. Mr. Heyburn opposed the President's policy as to the establishment of forest reserves in his State, and sent him some newspaper clippings concerning the local political aspect of the question. Mr. Roosevelt wrote in reply:

"When I can properly pay heed to political interests I will do so, but I will not for one moment sacrifice the interests of the people as a whole to the real or fancied interests of any individual or of any political faction. The Government policy in the establishment of the National forest reserves has been in effect for some time; its good results are already evident; it is a policy emphatically in the interests of the people as a whole, and especially the people of the West. I believe they cordially approve it, and I do not intend to abandon."

—The Democrats of Maryland, at their State Convention, declared by resolution that the restriction of negro suffrage by the Constitutional amendment upon which the people are to vote was the "only issue" of the present campaign. Senator Gorman said that if the amendment should be adopted he would retire from politics "and die a happy man."—Secretary Shaw intends to retire from the Cabinet in February next.—In Connecticut, Edwin W. Higgins, of Norwich, a lawyer, has been elected by the Republicans to the seat in the House made vacant by the election of Mr. Brandegee to the Senate.—At the recent annual meeting of the Association of Military Surgeons, in Detroit, the Seaman prize of \$500 for the best essay on "the prevention of disease in the army and the best method of accomplishing that result," was awarded to Major J. R. Kean, whose essay was a plea for the re-establishment of the canteen at army posts.—Speaking of our export trade with the Orient, Secretary Taft said, upon his return to San Francisco, that our merchants were at a disadvantage because they did not send the right goods or use suitable packages. Our consular service, he added, should be reorganized, being now painfully inadequate in comparison with that of Germany. He has since explained that he was not criticising the consular officers themselves, but had in mind their "miserable pay" and the poor and insignificant

establishments, with respect to employees and quarters, to which they were restricted by the action of Congress.



Chicago's Street Railways

The two street railway companies in Chicago, one being in the hands of a receiver, have made a proposition to the City Council. In return for a twenty years franchise they offer to waive all their claims to a ninety-nine years franchise and to reconstruct their entire plant. They will give transfers, substitute overhead electric trolley for cable (with underground trolley in the heart of the city), sprinkle and sweep the streets occupied by their tracks, pave a strip sixteen feet wide in those streets, make full reports of earnings, and pay for the grant as follows: Three per cent. of gross earnings the first three years, five per cent. for the following two years, seven per cent. for the ten years thereafter, and ten per cent. for the remainder of the term. The work of reconstruction is to be subject to the approval of the city's Commissioner of Public Works, and the city is to have the right to buy the entire system at some time (to be specified) before the expiration of the term for the cash value of the physical property and the value of the unexpired franchise as determined by arbitration. It is estimated that the city would, in twenty years, receive from \$28,000,000 to \$35,000,000, and that the companies would expend \$45,000,000 upon the improvements which they promise to make. Mayor Dunne vigorously opposes such a settlement of the controversy, but the action of the Council cannot be foreseen. For several weeks past the Council has had before it the Mayor's project, which provides that a franchise—for the streets in which the old franchises have expired—shall be given to a corporation controlled by trustworthy citizens who are in favor of municipal ownership. It is said that this project is not acceptable to a majority. The Mayor appears to have lost a part of the political support which he had when he was elected and for some time thereafter.—The Street Railway Association, at its recent annual meeting in Philadelphia, was reorganized under the name of the American Street and Interurban Railway Association. President W. Caryl Ely was re-elected.

In his address he denounced municipal ownership of street railways, and it was said that the main purpose of the reorganization was to facilitate in various ways the exercise of the association's influence against the ownership and operation of railways by municipalities.



Cuba's Political Quarrels

José Miguel Gomez, Governor of Santa Clara province and candidate of the Liberal party for the Presidency, has withdrawn his name from the Liberal ticket and advised his followers to appeal to the United States for intervention. In a letter to his party's Executive Committee, on the 27th, he said:

"It is impossible to continue the campaign within the bounds of the law. The Government has won a complete and overwhelming victory. With Liberals by the hundred in the jails, and with the rifles of armed forces and even the daggers of hired assassins against the breasts of unarmed voters, the problem confronting me is whether I should continue to lead my followers to the polls and permit them to become the victims of this sort of treatment. One other road is open, that followed by other nations in analogous circumstances, namely, the right of revolution, but Cuba stands in a peculiar position, as an armed conflict would inevitably bring foreign intervention. Before this was accomplished, however, our material prosperity would be in grave danger, and property, which is to a great extent in foreign hands, would be destroyed, while the neutral elements would suffer."

Therefore, he continued, altho he had the courage to rebel against Spain, he declined to accept the responsibility of plunging the country into war. Two days later, at a meeting of Liberal leaders, he attacked the Government with great bitterness, asserting that it had caused the assassination of prominent Liberals, taken possession of municipal governments, and prevented Liberals from voting at the election of registration boards. Cuba, he said, was in a reign of terror never equaled during the worst times of Spanish tyranny. Criminals had been pardoned by Palma in order that they might murder Liberals. Congressman Villendas had been murdered in Cienfuegos. He himself had almost miraculously escaped assassination in Santa Clara. From his province a thousand men had fled to Havana to escape persecution, and 800 men had been imprisoned in the province for political reasons. The Palma

Government, he continued, had brought the island near to financial ruin, had used the public funds lavishly in politics, had employed workmen and appointed teachers merely that they might vote for Palma, and had won the preliminary election by fraud and murder. There was no hope of fair play at the election in December. Therefore the United States should be asked to intervene. In response to his appeals, the Liberal leaders decided to present a memorial to President Roosevelt. Their grievances were laid before Minister Squiers, who said he thought the United States would not meddle with local politics. He advised Governor Gomez to make a campaign and rely upon the courts. Gomez replied that the courts were controlled by Palma. He sailed for New York on the 30th.—The Government denies that its influence was exerted unjustly at the preliminary election, and asserts that two Italian anarchists, named Bove and Grau, were leaders in a Liberal conspiracy to use dynamite in Cienfuegos and other places. It shows that the Chief of Police, who was killed at Cienfuegos, was shot in the back and had not used his own revolver. Eleven Liberals in that city have been indicted for sedition. Upon a similar charge Colonel Ferrara, Gomez's secretary, has been arrested. He is also accused of burning the city hall in Vuel-tas. President Palma has expelled from the island, as a "pernicious foreigner," an Italian named Pennino, whose public speeches incited revolt. Secretary Andrade remarks that the Liberals are angry because they were outvoted, and calls them "a mere conglomeration of greeds."—On the 1st the Liberals declined to accept Gomez's resignation, and decided to register for the December election.



The Philippine Islands

Upon his arrival at San Francisco, Secretary Taft gave to the public a statement concerning his visit to the islands. Conditions there, he said, were not entirely satisfactory, but evidence of progress was to be seen in a more efficient Government, the elimination of inefficient men, economy, and the substitution of Filipinos for Americans in the public service. The controversy over the lands of the Dominican friars has been settled by an agreement that gives the Govern-

ment immediate possession. Owing to complaints about the conduct of the constabulary, some changes will be made in this branch of the service. Inquisitorial features of the new internal revenue system may hereafter be modified, and some of the taxes may be reduced. The depression of agriculture (due to cholera, locusts, the loss of cattle, etc.) will continue for some years. Some young men of education had been advocating immediate independence. Therefore, it was necessary to declare the policy of the Administration and to point out that independence was not possible for a generation. The Secretary heartily commended the self-restraint and moderation of the Democratic members of the party, who patriotically agreed to refrain from political argument and to leave all statements of policy to himself, as the representative of the Administration. Senator Patterson, one of the Democrats, says the gulf between Americans and Filipinos is widening. He fears the Philippines are a smoldering volcano.—The most destructive typhoon known in the Philip-

pires since 1882 swept over a part of the archipelago on the 26th ult., causing much loss of life and property. In Manila many buildings were unroofed and five natives were killed by dislodged electric wires. The gunboat "Leyte," one of those captured from Spain, was sunk in the harbor. On the coast of Samoa a coast guard ship, also named "Leyte," was wrecked, and eleven Americans and twenty-four natives were drowned. The loss of the hemp-growers is estimated at \$1,000,000.—Miss Alice Roosevelt, with those members of the original party who had been traveling with her, left Seoul on the 29th for Yokohama, having received every possible courtesy during her stay of ten days in Korea.



The Separation of Norway and Sweden

The treaty of separation of Norway and Sweden agreed upon September 23rd by the representatives of the two countries in the conference at Karlstad is now being considered by the legislative bodies at Stockholm



The Conference at Karlsbad Which Arranged a Plan of Separation Between Norway and Sweden. The Norwegian Delegates are on This Side of the Table; the Swedish on the Further Side.

and at Christiania. The Swedish Riksdag, called to meet in special session, opened on October 2nd. Neither the King nor any member of the royal family was in attendance, nor was the diplomatic body represented. Premier Lundeberg read the speech from the Throne, and in ten minutes the question of separation was referred to the First and Second Chambers and the session adjourned. The elections for the Second Chamber of the Riksdag concluded on October 1st. The Socialists gained several seats and now hold 14. The chief issues in the election were the extension of the franchise and the adoption of proportional representation. The First Chamber is in favor of proportional representation, but the Second Chamber, as constituted by the late election, will be opposed to it.

In the Norwegian Storting this special committee, to which was referred the Karlstad agreement, has reported in its favor, and there is no doubt of the adoption of the treaty as arranged. It is proposed to decide upon the future form of government of Norway at a constituent Storting to be summoned before the middle of November and to postpone the final decision of the matter until after the elections of 1905. In the meantime Norway will seek recognition by the Powers as an independent state, regardless of its form of government. Björnstjerne Björnson, the veteran novelist, who has always been a strong Republican, now advocates an elected King, as he thinks it would make little difference whether Norway has a King or President:

"An elected Norwegian King would, like the Kings of Great Britain and Italy, live among us like a great nobleman and feel like

a hereditary President. The difference between such a kingdom and a republic would only be formal. The modern kingdom is only a transition form, but this transition will give more security to a dynasty with powerful connections than the dangerous isolation in a republic.

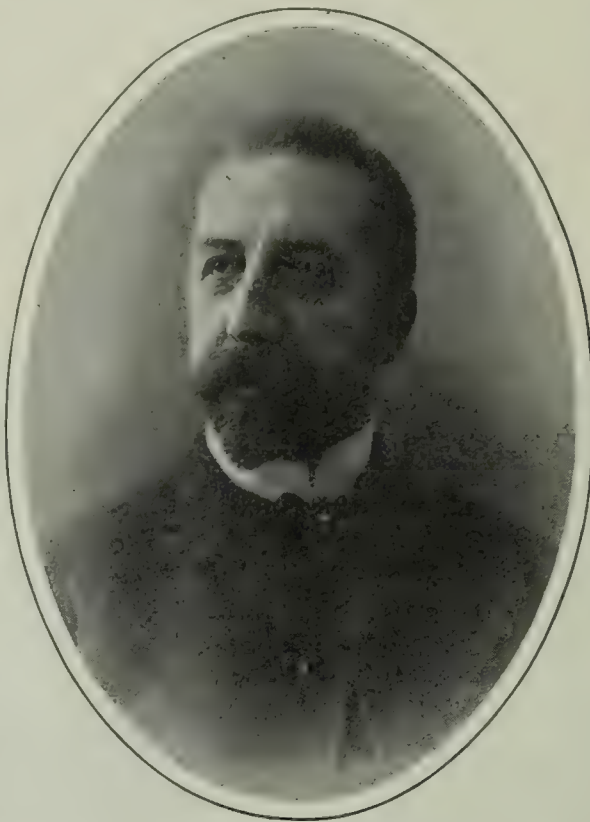
"Like Garibaldi, we republicans must choose to serve a King, hoping to get as highminded a monarch as Italy did in his day."



With the assuming of the Venezuela office of Secretary of State by Mr. Root Venezuela now comes in for a good deal of attention on the part of the Administration. M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, has returned from Paris and has begun a

series of conferences with the State Department, where announcement has been made that the situation has not entered an "imminently critical" stage. Mr. Calhoun, the special representative of the Administration to investigate the situation in Venezuela, is on the ocean returning from Caracas, and it is not expected that anything will be done until he returns. In the meantime, Judge Penfield, who knows the ins and outs of the Venezuela situation as well as any one in the country, has sailed for Europe

on a mission to investigate the commercial relations between Europe and South America; but probably one of his most important duties is to inform Ambassador McCormick of the Venezuela situation, so that France and the United States can the better act together in whatever course they may decide to pursue. Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, who leaves the Department this week, has cast a parting shot at ex-Minister Bowen by giving out to the press a



Premier C. Michelsen, Who is Now at the Head of the Norwegian Government.

letter from President Roosevelt, in which the President states that the late Secretary Hay was on Mr. Loomis's side in the recent departmental investigation. —In New York the employees of the New York-Bermudez Asphalt Co. testified that the company had nothing to do with the Matos revolution, altho some of their former employees testified just the contrary last week.



The Anglo-Japanese Treaty The new treaty of alliance between Japan and Great Britain, which was signed on August 12th, before the conclusion of the Treaty of Portsmouth, which it doubtless influenced, has just been made public. Since the document is short and its wording is of such great importance, we give the text entire:

"A—The consolidation and maintenance of general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and India.

"B—The preservation of the common interests of all the powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.

"C—The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India and the defense of their special interests in the said regions."

The text of the treaty is as follows:

"Article I.—It is agreed that whenever in the opinion of either Great Britain or Japan any of the rights and interests referred to in the preamble to this agreement are in jeopardy, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly, and will consider in common the measures which should be taken to safeguard those menaced rights or interests.

"Article II.—Should either of the high contracting parties be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights or special interests, the other party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and both parties will conduct a war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with any power or powers involved in such war.

"Article III.—Japan, possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes Japan's right to take such measures for the guidance, control, and protection of Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests, providing the measures so taken are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations.

"Article IV.—Great Britain having a special interest in all that concerns the security of

the Indian frontier, Japan recognizes her right to take such measures in the proximity of that frontier as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions.

"Article V.—The high contracting parties agree that neither will without consulting the other enter into a separate arrangement with another power to the prejudice of the objects described in the preamble.

"Article VI.—As regards the present war between Japan and Russia, Great Britain will continue to maintain strict neutrality unless some other power or powers join in hostilities against Japan, in which case Great Britain will come to the assistance of Japan, will conduct war in common, and will make peace in mutual agreement with Japan.

"Article VII.—The conditions under which armed assistance shall be afforded by either power to the other in the circumstances mentioned in the present agreement and the means by which such assistance shall be made available will be arranged by the naval and military authorities of the contracting parties, who will from time to time consult one another fully and freely on all questions of mutual interests.

"Article VIII.—The present agreement shall be subject to the provisions of Article VI and come into effect immediately after the date of signature and remain in force for ten years from that date. In case neither of the parties shall have been notified twelve months before the expiration of the said ten years of an intention of terminating it, it shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the parties shall have denounced it, but if, when the date for the expiration arrives, either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall *ipso facto* continue until peace shall be concluded."



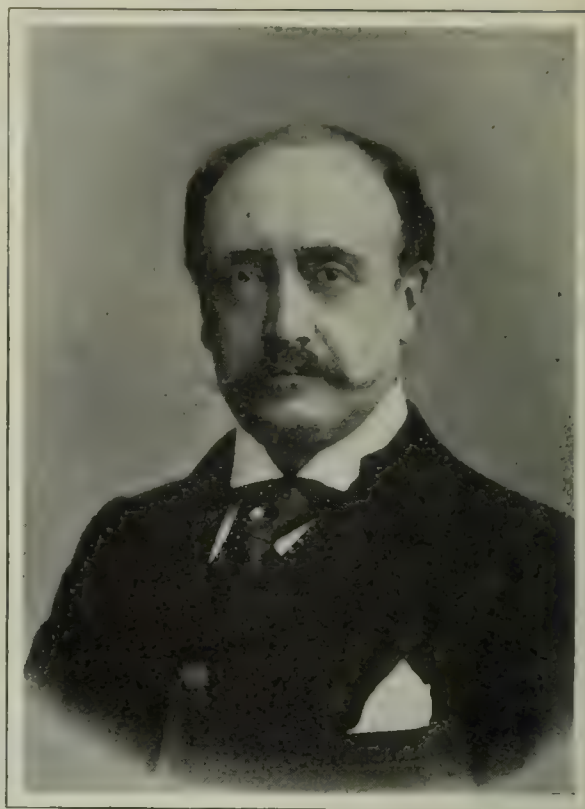
Russia in Persia

Despite Russia's supposed all-absorption in her great foreign war and in her domestic troubles, she has nevertheless found the time and capital to construct a line of over 1,000 miles in length across the arid and unpopulated steppe into a land of plenty. From Orenburg, in South-eastern Russia, the line stretches southward as far as Tashkent, on the very border of British India. From here the distance to the Persian Gulf is only 430 miles, and a railroad could be hastily constructed in case of need to Shahbar, an excellent harbor, that would furnish Russia with a well equipped naval station only sixteen days from the military centers of Odessa and Moscow. As it is, without the outlet on the Persian Gulf, Russia has acquired control over a country of an entirely new character to her. Raw cotton for the mills of

Moscow and products of the tropics will now be found in the limits of her empire. The activity in railroad building is by no means on the wane. Plans are being made to link the Tashkent region with Siberia by means of a line running thru the now useless iron and coal mines of Salaiire, and joining the transcontinental system 2,000 miles to the north. Ultimately, Teheran, the capital of Persia, will be connected by rail with Europe. Already 100 miles of the road are completed from Tiflis southward. Along with the news of this great railroad activity comes the report that the Russian Government has definitely decided to double-track at once the whole line of the Trans-Siberian Railway. It is interesting to note that Prince Khilkoff, the efficient executive in these activities, is essentially a product of the American school of railroad engineers and financiers.

Hungarian Politics

The situation in Hungary is complicated and hard to understand because there are so many factions acting at cross purposes. To get a clear idea of who they are and what they stand for it is necessary to give a list of them, the players in the cast of the great drama now being enacted. There is first, Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, firm in his determination not to grant the demand of the Hungarian Nationalists for the use of the Magyar language in the Hungarian army, and also firm in opposition to the granting of universal suffrage in Hungary. Second, there is Baron Fejervary, acting Premier of Hungary, who cannot govern because he has the Coalition majority against him, and who cannot resign because there is no one to take his place. He is supported neither by the Sovereign nor by Parliament, for he has offended the former by proposing to grant universal suffrage and is opposed by the latter because he will not favor the Magyar language in the army. Third, there is the Coalition of four parties, which in the last election unexpectedly and decisively overthrew the old and established Liberal party. This Coalition is composed of very heterogeneous elements, and can probably hold



Franz Kossuth, the Leader of the Hungarian Coalition of Independence Parties.

together only so long as it is in opposition and out of power. The four factions which it includes are, the Independence party, under Franz Kossuth, the New party under Baron Banffy, the Clerical People's party under Count Aladar Zichy, and a group of deserters from the old Liberal party under Count Julius Andrassy. The Coalition is working for Magyar supremacy in Hungary against Austrian influence on the one hand, and against the minor races of Hungary on the other. Fourth, there are the Socialists, who by their creed are in every country not nationalists, but internationalists, and who, therefore, care little for the empty symbol of Magyar words of command in the army, that means so much to the Coalition leaders. But the new issue, that of universal suffrage without racial language or property restriction, seems to them something worth fighting for, and they are rising against the Hungarian leaders who stand in the way of it. Just now the strife between the Socialists and the Nationalists of the Coalition takes the form of rival torchlight processions, which end in

street fights. The Coalition authorizes political "passive resistance" to the Government by advising the people to refuse to pay taxes. The Socialists order a general strike, which may be considered an industrial passive resistance. Both recommendations, in so far as they have been followed, have had no better result than to increase the general disorder. Both factions are calling their followers from the country to the capital for purposes of demonstration, and, if the Emperor-King has any intention of ruling Hungary with an iron hand, he is likely soon to have a good pretext for the use of military power. An attack was made upon the headquarters of the Coalition at the Royal Hotel in Budapest on the night of September 27th by a crowd of 1,500 Socialists, who were beaten back by the police, aided by 150 adherents of the Coalition. But they rallied again and the two factions fought in the streets, while a violent thunder-storm raged. Knives were used freely, and between 40 and 50 persons were stabbed or otherwise injured. On the opening of the Austrian Reichstag, Baron Gautsch von Frankenthurn, the Austrian Premier, declared the Government was always prepared to execute loyally its agreement with Hun-

gary, but such action must be reciprocal. He never, he said, as a matter of principle, interfered with the internal affairs of Hungary, but occasions might arise when the Austrian Premier must be heard in those affairs. This veiled threat has increased the suspicions of the Hungarian Nationalists that there is a plot to extend Austrian domination over Hungary. Count Stefan Tisza, former Premier and one of the leaders of the moribund Liberal party, has in the name of his party called upon the Government to explain by what right the Austrian ministers, Baron Gautsch, the Premier, and Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, have for intervening in the internal affairs of Hungary by advice about electoral reforms.



Witte's Return

Neither the Czar, Government officials, press nor people received Mr. Witte on his return with that enthusiasm which, in American opinion, he seems to have deserved. He was greeted at the station in St. Petersburg by a small crowd and a few minor officials, such as Baron Nolde, Secretary to the Committee of Ministers, and General Durnovo, Adjutant to the Minister of the Interior. These were more than accompanied him to the train when he left in July, but the absence of all of the Ministers and municipal authorities excited comment. The Czar telegraphed to Mr. Witte immediately to meet him at Bjoerkoe on the royal yacht, the "Polar Star," with the words, "I congratulate you on your return from Washington, after brilliantly carrying out my mandate, which was of the greatest service to the State." As a reward for his services, Mr. Witte has been made a Count, and it is believed that he will be chosen as Premier of the Empire, with the privilege of selecting certain of the ministers, or as one of the papers puts it, he will be commissioned to conclude another and more difficult treaty of peace—between the Government and the Russian people. The new proj-



The Houses of Parliament at Budapest in which the Battle for Hungarian Independence is Now Being Waged. The Danube, Which Divides the City, is in the Foreground.

ect for a Duma endows that body with the right of interpellation of Ministers, which will naturally lead to the formation of a responsible Cabinet after the manner of other European countries. The Zemstvoists have joined forces with the Peasants' Union, and will endeavor to control the Duma when it assembles. The censorship upon the publication of the proceedings of the Zemstvo Congress has been practically abolished, so the Russian people have now for the first time the right to hold political meetings and to publish their discussion.



The Bengal Boycott

The announcement some months ago that the British Government intended to divide the Bengal Presidency into two provinces, each under a Lieutenant Governor, created intense indignation among the Bengalis, who regarded it as an insult to their patriotism and a wanton aggression on the part of their British rulers. On August 8th the Bazaar was closed and all races united in a protest against the proposed action. Students paraded the streets with black flags, and the indignation meetings held in several places were all overcrowded. The Maharajah of Cossimbazar presided over the main meeting, which adopted resolutions declaring that the partition was unnecessary, arbitrary and unjust, and was in deliberate disregard of the entire Bengal community. In case the Government persisted in carrying out the plan, a boycott of all British manufactures was to be resorted to. It was hoped that the project would be dropped when Lord Curzon resigned, but the Indian Office in London issued a proclamation of the partition on September 1st. The difficulty of administration of such a large population and area was the reason for the change. The new province is to include Assam, comprising 25,000,000 people, and Dacca is to be its capital. The Bengalis, finding that their protests were disregarded, resolved to attack the English at their most vulnerable point by carrying out their threat of a general boycott. Fifty thousand Bengalis assembled in the Kali Ghat, on the banks of the Ganges in Calcutta, and took an oath in the holy presence of the Goddess Kali not to use foreign goods, buy articles in foreign shops

when available in native shops, or employ foreigners on any work that can be done by their countrymen. The priest of Kali then placed upon the forehead of each the mystic vermilion symbol.



Religious Revival in Norway

In Norway a deep religious awakening is making itself felt, but in a two-fold direction. One is in opposition to the State Church and the other co-operating with it. The former is that known as "Churchless Christianity," and is generally regarded as a Norwegian adaptation of the spiritualizing movement in the Swedish Church, the "awakening" in the latter, however, not antagonizing the State Church, but seeking thru its many "Mission Societies" (*Missionsforeniger*) to elevate the spiritual condition of the Church at large. The Norwegian movement is characterized by an intensive opposition to everything in the State Church, its ceremonies, the dress of the clergy, etc. Its adherents' name for the State Church is "Babel." They are opposed to all sectarianism, and receive as members Methodists, Baptists, and adherents of all phases of religious thought. They call themselves "God's Free Children" (*God's Frie Born*). They are already divided into two classes, the Irreconcilables, who are extremely radical in their teachings and tenets, and the Moderates, who at least profess to be still adherents of the Lutheran Confession. The ideal, tho, of both sections is an *ecclesiola in ecclesia*, a small band of like minded aiming at a higher spiritual life than that produced in the State Church. The second movement is headed by a young peasant, Albert Lunde, who was a lay preacher, and spent several years in studying church life in America. His purpose is to work in connection with the Church, and his evangelization and revival services which in Christiania are attended by audiences of five thousand and more, have the approval of the leading pastors of the State Church. His sermons are characterized by simplicity and the presentation of the great gospel truths, without any fanaticism or radicalism. The movement is spreading rapidly, and Lunde recently, upon invitation, went to Stockholm to inaugurate a similar crusade.

The American Victory at Waterloo

BY HAYNE DAVIS

Secretary of the American Delegation of the Interparliamentary Union.

AT the same moment when Roosevelt's efforts ended in the peace of Portsmouth, Richard Bartholdt, of St. Louis, won at Brussels a great victory for peace throughout the world. About 300 members of various Parliaments (19 in all) were assembled there for the Thirteenth Session of the Interparliamentary Union. Among them were many of the great men of Europe, notably Cremer, of England, the creator of this International Congress, composed of those national lawmakers who are resolved to substitute arbitration for war. It consisted of Mr. Cremer alone eighteen years ago; now it contains 2,500 of the 18,000 national lawmakers.

Mr. Bartholdt proposed:

1st.—Granting to The Hague Court the right to try and determine questions of the kind included in treaties of arbitration, so that this International Court can act, within its proper sphere, however, limited, as any other Court does.

2nd.—That the several Governments of the world agree to choose men who shall be charged with the duty of considering at all times what amendments ought to be made to the law of nations, and of assembling periodically to confer together in order to make such suggestions to the nations as meet with the approval of their own body in conference assembled.

Mr. Bartholdt pointed out that granting jurisdiction to the Court of the Nations at The Hague necessitates providing a body of law which this Court can apply to the cases which come before it. He called the body that ought to be created for this purpose a Congress. Others preferred to call it a Conference, as the American word sounds too much like giving it power to lay down law for the nations. Mr. Bartholdt wants it to have power as soon as European nations can get their consent to this, because this is the only thing that can lift the burden of war expenses from these oppressed people, or that can prevent this same bur-

den from being laid on the American people. But he gladly let them name the baby as they agree with him to let it be born. Once born, he is sure it will grow and acquire in due time the power it must have in order to fill its proper place in the world's legal machinery.

Count Apponyi, of Hungary, one of the greatest statesmen of the times, rose in the conference to such height that the skeptical and reactionary thought could not assert itself at all. When he had replied to the able presentation of the American plan, accepting the principles underlying the plan, and moving the creation of two Commissions, one to consider each of its branches in all its details, a great victory for the American idea was won. Not a voice was raised against Apponyi's motion, the Commissions were appointed and all the members required to pledge themselves to report their conclusions within three months.

The eminent men who are to pass upon all the details of this great proposition are:

For the treaty of arbitration:

Von Plener, formerly a member of the Austrian Cabinet, and one of the great statesmen of the Austrian Empire, as President of this Commission, and Bartholdt (United States), La Fontaine (Belgium), Brunialti (Italy), Von Krabbe (Denmark), Gobat (Switzerland), and the seventh member to be named later by France.

The Committee on the International Congress is headed by the eminent Englishman, Stanhope, and is composed of Count Apponyi (Hungary), Marquis Pandolfi (Italy), Bartholdt (United States), Horst (Norway), Baron Descamps (Belgium), and the seventh to be named from France.

All these men have made their way through the warfare of politics to places of eminence in their own nation and are worthy to consider the basis of which their several nations, and all other na-

tions, may become possessors, in their relations to each other, of these principles of political liberty which they have each won at great cost for themselves individually.

Seventeen American Congressmen supported Mr. Bartholdt in making this memorable stand for principle, and as the delegation was leaving the Belgian Parliament House, where this victory was won, they were greeted with the glad tidings that peace between Russia and Japan was secured. So great was the joy of the American delegates on account of these two great achievements, accomplished by America at the same moment, that they gave a great banquet at the principal hotel of Brussels—the Bellevue. The victory here was no smaller than the one at Portsmouth, but better eyes are needed fully to understand this. The victory here was due principally to Mr. Bartholdt's bold and wise action, just as the Peace of Portsmouth was to President Roosevelt's. So the banquet was given in Mr. Bartholdt's honor.

In his opening address on this memorable occasion, Mr. Moon (Member of Congress from Pennsylvania) declared that it would be unworthy of themselves and of the truth if the other delegates from the United States failed to acknowledge that they had assisted at the finish in winning this victory, and that they were grateful for the opportunity to do so, but that Mr. Bartholdt had put forward the plan, conducted the campaign, stood strong against the adverse and skeptical thought which it had encountered at the beginning, and was entitled to the glory of this great victory for American principles won in the very heart of Europe.

He said furthermore that Mr. Bartholdt had done more than any man living to carry into the practical politics of the nations a plan which can establish law and order where war and carnage now reign, and that for this he is entitled to the gratitude of the people, not only of America, the nation that he serves in Congress, but of Germany, where he was born, and also of all nations, for all will some day inherit benefits from the ideas which, during this Conference, he has forced into the European mind.

The other delegates heartily endorsed the words of Mr. Moon, and when Mr. Bartholdt rose to reply a great demonstration was made.

He said it was true that a great victory had been won for the political principles on which the American Union is founded; that undoubtedly direction, right direction, had been given to the thought of Europe; that it was a great privilege to have had part in such a work destined to bear good fruit, and at no distant day; and that he had been enabled to stand firm by reason of the presence and supporting influence of the other delegates.

Moon, of Philadelphia, Slayden, of Texas, Norris, of Nebraska, Waldo and Goldfogle, of New York, supported ably different parts of the plan proposed by Mr. Bartholdt.

Mr. Bartholdt and the other seventeen delegates worthily represented the United States, worthily represented this cause which is greater than any country.

The power of the principles they stood for made them irresistible. But it would not be right to ignore certain influences which made themselves felt from America.

During the session of the Conference, cablegrams were read endorsing the plan, notably one from the great Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, signed "George Gray, President." George Gray is a member of The Hague Court. This Mohonk Conference of which he was president contained members of the Supreme, Circuit and District Courts of the United States, of the Supreme Court of nine States, Members of Congress, representatives from thirty-two Chambers of Commerce and fourteen periodicals or papers, of twenty Universities or other institutions of learning; also representatives of the Bar and of the religious organizations of America.

Cablegrams from the St. Louis Merchants Exchange and from the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce, endorsing this message from Mohonk, were received and read to the Conference; others were received but could not be read.

The fact was stated in Conference, that, since January 1st of this year, through the activity of one man well-

known in America and not unknown to Europe, 122 audiences, composed of representative Americans, assembled in that number of cities, situated in twenty States and two Territories, and averaging about 1,000 persons, had enthusiastically voted for this plan and instructed the Mayor of the City to appoint a committee to send the resolution to the Representative of the District in Congress, to the Senators of the State, and to the President of the United States.

It is Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson who has made this movement so well known among the American people since the Session of the Interparliamentary Union at St. Louis, last September.

These unmistakable manifestations of approval by the masses of the people and by representatives of the Judiciary, the Bar, the Press, the Churches, and the business organizations of America, not only strengthened the American delegates, but profoundly impressed the European delegates.

When the council of war was held here before the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo, the city was in a turmoil of excitement.

Today the streets are streaming with people who have no idea of the true significance of what has happened.

But some day Brussels will be more famous for this Conference than Waterloo has been able to make it.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.



Views of an Igorrote Chief

BY FOMOALEY PONCI

[The genial exponent of the simple life who furnished the following article by talking through an interpreter to a representative of THE INDEPENDENT, was a large, plump Filipino whose age was probably forty-eight. He was clad in two necklaces, two bracelets, some tattoo marks and a loin cloth. He speaks no English and therefore only his ideas and statements of fact are given. In regard to figures he is quite impressionistic, "a thousand" representing any very large number. He is the leader of the band of Igorrotes who so delighted the crowds who visited Coney Island this summer.—EDITOR.]

I AM Chief Fomoaley, of the Bontoc Igorrotes, and I have come here with my people in order to show the white people our civilization. The white man that lives in our town asked me to come, and said that Americans were anxious to see us. Since we have been here great crowds of white people have come and watched us, and they seemed pleased.

We are the oldest people in the world. All others come from us. The first man and women—there were two women—lived on our mountains and their children lived there after them, till they grew bad and God sent a great flood that drowned them, all except seven, who escaped in a canoe and landed, after the flood went down, on a high mountain.

Three times a year our old men call the people together and tell them the old stories of how God made the world and then the animals, and lastly men. These stories have been handed down in that way from the very beginning, so that we know they are true. The white men have some stories, too, like that. Perhaps they

may have heard them from one of us. At any rate, they are wrong about some things. There was a white man who told us that the place where the canoe landed after the flood was a high mountain on the other side of the world, but we know better, because we can see the mountain from our town. It is close by us and always has been there, and our old men point it out when they tell the story.

I was born in a hut in that town. I don't remember my father. He was killed in battle when I was very small. I had four brothers and three sisters. We did no work except a little in the fields, where the rice and sweet potatoes grow, or getting fruit in the woods. I swam and ran and played with the other boys. We had small hatchets and spears and bolos made of wood, and we hunted animals and birds and fought each other.

When I grew up to be a man I went out and took a head, and then I got married.

Among our people a young man must have taken a head before he is made a

warrior. Our young women will not marry a man unless he has taken a head. We take the heads of our enemies. Sometimes these are the people of some other Igorrote town, sometimes they are the little black people who shoot with poisoned arrows, sometimes it may be some family that lives close by and has taken

I got my head among the black people by waiting near a spring until a man came to drink. I shouted, and he shot at me with arrows, but I caught them on my shield. Then I speared him and cut off his head with my bolo.

When I returned to my town I went straight to the house where the girl lived,



Two Bontoc Igorrote Warriors To the left Chief Fomoaley Ponci, and to the right Bolinget Ofool. They Both Have Tatooing on the Breast which Signifies That They Have Cut Off the Head of an Enemy.

a head from your family. We used to get heads from the Spaniards when they were in our island, but now they have gone away. The Americans don't like us to take heads, but what can we do? Other people take heads from us. We have always done it. The women won't marry our men if they do not take heads.

but she would not look at me till I showed her my head. That pleased her very much, because it showed that I was a warrior and could kill enemies. So we were married.

Soon after this there came a white man to Bontoc, who said that we must go and work for his people and give them things

—our buffalos, our rice and sugar cane and sweet potatoes. They were not going to do anything for us.

This white man was a Spaniard. Our chiefs laughed at him and said that they owed us things instead of us owing them. We were there for a thousand lives before the Spaniards came, and they were in our island yet. We never tried to make them pay.

The Spaniard went away angry, but came back soon with a thousand others to fight. And all the men of Bontoc went out to meet them.

Our town is far up in the mountains and there are no roads, only paths thru the woods, and the Spaniards could only come a few at a time. We waited for them in the narrow places and rolled stones down on them and killed plenty. Some others we killed with spears and some with bolos. They burned some of our houses and spoiled some of our fields, but they had to go away and we paid them nothing. We got nearly a hundred heads.

The Spaniards came again and burned more houses and spoiled more fields, but we killed more of them and they stopped coming.

We did not owe them anything; why should we pay what they call taxes? We were the owners of the island. We let the Spaniards come because there is plenty of room for everybody.

They caught a few Igorrotes and were very bad to them, whipping them to make them work. Some they whipped to death because our people will not work. They do not like it. God never meant us to work. That is why he makes our food and clothing grow all about us on the trees and bushes.

Our God is the great God who lives in the sky and shines through the sun. He makes our rice and sugar cane grow and looks out for us—he gives us the heads of our enemies. We have heard of the white man's God, but ours is better.

A long time ago, a white man all dressed in black came to our town and told us about the white man's God. He was small and fat. He could not run or jump, he could hardly walk and there was no hair on the top of his head. He

had a book with him and he told us many things that were in that book.

Our Chief asked if his God looked like him. He said "yes"; we did not think he could be a good looking God. We never saw our God, but he must be much better looking than that man was.

That man told us that God had a son who died for us, and that we ought to leave our God and go to him. But our Chief said: "We did not want him to die for us. We can die for ourselves."

No, we will be true to our own God, who has always been good to us. We never give him anything. How could a man give anything to God?

The fat white man told us that if we were very good and did what he said, we would go to the white man's heaven, up in the sky. He said that people there could fly like birds, but that they spent all their time singing praises of the white man's God.

We did not think we'd care to go there. Our own heaven, where the fruit is always ripe and the game is plenty, suits us far better.

The fat white man who told us about God and heaven was a Spaniard. He said that God had sent him to us but we didn't believe it. A man from our town had been among the Spaniards and he said that they told lies.

If the Spaniard's God is good, why did he not keep them out of our country. They cannot be good men or else they would not want to make us work for them and they would not try to kill us. When the Spaniards came to fight us they had guns that only went off in long times. They had to put something in at the top of the gun and poke it down with a stick before they could shoot.

We laughed at them; our spears were so much quicker.

The Americans came and drove the Spaniards away. They have guns that go bang-bang-bang-bang, as fast as a man can talk. They are our friends, for they do not burn our houses or kill our people or whip them to make them work. That is the reason why we are over here, because the American people are our friends and want to learn our civilization, so that they, too, will not have to work. Our civilization is so much older



Group of Igorrotes, Showing Village as a Background. This Group was Photographed at Luna Park, Coney Island.

than theirs that it is no wonder if they do not know some things.

The first American that came to our town made us laugh, tho we liked him. He was very kind and gave us many presents, and all he wanted in return was beetles and bugs and birds and bats and snakes. We watched to see if he would eat them, but he did not. He put them in boxes and bottles, and when he went away he had enough to load two buffaloes. He spent days watching the ants and bees.

The children of the place followed him, and he made us all laugh many times because he chased butterflies with a net on a long stick. He could run fast and caught many.

Some of our men who had been in the big city where the Americans live, said that the Americans often make themselves mad by things that they drank. They ran about the place shouting or fighting till they fell down asleep.

This man who came among us must have been mad, but he did no harm, so we liked to have him among us. When he could get any one to interpret for him he was always asking questions. He wanted to know all about our religion and about the animals in the forest. He had a book and a little stick that made a

black mark, and when we told him anything he made black marks in the book, and he said that these marks would always tell him what we had said. That was part of his madness.

One day he went to the chief with a paper on which he had been making a picture of the country, showing our town and the mountains. He wanted to know where the river went to after it left the mountains. The chief showed which way it went for a day's journey, but he wanted to know where it went after that. But the chief said:

"What does it matter where the river goes?"

He was very mad, for he said that the world is round and that the sun does not go round it. We know better than that, because we can see the sun moving, and besides our old men have told us the story of those things that has come down to us from the very beginning.

If he was not mad, why should he, a stranger, be troubled about where the river ran? It was not his river. It was our river, and if we did not care, what did it matter to him?

An American came to us about two years ago. He was a very good and kind man. He gave us plenty of beads

and looking-glasses and brass wire, and he wanted some men and women to go with him to America. He wanted enough to go with him to a place where all the American people were gathered, that they might build a village and show our ways of living. He got plenty of Bontoc men and women to go, and when they came back they had so many wonders to tell us that it took six of them three days and three nights, standing up before our people talking all the time, and then they said that they had forgotten or left out much.

They said that the Americans had small suns, so many that they could not be counted, and these made the whole country light on the darkest night. They said that the people traveled about in houses on wheels, and these houses went of themselves like flying birds with all the people in them. They told us that many of the Americans' houses were as tall as the tallest trees. We didn't think that was good, because who would want to climb a tree?

All the time that the travelers were

telling of the wonders that they had seen a great feast was going on in our town. it was the greatest feast ever heard of among us. The people of the other towns were all invited, One hundred and fifty buffaloes were killed for the feast, and there were pigs, goats and all sorts of fowls, as well as sweet potatoes, rice, fruit and nuts, and the chiefs ate twenty-five of the finest dogs.

The best dog is a male about four years of age. If he is healthy and fat there is nothing so good when roasted with sweet potatoes. Short-haired dogs are the best. We eat dogs when we are going to war because they make us fierce and help us to hear, see and smell well.

There was dancing every day while the big feast was going on, and the people that came from the other towns stayed for a week. When it was all over I went away from Bontoc with a lot more men and women to come to America to see all the wonders. It was the first time I had ever been more than a day's journey from Bontoc. We went thru the great forests, and it was very hot when we got down



Igorrotes in Characteristic Attitudes. The figure at the left is a tom tom beater. The one at the right is about to throw a spear, while the central figure shows a woman about to dance in American not Savage Costume. Photographed at Dreamland, Corey Island.

from the mountains. Up in our mountains it is cool, but in the valleys so hot that some of the people fall like dead.

There are no roads, but just thin paths thru the woods, and these are blocked with creepers that have thorns on them. The white men went very slowly; the thorns caught them and the creepers held them back as if they were big snakes. It made us laugh many times to see the way the white men tangled themselves up in the creepers. We were twenty days reaching the big water (130 miles), and then only half a day going the same distance in a fire canoe of the white men. We got to the big city of the white men where the Spaniards used to be, but where our friends, the Americans, now are.

We just had time to look at it and see that it was very wonderful when we had to go on a canoe that was as long as a man could run while he held three breaths. It was so big that it could have held all the people in our town. There were many people in it, and they lived all the time in different parts of that big canoe.

There was a place in the middle of it where a great fire burned all the time; a fire so great that it looked to me like the fire that is inside the burning mountain. I was afraid that it would burn us all up, but the white men knew how to shut it up.

It was this fire that made the canoe go. I don't know how, but that was the way. We went very fast all the time; just as fast at night as in the daytime. We never stopped at all. After the first day or two we saw no land. I would never have believed there was so much water. How could any man tell where we were going, yet our canoe rushed ahead all the time. There was a man up above who told the canoe where to go. But how did he know? For many days we saw no land, yet we kept on night and day. Even in dark nights when there was no moon or star we went on just as fast. We talked among ourselves, but we could not understand how the white men knew.

After a long time we came to America, and then we saw city after city, all packed with wonders. At every place the white people crowded about us

and stared as tho we looked very strange. We were carried for many days in houses that went on wheels and flew along like birds. And now it seemed as if the land would never end. We must have come nearly a hundred days' journey in a week. But at last we reached another big water again and then we stopped right on the shore of this great city of Coney Island, where there seems to be always feasting.

All about us there is always music, but it is not good music, not so good as ours.

Great crowds of people came to see us every day and we show them how we live. They are good people, but they do not look well. They all wear clothes, even the children. It is bad that any one should wear clothes, but much worse for the children. We pity them. They cannot be well, unless they leave their clothes off and let the wind and the sun get to their skins. Perhaps they are ashamed because they don't look well with their clothes off. They are thin and stooping and pale.

That is because they work so much. It is very foolish to work. Men who work hard do not live long.

Everything we want grows in the forest; we make our houses out of cane, rattan and leaves, our women weave our loin cloths, and we get our food from the trees and from the fields of rice and sweet potatoes and sugar cane.

Why cannot the Americans live like that? I would tell them about our ways if I could, because I feel sorry for them; they look sick and they should never put clothes on the children. If God had meant the children to wear clothes he would have clothed them himself.

Maybe many of the people cover themselves up because they know that they do not look well without clothes; they are too thin or too fat, or they are crooked. That is why the women hide their shapes, I suppose. But if they lived as our women do they would soon look as well as ours look. Our women by climbing about the mountains have large limbs and look handsome.

I have seen many wonders here, but we will not bring any of them home to Bontoc. We do not want them there.

We have the great sun and moon to

light us; what do we want of your little suns? The houses that fly like birds would be no good to us, because we do not want to leave Bontoc. When we go home there, we will stay, for it is the best place in all the world.

The most wonderful thing that I have seen here is the stick that you talk in and another man hears your voice a day's journey away. I have walked all

around and looked at the back, but I can't see how it does it. But we don't need that; we can call as far as we want to by pounding on a hollow tree with a club.

This is a fine country and I like all the people, but I am going back to Bontoc to stay there till I die. I don't know when I'll die; some people with us live to be very old—maybe, 300 years.

CONFY ISLAND, N. Y.



Däi Nipon

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Apart from all,
 "Child of the World's old age,"
 Heedful of naught beyond the billowy wall
 That closely girt her island hermitage,—
 She pondered still, with half-awakened look,
 The early lessons of the great World-book,
 Nor cared to turn the page.

But a new dread
 Possessed her. To invoke
 Aid of her gods she tried,—uncomforted
 That countless barrier-waves about her
 broke;
 And when, with bold command, in Yeddo bay
 A squadron anchored,—oh, prodigious day!—
 The Orient awoke.

Tho one long blind,
 At first, in fruitless quest
 Must grope her course, yet, with enlarging
 mind,
 She quickly clearer saw; and from her
 breast
 Sent forth brave sons—of her strange hunger
 taught—
 Who, one by one returning, to her brought
 The wisdom of the West.

Then we beheld,
 With awe and wonderment,
 Goliath by this stripling nation felled,
 Which—rising by no tedious ascent—
 Swift as the upward flight of wind-swept
 flame,
 Leapt from obscurity to dazzling fame,—
 Star of the Orient!

Yet has she won
 Sublimar victories,
 Who, high enlightened all excess to shun,
 Has not exacted final penalties,
 Nor forced a brave and fallen foe to drain
 Humiliation's brimming cup of pain,
 Down to the poisoned lees.

In lieu of things
 Ephemeral—less worth,
 She has revealed the sweep of her strong
 wings:
 Has gained the suffrage of the grateful
 earth;
 Choosing to give herself, as war departs,—
 Destructive war,—to the enduring Arts,
 Which were her own at birth.

This is her Day!
 War-clouds no longer lower
 Above her, in her sun's resplendent ray
 Revealed,—as wise as dread: for not that
 hour
 When, once impregnable, Port Arthur fell,
 Nor that of which a vanished fleet might tell,
 So loud proclaimed her power!

O, great Japan!
 Who, staying griefs appalling,
 Hast shown thyself magnanimous to man,—
 The World, that long has felt thy charm en-
 thralling,
 Has laid full many laurels on thy brow;
 But with a new, diviner accent now
 She hears the East a-calling!

GERMANTOWN, PA.



The Need of Leadership in Unions

BY HENRY WHITE

[It will be remembered that Mr. White was until recently the leader of the United Garment Workers of America, one of the most important labor organizations of the country. His views on union leadership, however, were the cause of his resigning his position just previous to the general strike in the garment industry described in the following article.—EDITOR.]

THE impression which the serious reverses suffered by the unions of late creates is that of a mass moving along without direction, impelled by its wants and feelings and indifferent to the fast-gathering opposition. 'The labor war about ended in Chicago, which plunged the second largest city into a turmoil comparable only to the railway strike of '94, was precipitated by a strike of nineteen tailors employed by Montgomery Ward & Co.

This tailor strike was part of a general strike for the closed shop begun in December in the custom branch of the clothing trade of that city. The local Federation of Labor decided to force a settlement through the formidable teamsters' union, and concentrate its power against the Ward firm because of its large business in general merchandise.

On April 6th the teamsters employed struck. This proving ineffective, the attempt was made to isolate the firm by stopping the delivery of goods. Wherever firms sought to deliver supplies of any kind the truckmen quit work, and the ban in turn was put upon such firms. The strike spread to the principal dry-goods houses and soon over four thousand men were involved. So intense was the feeling that several thousand public school children left their studies when coal was delivered by non-union drivers. The local leaders threatened to call out the union men of all trades, and a paralysis of the city's business seemed imminent. The local Employers' Association took up 'the cause of the firms affected and deter-

mined to establish the open shop in the teaming business. A trucking company with a large capital was formed to compete with the team owners who were in alliance with the unions.

What is significant is that the strike was declared, according to C. P. Shea, the leader, at a meeting attended by only thirty-five members. An action fraught with such consequences to the union cause was thus taken without interference on the part of the union chiefs. When the strike was apparently lost, Mr. Gompers appeared and offered to mediate.

This sympathetic strike was the outgrowth of the strikes inaugurated in the clothing trade in New York in June, 1904, and involving over 40,000 workers. The officers of the United Garment Workers of America were agreed as to the inadvisability of the strikes when proposed. The members believing the existence of the union threatened by the open shop resolutions adopted by the National Employers' Association, and incited by the philippics of the union leaders against the open shop, voted to strike. The general secretary, after all suasion failed, tendered his resignation, to take effect upon the declaration of the strike. His associates yielded to the demand of the lay membership and a strike was precipitated which brought a prosperous national union to the verge of ruin—one which, perhaps better than any other, demonstrated what unionism could do to uplift a body of workers so unfortunately situated.

What is especially noteworthy is that

the disastrous outcome of the New York strike did not deter the unions in Chicago, St. Louis and Boston from entering upon similar contests under like circumstances and the officers who, contrary to their judgment, sanctioned the first strike, permitted the others to take place although vested with ample authority to prevent them. The executive officers of the American Federation of Labor, also, while realizing the futility of the strikes and expressing their disapproval privately, made no effort to dissuade the members from their ill-fated course. The general secretary was urged by President Gompers to return to his post and yield to the decision of the majority whether "right or wrong." According to the highest authority in the unions, therefore, it is the duty of an executive officer to do the members' bidding, even tho in his opinion it will lead to certain defeat, instead of standing his ground with the hope of averting disaster.

The strike in March of the five thousand subway and elevated railway employees in New York was a repetition in its main features of the others. A few days after the strike was ordered, the heads of the three national bodies having jurisdiction over the men, repudiated responsibility for the strike for the reason given that it violated a contract with the Interborough Company. As this strike was meditated for some months, during which time the officials mentioned were often consulted, it is not apparent, therefore, how their responsibility for this calamitous occurrence can be evaded. Before the crisis came their good offices as members also of the National Civic Federation, of which August Belmont, president of the Company, is chairman, were sought. The fact, therefore, that, with their intimate knowledge of the circumstances preceding the strike, they did not assert their authority to prevent it, points out again in a most striking manner the cardinal weakness of the unions, and incidentally casts much light upon the manner in which strikes are entered into. No one can doubt that with their moral influence alone, had they taken as firm a stand before the strike as they did when it was evident that it had failed,

this distressing affair would not have occurred.

In pleasing contrast to these occurrences is the action of John Mitchell, by which the threatened strike in the soft coal fields in January, 1904, was averted. Before the general vote was taken on the proposition Mr. Mitchell announced his intention of resigning in the event of the decision being favorable to the strike. The resolution was narrowly defeated. Had Mr. Mitchell been less resolute and his sense of responsibility less keen, an industrial war in all probability would have been inaugurated that would have greatly exceeded in disastrous effects the anthracite strike and the union cause might have suffered a staggering blow.

Every strike reveals how much the outcome is due to the quality of the leadership. Who will doubt that the success of the most significant labor uprisings in recent history, namely, the dock strike in England and the anthracite coal strike in this country were primarily due to the leadership of John Burns and John Mitchell, respectively? There are unions which owe their character to leaders, a conspicuous example being the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, of which the late Chief Arthur was the guiding spirit. Yet leadership is presumed to be incompatible with the democratic purpose of unionism. The very democracy of the union curiously enough becomes its stumbling block, not because of democracy but rather owing to the manner in which the principle is applied. Workingmen wholly without administrative experience and accustomed to being directed have suddenly thrust upon them questions of vast concern requiring quick decision. It is supposed that they are qualified for this responsibility because of the virtue and wisdom which reside in the members.

The union constitutions inspired by men of extreme democratic views provide every safeguard for keeping the power in the hands of the membership. Some unions, as for instance the Typographical and Cigarmakers' international unions, even select the officers by referendum vote. In the matter of form, at least, labor unions have gone furthest in the direction of democracy, and perhaps no other single institution does more to

develop democratic sentiment in the nation. Yet in practice, the officers manage to have as much sway as in other organized bodies, only their authority is indirectly obtained and in consequence their responsibility is less.

The union's democracy becomes a sort of shield by which the officials are enabled when convenient to dodge responsibility and shift it upon the rank and file. While not loath, ordinarily, to assume authority, yet, when a crisis occurs, they presume to show much deference to the wishes of the majority and assume the *rôle* of its "servant," in the sense of a mere agent. If, perchance, disaster follow the union's action, he is, of course, not to blame, as, forsooth, he was simply carrying out the will of the members; but if victory should result, he will not be found backward in claiming the credit.

Unions suffer from the same mock democracy which is characteristic of our political system. Apparently the people govern in all things, but, in reality, it is the forms of self-government which are largely gone thru. Were the officers chosen with a full knowledge of their power, a better class would in all probability be selected. This may explain to an extent why local government is more satisfactory in Europe than here. Owing to the inability of large numbers to participate in the details of government, they are obliged to delegate authority to leaders. In this way the mass makes up for its deficiencies. Its capacity for self-government is measured, therefore, by its ability to choose capable leaders. The extreme application of the democratic principle defeats the purpose of democracy.

No matter what the theory upon which the union is founded, the fact is that its fate is in a large measure in the keeping of the chief. The militant side of the union cannot be overlooked. To become an economic factor it must adopt methods that will make it effective as a fighting force. Even political parties formed to uphold democratic principles find it necessary, in order to cope with opposing parties, to invest discretionary authority in the hands of the managers. Their choice being between ineffectiveness and the risk of bossism, they choose the latter. The union, despite its ideals,

would have no existence were it not for its practical purpose. It is the prospect of immediate benefits that chiefly induces workmen to join, and they naturally look to the leaders for results.

Leadership does not preclude majority rule, but it does modify it, to the extent of the body requiring the approval of the officials in matters of an executive nature, as in case of a proposed strike. Unquestionably the members should pass upon its desirability. The corrupt and despotic manner in which union power has been used in the case of Sam Parks and his successor, Wensheimer, prove that. The power to order any one on strike without his consent would be tyranny. As, however, it is impossible for the members to know all the circumstances attending a proposed strike, it would be the part of wisdom for them to obtain the sanction of the officials, who by virtue of their positions are able to form a competent opinion. For that reason it is essential that the responsible heads be clothed with the veto power. The necessity for such checks, the members themselves in calmer moments—and particularly after a defeat—recognize, and they adopt constitutional safeguards to secure deliberation and delay. Many unions make strikes subject to the indorsement of the local and national executive boards, yet when the members are aroused they straightway ignore their own precautions. Then the need for independent-minded officials becomes apparent to oppose the clamor and enforce the sober judgment of the membership.

The peculiarity of masses of men is to press on, moved by their immediate wants, until checked. It is not to be supposed that workingmen will display greater sagacity than most people—to forego what is seemingly within their reach for the sake of remoter and larger ends. The mass cannot for that reason correct its course unaided by those who by reason of their station command a broader prospect. If history has taught anything, it is that great numbers cannot direct themselves, that upon a few falls the responsibility of finding the new way.

The quality which should distinguish the leader of today, as shown by the events narrated, is the courage to advise

and stand firmly against the impulsiveness of the members. The benefits of unionism have become so evident that workingmen now organize without much urging. The movement has gained a momentum so great that the chief difficulty consists in keeping it in check. Self-restraint is the unions' evident need, and to that restraint the leader must contribute most. A prominent unionist known for his scathing denunciations of David M. Parry and his employers' association told the writer confidentially that if it were not for the fear Mr. Parry inspired and the counter-pressure of his movement, the members could not be restrained. He depended, like his compeers, upon the opponents rendering a service, but at the risk of the union's destruction, that he could and should perform himself.

What the occasion demands also is a type of labor official sensitive to the responsibilities of his calling, as distinguished from the partisan or special pleader with a vision confined only to the union claims. The latter has accomplished his mission. His intensity of purpose and extreme methods were needed to arouse the stolid mass into resistance to unjust conditions. As such he rendered an invaluable service, but this class of leader must now make way for one who, while seeking every possible advantage for his people, has a conception likewise of the limitations of business.

Another serious aspect to this lack of personal responsibility of union representatives is the effect upon the employer. An employer is not so much averse to the union as he is to dealing with an aggregation of men not conscious of responsibility for their acts as a body. He insists upon treating with the agent of the union as he would the agent of a business concern. He expects him to be able to carry out any understanding or agreement, and insists upon the representative holding his constituents to the terms of a bargain. With the rank and file he does not want to deal, and unless he has confidence in the willingness and ability of the union official to control the membership, he would rather submit to great losses than make a concession, believing that such a con-

cession would be regarded as a sign of weakness and an evidence of his capacity to make further concessions. Where, therefore, a union has established a reputation for responsibility, it has acquired an invaluable asset.

Union leadership today means vastly more than it did a decade ago. The unions have no longer separate employers to contend with, each looking out for himself and reluctant to risk the loss incident to a strike, but closely federated employers actuated by a common policy, ready to suffer great losses in order to maintain it. Guerrilla tactics will no longer suffice. The generalship on the employers' side must be matched with like generalship. The consequences of a strike are so grave as to make diplomacy an essential element. It is the reserve strength of the union, the probable rather than the actual results of a strike which the modern leader must look to for results.

The leader can no longer turn to account the rivalry between individual employers. Owing to the advantage a dispute with the union afforded competitors, the employer was made by the union leaders a whip to drive the workers into line. And so with only a nucleus for a union the membership was often built up and kept in control. The growing strength of the open shop movement has made such artificial aids impracticable.

A leader is wanted to give the union a turn in an economic direction to guide it away from a course obviously in conflict with industrial progress. The unions, left to their own resources, will naturally oppose to an ever-greater degree anything which tends to disturb the particular group they represent, no matter how much society may be benefited.

To divert the union from its dangerous course there must be leaders with the foresight to point out the consequences of an uneconomic act and make clear that restrictions upon the output, if such a policy could succeed, must eventually tend to reduce the workers' earning power; that instead, the members should direct their efforts toward securing a just share of an ever-enlarging product.

The rapid evolution of industry, the

counter-movement of employers, the expansion of the union movement and the larger social responsibility it begets call for leaders of statesmen-like qualities.

So high are the requirements and so acute the need for competent leadership as to make the future of the trade unions insecure.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Scandinavian Crisis: Monarchy or Republic?

BY JOHN LUND

[The author of the following paragraphs is one of the veteran statesmen of Norway. He was President of the Lagting, or Lower House of the Norwegian Parliament, from 1893 to 1900; he is Vice-President of the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament, which awards annually the Nobel Peace Prize; he is Director of the Norwegian Board of Customs, and Director of the Bergen Bank of Norway.—EDITOR.]

WILL Norway become a Republic or continue to be a Kingdom? That is the question asked me. My reply is that if the Norwegian people were to vote on the subject, I feel sure that the majority would pronounce for the Republic. But for the moment, the nation is bound to await the final reply to the request made by the Norwegian Government and Parliament, asking King Oscar to permit one of his sons to mount the Norwegian throne. I ought to add, however, that this invitation is scarcely more than an act of courtesy to the aged monarch. When a final answer is made to this overture, the question of Monarchy or Republic can then be taken up by the Norwegian people.

For the last five or six hundred years, during which time we have been in a Union, first with Denmark and later with Sweden, our kings have always resided in the sister State. So we have really seen very little of monarchy. On this account, and especially since our union with Sweden, which dates from 1814, political power in our land has been more and more absorbed by our Parliament. Thus, on one occasion, when Parliament considered the King was not ruling legally and in accordance with the constitution, it did not hesitate to reduce his yearly appanage. Then it deprived him of the absolute veto power; and so it went on till the Norwegian King had become only a sort of decorative figure-head, all real power having passed into the hands of our Parliament.

So recently, when King Oscar II. would not respect and rule according to the Norwegian constitution, our Parliament simply acted in its usual independent fashion; and when he could find no ministers to assume the responsibility for his having rejected the consular bill voted by our Parliament, why this body simply dethroned him. Then as an act of courtesy, as I have already said, we offered the throne to one of his family. As is well known, King Oscar has referred this proposal to the Swedish Parliament, which has not yet given its opinion in the matter.

Thus it will be seen from what has been said that the monarchical institution has long ago played out its part in Norway, and if it should happen that in the end, we should decide to give it another trial, this act will be due more to the fact that we are face to face with surrounding powerful monarchies than that the monarchical idea awakens any special sympathy among the Norwegian people.

Another consideration favorable to the monarchical solution of the difficulty is found in the fact that if we decide to take a king, our Parliament can settle the matter in accordance with the constitution just as the constitution stands; whereas, if we conclude to establish the Republic, our constitution will have to be modified, after the voice of the whole people has been heard on the question.

BERGEN, NORWAY, September, 1905.



The Royal Carriage in which Lieutenant Isobe Escorted Mr. Fujioka and the Author to Chuzan.

Liaoyang

BY J. H. DE FOREST

Special Representative of THE INDEPENDENT in the Far East.

RIDING on a slow freight train from Niuchwang to the north, one sees on the left the broad prairies of the Liao River, where grows that famous *kowliang* which figured largely in the Liaoyang battles, and on the right the low range of treeless mountains that used to be the shore of a great inland sea. But being on a continuous battlefield two hundred miles long, one thinks little of the exceedingly fertile prairies. It is the near mountains and hills converted into forts and cut in every direction with trenches of defense and offense, and on which you could see whole acres whitened with the cartridge papers of recent fights, and spotted with occasional pieces of Russian and Japanese uniform, that command one's undivided attention.

At last the train approaches Liaoyang, skirting the western foot of Mt. Shuzan (spelled Chuzan by

some), four miles south of the city. This is the last of the series of hills that curve around the south and west of the great walled city. Kuropatkin had strongly fortified them all, but as Shuzan

was the key to the city on the southern side, it was here that one of the desperate struggles took place, and therefore it was the one place above all that I desired to visit. Colonel Kawamura, the military administrator of the captured city, kindly provided us with the best of Chinese carts, and guided by Lieutenant Isobe we started for the battlefield.

On our way across the plain we stopped at one of the earthworks, a low fortification braced with lumber and furnished with bomb-proof holes. Here I saw for the first time those barbarous and deadly wire entanglements stretched over contiguous holes in the bottom of which were sharpened stakes to impale those who



J. H. De Forest, who writes: "As I was at the close of my Manchurian trip."

might fall into them. I saw at Port Arthur any amount of wire entanglements, but I saw no holes. These deserve special notice, for they are not only what the Chinese call "tiger traps," they are absolutely inhuman and savage man-traps. As the soil is alluvial, holes can be dug with almost perpendicular walls six feet deep and in rows so close that the earth between them is but a few inches wide. If you place three rows of drinking glasses as close together as possible you have on a small scale an exact reproduction of these holes. Now cover these tiger traps with barbed wire stretched on posts about a foot above the holes, then add a deep trench just behind which is the fort with its machine guns and sharpshooters, and how is it possible that an attacking body can run across the plain under fire, and then within a dozen rods of the fort tear up the wire nets, get across that treacherous belt of holes, enter the open trench and take by assault the steep fortifications? Lieutenant Isobe stood there in silence, looking at where so many of his comrades had perished, and then I heard him exclaim, "I don't see how they did it!"

But what we were looking at was really small work compared with what was done at the base of Shuzan. When we reached the belt of holes there, we found long sections of them filled ap-

parently with earth, but the lieutenant said they were filled with the dead of Oku's army. Three times his troops charged that fatal belt only to be shot down in heaps by the Russians in the trenches close by. Lieut.-General Burnett of the English army told me that when Napoleon made such a deadly charge it was his custom to give the survivors three months for regaining confidence in themselves before using them again, but General Oku made three successive charges here, but was repulsed with frightful loss, and when the hopelessness of it impressed him, he sent to headquarters for instructions and was told to keep it up, regardless of cost. So he ordered the fourth assault, which was successful simply because Kuroki's army, that had crossed 140 miles of mountains from the Yalu River and had driven the Russians before him all that distance, had made a flank movement on the north-east of the city, and this had compelled Kuropatkin to make immediate retreat. So when Oku's devoted men, who like all Japanese troops refuse no command though it seems certain death and even useless death, too, charged the manholes, there were no Russians in the opposite trenches to shoot them down. The whole Russian army was on the go towards the rear, eager to get across the Taitz River and away from Liaoyang.



The Unbroken Western Wall of Liaoyang.

Kuropatkin does what the Japanese never do, he plans for a retreat. The conspicuous proof of it here is the broken walls of the city. Liaoyang is two miles square, surrounded by a wall thirty feet high and about as broad at the top. There is only one narrow gateway on each side, wholly inadequate for the movement of troops. So Kuropatkin had wide breaches made in those historic walls on purpose that his troops might be able to retreat rapidly. The broken places have since been partially filled with sandbags.

It must have been common talk among the officers that retreat would sooner or later be in order. For the Russian railroad engineer, who resided in the well built brick house in which I was afterwards entertained for nearly a week, remarked to Dr. Westwater* shortly before the battle, "When Oyama comes, present him this house with my compliments." How an educated man of recognized official standing could talk thus flippantly over the prospective defeat of his own Russian army is a marvel, and an index of the lack of patriotic spirit.

The lack of confidence between the Russian soldiers and their officers, of which so much has been written, is illustrated by the part the *kowliang* played in the battle. Colonel Kawamura told me that he swung his regiment around on the west among this dense twelve foot millet that covered the plains. Tho he rode his horse he could see nothing, and had no means of knowing where he might meet the enemy. When at last he emerged, it was to find himself in the center of a strong Russian position, where he had to fight with fearful odds until the whole Russian line was in full retreat. The Russians never put their troops into the *kowliang* at all, lest they should desert, or disappear without fight-



One of the Breaches in the Northern Wall thru which the Russians Retreated. Now partly filled with sandbags.

ing. This eight days' battle, continuous night and day, however, has been vividly described by many who witnessed it, and so I will pass on to other things.

The most profoundly impressive sight in Liaoyang was the hospital work consequent upon the Mukden battles. From March 1st to April 4th 53,070 sick and wounded, of which 2,547 were Russians, were treated in the series of hospital buildings around the station. Trains after trains came night and day with their depressing loads of victims, and tho the Japanese army is always prepared for such emergencies, it caused a severe strain on the whole medical staff.

When I went to the central hospital at the appointed time I found the entire staff of surgeons assembled. One of them apologized for asking me to wait half an hour, since they were all going to the funeral services of one of their number. I replied that I had attended many funerals of soldiers in Sendai, and

* A Scotch missionary of twenty-five years in Liaoyang, honored by Chinese, Russians and Japanese—a noble character.



The Bomb Proof Holes in an Earthwork Two Miles South of Liaoyang.

if they would permit I should be pleased to express by my presence the sympathy of an American. So they took me to the morgue, where a temporary altar was erected, before which three Buddhist priests were waiting in canonicals. Around the inner square stood the surgeons, while the nurses and Red Cross contingent formed the outer square. The priests chanted in unison a portion of their burial service, then one stepped forward and read from their sacred writings, after which three personal friends of the dead read their "Words of Condolence" before the bier. I noticed in these eulogies that the deceased was a man of remarkable devotion and self-sacrifice. Then followed the usual advance of the friends one by one to burn incense and make the parting bow. As I stood among the surgeons I was invited to take my turn in burning incense and saluting the dead; but as that act, even tho I had no objection to

it, has no meaning to me, it flashed into my mind to step forward and raise with both hands a little silk flag of the United States that I carried in my pocket, and thus reverently express my own and as far as I could the sympathy of our nation.

It was a very novel substitution, but it won the hearts of the surgeons and nurses and priests, too. One of the priests brought me a box of war cakes such as the Japanese delight in: by dissolving them in hot water the flag of the Rising Sun floats victoriously, while the Russian war ship goes to the bottom. The surgeons not only showed me all I could see in the hospitals, but they asked me to be photographed with a chloroformed patient undergoing a severe operation, and tho I have seen blood I had to keep my eyes away from the deep gash in his thigh. They photographed me also in the midst of the sick and wounded. They even asked me to be taken with an open Bible in my hand among the corpses at the

morgue as if speaking a word of comfort there. Finally they begged for some written message that could be printed with this photograph and given to all the patients. So I wrote the following:

"These men are not dead. In giving their lives for their noble Emperor and their Island Empire they made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of righteousness and humanity. And I, an American, standing by these silent forms, reverently honor their courage and loyalty, and rejoice in the splendid victories they helped to win. These men will live, not only in the memory of their own people, but in the history of the world's progress. Their deeds will hasten the age of peace between the East and West. I call to mind the great words of the Christ: "He that loseth his life shall find it."

I was deeply touched by the uniform kindness and unselfish work of the medical staff. Much is printed about the Japanese soldier, but comparatively little is said about the surgeons. Dr. Hayakawa told me that Dr. Kubo was a strong,

healthy man in January when he joined the Liaoyang hospitals, but when that rush of 53,000 sick and wounded came, he could not take any time for sleep, saying that the lives of those men depended on his exertions. Of course something happens to such self-forgetful men, and in this case it was the fatal *kakke*. For nearly a month he clung to his arduous duties in spite of increasing fever, when suddenly his life went out. On my return to Japan, knowing how much any relic is prized, I sent to his widow the little flag as a token of a stranger's sympathy.

funeral of Dr. Kubo and heard their farewell words, I realized as never before the greatness and unselfishness of the work of the surgeons of the Japanese army. Their ability, too, is unquestioned, as can readily be inferred from the fact that there had been only 365 deaths among those 53,000 patients.

By the time I reached Liaoyang I had heard and seen enough of the conduct of the soldiers to have a definite opinion of their morale. In the half hour interview that His Excellency Count Katsura, the Premier, kindly gave me, he wished me



Two Rows of Tiger Holes, over which Barbed Wire is Stretched. Two Miles South of Liaoyang, in the Kow-liang, and so Invisible until the Japanese came right onto them. Taken by Dr. Westwater immediately after the Battle, Sept. 6th, 1904.

I have seen thousands upon thousands of sick and wounded in the hospitals of Sendai, on transports and Red Cross ships in the waters between Japan and China, in hospitals and on trains in Manchuria. Yet because there was a smile on so many faces, I failed to perceive how great their sufferings were. But when I visited the severely wounded in the Liaoyang hospitals and saw the effects of prolonged pain that had erased all smiles, I realized the great sacrifices made. When I stood with the surgeons at the

to look carefully into the condition of the army and write up the bad as well as the good. Perhaps a paragraph comparing the two armies may not be unfair.

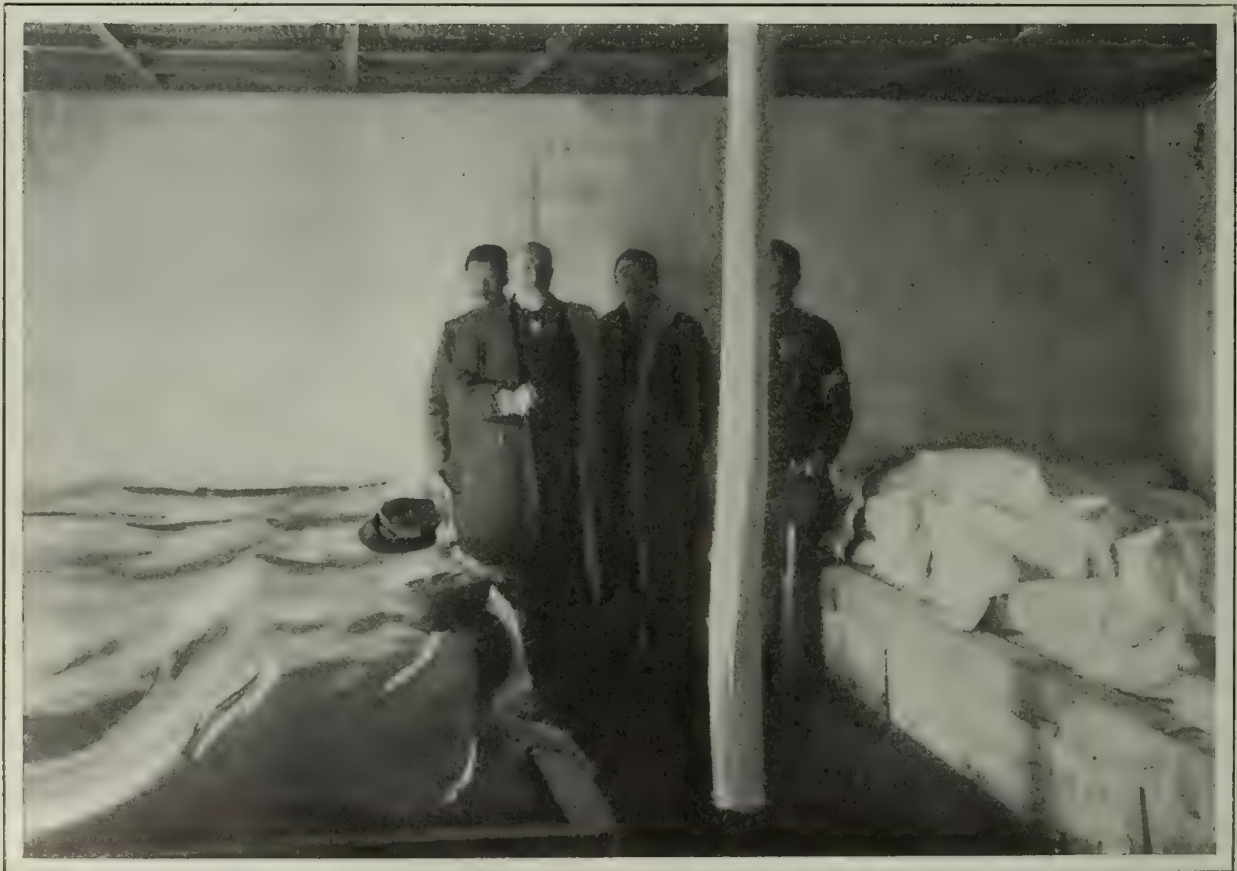
I do not like to write down the Russians, for I know there are many splendid men among them. Yet I heard too many stories of brutality for which their officers must be held responsible. I was shown photographs that came from Marshal Oyama of flattened bullets that had been extracted from the wounds of Japanese. The use of these cruel dum-



In the Midst of the Sick and Wounded at Liaoyang with Dr. Hayakawa.

dum bullets is condemned by the civilized world, yet Russians were using them to some extent. Scores of stories of Rus-

sians stabbing and braining the wounded are told not only by Japanese officers who saw the deeds done or afterwards



In the Midst of the Dead at Liaoyang, April 7th, 1905.

saw the mutilated corpses, but also by such war correspondents as Palmer. Lieutenant Futami, who had been in twenty battles, told me not so much in indignation as in sorrow and astonishment, that in the Mukden battles he was wretchedly fooled by a squad of some twenty Russians coming towards them waving a Japanese flag, followed by about a hundred more with a white flag. So he at once unhesitatingly sent out a small detachment of men with an officer

several instances of Chinese women being violated by Japanese soldiers. Of course they stole chickens and pigs, a custom that all armies have rather sanctioned.

But I doubt whether any cases of mutilation of the dead, any use of bullets other than the inch long slender steel bullet which is a trifle smaller than the regular Russian one, any wanton firing on the Red Cross, any inhuman treatment of prisoners, or any use of flags of



The main railroad 2 feet wide from Antung into the mountainous region towards Liaoyang. The tiny cars are 4 feet by 6. This vast transport system in this region would fare hard, but for the United States, for all this railroad truck came from America.

and interpreter to meet them. The interpreter was instantly killed and five others were wounded, while behind the white flag a Russian brigade loomed up and made a fierce assault. I heard similar stories at every place I visited. Undoubtedly there were instances of brutality on the Japanese side. Two Japanese soldiers came very near taking the life of the great and good Dr. Westwater with their bayonets while trying to loot his premises. The French priest in Liaoyang was also looted. I heard of

truce for purposes of treacherous attack, will be discovered against the Japanese. I have been with critics of the Japanese soldiers, but I have never heard any serious charges of treachery and brutality. Indeed the record is badly one sided in all that makes war a hell, while it is exceptional in favor of the humanitarian spirit of the soldiers of Japan taken as a whole. In other words, there is order of a very high grade in the Japanese army. Again and again I heard of the regular moral teaching that is given the soldiers

before and after battles and under every new situation. They are warned against any self-congratulations and swelled head over their victories. They have the best teaching their officers can give them, and the best example of officers who sincerely try to live up to their teachings. While writing this paragraph, a letter comes from an officer at the front with these words: "I am educating my company with the compositive soul of Christ and of Japan (Bushido). My men are in good health, doing heavy work every day. And they are faithful about their profession, glad to work for the Emperor and for their nation."

This was the spirit I found wherever I went, among the generals as well as among the lieutenants. One general, on being told of some instances of the violation of Chinese women, did not smile and say it was to be expected, but in sorrow he said he did not see how it was possi-

ble with all all the instructions earnestly given and with every precaution that could be taken. There is evil in every army. I saw Japanese soldiers frequently strike the Chinese coolies with whips. I heard of a few instances of trial by torture. But when the Chinese fault finders were asked, "Is it as bad as it would be were Chinese soldiers here instead of the Japanese?" they every time said it was not so bad. Where spies abound and the safety of strategical plans is involved, torture with a people who live under the system is not to be absolutely condemned. I know of instances in our own army during the Civil War of forty years ago, and everybody knows what happened in the Philippines under our army officers a few years ago. Take it all in all, the Japanese army is clean, physically, financially, and in my judgment it is morally on as high a plane as has ever been attained by any army.

LIAOYANG, MANCHURIA.



Above the Battle

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

HONOR and pity for the smitten field,
 The valorous ranks mown down like precious corn,
 Whose want must famish love morn after morn,
 Till Death, the good physician, shall have healed
 The craving and the tearspent eyelids sealed.
 Proud be the homes that for each cannon-torn,
 Encrimsoned rampart have been left forlorn;
 Holy the knells o'er fallen patriots pealed.

But they, above the battle, throng a space
 Of starry silences and silver rest.
 Commingled ghosts, they press like brothers through
 White, dove-winged portals, where one Father's face
 Atones their passion, as the ethereal blue
 Serenes the fiery glows of east and west.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

Good and Evil of College Fraternities

[In submitting the following article the author, who is a graduate of a great Middle Western State University, writes: "I wish it to be anonymous. Were my name and fraternity known some persons would say I felt as I did because I belonged to the fraternity I did. They would say all was well in all the other fraternities, etc. But they are all alike save in minor differences."—EDITOR.]

A YEAR ago a discussion of the expediency of the college Greek letter fraternity would have seemed almost as academic as a discussion of the expediency of the British kingship. While many possess doubts as to the justification of the kingship and look upon its ultimate abolishment as certain, they regard this consummation as too remote to be the occasion of any present agitation. While many collegians look upon the abolishment of fraternities as desirable and possible, they have not believed it is likely to happen at many colleges. Discussions of the virtues and vices of these organizations have become little more than exercises in dialectics, seldom of practical intent in any more important contingency than the attempt to influence some freshman and his parents debating over proffered membership. Within the year, however, a movement has begun which will at least bring the fraternity question into active discussion and force the fraternities to defend their reputation, if not their right to exist.

Inhibited by faculties, opposed by fellow-students even to the point of personal violence, included in the anathema pronounced by the general public in the anti-Masonic days against all oath-bound societies, the pioneer fraternities in the twenties and thirties led a precarious existence. Without much more of a definite purpose than the fun of being mysterious, so delightful to a generation which enjoyed Ann Radcliffe, these societies speedily had imitators, which, extending the number of fraternity men, weakened opposition of the students, and fraternity alumni becoming members of the faculties, opposition declined there, all while the fraternities were changing from hidden cliques to actual brotherhoods. The anti-Masonic agitation dying away, the opposition of the public ceased.

Spreading during the forties from the original seat in New York and New Eng-

land into the South and then the West and giving rise to yet other orders there, the fraternities in those sections encountered the charge that they were undemocratic. They were. In the forties and fifties they had to exist *sub-rosa*, if they were to exist at all, in most of the Western colleges and many of the Southern. That the charge of aristocracy and narrowness was not made against them in the East at this time may be seized upon by some as an indication of a lack of the democratic spirit. The truth is that in general they were not undemocratic in the East, nor are the contemporary chapters of the region open to the charge in the degree that Western and Southern chapters are. At Bowdoin and Colby, often the whole student body is enrolled in the fraternities. At Wesleyan and Trinity, nearly all belong, and at some of the other New England and New York colleges the percentage of fraternity men runs so high as eighty-five. At Harvard the four or five fraternities are completely overshadowed by local clubs, and at Yale the idiosyncratic system does away with many of the objective disadvantages and many of the subjective advantages. It is at the minority of the Eastern colleges that the system becomes aristocratic thru enrolling percentages of from but forty to sixty. In the South, the percentage in rare instances exceeds or reaches fifty, and in the West is seldom so high as forty, is more often twenty than forty, and often still lower. Where the percentage of fraternity men is small the purely social idea prevails, the man's tailor is a prominent factor in his eligibility, real personal worth tends to be disregarded, the literary and educational side of the chapter is not strongly developed. We understand, then, why the fraternities are so generally lauded in the East, while in the West and South they have been so often forbidden by faculties and even by State law. This brings up the question of their legal right to live, perhaps not entirely pertinent to a

discussion of their moral right, yet of interest in itself and beyond that as regards the possibility of abolishing them by other than suasion, should abolishment be found desirable.

The Supreme Courts of California and Indiana have decided that they cannot be forbidden in State universities, that a college regulation to such effect discriminates against a "class of citizens" and is unconstitutional. This in response to suits brought by students at the University of California and Purdue University, the State scientific institution of Indiana, the legislature having forbidden fraternities at the University of California, the trustees at Purdue. The decisions stated that the fact of fraternity membership should be no more recognized by the faculty than Masonic membership is recognized by civil authorities. Yet after this decision, the State universities of Illinois and Missouri banned fraternities for periods of ten and twenty years, and even now various State universities deal with them as bodies instead of individuals, overlooking the fact, often deeply resented by non-fraternity students, that to recognize them even to punish them is recognition and becomes the basis of demands for privileges. It is of course apparent that private colleges can deal with them as they please, that State law can neither prohibit nor protect them in private colleges any more than it can interfere with conditions of membership imposed by churches.

Some four or five years ago, an anti-fraternity movement was started in the University of Arkansas and a league formed that extended to many Southern colleges, State and denominational. In Arkansas, the league succeeded in securing the passage of a law banishing fraternities from the State university, forbidding fraternity men to hold faculty positions, and fraternity students from receiving any university honor, this second redundant provision intending to cover fraternity men initiated before their chapters were dispersed and who came from other colleges. Yet the fraternities continue to exist; some of them even own chapter houses. The faculty elects to consider that the honors forbidden the fraternity men shall mean of-

fice above first lieutenant in the university battalion! The Attorney General has pronounced the law unconstitutional, but it remains on the statute book, which suits the anti-fraternity element, and is ignored, which suits the fraternity element. In Mississippi, the work of the league resulted in a law banishing fraternities, but this was rescinded by the same session which passed it, leaving the fraternities operating under onerous restrictions, but still alive.

It is customary, in repelling criticisms of the fraternity system, to recount, as I have done, somewhat of the opposition the system has encountered and the way it has triumphed, presumably proving that opposition to it was founded upon ignorance and vanished when the real character and aims of the system became thoroughly realized. Oberlin and Princeton are now the only important colleges that forbid fraternities, and, save in the non-essential matter of a Greek name, Princeton's clubs are indistinguishable from fraternities.

Today the majority of the fraternity chapters occupy houses, and if they do not in all instances own the house, it is safe to say they are accumulating funds to purchase or build. The chapter-house feature is made much of by the educators who commend fraternities. Managing the house gives the members both a sense of responsibility and business experience. The discipline acquired in adjusting your temper to that of the other members of the common household is valuable, the necessity of managing some of your mates teaches tact. In the matter of "rushing," as the campaign for new members is called, you learn to make up your mind about men quickly, to judge quickly. Again, you exercise tact in making a favorable impression upon the man you rush, and if you have a personal interest in him, in seeing that he makes a favorable impression upon the society. To be sure, tact here is likely to degenerate into finesse. In some institutions the fraternity will give you a good deal of political training, tho in general fraternities are far less in politics than is popularly imagined. In some institutions they hog all of the offices and portion them out among the various chapters, leaving the independent students

very little. But this is rather looked down upon in most colleges, and the fraternity men enter politics entirely as individuals. There is much training in diplomacy in the smaller and medium-sized institutions. In the very large institutions the fraternities are somewhat lost. Each lives to itself a great deal, an isolated monastic community. But in the institutions small enough for the students to know each other there is the same contest among fraternities that there is among the European powers. The balance of power must be maintained. The strong must not get too strong and the weak must be bolstered up.

In general, the life in the chapter houses is morally good. Few chapters permit drinking and gambling on the chapter premises. Some whole fraternities are fast and brag of it as their proudest glory. Andrew D. White, a strong defender of fraternities, always made an exception of one, which he mentioned by name. It is true that some fraternities never try to make their chapters behave, that some try all the time and others attempt it sporadically. My own is one of the sporades. Under some presidents, a close watch is kept upon all chapters and the "sporty" ones are called to time; threatened, sometimes. We have more lively chapters than the average, and yet, thanks to a pretty close supervision by the fraternity council, the society is far from being the worst behaved. Without exception, every society has some disorderly chapters. Some chapters are disorderly year after year, choose their members from the sporting element; others pass into temporary occultation and out again. Frequently a chapter which could hardly be called a circumspect organization is collectively better than the average of its component individuals. Even a lot of pretty bad fellows can often be kept within some sort of bounds through fear of injuring the reputation of the society. Fraternities are really quite strong on prudential morality. However, the very great insistence upon prudential morality may make the member fall into the bad habit of looking at every moral problem from no other side than that of expediency. Taken by and large, the fraternity does

not corrupt the conduct of its members. If it is at all open to the charge of disorderly behavior, that is because it is composed of men who would incline to frivolity even if no such thing as a fraternity existed. In the colleges where the percentage of fraternity men is sixty and less, the members are from the wealthier students. They have more money than they need, have been indulged at home, perhaps have an example in their parents before them. In college and out, virtue often springs from a narrow purse. The fraternities merely collect a moneyed element which would in whatsoever event study less and play more than the poorer students. It must be admitted, tho, that in the fraternity you are often tied to men you would repudiate in a state of free society; must countenance, condone, and palliate the conduct of boors and drunkards, if such there be in your society, and they certainly do get in at times. Such men may be expelled, but an expulsion always seems a travesty upon your oaths. Some of the strongest societies expel men very easily. Others almost never expel a man, no matter what he does. In my own society, only conduct so bad, so disgraceful that a father would turn his own son from his door will cause a chapter to cast out a member. Tho this results in the retention of some unworthy members, I must say I like this strong sense of brotherhood and believe the society is better for it after all. The ties of blood are seldom stronger.

One is unpleasantly aware in giving the good points of the fraternity system that he is talking solely of the benefits it confers upon its own members, that it is purely selfish, that often its members have more pleasures than other men because thru it these other men have fewer. It is perhaps significant of a decay of true Americanism that the long line of eminent gentlemen who defend the fraternities so warmly, almost apoplectically, calmly ignore this.

Some educators affect to see in the chapter-houses grouped about the university an approximation to the English university system of separate colleges. This is not so far-fetched as might appear at first blush. Each chapter is more than the twenty or thirty lads in college. It is

a strongly bound unit of several hundred men of all ages. As the English university graduate is an alumnus not only of the university, but of some constituent college, so is the fraternity alumnus not only an alumnus of the college, but of his chapter. The chapter performs a valuable service in keeping him interested in the college. As a contributor to the house-fund, he has a vital interest in something connected with his alma mater. Once or twice each year he gets a circular letter from the chapter with news of the college and alumni. His record is kept by the chapter. It is a clearing house for information concerning all of its members. No matter how long he has been away, he finds somebody in the college town who knows who he is, who is glad to see him. His name has been read in the old minute books. Traditions concerning him have been told around the fireplace, and he out of college these twenty-five years, perhaps. When he enters the chapter-house, he gets a warm clasp of the hand. The boys proceed to pick out his picture in the groups hanging on the wall. In my chapter they call you by your old college nickname, or by your given name, unless you are too frostily dignified, and make you a boy again with them, an elder brother, but a brother. When I go into the house of my chapter and they call me, fifteen years out of college, by my given name, it warms the cockles of my heart and my blood flows faster. Your old college name in the mouths of college boys. How sweet it is! Here is time defied, here is the one place in the world where the fountain sought by Ponce de Leon ever flows, perpetual youth realized. The chapter is eternally young, eternally joyous, and to have an eternal welcome to it is a precious privilege.

In some chapters there are literary exercises. Complete success in this respect means complete supplanting of the old open literary society, so this cannot be argued as a plea for the fraternity. It is not a desirable substitution. In a great many chapters there is a system of supervision over the class work of members. In some this merely takes the form of a "class officer" chosen to look after men who are lagging, who counsel with him and his instructors, get his marks, which

perhaps are read in meeting. But in some few chapters the marks of all members are read in meeting; there is personal exhortation and appeal to personal and fraternity pride. The chapters which do this have made remarkable records in scholarship, and wherever you find one that has carried on the system long—and some have been doing it for half a century, have half a century's marks in their archives—you will find that the alumni list has a notable number of scholars and distinguished men of affairs. Every chapter teaches social polish, taste in dress, *savoir faire*. Whatever else they fail to do, they all certainly do this.

In my own case, my fraternity has seconded the education given by my college. I do not refer to the chapter, but to the fraternity, which is one of the nine or ten fraternities which can truthfully call itself "national." I know that several fraternities in nowise entitled to this designation, thin lines strung along our Northern border, with cool effrontery claim it. Geography is not debatable. One may speak disrespectfully of the equator, but hardly call its location into question. The sectional fraternities, until recently, bragged of their sectionalism. There were no noble men but New Englanders, New Yorkers and Pennsylvania Dutch. They had no part in that very substantial work of uniting all sections of the land performed by the national fraternities. Their lack of catholicity is now seen to be a disadvantage, and occasionally the organizations which a decade ago got into a fine fury of contempt for those which had chapters in Dixie, or could consider the barbarous West, are now from their hyperborean fastnesses proclaiming themselves "national." I have found the gatherings of my fraternity, with their hundreds of educated men drawn from every section of the country, highly instructive. The resulting acquaintance and friendships have made me know the country as I never otherwise could. In a material way, my membership has been a social advantage, has brought me into the life of many communities.

In the Central States and South you find that the public is surprisingly familiar with fraternity badges and inclined to accept them as social guarantees, that

is, if the society is represented in that section. The sectional fraternity member is here at a disadvantage. The name of his society, perhaps famous in the section where it exists, means nothing in the region where fraternities mean most. The fact of membership not only means a kindly reception by members of your own society, but members of other societies also. Individually, of course. You would not introduce yourself to a chapter of another fraternity, but in traveling you may approach an individual, or in meeting him in the ordinary way you find it makes a difference. The fraternities are broken up into alliances, groups. Most of these groups run in threes. While the individual chapters may squabble, the allied fraternities as a whole stand by one another, say nice things of one another, and tell how much better their group is than some other group. My own group is a very large one. It includes all but one of the national fraternities, which is partially included in another alliance, tho logic forces it in with the rest of its class. As the national fraternities had to meet widespread criticism for their policy of wide extension, and as they now feel that their judgment has been triumphantly vindicated, the alliance begun in times of trial and continued in the hour of proud victory has drawn them together into a closer union than exists in any other group. I have personally found this fortunate, since it has enabled me to know many people from many parts of America whom I never otherwise could have known. It is true that outside my group I have sometimes found that a chill reception met me from a member of another, but as this frigidity is found in but a small section and my life has not been parochial, I am quite satisfied to belong to a society which believes that men from Maine and Texas, Minnesota and Louisiana are equally worthy of enrollment in its ranks.

I said I thought the fraternity system was about to enter a period of criticism and perhaps attack, that it would have to defend its reputation, if not its life.

A movement has been gaining force for over a year now against the amazing raft of pestiferous little high-school and even grammar-school fraternities, presenting as they do nearly all of the

evils and very few of the virtues of the college societies. The daily press of the country has made onslaught, in city after city the boards of education have forbidden them, and woman's clubs of every degree have passed adverse resolutions upon them. It has been so easy to sweep them away, so surprisingly easy, that the opponents of the college society will take courage. When the public has heard all the allegations against them, it seems impossible that the question will not be asked if the college societies are not guilty of some of the things which have caused the abolishment of their high-school imitators. The inquiry will surely extend to the college society, whose membership cheapened, whose badge discredited by these inane organizations, will shortly find its repose if not existence threatened by these societies which have already taken away the chief value of the visible token of membership, its indication of the college man. I take this to be the reason why you so seldom see the college fraternity badge now in the North. The high-school fraternity has not yet invaded the South.

The nation is beginning a war upon privilege. We were almost on the verge of *vehmgerichte*, of *carbonarii*. New Harmodiuses and Aristogeitons would soon have been killing our new Pisis-tratidæ. But we have begun the movement thru forms of law. The privileged organizations in college must answer the questions that privilege will be asked everywhere. In the attempt to restore democracy the Greek letter fraternity, in the form in which it exists at present, will have something to reckon with. If the malignant growth of narrowness and class feeling is so entwined about its vitals that no surgical operation can remove it without endangering the subject's life, it will remain to cause death ultimately.

As for myself, I am a disciple of the French Revolution. As such, I really have no place in defending the Greek letter fraternity system. And yet I love my fraternity, I love my chapter. As I think what they have meant to me, I feel the force of Charles Dudley Warner's words when asked to write a defence of his fraternity: "Defend my fraternity! I could as soon think of defending the sunlight, and I cannot get

myself into the proper mood to do either." As a disciple of the French Revolution and a believer in the brotherhood larger than the largest college fraternity, I would that the college fraternity might be for all. Much as I love my fraternity, I deplore the reactionary tendencies for which the system stands. We can never rid the world of selfishness, of privileges, but if we could keep one corner of it free for noble ideals, if college could still

be a place of noble illusions, life would be better in this country. In monarchical Britain, in despotic Russia, the university has been the well-spring of democracy that has refreshed the nation. Alas, in this country the Greek letter fraternity sullies the fount. I dismiss as matters of no moment, and not worthy the time to explain or refute them, all things else said against the system in the face of this most serious charge that it vitiates the spirit of college democracy.



The Christ of the Andes

BY SEÑORA ANGELA DE OLEVEIRA CESAR DE COSTA

[It will be a pleasure to our readers to read the story of the extraordinary monument to eternal peace erected on the summit of the Andes, and on the border-line between Chile and Argentina. This colossal statue of Christ, lifted nearly three miles above the level of the sea, commemorates the conclusion of the most remarkable treaty of peace and arbitration ever made between two spirited nations, one which is accepted as the example to the world. The statue is cast from bronze of old cannon which the Spaniards left at the time of Argentine independence. The sculptor is a young native of Argentina, Mateo Alonso. On the monument is the inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chileans and Argentines shall break the peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain." The conception of such a monument came from the hearts of Bishop Benavente and Señora de Costa, and it was she who, as President of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Ayres, undertook the work of securing funds and having the statue created. This was accomplished, and it was set up March 13, 1904. We are glad to be able to give a portrait of Señora de Costa. We shall be happy to send to her any contribution that our readers may wish to make to the humanitarian purpose connected with the monument.—EDITOR.]

THE erection of a monument commemorative of the international peace between Argentines and Chileans was a logical outcome of the events which were being unfolded on one side and the other of the Andes.

War seemed inevitable: diplomatic methods having proved insufficient, there seemed no other way for the solution of the question of boundaries than that of the *ultima ratio* of force. In order that the national frontiers should be defined, it was necessary to stain with human blood that strip of disputed territory upon the crest of the Andes. The armies were ready to begin the campaign; the navies equipped to put out to sea.

At the supreme moment of giving the signal to advance, the oppressive sense of the tremendous responsibilities which war imposes obliged the public men of that side and this of the Andes to meditate upon the disastrous consequences of the solution by arms.

The question having been lifted to this

plane of calculations and probabilities, reason must needs triumph over the impulses of passion. Chileans and Argentines rising above the vainglory of national self-love, renounced the solution by force, and instead of asking the decision of the dispute from the unconscious and brutal mouths of cannons agreed to receive it from the lips of an international tribunal.

The ultimate end of war—but one which war does not always realize—is the triumph of reason and justice. And here reason and justice triumphed without tears, or blood, or barbarous horrors. What victory more worthy to be immortalized in marble and bronze?

The penetrating idea of the commemorative monument was in the national atmosphere, and I had but to condense it in my spirit to give it tangible form. If the idea is mine, it is in the same way as belongs to the sculptor the statue which he brings forth from the block of marble where it was sleeping invisible; and

I even dare to think that the idea had to issue from the brain of a woman, because it is an idea of sentiment, and in all time men have reproached us for thinking with the heart.

Moreover, everything which tends to perpetuate peace by its prestige and glorification specially interests and affects us women—that is to say the mothers, wives, daughters, the betrothed of those who must fall sacrificed on the battlefields. War may dazzle men with its lightning flashes of military glory. For us women it represents only tears

and pain; that is why the Latin poet called it "accursed by mothers."

The erection of the monument to international peace gave rise to these additional questions: What character shall the monument have? Where shall it be placed? What shall it represent as a symbol?

Thereupon, that it might have its real significance, it must be of official character and raised by the Argentines and Chileans, represented by their respective Governments. And thus being international, where should it be placed if not



Señora de Costa.



The Statue of Christ. From a photograph taken on the day when it was accepted as an International Monument.

on the boundary line of the two nations, and on the summit of that mountain range which had seemed destined to serve as a theater for the exploits of the heroes of war?

The object of the monument is to glorify peace, justice, human brotherhood; and who could better personify those virtues than He who preached them in His life with divine words and sanctified them with His death in the martyrdom of the cross? Who could more rightfully occupy the highest summit on earth than He who for twenty centuries has occupied in the history of humanity that topmost summit which touches the sky and is called "Golgotha"?

In this way and from one deduction to another I succeeded in giving complete form to the idea of the monument to Peace represented in the *Cristo Redentor* (Christ the Redeemer), whose splendid statue was lying in this city, having been ordered by the illustrious Bishop of Cuyo,

Monsignor Marcolino Benavente, to commemorate the Holy Year (1902), and which, for lack of means, it had not been possible to place on the Inca Bridge. (Bathing place in the mountains).

But the idea is worth little or nothing unless it is transformed into a real action.

For the rest, it may be said that I had to contend with obstacles which seemed insurmountable for a woman. But I have a moral quality which I may call Saxon: I am persistent and tenacious in all that I believe true, good or just. I have always thought that there is no force more powerful than an energetic will which knows how to desire with faith.

Is it not with that secret that the great Republic of the North has discarded from



General View of the Monument as it Appears upon the Summit of the Andes, 14,000 feet above Sea Level.

its political and scientific vocabulary the word "Impossible"?

I soon placed the idea under the auspices of the religion represented by the first dignitaries of the Church, and of the social beneficence represented in the society of "Christian Mothers." Accompanied with such prestige, we knocked and not in vain at the doors of the Argentine and Chilean authorities, who adopted the idea and took the responsibility of bringing it to fulfilment.

travelers, surprised by the snow-storms of the Andes, perish every year during the winter for lack of timely and effectual assistance. "Christ the Redeemer," who immovable from His pedestal of granite contemplates those dramas of despair and death, asks of all mankind the foundation in those solitary deserts of a humanitarian establishment similar to that of the Monks of Saint Bernard in the Alps.

This is the work in which I am now



The Monument from a photograph taken immediately after the Ceremony of Unveiling on the 13th of March, 1904.

The image of Christ is now standing on the summit of the Andes, as a symbol of brotherhood and peace among men. But that is not enough. Peace is the united expression of a divine religion, of *love* and *charity*. Where charity is lacking, the peace cannot be a true one, because it lacks that sentiment of human solidarity which makes us feel the misfortunes of others as our own. There on that very lofty summit numbers of

engaged, and which I pray that God will be pleased to grant. I have already the concession made in my name for the accomplishment of that object of the necessary land for the foundation of the Monastery-Refuge. I do not doubt that the Argentine and Chilean Governments will lend their aid for its support and preservation; but I lack the money for the construction of the building, which needs to be of a material adequate to the

ends which it is to serve, and to the severities of temperature which it must sustain.

It will be costly, but for the attainment of a work of mercy of humanitarian character and so universal, it is requisite and to be hoped for that people of all nations shall contribute generously to its realization.

Climatic and meteorological observatories can also be built there, as it is one of the greatest heights reached by the foot of man (10,500 feet above sea-level; the monument is at 13,000 feet).

The first power that I meet on my way is the great, opulent and philanthropic Republic of the United States of the North, and with the confidence inspired

by its proverbial generosity, I stretch forth my hand soliciting its pecuniary tribute towards the erection of the refuge in the Andes, commemorating the thought of Universal Peace.

This will be another link in the fraternal chain that shall unite us, and "In union is strength."

You and your friends who are making so beneficent a propaganda on behalf of that religion of love and charity, having found the practical form, will assist me, I do not doubt, in imploring abundant help for the "Christ of the Andes." I dare to hope that even the Government and the people of North America will not be indifferent to such an appeal, for the Love of our Lord!

BUENOS AYRES, ARGENTINA.



The Legend of Ishtar

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

ISHTAR goes seeking the lost,

On through the cold and the heat,

Listening by night and by day

For the sound of his feet.

Queenly, gold-girdled and proud,

She sues who was wont to command;

Through the storm and the darkness she seeks

For the touch of his hand.

Gray grows the gloom of the dawn,

Where the night lingers starless and wild,

And her longing is fiercer than thirst

For the lips of the child.

At the sullen, shut portals of Death,

In the black Halls of Silence and Pain,

For the price of the crown that she wears

She would clasp him again.

Is it days, is it hours, is it years

Since he left her to wander alone?

Just to bend down her face on his hair

She would barter her throne.

Her jewels she flings at the gate;

Her girdle, her sandals she gives,

Her garment of gold, her gold hair,

Just to know that he lives.

One moment the portals unclosed;

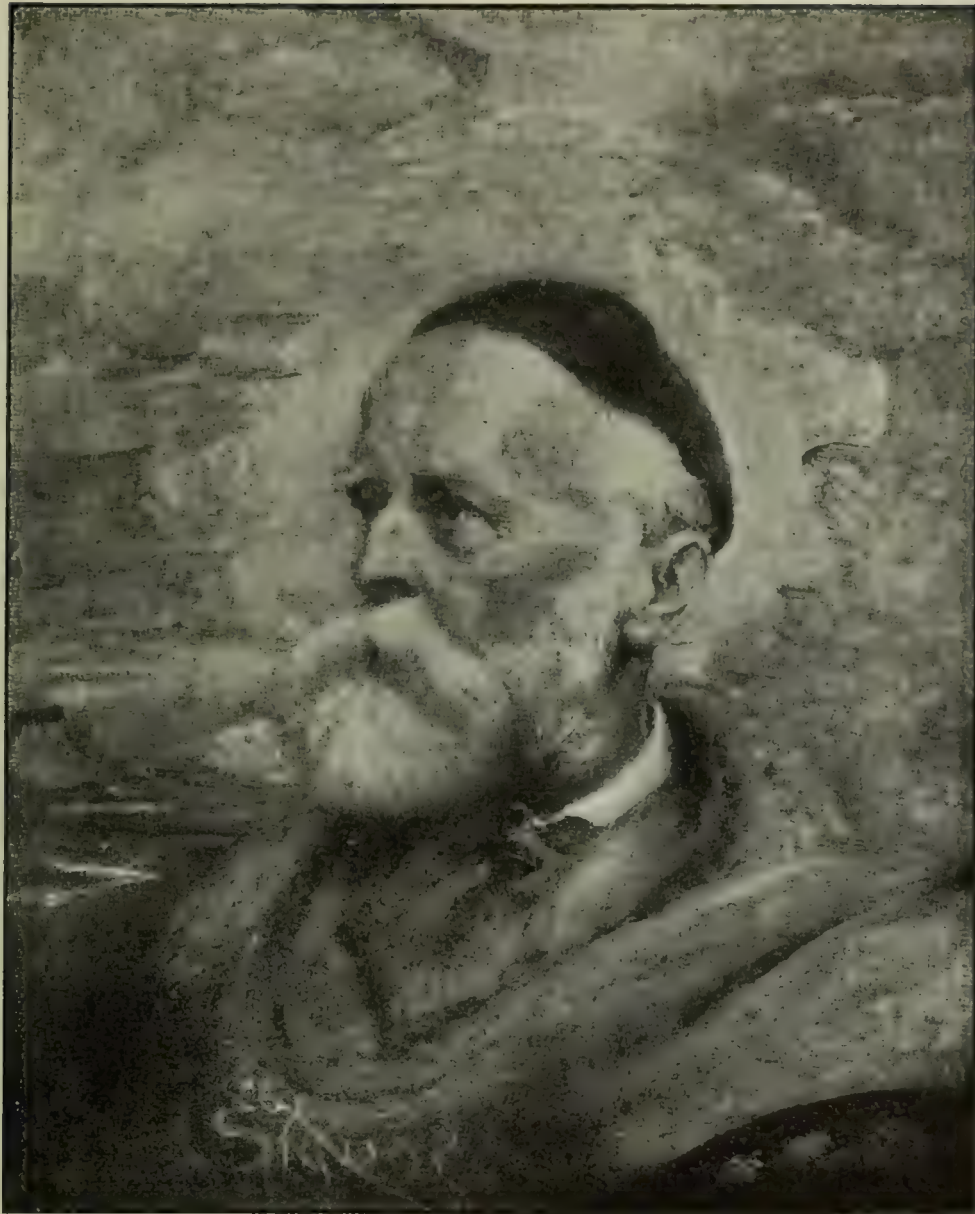
One moment she sees him in bliss.

O. Ishtar, each mother on earth

Would be beggared for this!

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Literature



George Frederick Watts. From Barrington's *Reminiscences of George Frederick Watts*. Macmillan Co.

George Frederick Watts

MRS. RUSSELL BARRINGTON first met George Frederick Watts in the studio of Dante Gabriel Rossetti more than forty years ago. A few years later she received some painting lessons from him. Then she became his next-door neighbor, and for nearly thirty years, until Watts's death in 1904, their friendship was of the closest and most intimate kind. Probably from the fact of intimate association no other living person is so well qualified to tell what manner of man this great English artist was*; and

she has succeeded in giving us a very life-like portrait of the frail little man, who looked as if he were not long for this world, whose slight physique was all but consumed by the fire of his genius, whose passion for work was the only passion he knew, and who yet lived to the ripe age of eighty-seven years, working, working always, with astonishing productiveness, and creating colossal and wonderful "anthems" in form and color. She pictures him in his scant hours of rest and relaxation, when the light failed and he could no longer see to paint, as well as at work; shows him at his frugal

* G. F. WATTS. REMINISCENCES. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

supper of "the cold remains of the dull little pudding made without sugar which had been hot for his dinner in the middle of the day, and a tumbler of milk mixed with barley water—Summer and Winter, never any change"; tells of his self-centred individuality in all his work, of his solitude—how he lived best in "the reposeful sense of seclusion and the monotony of the accustomed in all outward matters, which left his mind free to absorb itself in work"; of his diffidence, his constant self-depreciation, of the strain of sadness in him, of his tender-hearted sensitiveness, of his childlikeness in the enjoyment of simple pleasures, of his worry over the lack of money, of his love of nature, love of color, love of music; tells how he came to adopt Titian's method of painting, and a thousand and one other things about him. And for the most part the things she tells are of more than passing interest to all who would understand and appreciate the genius of a remarkable man and a great artist, tho at times it must be admitted she rather overloads her pages with minor details. It does not take anywhere near all that she has written to convince the reader that Watts had a very distinct personality, and was possessed of great charm. He wrote once that the two things his experience had proved to be worth living for were to do as much good as possible for humanity and to have friends.

On the whole, the portrait Mrs. Barrington gives us recalls Mr. Chesterton's paradox on Watts, that he was meek, but he claimed to inherit the earth, tho in all probability Mrs. Barrington herself would be rather shocked by that witticism.

There is little direct criticism of Watts's pictures, tho the author's praise and appreciation are tempered by a recognition of some of the master's faults, chief among which was his inability to let well enough alone—to realize when a good thing was finished; he would go on trying to improve his pictures until many of them were spoiled in the process. His great aim was "to give his entire life unremittingly and with single-hearted earnestness to his work; to endeavor by so doing to substantiate ideas which he conceived might and ought to be expressed in the language of art; to use his gifts in

the cause of raising art to the same level of culture in England as that on which great poetry and great music stand; in fact, to bring the same high faculties of the human mind and spirit to bear on creations in painting and sculpture that are the sources of the more purely intellectual and abstract expressions in writing and sound." Only a few months before he died he wrote, apropos of his distaste, "almost pain," of finding himself forever being brought before the public notice, that he never wished nor worked for it, and if circumstances had permitted would have done his work as Pictor Ignotus, leaving it to say what it might when he should have done with it; and he added that he was full of maladies, some big enough to be serious, and others serious enough to be great inconveniences, but he was able to work, and as eager to improve as ever, and that's about all. He was then eighty-seven!

The book is written pleasantly, interestingly, tho without any great distinction of style—but it is only fair to add that there is no pretension of style. The book is illustrated with forty reproductions, in color, in photogravure and in half-tone, mainly from lesser paintings, drawings and designs by Watts, most of which are in the possession of the author, and reproductions of which are probably not to be found elsewhere.



Religious Education

The Crown Theological Library contains some of the most notable theological productions of recent years, such as the English translation of Professor Delitzsch's *"Babel und Bibel,"* Harnack's "What is Christianity?" and Herrmann's "Faith and Morals." With its latest volume this Library enters the field of religious education.¹ Eleven eminent professors and divines, all British, except Dr. Ladd, of Yale, contribute essays on the principles and methods of the religious instruction of children. The writers represent widely different denominations and schools of thought; there is the Calvinistic Welshman, Dr.

¹ THE CHILD AND RELIGION. *Eleven Essays by Prof. Henry Jones, M.A., Prof. George T. Ladd, D.D., Rev. Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D., and others.* Edited by Thomas Stephens, B.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Cynddylan Jones, who finds it in his heart to write that children die because all "lie under guilt"; Professor Beet, who is under the ban with the English Methodists; also a Swedenborgian, a Jewish Rabbi, as well as an Anglican, and an English Independent. Much that is enlightening and helpful is suggested, especially by Professor Jones on "The Child and Heredity," and by Dr. Ladd on "The Child's Capacity for Religion," but the volume as a whole reflects the confusion which characterizes present English thought on the subject of religious education, and will be found somewhat disconcerting by those seeking light on practical difficulties. The views most widely held in America find best expression in the excellent essay of Dr. Horton on "The Religious Training of Children in the Free Churches."

Dr. Brumbaugh, Professor of Pedagogy in the University of Pennsylvania, is already known to many Sunday School teachers through his articles on teacher training in the "Sunday School Times." These articles, with additional material, are now brought into book form.² They make a very good text-book in pedagogy for Sunday school teachers. Much of the reproach visited upon the Sunday school has been because the teachers have not known how to teach, and because they were usually persons who had not the smallest inkling of the principles of instruction which have become a commonplace with teachers in the day schools. Dr. Brumbaugh has endeavored to provide means to remedy this defect, and he has done his work well. The volume can be used either as a handbook for private study or a text-book for teachers' classes.

The Education Code of Great Britain, says: "The purpose of the public elementary school is to form and strengthen the character, and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it." Mr. Waldegrave's handbook,³ which is issued for the Moral Instruction League, is designed to assist teachers to form and strengthen character, and to make the teaching of morals in elementary schools

effective and interesting. While written especially for English use it will be found valuable and suggestive to any one whose duty is to take pains for the moral instruction of children. The illustrations from history, biography and natural science alone give it a value above that of some more pretentious manuals.



Labor and the Present Regime

Dr. Abbott in his latest volume¹ gives us a running survey of the industrial problem, and thereupon considers its solution under three proposed plans—regulation, reorganization and regeneration. He believes, with Spencer, "that there is going on in our time a movement toward the dissolution of existing forms and a reorganization on what may perhaps not unfitly be termed a socialistic basis, and that this movement is irresistible." But he is wholly unable to see in the coming changes the disaster predicted by the great Individualist philosopher. Rather he believes the movement "has in it the promise of an industrial prosperity and an intellectual, social and spiritual development far transcending any that past history has afforded." Yet he separates himself sharply from the orthodox Socialists; and passing by political regulation and economic reorganization, he rests his hope mainly upon ethical regeneration. Christ, he asserts, did not "condemn the acquisition and accumulation of money. On the contrary, He explicitly commended it." What He condemned was "the notion that money or the things which money will obtain are to be valued for their own sake." The ideal of society to which he looks forward is evidently one wherein the buying and selling propensities of humankind are nobly restrained by a constant reference to the teachings of Jesus.

The Adams-Sumner volume on *Labor Problems*² is excellent in many respects. It is professedly designed for undergraduates and teachers, but the general public may find in it also a range of subject-matter and a felicity of treatment which should make it popular. Covering

² THE MAKING OF A TEACHER. By Martin G. Brumbaugh, Ph.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: The Sunday School Times Co. \$1.00.

³ A TEACHER'S HANDBOOK OF MORAL LESSONS. Arranged by A. J. Waldegrave. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.

¹ THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM. By Lyman Abbott. (Levi Bull Lectures for 1905). Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.00.

² LABOR PROBLEMS. A Text Book. By Thomas Sewall Adams and Helen L. Sumner. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.60.

so wide a field, it must necessarily touch but briefly upon all but a few of its many topics. A carefully chosen bibliography, however, informs the student where he may read more exhaustively. The book will not escape criticism: its over-positiveness on many controverted questions lays it open to the censure now of Socialist and now of Individualist. A book professing exposition alone might well avoid decisions on disputed points, and fulfil its mission by giving, first, authenticated data, and then the contentions based thereon by the various schools, leaving the decision to the reader as a just judge leaves a verdict to a jury. The work closes with an expression of skepticism regarding panaceas. "We may be moving toward Socialism or we may be moving toward Anarchism," it says; "but whithersoever we do move, Socialism, Anarchism and every other ism must stand or fall on the wisdom of its immediate proposals. The hope of the hour is in specific social reform." All of which may be true intrinsically, and yet carry a false implication. Society moves by "mutations," in De Vries's term, just as does Nature; and an impending "specific social reform" may be as revolutionary as the abrogation of the feudal privileges of the French nobles in 1789 or the abolition of slavery in 1863. The old phraseology of uniformitarianism, which has been worn threadbare in its application to sociology, must give way to a new one based on modern science, which now recognizes evolution *per saltum*.



The Autobiography of Andrew D. White*

Time's abstract and brief chronicle for the last three-quarters of a century is here presented, from within, by one who was precocious once, and has been competent always to understand and influence it; and, as a result, we have an interesting and instructive book, but not a popular biography.

The conception of the book is careless if not loose, the material neither disciplined nor homogeneous enough to win acceptance as literature, despite an ease



Andrew D. White.

of style, richness of reference and trenchancy of judgment that stimulate and entertain.

In brief, this is not one book, but parts of several—a general repertory of lost things—political reminiscence, historical monographs, travel biography and autobiography—and would be much the better for the separation plainly indicated in the divisions of the subject-matter. In this it might appear to exhibit the defects of its method of composition and publication ("at divers times, in sundry places"), and of the author's temperament and habits of work, enforced by peremptory occupations and the exactions of a delicate tho elastic health. Yet the book must be consulted and will be consulted with pleasure and with profit, both for material and personal reasons. Here we have inside history, a diary of events, a gallery of men—if but the summary sketches of a traveler and social acquaintance, the agenda of a statesman and a scholar; and withal a crop of positive opinions, which seem to have played the part in this life that wild oats do in others. The book is practical,

* AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW D. WHITE. 2 vols. New York: The Century Co. \$7.50.

sensible, efficient, the topics modern and important, and if at times there seems too singular a minuteness of record and impression, yet we must then remember that it is autobiography, written for the author's "children and grandchildren." Here is the record of a sustained and useful life, much mingled with its times; a nature seminal rather than substantial, vital than muscular, more characterized by molecular energy than mass momentum; yet ever effectual, enduring and accomplishing, more than most, thro wise anticipation, timely initiative, quiet persistence and skilful social tact. Thruout this career the person counted much, the sound mind, the trained and innate judgment, the cultivated taste, the early and enlarged experience of men and civilizations—child of good fortune as he was, well born, well bred, accrediting fortune also by industry and ideality as well as happy temperament. For faults, perhaps the author is too markedly pragmatic—over-clearly defining the influences upon him and derived from him, and too determined to instruct; roseate in his discernment and appreciation of persons and of tendencies, sanguine and even "easy" in his public judgments of congenial individuals; yet acrid, pungent, positive enough in conscience, and not without plenty of pet antipathies, generally justifiable, most unambiguously expressed, and distinct social methods named and blamed.

As stimulator and initiator, guide and director, overseer and organizer, and wholesale civilizer, he literally and spiritually has *served the world*, from the standpoint both of country and humanity, in thought and act. Such men of tact and training, taste and insight of ideal principle and personal influence and power of practical manipulation, are too few always in our America, men of conviction earned and deserved, and with that passion that marked him from the beginning to enact their thoughts into the daily doings of their countrymen and thus affect the fate if not control the course of the American State. Our grateful praise should be proportioned to our need, which ever, alas! is greater than the majority perceive.

A large part of the book is devoted to the development and realization of the

"Cornell Idea," by which, the author says, "more than any other work of my life, I hope to be judged." In the closing chapters we are given a review of the "Religious Development," both of himself and of the age (1832-1905), filled with extraordinary anecdotes, tart characterizations, churchmanship exceeding broad and narrow, humanity entirely tolerant and genial; with the resultant impression of himself as a non-dogmatic, inwardly religious man, a believer in the Church and lover of its service, when done decently and in order, but unrestrained against sectarianism, vulgarity and sham. Moreover, these pages are enriched with reminiscences of many eminent men, foremost among them the then hated Unitarians, Theodore Parker and Samuel J. May, as authors of his character and builders of his life, and comprising an admirably suggestive study of Bismarck, a royal eulogium of William II, the Roosevelt of Germany, an interesting interpretation of Pobiedonostseff, and a direct but unsympathetic portrait of Tolstoy.

There are numerous anecdotes thruout the book, some forced and throwing suspicion on the quality of humor in the author or on his judgment of his audience, and some extended ones of ludicrous interest. And certain obsessing topics repeatedly appear ingrained thru much experience, namely, the sensation-mongering of the newspaper press, the prostitution of American citizenship, abroad and at home, deficiencies in the diplomatic service and in the opportunities for instruction for public office, mob control of conventions, the prevalence of crime in America, the vulgarisms of revivals, the frantic yet self-defeating oppositions to progress of sectarian ignorance and selfishness. Altogether this is a full book, with something for everybody, putting one in touch on many sides with modern times; an adequate narrative of an exceptional career, which yet owed more to personality than opportunity, tho both were present; a character bent on action, easily exhausted, but "always at it," adroit, tenacious and beneficent, using the resources of scholarship and manners to the end; with purposes early perceived, clearly pursued, mainly attained; a book, therefore,

that will do good, even as its author did good, and so doing, will fulfil, we are certainly sure, the dearest wishes of his heart.



The Breath of the Gods. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Sidney McCall undertakes with admirable courage to write a novel which shall be a portrayal of Japanese character in its nobler aspects. She has succeeded in depicting a Japanese woman far above the geisha standards of John Luther Long and Onoto Watanna; but in her work one sees an unbounded admiration of traits not fully comprehended, rather than a keen and sympathetic understanding of the Japanese ideals and their visible exponents. But if she has not succeeded in exposing to our gaze the real soul of Japan, neither has any other novelist, and from the conflict of Eastern and Western customs, ideals and virtues she has constructed a powerful romance, and the reader is made to comprehend and to sympathize with very diverse types of character. The book contains the materials for a much better Japanese tragedy than Belasco's success, "The Darling of the Gods."



United States, 1607-1904. A History of Three Centuries of Progress in Population, Industry, Commerce and Civilization. Vol. II. Colonial Union. By W. E. Chancellor and F. W. Hewes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

The general character of this work was indicated in our review of the first volume. Messrs. Chancellor and Hewes have set out to produce a history of the United States by a system of division of labor. Mr. Hewes writes on the "Industry" of the period covered by a particular volume, and Mr. Chancellor does the rest, which, however, is analyzed into "Politics," "War" and "Civilization." Thus in the present volume, which deals with "the historically neglected period from 1697 to 1774," the section on "Politics" is cut into chronologically parallel accounts of the Westward movement, of the growth of Colonial Union, of the Navigation acts, of the development of the Revolutionary ideas in the Colonial mind and of

"political history"—i. e., lists of Governors and their secretaries. At the outset of their work the authors cast aside the burden of being scholarly. In Volume I few exact citations of authorities were given, and in the present volume there are only two such cases. Notes of all sorts have declined in bulk from twelve pages in Volume I to five in the one under review. The lists of authorities—grouped for specific chapters in Volume I, but bunched together in this one—are almost invariably of secondary works. All this is, of course, acknowledged and even avowed by the authors; their work is to be that of composition: they are *writers* of history, not historical investigators. They are, however, nothing of the sort. For, by the device of theme splitting, above described, they have gotten rid of *the* great task of historical composition; that of narrative, the marshaling of multitudinous and varied forces to show their interaction and final synthesis in historical development. Messrs. Chancellor and Hewes have given us simple chronologies of events of a similar character. Thus the "Perspectives" at the close of certain chapters are more valuable than the chapters themselves, being completer chronologies. Of course, even chronologies have their value if they give us a store of new dates and facts, and such is the case with the chapters on industry, in so far as one can rely upon Mr. Hewes's personal judgment as a statistician, for he never cites any authorities. Dark sayings, easy verdicts, drippings of philosophy and misquotations in the style of "popular lecturers" are characteristic of the book. A few examples will suffice: On page 14 we learn that the slave trade gave Africa a setback of a thousand years. This assertion is followed by a homily on the evils flowing from greed for gold, such as sweatshops and stock exchanges (p. 15). On page 19 we learn that the negro has affected us "negatively and reflexively rather than positively and actively." This sage remark should be put alongside the explanation of John Law's career on page 121: Law's father was a goldsmith, Law himself represents "the swing of the pendulum to the opposite extreme." Startling dicta abound. The sleep of a sentinel "cost France Quebec

and the New World" (p. 276). "A clear plurality of the American people are either pure Scotch-Irish or have more of that blood than of any other" (p. 39). Slavery is asserted on page 15 to have been much crueller in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth"; by way of proof it is asserted that one million slaves were imported by the Colonists in the former century; yet in 1760

man interest, just what is most interesting to those who visit them, as well as to those who cannot. Nine good photogravures from famous historical paintings, and a large number of architectural half-tones, one of which we borrow, illustrate the handsome volume. As to its scope and contents we can do no better than to quote the author's own words, that the reader will find



TOMB OF PHILIPPE POT. Formerly at the Abbey of Cîteaux, now in the Louvre. From "Romance of French Abbeys" (Putnam's).

they owned only 276,000. On page 206, however, we are relieved to learn that our feelings were harrowed up for nothing, since the heaviest importation of negroes took place between 1765 and 1774, and in the latter years there were over 500,000 of them in the Colonies.



Romance of the French Abbeys. By Elizabeth W. Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

The author having found three volumes of romance in the châteaux of France, now turns her attention to the abbeys and has given us a pleasantly readable mixture of history and legend, of all that gives to architecture its hu-

"legends of the Saints Bernard and Francis from Clairvaux and the Abbey of Montmajour; a tale of the Knights Hospitallers; a story of the ambition of one of the artisan monks of Cluny; an echo of the terror of the Inquisition, which lingers still about the dungeon walls of Carcassone, and the portal of Saint Ouen; the tradition of the flowering of a woman's love in the Gothic arches of the abbey church of Brou; a fantasy from Saint Denis of the childhood of Saint Louis; a burlesque from the playwrights of the miracle spectacles from Fécamp; chronicles of passions which wrapped like flames the abbey fortresses of Vezelay and Mont Saint Michel during the strife of Huguenot and Leaguer; and from the lovely ruin of Saint Wandrille a story of the revival of faith in the Jesuit missions at a time when France was most faithless."

Chronicles of the City of Perugia; 1492-1503. Written by Francesco Matarazzo, translated by Edward Strachan Morgan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

A fascinating picture of the moral, social and religious conditions of society in a typical Italian city during the Renaissance. The fifteenth century lives in these pages, with its mixture of barbarism and elegance, combats and pageants, blood and festival. The narrative of the old chronicler is woven about the Baglioni, the rulers of Perugia, the most famous *condottieri* in Italy, and equally renowned for strength, valor, beauty and crimes of the most hideous description. Indeed, most of the story is taken up with the bloodthirsty deeds to which the Baglioni seem impelled by a sort of fatality, now in fierce struggle with the burghers, now with hostile nobles, now with one another. It is their horrible family tragedies, especially, that throw such a sinister splendor—a sort of reflection of the destiny of the Atreidæ—over the “high and mighty” Baglioni. It relates the period when the strenuous life was at its hottest degree of individual intensity; and every member of this surprising family appears to deserve, so to speak, to have his own individual history, so distinctive are the details and shadings of every character.



Hours in a Library. Four vols. Free Thinking and Plain Speaking. One vol. By Sir Leslie Stephen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 each.

These are the first issues of a new edition of the works of the late Sir Leslie Stephen in eleven volumes, handsome books in print and binding. The *Hours in a Library* are familiar to all lovers of good literature, but the essays collected in the other volume have long been out of print. They consist mostly of trenchant criticism of those Christians who cling to rites the meaning of which has departed, and who “interpret” to suit modern views the phases of creeds outworn. In a preface Mr. James Bryce tells of the personality of this “most lovable of men” as Lowell called him, and Mr. Herbert Paul discusses his literary productions, with this conclusion:

“With his sanity, his lucidity, his thoroughness, his tolerance, his singular fairness of mind, Leslie Stephen is sure to rank among the

best critics of his generation. No judge who ever sat upon the literary bench has held the moral standard higher or shown more reverence for goodness, whatever the outward form it assumed.”



The Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors. Edited by Charles Wells Moulton. Eight vols. Buffalo: The Moulton Publishing Co. \$5.00 per volume.

One of the most delightful of pastimes is to browse in a large library among the old reviews, especially enjoyable when one strikes the contemporary criticism of an author now ranked as classic. But when one wants to get the critical opinions about a particular author it involves long and tedious research, and some of the best things that have been said about him are liable to be missed after all. Mr. Moulton and his assistants have therefore saved us all a lot of time for collecting in these volumes criticisms, reviews, discussions and personal views upon all books of importance in English from 680 to 1904, except those by living authors. They are arranged chronologically, so it is an easy matter to turn to any author and see how the world has treated him from the time of his first appearance upon the stage to the present. Prefaced to each volume is a series of quotations on books and authors in general. As we have reviewed this work twice before while it was being published [Vol. LIV, p. 1961; Vol. LV, p. 271], it will not be necessary to say more of it now that it is completed. It is indispensable to the library of any educational institution where serious work in literature is done.



The Colonel's Dream. By Charles W. Chesnut. 12mo. pp. 294. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

This is a Southern story, but not of the Before-the-War type. It is frankly up to the times, with the clash of races and the convict camp, and the decayed old gentry. The Colonel of the Confederate army, hardly yet a man, goes to New York, gets wealth, returns to live in his native village, and tries to put in practice some of his acquired Northern ideas of thrift and fair treatment of all. He finds helpers; there is a love romance; but he fails, and, amid comedy and tragedy, turns his back on his disappointment

and his parental home. The style is easy, apparently practiced, and the story does not lack for abundant incident, in which the relations of the races have full expression.

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Mirabeau and the French Revolution. By Charles F. Warwick. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

No busy merchant or lawyer untrained in mathematics and astronomy would have the temerity to while away odd moments writing a treatise on the planetary system, but there are many of them unversed in the methods of historical research and exposition who have no hesitancy in publishing volumes on difficult historical themes. The French Revolution, so full of dramatic scenes and forceful characters, seems particularly alluring to these amateur excursionists into the realm of history. Undeterred by the fate of many experimenters in literary exercises, Mr. Warwick has laid before a public, growing more exacting and discriminating every day, a book on *Mirabeau and the French Revolution*, which has neither scholarship nor style to commend it. The author's representation of the revolution as the uprising of the most down-trodden and burdened people on the globe is wholly out of accord with the established facts as to the conditions in France when compared with those in other European countries. Indeed, many scholars hazard the conjecture that the revolution happened because the French were better off and more enlightened than the neighboring peoples. The Tennis Court Oath, the fall of the Bastille and the famous fourth of August call forth the expected quantity of rhetorical effusion. For Mr. Warwick, the scholars who have laboriously worked up the economic and civil aspects of the revolution have all labored in vain. In the midst of the tangle of quotations from Mirabeau, contemporaries and modern authors the reader will not secure a very clear impression of Mr. Warwick's hero, save that "the world to-day recognizes his greatness and time will only add to its bulk and stature." The style of the book is melodramatic and the illustrations are so impossible that the temperate reviewer is at a loss for proper descriptive phraseology.

A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe. Volume I. By David Jayne Hill. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is the first volume of a series on the History of European Diplomacy—a subject on which there exists no adequate treatise in any language, altho there are many valuable monographs on special periods. The work before us brings the subject down to the fourteenth century and is to be followed by volumes on the diplomacy of the age of absolutism, the revolutionary era, the constitutional movements and commercial imperialism. So far as the first installment of the work is concerned, the title is entirely misleading, for it is not a history of diplomacy, nor of diplomatic usages, nor of international relations, nor of the distinct beginning of any of these things. Contrary to the expectation raised in the preface, it does not deal specially with the "origin of those elements which together constitute the present public law and international usages of Europe." It is in reality a description of the organization of Europe under the Roman Empire and a story of the dissolution of that empire, the formation of barbarian kingdoms, the conflict of empire and papacy and the foundation of national systems. It is true that the history of diplomacy must be studied in connection with the rise of European States, but Mr. Hill's work is too nearly like a political history of Western Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire to warrant the title which it bears. The student has a right to expect certain things of a history of diplomacy, but he will search in vain in this volume for satisfactory information on important topics like the relations of Rome with other nations, agreements and negotiations among nascent European States, the organization and conduct of the diplomatic business of the medieval church, the early usages of embassies and the beginnings of "foreign offices." Even the most pertinent chapter on the development of Italian diplomacy is disappointing on account of the mass of detail relating to local politics. What Mr. Hill has written is accurate and readable enough for the most part, but it will not compare with the books by Bryce and Fisher, to say nothing of the erudite

works of French and German scholars. If the succeeding volumes are no more related to the general title which they bear it would be well to change it to "A Political History of Europe."



Personal and Ideal Elements in Education. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The President of Oberlin College speaks of matters pertaining to education with the voice of authority backed by experience. His plea for less of the mechanical and more of the personal in education is worth the attention of teachers and of all interested in the methods which are at this moment forming the future citizen.

"We are in danger of forgetting that in education, in ethics, in religion, and in all true living, the most important facts are persons."

The liberality that cares for nothing is not breadth. Simplicity does not lie in a less complex environment, but in a spirit of discrimination, which unhesitatingly subordinates the inferior good to the higher and nobler ideal of conduct. "The simplicity of high ideals, consistently and resolutely pursued, is possible to any college, in the midst of the most varied interests," asserts Dr. King, and presumably he would say the same of the individual life. One of the best chapters is the one entitled "A Rational Fight for Character," in which the advice is practical, sensible, wholesome, yet the banner of the ideal never dips to the dust of the highway.



Dreams of Life—Miscellaneous Poems. By Timothy Thomas Fortune. 12mo, pp. 192. New York: Fortune & Peterson.

Many who have known of T. Thomas Fortune as editor of *The New York Age* and an active political leader among the colored people would not suspect the dash of sentiment that has expressed itself in this selection from his poems. Mr. Fortune is a native of Florida and his verses celebrate the beauty and the history of that oldest of our Atlantic colonies. There is in it not a bit of the indignation at racial injustice which he puts into his prose, and the reader would not suspect from his poems any more than from his portrait that in his native State he would be a proscribed man. Several

of the poems are quite long stories of love triumphant or defeated by circumstances. One is a thoughtfully conceived elegy on his brother's death. With some infelicities in the earlier poems, the usual construction of the verse is creditable for one whose main strength goes into other channels, and the spirit and tone are excellent. We give one verse:

"From hill to hill let Freedom ring!
Let tyrants bend the knee!
Why should the people have a king,
When every man a king should be?"



The Ethics of Imperialism. An Enquiry Whether Christian Ethics and Imperialism Are Antagonistic. By Albert R. Carman. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. \$1.00.

This is a defense of imperialism by the very radical method of discrediting altruism entirely as an ethical ideal and extolling egoism, personal and national, as the best of all possible principles. This, of course, leads to extreme libertarian views of social policy. The ground has been so often fought over before that the author has not been able to help us in what is, after all, the main problem, how we can become more altruistic without sacrificing that minimum of egoism necessary to insure our own personal and national existence?



Essays in Puritanism. By Andrew Macphail. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

"The five essays which are contained in this book were first read before a company of artists who had the traditional antipathy of their class toward the spirit of Puritanism," says the author in his introductory Note, whether to explain or excuse the rather smart and cocky tone with which he deals with the more rigid representatives of the movement, such as Jonathan Edwards. The religious spirit is evidently sealed to the writer; he ought never to undertake it. But with Margaret Fuller the airs of quizzical superiority which he feels obliged to adopt, apparently in deference to his audience, is not so much amiss; while with Walt Whitman he and his are in much better sympathy, and John Winthrop and John Wesley have been able to recommend themselves even to such exclusive company, presumably by virtue of their more or less practical activity.

Literary Notes.

LOVERS of Mark Twain will find in "Editorial Wild Oats," a well illustrated reprint of his stories of journalism. (Harper's, \$1.00.)

....A series of papers on the familiar subject "Do Wars Pay?" is presented by H. E. Warner, a man who went thru the mill in the Civil War. ("Ethics of Force," Ginn & Co.)

....The University Press of Cambridge (Macmillan, agent), publishes the Greek text of "Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians," with copious notes and comments by G. G. Findlay, D.D. The Greek text of "The Gospel of Mark," intended for rapid reading in colleges, with notes and vocabulary by Prof. William Prentiss Drew, appears from the press of Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., of Boston.

....Etymologists will find a treat in the new edition of Trench's "English, Past and Present," edited with emendations by A. Smith Palmer. (E. P. Dutton & Co., 75 cents.)

....A good book to have in the house is "Helps and Hints in Nursing," by Dr. J. Quentin Griffith, published by The John C. Winston Co., of Philadelphia. (Price, \$1.50.)

...."The Divine Comedy of Dante," intended for those who have never read the poem, but would like to know something about it, contains four lectures by Walter L. Sheldon. (S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia, 50 cents.)

....Those interested in Manzoni's "I Promesi Sposi" will find an interesting discussion of the novel by Giovanni Sforza, published by Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan. ("Brani Inediti." Price, \$1.60.)

....The Laird & Lee Co., of Chicago, publish a set of five graded Webster's dictionaries. This set received the gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition, and they have been adopted in many of our public schools. The grades are the Elementary School Edition (30 cents), Intermediate School (42 cents), Student's Common School (75 cents), High School and Collegiate (\$1.50), and Library (\$2.50.) All are neatly printed, and convenient in size and form.

....Signor Alfredo Boccelli, a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and a contributor to THE INDEPENDENT, has published a volume of his short stories under the title of the principal one "Dall' Alba al Tramonto" (Libreria Editrice Nazionale, Milan. 60 cents), and informs us that he will soon publish a novel, "La Meta."

....In the diary of Samuel Pepys we have something like those glass anatomical models which enable us to study the structure of a man thru and thru. It is the most self-revealing of autobiographies, probably because it was written in cipher and not for publication.

Macmillans have compressed the eight volumes into one, the "Globe Edition," selling for \$1.75, using the Braybrooke text, which excises the most gossipy of live gossip.

....Mr. Edward S. Wilson, for five years Marshal of Porto Rico, has given us some much needed information in his book on the "Political Development of Porto Rico" (published by F. J. Heer, Columbus, Ohio. \$1.00.) He describes the conflict of parties before and since annexation, and explains the desires of the natives for a greater share in the Government, which he favors granting, both for our benefit and theirs.

...."The Americans," Professor Münsterberg's analysis of our national characteristics, which was reviewed by Prof. James Bryce in our last issue, is published in the United States by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, at \$2.50.



Pebbles

CANDIDATE—I want to kiss the baby.
Miss Antique—Er—I'm the youngest of the family.—*New York Sun.*

....Willie to the circus went,
He thought it was immense;
His little heart went pitter-pat,
For the excitement was in tents.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

....An architect remarked to a lady that he had been to see the great nave in the new church. The lady replied, "Don't mention names; I know the man to whom you refer!"
—*Sacred Heart Review.*

...."Do you still take a cold bath in the morning?"
"Not much, I don't. There's been something the matter with our water pipes for two weeks, ha, ha, ha!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NONCHALANCE.

....If you wake up to find that your house
is on fire,
And in oceans of smoke you are drowned,
Pause gayly and light your cigar in the
flames,
Ere you leap fifteen flights to the ground.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

....News comes from Southern Kansas that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the sky and clouds looked and that now the stalk is growing faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is clear out of sight. Three men have taken the contract for cutting down the stalk with axes to save the boy a horrible death by starving, but the stalk grows so rapidly that they can't hit twice in the same place. The boy is living on green corn alone and has already thrown down over four bushels of cobs. Even if the corn holds out there is still danger that the boy will reach a height where he will be frozen to death. There is some talk of attempting his rescue with a balloon.—*Topeka Capital.*

Editorials

The Anglo-Japanese Pact

THE treaty between Great Britain and Japan is published, and it means, on the face of it, just this: That Britain will protect Japan's rights in Korea, and that Japan will defend Britain's rights in India. But it means more: That Great Britain and Japan will, between them, protect Asia.

Japan fears that Russia, gathering her strength, and with Vladivostok just over the Korean border, smarting under her humiliation, with a tremendous army easily maintained at Harbin, and double-tracking the Siberian Railroad, will crowd eastward and southward until she can recover by arms what she has lost in war. This attempt the present agreement will frustrate. Japan will have a free hand to "control" Korea and develop her continental empire in the peninsula, from which so much of her earliest culture came, and she must be protected from any Russian advance.

Equally Russia is the Asiatic power which Great Britain has ever feared. Driven back from the farther East, Russia will certainly try to extend her borders elsewhere. It may be in the Balkan region, or it may be in Turkish Armenia, or it may be in Mongolia, or in Afghanistan or Persia. A direct Russian attack on British India is not to be soon expected, to be sure, for Afghanistan and Beluchistan are buffer states; but Russia has evidently been trying to secure control and entrance by way of railroads into Persia and Afghanistan. She borrowed money at three per cent. of France and loaned it to Persia at five per cent. for the various extravagances of the Shah of Persia, who has just been visiting St. Petersburg. When Russia shall begin to push downward thru Persia for a seaport about Mohammera, will Great Britain think her Indian Empire threatened? or when Russia begins to press Northern Afghanistan, and threatens Herat, will General Kitchener think it time to call on Japan for aid?

Probably not in India itself. It is only as a last resort that England would think it needful to call for Japan's help there; she can alone attend to any

trouble on her frontier. She can raise any number of soldiers in India, good fighting men. But it may be noticed that just now India is not in the pleasantest mood. Lord Curzon has not had the love of the people; and the division of Bengal has angered the population so that the weapon of the boycott has been summoned against British goods. In a war with Russia Japan's aid would be given elsewhere.

But the purpose of this pact is not to provide for war, but by the display of united action to prevent war, and to keep possible enemies at bay. And here we must consider carefully the language of the treaty as it concerns India. It pledges Japan to aid Great Britain, not definitely when invasion of India is threatened, but when its neighborhood is threatened. The language is very indefinite, evidently purposely so. It speaks of "the region of India," and "the proximity of the frontier." Now what does that mean? Is Afghanistan the "region of India"? Is Persia in "proximity" to "the frontier"? It may very well be so; but if that is the case let us see how large is the task which the two powers have assumed. They really agree to defend all Japan, Korea, China, India, Burmah, Afghanistan, Persia, Beluchistan and Tibet, and we may include Siam and Arabia, against foreign aggression; for all these countries are involved directly or indirectly in the terms of the treaty. It means, then, that Great Britain and Japan will do for Asia what the United States offers to do for the American continent. This is a dual Monroe Doctrine for Asia.

Further, it shuts out wars of aggression, just as we shut out wars of aggression from our hemisphere. Consider what an engine this is for peace. It does not settle questions of dispute that might lead to war, as does The Hague, but it absolutely, and with sufficient power to back it, forbids war. Russia, Germany, France, are all warned off. If they grumble the pact says, in the words of John Milton to Salmasius, "*Si non lubeat rumpatur.*" "If they don't like it they can lump it!" And Russia and Germany do not like it. Russia sees her chance

to revenge her defeats a few years later fade away; and Germany fears for her hold on Shantung. The treaty is a magnificent stroke of diplomacy, excellent for Japan, admirable for Great Britain, and good for the peace of the world. Japan, disappointed over her failure to get all she would out of the war, smarting because she was beaten in diplomacy by the wily Witte, may recover her cheerfulness and take pride again in her statecraft as well as in her arms.

Now, why will not Germany, France and Great Britain unite to do the same service for Europe, and thus insure the permanent peace of the world?



The Quest of Diogenes

THE spiral way of human progress has led mankind to a breezier level than that at which the peoples of antiquity lived and toiled and thought, but it has brought us round to the same side of the range that they occupied. Their problems are again the real problems. The medieval life, through which the race made its way between the downfall of classical antiquity and the modern age, was on another slope, under different conditions, and it was different in itself. Our questions are no longer those of secular versus ecclesiastical power. They are questions of oligarchy versus democracy; of the rich versus the poor, of the citizen versus the grafter. And, that no feature of the repetition be lacking, our problems have suddenly resolved themselves into the fundamental quest of that ancient civilization. We have picked up the lantern of Diogenes, and are searching the town for a man. We are running with Jeremiah thru the streets and broad places, if we "can find a man, if there be any that doeth justly, that seeketh the truth."

There have been other times when the public has been profoundly shocked by revelations of the untrustworthiness of men of high repute, to whom great private and public responsibilities were committed. There was great humiliation and distress of mind when the scandals connected with the building of the Union Pacific Railroad impeached the good name of men prominent in the Na-

tional Congress. The Star Route frauds dragged more than one high name down to ruin and disgrace. The great bank malfeasances at Fall River, at Philadelphia, and elsewhere, and such failures as that of Grant & Ward, shook the confidence of thousands of plain folk in the integrity of men supposed to be above suspicion, and left everybody asking, Whom, then, can we trust? But all of these instances were trifling in comparison with the rottenness that has been brought to light in the past two or three years. Making every allowance for prejudice and exaggeration, the facts that have been made public in the writings of Miss Tarbell, of Mr. Lawson, and of Lincoln Steffens are shown by recent disclosures to be but the fringe of the terrible truth that even yet is probably not more than half known.

What is to happen now that the facts are known? Shall we reform, or shall we merely try to be more clever? Shall we square our conduct with our professions, or shall we study how to perfect the masks that we wear? Shall we be more open, or more secret? Shall we become more honest, or more skilful players of the double *rôle* of Jekyll and Hyde?

It all depends, most of our readers will perhaps be inclined to say, upon the degree of honesty actually surviving at the present moment in the population. If as a matter of fact nearly everybody is far gone in dishonesty, and is neither sorry nor ashamed, there is no help for us. We must go on from bad to worse, until our entire social system collapses. But if, on the contrary, there are more honest men and women than dishonest ones, we shall be able to bring wrong-doers to account, and to re-establish both the standards and the every-day practice of upright and open dealing.

All this is true as far as it goes, but it is not, we think, the whole truth. Besides a saving force of actual honesty in the population, two other virtues are needed to save the situation. Besides honesty we must have courage and openness of dealing, that is to say, publicity.

Dishonesty cannot exist without concealment. Secret transactions are its opportunity. In politics, in business, in all the varied acts that make up personal

conduct, perfect openness means perfect integrity, everywhere and always. Secrecy is the prime condition to the growth of disingenuousness, and disingenuousness is the parent of dishonesty.

And what, then, is the parent of secrecy? Why does any people take to the ways of concealment rather than to openness? The answer may be humiliating, but it is unmistakable. The parent of secrecy is timidity. People hide and lie when they are afraid that what they do will be condemned by their friends and the public, and are not brave enough to take their stand for what they propose to do, and to fight it out. It is not a pleasant confession to make, but we fear it must be made, that Americans of the present generation are not in a high degree intellectually and morally courageous. Our European critics have been saying this of us for many years, and we have resented their criticism. It is time to ask ourselves whether they have not been more nearly right than we like to admit. We are complacent. We particularly dislike what we call "a row." We submit to imposition to a degree that awakens the Englishman's contempt. If we had among us a university professor with the intellectual gifts of a Huxley, his colleagues would try to make him feel that he was an impracticable fool if he should try to write and speak as Huxley did. Perhaps the influence of Huxley was as bad as the English bishops thought it was; that is not the point that we are now considering. Right or wrong, for good or for evil, men absolutely fearless in saying what they think, do, from time to time, appear in Great Britain, as in France and in Germany. And for some reason or other they are scarce in the United States. We cannot help thinking that in this one fact we have an indication of the fundamental cause of our present evil state. If Americans had the courage to speak their honest thoughts more fearlessly, we could count on a larger proportion of good and a smaller proportion of evil.

Asepsis and Antisepsis

ONE thing that the Japanese delegate to the Fourteenth Convention of Military Surgeons of the United States made very clear in his address was that asepsis

is ever so much better than antisepsis in preventing mortality from wounds; or, in other words, that cleanliness beforehand and care immediately after to avoid any contamination of the wounded surface is much more effective in preserving life than any amount of germicidal applications afterward. This delegate was no less a personage than Surgeon-General Suzuki, of the Japanese Navy, and he declared that much of the Japanese success in the treatment of wounds received during the various naval conflicts of the war must be ascribed to the fact that before every engagement it was absolutely ordered that each member of the crew should have a bath and put on perfectly clean undergarments. As can be well understood, in most shot wounds fragments of clothing are carried into the wound, and this insistence on clean underclothing prevented many cases of blood poisoning that would otherwise have occurred from the presence of various kinds of germs on the clothing that had collected there from the air, and from the various excretions of the individual.

The principle thus enunciated by the Surgeon-General of the Japanese Navy was declared by Medical Director Joseph Wise, of the United States Navy, to be the most valuable contribution to naval surgery that has been made in modern times. In substance, it is not new, but is at least as old as the germ theory. Its application on a large scale in war, however, has never before suggested itself until these acute Orientals realized the possibility of carrying out their principles in practice. It has been a matter for no little gaiety among the nations to hear the account of the preparations for a French duel. It is now well understood that French duellists, under the advice of the attending surgeons on these occasions, take a very thoro bath before the sanguinary event and wear scrupulously aseptic clothing during its progress. It is generally understood that the French duelling surgeons of experience are accustomed to take every precaution that the duelling swords shall be made as carefully aseptic as if they were to be used as surgical instruments. For instance, it is no longer considered the proper thing for a duel-

list to allow the point of his sword to touch the ground, nor is his second supposed to test the sharpness of the instrument by drawing his fingers along it.

Of course, this almost sacrificial set of precautions for the French duel have been laughed at as Gallic over-particularity. As a matter of fact, however, this thoro introduction of asepsis into duelling has made that venerable institution even more harmless than it ever was before. There is no doubt that many more of those wounded in sword duels in France would die as the result of blood poisoning only for the introduction of this very modern scientific *régime*. It would seem absurd on the face of it to suppose that such precautions could be adopted in a wholesale manner in time of war, yet this is just what the Japanese have accomplished, at least as regards their naval combatants. On shipboard it is not a difficult matter to insist on every combatant having a bath before the engagement is expected, and issuing to him a clean set of underclothing. It is in the very simplicity of what has been thus accomplished that the triumph of Japanese ingenuity is best exhibited.

There seems no doubt that further applications of this principle of asepsis can be made and that even whole armies may, if this unfortunate business of war is to go on, be found carrying their bathtubs to the field for the preliminary cleansing that will make wounds less fatal than before, as carefully as they now do their first aid packages and other humanitarian appliances. As it is, the cleanly habits of the Japanese soldiers seem to have been of the greatest possible help to their surgeons. During the war the Japanese lost a smaller proportion of their wounded than has ever before been known. The lesson of these facts for ordinary life is not far to seek. Cleanliness is not only a cultured pleasure, but it is a protection against many ills and a source of prophylaxis against the most serious forms of wound complications when accidents occur. Now that modern life has become so much more dangerous than it used to be, cleanliness is the cheapest possible form of accident insurance policy. It is a complete exemplification of the truth of the proverb, that an ounce of prevention is worth

a pound of cure, and that it is better to keep a wound absolutely clean than to apply any remedy, however supposedly curative, or to depend on even the most powerful chemicals to cleanse it afterwards. Antisepsis is only a makeshift after infection has taken place. Asepsis is the principle which prevents infection and is the greatest of modern life savers.



A Letter to the Churches

BISHOPS and Synods have a way of sending occasional pastoral letters to their churches. Hardly a more useful or practical letter of the sort have we seen since Paul wrote to Corinth and to Timothy than one written by President William F. Warren, of Boston University, to the Methodist Church, and printed in *Zion's Herald*. We commend it to churches of every name, and wish it might be put in leaflet form for general circulation.

It is the strangers among us, those who come to our shores a million a year, from Russia, Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Syria, and the rest, Slavs and Orientals, that he particularly considers. Why should they in their loneliness be treated as strangers? Are they not Christian brethren? Look at a normal, respectable Russian Slav. He never swears. He drinks less of his *vodka* than your New England grandfathers' Puritan parson did of his rum and hard cider. He and his children have been baptized as Christians, have been instructed in the Catechism, and at confirmation have solemnly renounced the Devil and all his works. They are, according to their knowledge, conscientious Christians. Not even when bathing do they remove the silver cross on the breast. Before eating or drinking they make the sign of the cross, or when passing a church or an *ikon* of St. Paul or other sacred reminder; that is they mean to recall the five wounds of our Lord. At every Holy Communion they reverently kiss the sacred body of our Lord represented on the ivory crucifix presented to them, and, trusting in Christ, receive the bread and wine. Is not that man a Christian? Is he not to be received as such, sought out, invited

helped, treated as a brother in a strange land, gathered into the church in the most fraternal way?

But to most of our people he is an alien, a barbarian, an object of fear and suspicion. Says President Warren:

"In their narrow, native American prejudices the mass of us too much resemble the Judaizing party in the days of St. Paul. The average Methodist is willing to consider these Oriental strangers human beings, and as such in need of Christ and His salvation. But he assumes that as yet they know next to nothing of the one or the other, and that what they do know only aggravates their guilt in the sight of God. If exceptionally earnest, he says that mission halls should be erected, missionaries of the Boanerges type placed in them, and thus efforts made to deliver them from the power and service of Satan."

But this is not what they need, says President Warren. They were praying people at home. They prayed as never before when they left their native land and its oppressions to find a land of liberty and comfort here. Shall they be treated as dangerous foes, called by opprobrious nicknames, and at best treated as children of Satan, these Oriental Christians, to be herded and converted as if they were pagans; these, who have come to us from their four-square cruciform churches, with their gilded domes? Certainly they need to be received as brothers into our churches, welcomed as brothers from a far country.

But how can we reach them? To this question President Warren addresses himself. We would we could quote the whole of his answer to a young, discouraged Methodist minister, who finds his people moving away, and the locality swamped with foreigners. He tells him how to find and reach them, how to learn their Christian faith, how to sympathize with them, how to take them into easy and speedy fellowship and gather their children. But this is a matter of method and process, for which we must refer our readers to the article itself, which President Warren ought to make accessible to others besides the readers of a Boston Methodist paper.

A colossal blunder and wrong of our fathers and ourselves has been our treatment of Christians from other lands, whom our nation, more Christian than our churches, has welcomed to citizen-

ship; but whom we, individually, have treated too often with aversion and contempt, and have not sought to welcome to our churches. We have forgotten the lesson of Moses: "If a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong. The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be as the home-born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself. For ye were sojourners in the land of Egypt; I am Jehovah your God." Perhaps those Jews of millenniums ago were better Christians than we have been.



The Hungarian Breach

THAT the wise and honored Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary should have so sharply broken off conferences with the majority leaders of the Hungarian Parliament is so contrary to his nature and manner that Hungarians and Austrians and other nations are surprised beyond measure. It seems ominous of a break between the two portions of the dual Empire, and even of such revolution as, by the help of Russia, failed in blood more than fifty years ago. The Hungarian leaders were hopeful of a settlement of the questions at issue, and might even have yielded the bitter question of the use of the Hungarian language in the Hungarian army. But the Emperor received them with the scantest courtesy, and seemed desirous of a rupture. He would not discuss with them, but gave them an ultimatum, with a warning and threat, and sent them to their chief enemy for further consultation or reply. When they went to Golochowski, the man who wanted Europe to form a *bund* against the United States, they demanded that a Hungarian be chosen to treat with them, and when one was appointed he delayed bringing the Emperor's word, until angry and disgusted they left Vienna for Budapest.

Hungary not only resents the Emperor's rudeness, but seems inclined to resist. It really looks like the absolute breaking of the tie, just as Sweden and Norway have separated completely.

But let us look a little beyond the present moment and consider what are

the dangers that would threaten and may well prevent such a separation. It might involve a catastrophe. The breaking up of one of the great Empires of Europe would destroy the balance of power, which has worked for peace. The danger of war between Austria and Hungary would be very great, and it is by no means clear where the victory would rest. Hungary has grown and developed more rapidly than Austria, but is not yet as strong as Austria, especially as the latter commands the army, which, however, is about equally divided between Austria and Hungary, and it is not likely that the Hungarian regiments could be led to fight against their own country. But it must be remembered that Hungary is much more split up in language and religion than is Austria. Out of its twenty million of population, a little less than half are Magyar by race, and the rest are divided between Germans, Slovaks, Rumanians, Ruthenians, Croats and Servians. How willing they would all be to unite under Magyar lead is far from clear. But it now looks as if the Hungarians, who take the intellectual and political lead, would press the country to an absolute separation.

Still the fear now is, as it was in the days of the attempted revolution under the elder Kossuth, that neighboring nations would intervene. Yet the conditions are different from what they were in 1848. Russia is in no position to enter into another war. Indeed, the break-up of the Dual Monarchy might create such an unrest in the Balkan provinces that, while some might attach themselves to Hungary, others might be drawn to Russia, which dearly wants an outlet on the Mediterranean. That would be the time for the attempt for a Balkan federation under the lead of Rumania and Bulgaria, but the forces for union with Hungary and Russia would be no less strong.

On the other side we can hardly presume that Germany would intervene to help Austria retain her union with Hungary. Indeed, Germany's interests have long been for separation, and the consequent union of German Austria with the German Empire. All have been awaiting the death of Francis Joseph,

now seventy-five years old, for the time when the jealousy between the two Austrian kingdoms would provide the opportunity for consolidating all German-speaking peoples into one greater Empire. The addition of twenty-five million people to Germany, all one in race and language, would easily make William II supreme on the continent of Europe; and the possible enlargement of Hungary by the absorption of Servia, or even possibly Bulgaria and Rumania, would not for many years counterbalance the German strength.

Would Hungary be a republic? That was the will of the people under Francis Kossuth, but the times were not then ripe. We should now expect the republic, altho at present the monarchy is little more than a mere name. While Norway is looking now for the republic in the north, it would be a notable event for the opening century if in the south of Europe, against Russia and Germany, there might be created an example of liberty and equality, in form and principle as well as in substance.



The Railway Rate Question

CONGRESS will soon be at work again, and Mr. Roosevelt will again be asking for that railway rate legislation which the House approved. In the Senate the House bill was ignored, but Mr. Elkins' committee has been making an investigation. It is quite well understood that a majority of that committee have views on this question that are not in agreement with the President's. That majority will not report a bill supporting the President's policy as to an increase of the Commission's power. But it will, we think, propose additional legislation designed to prevent discrimination. Mr. Roosevelt's supporters and those other Senators whose views are satisfactory to the railroads agree up to a certain point. Their agreement should cause the passage of a bill providing remedies for some evils. Let us see what these evils are and how they are related to the question concerning which these two groups disagree.

Both would prevent discrimination between shippers in its various forms—the secret payment of rebates, the unjust use of private car lines and of the charges ex-

acted for private car service, the disproportionate allowances for private side tracks and terminals, etc. Such discrimination has been for eighteen years forbidden by statute, but the original law and the supplementary and more specific laws more recently enacted have been violated persistently and flagrantly. A company that grants a rebate and a shipper who receives it can be punished if the facts can be obtained and laid before a court. There is law for this, altho the punishment under the statute specifically dealing with rebating is inadequate. The punishment clauses should be amended, and the statute should be enforced with vigor. It has not been so enforced.

If private car lines are permitted to exist, they should promptly be brought under the jurisdiction of the Commission. It may be that if the question should be carried to a final test in the courts, an authoritative interpretation of existing law would place them under the Commission's control. But the owners of them now deny that the Commission has power to interfere with their practices. The controversy can be most easily and quickly settled by a new statute. Possibly the companies themselves should be required to carry on the business in which the private lines are engaged. At all events, the private cars should not escape the supervision to which the business of the ordinary lines is subjected. Once clearly under the Commission's jurisdiction, private car injustice will undoubtedly be a violation of law.

All private side tracks and terminals, and the corporations owning them, should be brought under the Commission, if there be any doubt as to their status. And the granting of rebates indirectly, by means of such devices, should then be prevented. Let the laws be so amended that every form of unjust discrimination will be clearly unlawful. Mr. Elkins and Mr. Foraker and those who stand with them should at once consent to such amendments as may be needed. They themselves should propose the amendments, for they have expressed a desire to put an end to discrimination, and the railroad companies assert that they also would be glad to avoid every form of it. If the companies and the Senators in sympathy with them are sincere, they will set out at

the beginning of the session to place all rate favoritism under the ban of law which cannot be evaded.

There remains to be considered the proposition that the Commission be empowered to substitute (subject to judicial review) a reasonable rate for an open and published rate found, upon complaint, to be unreasonable. Here the two groups in the Senate do not agree. But before we consider this question, let us see what will be needed to make the amended laws against rate favoritism effective.

Much will be needed, and if the need be not satisfied the laws will be worth very little. Provision for detecting violations of them must be made. Knowledge of unlawful rebating has heretofore been obtained as a rule by chance or by accident. After a company and a shipper have made an unlawful agreement, is either one inclined to disclose the fact to an officer of the law or to a wronged competitor? Companies say that rebating has ceased. Some of them have said this in past years, and subsequent events have proved that the assertion, with respect to their own practices, was untrue.

Only by means of official inspection of the accounts and books can the laws against rebate favoritism be made effective. President Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western, testified last week before the Commission. We find in the *Chicago Tribune* this report of what he said in the court room:

"The first legislation needed is that which provides the necessary machinery for carrying out the laws we already have. It takes police to enforce a law. We need legislation that will create a police force for the enforcement of the present law.

"We want Government auditors who can go into the railroad offices and find out from the books whether they are paying rebates, whether they are discriminating. If we are going to enforce the Interstate Commerce law we must have a Government police force for the purpose."

These are the opinions of a veteran railway officer, who has been building, organizing, and managing railroads for 35 years. They are in agreement with our own, expressed in these pages nearly a year ago.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt's addresses on this subject show that in urging that the Commission be empowered to substitute

a reasonable rate for one found to be unreasonable, he has been moved, largely, if not chiefly, by a consideration of the injustice and manifold evils due to discrimination between shippers, to secret favoritism for the benefit of one at the expense of another or all others. There is law now for that, altho its scope should be extended and the penalties attached made heavier. The proposed grant of power to the Commission would relate, not to such violations of law, but to modifications of general open rates, which every shipper is required to pay, and with respect to which complaint has successfully been made that they are unreasonable, being improperly adjusted to certain commodities, or unjust to certain localities, or clearly objectionable on other grounds. The effect of this proposed legislation upon general rate-making has been misrepresented by some. So far as it is designed to give force to decisions of the Commission which are now without force and easily evaded, and to prevent years of delay in the final establishment of any one of them, it is for the public good. It should be considered apart from the question of unlawful rebates and allowances and the measures by which these can be prevented.



Homesickness

The following letters were exchanged between a Southern mother and her daughter, who had just entered a Northern college:

DEAR MOTHER.—I am awfully, awfully homesick. I could die of loneliness. I cannot eat or sleep or talk with this lump of lead for a heart. I am frantic inside these brick walls. I have prayed to be delivered from this terrible agony, but it gets worse instead of better, etc.

DEAR DAUGHTER.—If it were not for the consequent difficulty we should have in keeping you in one of those narrow-minded, highly intellectual Northern schools, I should not care if you "flunked" every examination to the end of the chapter; but please remember that it is not the custom in your family to "flunk" the ups and downs of life. I have orphaned myself of our only child not that she may learn logarithms and the New England dialect, but chiefly that she may learn to know herself in a new light, that she may practice the fine art of measuring her wit against new conditions, and that she may qualify herself with a broader sense of relationship to her other

kind; how really these Yankees are also our people and it is time more of the young among us acquired the peace and ease of kinship.

But you are homesick for the familiar, and you have added to the sentimentality of your affliction by praying—and I have no doubt that you wept while you were about it. Prayer is a good thing, a needful thing, but do not misuse God by asking for what he has already given you the sense to overcome. You might as well take peppermint for digestion as to pray about homesickness. . . . And what is the little matter of "brick walls" to a person endowed with spirit? Be sure of this, every woman at least has wings. It is their great compensation for being predestined to a life more or less confined. They find the ends of the earth in their own souls. But only one in ten thousand ever discovers this fact. Be the one in your ten thousand. Find your wings and use them. Then the walls will become simply your very convenient, domestic roosting place, etc.

Doubtless many such letters are being exchanged now, for this is the week when our young people have just poured into their college homes for the coming year. The boy is still in the glamour of high football aspirations. The young cape jessamine lady from the South has unpacked her gowns and her fellow poets. She has hung innumerable sentimental pictures upon the walls of her room and arranged her neck ribbons in the top drawer. The rose-maiden of the North has found her rain coat, golf sticks and chafing dish. Everything is propitious for another year of youth and happiness. Then suddenly the horror begins. It may be in the middle of the night, or at the first chapel exercises, even at the crowded tea-table, and it is a sensation of unutterable loneliness, a sinking, seasick feeling in the very soul of man. The light goes out of the brightest morning, there is no taste to food, no sense of *camaraderie* between the boy and the fellow who slapped him so kindly upon the back the first day and let him into the racket generally. He even hates the presumption of such unfounded fellowship. He does not care whether he gets on the Freshman team or not. He would not admit it for worlds, but what he really wants is a sight of the fire-lit living-room at home, and to hear the noise of his younger brothers quarreling over some trifle. It is a clearly defined sissy failing of his manly heart, but he can no more help it than he can the color of his eyes.

Meanwhile, the cape jessamine girl from the South is the most exquisite vis-

ion of woe to be seen anywhere as she lies upon her bangs in a pink dressing-gown, dissolved in tears. She is not weeping because she has been "conditioned" in "math" and in everything else possible. She is sick for the sight of a middle-aged mother-face, which she pictures upon the shaded veranda at home. She is remembering Tom, Dick and Harry who have loved her so faithfully all summer, and to each of whom she is more or less frivolously "engaged." And oh! if Katharine, her best girl friend, were only there, they could embrace and weep together, which would be such a comfort. Nor has the young rose maiden from the North fared much better, altho she has played golf all day, looked every one calmly in the eye without shedding a tear, and eaten three square meals. She has preserved her "self-respect" by concealing her forlornness with Spartan courage. She has written home serenely of the "fare," of the "new girls," not omitting to express some contempt for the frail, homesick ones, and given an intelligent estimate of the educational facilities of the great institution; but if there are any bald-headed stoics among the guardian angels in heaven, they know what a desert her heart is during this first week at college, away from her own particular golf-links and leaden skies.

After the age of thirty years at most we should have finished living on our own selfish account. From that period it is more decent and natural that we should be interested chiefly in bringing up the next generation and in shielding it from unnecessary unhappiness. For this reason it becomes the duty and pleasure of THE INDEPENDENT to offer from time to time some advice to the young students among its readers, beginning with the following diagnosis and prescription for nostalgia:

Three symptoms always accompany this disorder. The first is evidenced when the young stranger not only fails to grasp the situation, but permits it to overcome him. A new situation is a new world to conquer, a new lover to win, a larger ladder to climb, normally speaking; but it is a veritable death-trap to any one who crawls into it with a mouse spirit, or without his swastika charm against what is older and better estab-

lished in the order of things than he is. The second symptom comes in logical sequence. This is the loss of the sense of proportion. The panic of the young freshman's own mind casts him "out of drawing," and he loses his rational relation to things. The least important things become matters of life and death, and the essential ones sink out of sight beneath his narrow horizon. There is really nothing terrible the matter. His people at home are well, and they doubtless committed him with a fervent "Thank God!" to stronger powers that be. His own prospects are good, even if he does not sleep well, or has lost his appetite or the disposition to whistle.

And let the little bow and arrow of pink femininity arise from her grief-stricken couch and realize that while this is not a Tom, Dick and Harry situation, her teachers are not really ogres ready to devour her, but distracted men and women who can be gradually subdued by a series of creditable recitations.

And finally homesickness in any malignant, morbid form cannot exist where the sense of humor is regnant. Therefore let the patient rekindle this blessed effulgence of the mind, set himself at the end of the perspective it makes, and behold the quizzical, caricaturing beam it casts upon her tear-stained lineaments. It stretches her young gravity till it is a drollery of mourning, as out of keeping as a funeral is with summer day. If she is not an egotistical monomaniac she must laugh. Then the spell is broken and the homesickness passes like a bad dream in the dark.



Land Frauds in Oregon

One of Oregon's Senators and one of the State's two Representatives have now been found guilty of defrauding the Government of public land. The other Representative is under indictment. Senator Mitchell's profits were confined to the fees received by himself or his firm for his efforts at Washington in behalf of some of those who were trying to steal land, but Representative Williamson's plunder was the land itself, which was added to a large tract acquired some years ago and occupied by his partner in the live-stock business, Van Gessner. We regret to say that stealing public

land by subornation of perjury is not a new criminal industry. In past years great tracts have been acquired in this way. But those who so acquired them encountered the opposition of no Secretary Hitchcock in the Interior Department, or, if the Secretaries then holding office were not less faithful to their trust, their agents were less active and competent than those who have, within the last two years, procured evidence upon which more than a hundred indictments rest. Mr. Hitchcock deserves much praise for his untiring pursuit of these rascals. He has been most effectively supported by Mr. Heney, the prosecutor representing the Department of Justice. As all the prominent culprits are Republicans, the prosecutions are an interesting example of practical reform within a party.



Dr. Gladden's Resolution It is well, for the sake not only of history, but of the representatives of the two sides involved, that it should be clearly understood what was done at the meeting of the American Board at Seattle. We are therefore glad to publish Dr. Gladden's note to us as follows:

If, as you say, my resolution was voted down at Seattle, four to one, the "principles" of the prudential committee were also voted down four to one. Both statements were before the house. The motion passed was a motion to "lay the whole subject on the table." The issue was simply evaded. The board declined to reaffirm the principles of the prudential committee just as definitely as it declined to pass my resolution.

In view of the fact that the board suspended action, and they passed the whole matter up to the churches for their decision, it was safe to promise that the protestants would continue their support of the board. But if it is claimed that the resolution was voted down, and that the officers of the board have received a mandate to go on and "invite or solicit funds from persons whose gains have been made by methods morally reprehensible and socially injurious," that is a different story.



New Zealand During the last year or so there has been persistently circulated in the leading English and American conservative papers gloomy reports from New Zealand belittling the success of those radical experiments there that have made the colony for the past decade the

social laboratory of the world. As we doubted all along the truth of these reports, we are especially glad to present to our readers a few facts on the other side, taken from the official report for 1905 of the New Zealand Department of Labor, just received. In general the prosperity of the island was never so great. The internal energies have expanded, and an analysis of the imports shows a higher purchasing power on the part of the average New Zealander than ever before. The savings banks deposits have more than doubled in the last ten years, and the continually expanding returns from the railroads shows how easily the families of the colony expend their time and money. New Zealand has for a long time furnished employment for its citizens who were out of work, and it is interesting to note that the dependents of the colony in ten years have decreased from 7,802 to 3,423. Moreover, the proportions of unemployed have changed in character, for comparatively few married men now require assistance. The chief objections to New Zealand's radical laws seem to have been the fear that capital would be driven away from the island. This seems to be a groundless apprehension, however, because the number of factories has increased in ten years from 1,409 to 9,023. Moreover, as the number of laborers in these factories increased from 29,879 to 67,713 in the same period, there has been no dearth of employment for labor. Under the Arbitration Act, which has come in for so much criticism, the number of industrial unions registered during the year is 109 for the employers and 273 for the workers. Instead of being dissatisfied with the Arbitration Court, the New Zealanders are making preparations to perfect it by giving the preliminary Conciliation Courts more power. They are also taking up the problem of the increase of rents in the cities by proposing that the Government itself should assist the wage earners in obtaining land in the suburbs and making advances so that the wage earners can build their own dwellings. This scheme of getting cheap houses in the suburbs and having easy communication with industrial centers by low fares on "workmen's trains" is not only expected to be a direct

benefit to the workers, but to others, by relieving the competition for town dwellings. If, then, female suffrage, compulsory arbitration, and a modified form of the single tax, old age pensions, and all the other reforms in which New Zealand has led the world were a failure, certainly the employers would not keep building more factories, as they have done every year, nor would the condition of the working people be steadily improving and their numbers increasing.



Divorces The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* is responsible for figures of divorces in one section of Boston, which we see quoted with due animadversion thruout the country:

"In Everett, Mass., there were 318 divorces and 296 marriages during 1903. In Chelsea the record was 507 divorces and 463 marriages. Newton saw 301 couples divorced, and 351 couples united."

These statistics are shameless forgeries. In 1903 the State of Massachusetts granted the largest number of divorces on record, namely, 1,721, or one divorce to 15.6 marriages. The statistics in Massachusetts and other States are reported by counties, not by towns. In Suffolk County, which includes mainly Boston, the total number of divorces granted was 508, or one in 14. Chelsea contains only a twentieth of the population of Suffolk County. Equally there are no statistics of divorces for Everett or Newton, and the figures given are stupidly, if not also maliciously, preposterous, and those who have circulated them should do their best to help the correction limp after the slander. The figures are bad enough without exaggeration.



Children's Courts The influence of the United States upon international diplomacy and in the development of parliamentary institutions is not more marked than its growing influence in modifying the judicial and penal institutions of the rest of the world. A fresh illustration of this was furnished at the meeting of the International Prison Congress at Budapest. The official delegate of the United States Government, the Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, had, in an elaborate report, laid be-

fore the members of the Congress some months in advance of the meeting all the information available as to the establishment and working of children's courts in the United States. The result was that the idea was received with great unanimity and even with enthusiasm by European jurists; and the Congress in its platform strongly indorsed the system and recommended its adoption in Europe. The suspension of sentence, an idea borrowed from the United States, which has been in use in France and Belgium for several years, is now seen to be imperfect without the adoption of the distinctive American feature of probation officers. The Congress showed itself more friendly than ever before to the reformatory system as developed in the United States, and recognized the need of a progressive and corrective system for young offenders. Tho it did not frame its recommendations in this respect for those above the age of legal minority, it is quite evident that this arbitrary barrier cannot permanently prevent the extension of the reformatory system to those above that age who are legitimate subjects for it. If offenders under sixteen can be saved by a corrective system, why not apply it to offenders of twenty or twenty-two, or above that age, who are offenders because, like minors, they lack the development and education which would have kept them from crime? The only natural limit to the operation of a corrective system lies not in the age but in the corrigibility of the offender. The next session of the Congress will be held in Washington in 1910, and Mr. Barrows was elected president for the next ten years. The work of the Congress is carried on thru the International Prison Commission, which is a bureau of communication between the nations.



The announcement of several months ago that John D. Rockefeller would give to the General Education Board \$10,000,000 to advance higher education in this country has been fulfilled by its payment last Monday. Assuredly it will not be given quite as unwisely as the last of the Peabody Fund was given, for a shabby normal school in the educationally best supplied city in the border South.

Insurance

The Insurance Investigation

MORE interesting developments were brought out during the progress of the insurance investigation in this city last week. George W. Perkins was particularly frank in some of his testimony concerning transactions between the New York Life Insurance Company, of which the witness is vice-president, and J. P. Morgan & Co., of which firm he is also a partner. Some of the testimony of Mr. Perkins had to do with year-end sales of securities, which somewhat resemble transactions on the part of trust companies and similar institutions that have come to be known as "Window Dressing."

It was brought out during the past week that pensions, amounting to \$25,000 a year to Mrs. Henry B. Hyde and \$18,000 annually to Mrs. James W. Alexander, were to have been paid to them on the deaths of their respective husbands. These pensions were nullified by action recently taken by the Equitable Board. Perhaps the most interesting testimony

of all, however, was that given before the Armstrong Committee by Jacob H. Schiff, head of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., who was a director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, until the Frick report was rejected and repudiated last June. Among other things Mr. Schiff said:

"The system of directorship in great corporations of the City of New York is such that a director has practically no power. He is considered, in many instances, and I may say in most instances, as a negligible quantity by

the executive officers of the society. He is asked for advice when it suits the executive officers; and if, under the prevailing system, an executive officer wishes to do wrong or wishes to conceal anything from the directors, or to commit irregularities such as have been disclosed here, the director is entirely powerless; he can only act in an advisory capacity and he can only judge of such things as are submitted to him."

Mr. Schiff's testimony has large value as showing the impotence of directors under the systems that have grown up under the influence of high finance and is a strong plea against one man power.

The political contributions of the New York Life, to which reference was made in this department last week, will, according to statements emanating from President McCall, never again be repeated and the board of trustees is to be asked to pass a resolution at its next meeting forever prohibiting such political campaign contributions.



A RECENT cable to the New York *Times* sets forth that managers of English life insurance companies expect to at-

tract considerable business to their companies in consequence of the recent exposures of the alleged mismanagement of their American rivals. A large business has hitherto been done by American concerns in Great Britain. The *Times* cable states that the Equitable alone carries £5,000,000 on British lives. It is considered probable that British companies will also become more active in the scramble for business on American soil, with every prospect of securing business.



CHARLES E. HUGHES,
of Counsel in Insurance Inquiry.

Financial

Industry and Trade

ALL the trade reports show signs of continuing prosperity. In the iron industry prices have been rising in response to large demand. Railroads have placed large orders for cars and rails. The rail output is already sold for the greater part of 1906. Crops are large. Railway tonnage capacity is taxed to the limit. Traffic congestion is reported in the coal fields, at the lumber mills, and at Lake ports. The movement of wheat at primary points was larger last week than at any other time since 1899. September was a month of great activity in both production and distribution.

Information collected by the Government for August and the first eight months of the present calendar year affords some interesting and significant comparisons. For the eight months live-stock receipts at the five leading interior markets were 22,579,000 head, against 20,960,000 last year. Packing house products received at Chicago were 598,043,000 pounds, or nearly 200,000,000 more than in 1904. Receipts of wheat were largely increased at both the winter and the spring markets. Shipments from various points on the Great Lakes were 40,540,000 tons, which may be compared with 24,857,000 in the corresponding months of last year. But this increase was due in part to an earlier opening of navigation and freedom from labor controversies. Traffic on the Lake canals amounted to 26,164,000 tons; in 1904 it was only 14,843,000. Large cities report growing activity in the building industry. On the farms and at the mills there is ample evidence of abundant output and satisfactory prices; on railways and waterways distribution can scarcely keep pace with demand.

Increase of Values

THE late Walter S. Gurnee, a retired banker, who died on April 7th, 1903, left an estate which has been appraised for taxation at \$8,502,191, the valuation of his securities having been based upon their market value at the time of his

death. Since that time, however, their value has increased by about thirty-three per cent. The changes, with respect to certain stocks which he held, from the date given above to last week, are shown below:

	April, 1903	Last Week
8000 U. S. Steel pf.....	\$690,000	\$832,500
6000 North Sec.....	585,750	1,552,000
6000 U. S. Steel Com...	211,500	225,750
5000 Can. Pac.....	648,750	868,750
5000 Wab. com.....	133,750	115,000
4000 Am. Loc. pf.....	374,000	453,000
3500 Am. S. & R. pf...	329,000	424,812
3000 So. Ry. pref.....	276,000	300,000
3000 Erie 2d pf.....	156,000	221,625
2500 Mo. Pac.....	267,812	263,437
2000 Am. C. & F. pf...	180,000	199,350
1120 C., M. & St. P. pf..	205,520	212,800
1150 Stand. Oil.....	764,750	730,250
	\$4,822,832	\$6,399,275

Financial Items

IN spite of Canada's tariff discrimination of one-third in favor of British goods, her imports from Great Britain during the last fiscal year fell off by nearly \$1,500,000, and her exports to the mother country decreased by \$15,000,000. On the other hand, our exports to Canada increased by \$9,000,000, and our imports from Canada were larger by nearly \$5,000,000 than the preceding year.

....A special train on the Santa Fé road made the run from Los Angeles to Chicago, 2,244 miles, recently in four minutes less than 45 hours, or at the average rate, stops deducted, of 51.1 miles an hour.

....Dividends announced:

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R'y (Registered Adj. Mort. Bonds), 4 per cent., payable November 1st.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R'y (Stamped Adj. Mortgage Bonds), 2 per cent., payable November 1st.

Minn. & St. Louis R'way (Pacific Ext.), Coupons payable October 1st.

N. Y. & N. J. Telephone Co. (quarterly), 1½ per cent., payable October 14th.

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Survey of the World

Railway Rate Legislation

Owing partly to the publication, on the 4th, of a report that the President's railroad rate policy had been modified by concessions that would satisfy the railway interests, it was announced on the following day by Representative Townsend (one of the authors of last session's Esch-Townsend bill) that the President's views and purposes had undergone no change. He was as determined as ever, it was added, to strive earnestly for legislation in accordance with the recommendations in his messages and public addresses. On the 6th, after several conferences between Mr. Townsend and the President had taken place, the public was informed, apparently by authority, that a new bill embodying the President's views had been completed, and that its provisions were as follows:

First—That the Interstate Commerce Commission shall be given the power to decide, upon complaint, after full hearing, whether a rate is unjust or unlawful; that the Commission shall have authority to substitute a rate which shall become immediately effective and so remain unless and until reversed by the courts.

Second—The Commission shall have the authority to declare that a rate charged for shipment on private cars is unjust, or unreasonable, if it be so, and that the common carrier shall be held responsible for such charges.

Third—Giving the Interstate Commerce Commission jurisdiction over terminal railroads.

Fourth—A reassertion of the long and short haul provision of the original Interstate Commerce act.

Fifth—A provision relating to the shipment of merchandise by water and rail, so as to prevent alleged manipulation of rates made possible in such circumstances under the present law.

Sixth—Giving the Commission full authority to examine the books and records of the railroads and to prescribe the general form and manner in which such records shall be kept.

It remains to be determined whether the provision of last year's bill for the creation of an Interstate Commerce Court shall be included, but it is said that the bill will either provide for a new court or increase the number of Federal judges. Private car lines are not to be made common carriers, but the companies (common carriers) that permit them to be used on their roads are to be held responsible for them. The present power of the Commission with respect to books and records is largely increased. It is predicted that the railway interests will seek, in the Senate, a compromise permitting legislation concerning private car lines and side-tracks and terminals, making the law against rebates more severe, imposing penalties for failures to obey the Commission's denunciation of unjust rates, and making the Commission's rejection of a rate effective without delay, but withholding from the Commission the power to determine what the new and just rate shall be.—B. S. Cusey, a beef company's traffic manager, who recently pleaded guilty to a rebate indictment, testified last week in the pending case of the Commission against several Western railroads, saying that the rebates he obtained were about \$2.50 per car, and that they were paid ostensibly for delay and for damage to the goods carried.—In a public address at Portland, Ore., last week, James J. Hill asserted that the rate reductions on the Great North-

ern in twenty-five years, measured by the traffic, had amounted to \$667,000,000; that a general reduction to the same level would bankrupt two-thirds of the country's railway mileage; and that, if rates were made by the Government, the Constitution would compel the use of uniform distance tariffs, in accordance with which the rates in the far West would be more than doubled.



Philadelphia's Reform Movement

For some time the Republican "organization" of Philadelphia, of which Boss Durham is said to be still the leader, has been looking for some Republican of national reputation who would make a campaign speech in the city under its auspices. The local election takes place in November, and the City Party, composed of those who support Mayor Weaver in his fight against the ring, has nominated a ticket in opposition to the ticket of the Republicans. Something was needed by the "regulars" to offset the remark of Secretary Root about "a corrupt and criminal combination masquerading under the name of Republicans," the similar opinions expressed by Secretary Bonaparte, and President Roosevelt's commendation of Mayor Weaver's work. After the invitation had been rejected by a considerable number, Senator Foraker accepted it, giving notice that he would confine his remarks to national issues. Followers of the Mayor could not see how national issues were involved in the election of a sheriff or in a campaign dealing exclusively with local issues of the greatest importance. The Senator's acceptance was so severely criticised by the press in Philadelphia and elsewhere that on the 9th he canceled his engagement to speak, explaining in his letter that if he should make the address his action would "be interpreted as having direct reference to your local troubles and differences, with which I cannot with propriety have anything to do."—John W. Hill, the engineer formerly at the head of the filtration works and the first of the city's employees to be indicted, has been indicted again, the accusation covering 130 distinct charges, and relating to false and fraudulent estimates and records, by

which, it is alleged, the city lost \$2,120,000. The contracts involved were those of the Durham-McNichol Co.—On the 8th, the Central Labor Union, with its 124 affiliated organizations, formally indorsed the Republican ticket, thus placing organized labor in opposition to Mayor Weaver and the reform movement. It was said at the meeting that McNichol and the other contractors whom the Mayor has attacked employed union men exclusively in the filtration work, that the Republicans had given the unions an eight-hour day on all municipal work, and that Senator Penrose had supported the eight-hour bill at Washington. It was also asserted that the reformers had interrupted the work on public improvements, and that the employers prominently engaged in the reform movement were, with one exception, opposed to union labor.—The Councils, last week, passed over Mayor Weaver's veto a bill submitting to the people a proposition for a loan of \$4,000,000 for grade crossings. The Mayor's opponents have placed contracts for about \$100,000 worth of signs by which he is attacked, and have undertaken to spend \$120,000 for advertising space in the newspapers during the campaign.



Labor Questions

Two years ago the Superior Court in Chicago sentenced three members of a union of press feeders to pay fines of \$100 and be imprisoned for three months. The union itself was fined \$1,000. The offense was the violation of an injunction restraining the men from interfering with the non-union workmen of certain firms. By the Appellate Court, last week, these sentences were confirmed, and Judge Smith said in his opinion: "There is no such thing as peaceful, polite and gentlemanly picketing, any more than there can be chaste, polite and gentlemanly vulgarity or peaceful mobbing or lawful lynching."—At the recent national convention of street railway employees, \$20,000 was appropriated for the purchase of ten automobiles, to be used by the unions for passenger service during a strike. The unions already own three automobiles, which were used during the strike at Saginaw, Mich.—President John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, addressed 5,000 anthra-

cite miners at Elizabeth, Pa., last week. He said afterward that he saw no reason why there should be a general strike next spring, and that in the last three months more than 50,000 names had been added to the rolls of the union in Pennsylvania.—The National Cash Register Co., of Dayton, O., employing 3,000 men, which has heretofore taken union men only, now gives notice that hereafter its works will be an "open shop."



Municipal Politics in New York

Owing to the failure of the Fusion movement against Tammany, in New York City, separate nominations for the mayoralty have been made by the Republicans and the Municipal Ownership League, both of which had taken part in the Fusion conferences. The Citizens' Union, which was prominent in the Fusion negotiations, has made no nomination, but will use its influence chiefly to secure the re-election of District Attorney Jerome, who, by his own choice, has been nominated as an independent candidate by a petition bearing 4,000 signatures selected from 20,000 that were at his disposal. The League, at a mass meeting of which J. G. Phelps Stokes, the philanthropist, was chairman, nominated William R. Hearst, the well known owner of several newspapers, who was a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1904. Mr. Hearst declined, being unwilling, he said, to array the power and wealth of his personal enemies against the League and its work. Tammany, on the 5th, as had been expected, nominated Mayor George B. McClellan for re-election, and Patrick F. McGowan, hitherto unknown to the public, for President of the Board of Aldermen, the office next in succession. The convention adopted resolutions giving hearty praise to President Roosevelt for his "successful labors in the initiation, conduct, and settlement" of the recent peace negotiations. On the 6th the Republicans, without previous notice of their intention, nominated Charles E. Hughes, the examining counsel now engaged in conducting the life insurance investigation. But Mr. Hughes declined. It was imperative, he said, that he should continue to pursue the investigation, which, to inspire public confidence, must not be colored by any sugges-

tion of political motive. If he should accept, the work of the investigation would be largely discredited, its motives impugned, and its integrity assailed. Platform utterances concerning municipal ownership excite much interest this year, because the Fusion campaign was to have been inspired chiefly by this issue. The League's are, of course, of the most emphatic character. The Republicans call for free competition in the construction and equipment of future subways, the largest advantage to the people in their operation, and absolute control of them by the City Government; also for a municipal lighting plant, "for the use of the municipality and of its citizens." Tammany, asserting that municipal ownership of important public utilities has long been accepted Democratic doctrine, points to the recent purchase of one of the ferries by the city, promises that others shall be bought, refers to appropriations and preparations for municipal electric lighting, and says that a "Democratic administration may be entrusted with the continued application and ultimate triumph, upon safe lines, of the principle of municipal control of public utilities." Limited franchises only, it adds, should be granted, and these upon terms most advantageous to the public and under close supervision and regulation by the municipality.



Cuba's Political Campaign

Governor Gomez, the Liberal party's candidate for the presidency, arrived in New York from Cuba on the 2d, accompanied by Colonel Ferrara, who was recently arrested several times for making seditious speeches. In long statements given to the press, the Governor has repeated the charges against the Palma Government to which we referred last week, asserting that Liberal leaders were arrested, Liberal municipal officers removed, and both the police and Rural Guard placed under the direction of unprincipled men, in order that the Liberal vote might be suppressed. At the recent election of registration boards, he adds, the ballot boxes were stuffed by Moderates, and after the election the registration officers appointed were all Moderates, although the law provides that each local board

shall consist of two from the majority party and one from the minority. He also says that the new lists have been padded by the Moderates with fictitious names, according to the custom in Philadelphia, and that the coming election will be a farce. All these charges are denied by President Palma and Secretary Andrade. In reply to the Governor's assertion that the Government has brought the island to the brink of financial ruin, others point to the excellent condition of the Treasury, abundant exports, large crops and general prosperity. Governor Gomez says the United States ought to intervene in the interest of a fair election. His critics point out that his party has denounced the Platt Amendment, which provides for intervention in certain contingencies, and that opposition to the Amendment was the leading feature of its platform. At last reports he had not decided to lay before President Roosevelt a statement of his grievances. Some published letters from the island indicate that not all of the Moderates are models of political purity, that a political machine of considerable strength has been constructed by them since the President joined their party, and that machine influence in the interest of the Palma ticket has been successfully exerted in some places.—The text of the Anglo-Cuban treaty, now pending in the Senate, has been published. It gives Great Britain privileges equal to those of "the most favored nation," except with respect to duties on imports. The coasting trade is included. It is well known that this treaty is not acceptable to our Government.

Storm Losses in the Philippines It now appears that the damage caused by the recent typhoon was at first under-estimated because reports from many places in the archipelago were delayed. At least 200 natives and about 25 Americans lost their lives. The steamship "Canlabenia," engaged in traffic among the islands, was sunk off the coast of Ticao, and all on board perished. There were 5 American and 11 native passengers and a crew of 97. Many bodies were found on the neighboring beach. In the hemp-growing districts the

loss is believed to be not less than \$5,000,000. Warehouses were destroyed and plantations so injured that they cannot be restored to good condition in less than a year. The Government's protective work in the Luzon provinces of Cavite and Batangas, and in Samar (which largely increased the acreage under cultivation) has been undone by the storm. In Albay also, and in Sorsogon and Masbate, fields have been devastated, roads made impassable, and eighty per cent. of the dwellings, schoolhouses and warehouses destroyed. It is thought that owing to all this loss, and to the severe drought of preceding months, the Philippine Government's receipts for the year will show a decrease of forty per cent.—All tonnage and port dues at Manila, it is said, will be greatly reduced or abolished. Such concessions, it is believed, will tend to make the port a center of Oriental commerce, rivaling Hong Kong.—Miss Alice Roosevelt and the tourists accompanying her arrived at Yokohama on the 4th, and will sail for San Francisco on the 13th, after spending the intervening days in visiting points of interest in Japan.

Various Topics After some discussion as to whether control of the Panama Canal work should be transferred to the State Department, it was decided last week that control should remain with the War Department, and that Secretary Taft should have a free hand. He will go to the Isthmus early in November, to become familiar with the local conditions. John G. Sullivan, formerly division engineer on the Canadian Pacific, has been appointed Assistant Chief Engineer.—President Amador, of Panama, denies the report that union with Costa Rica is under consideration.—News was received in Washington on the 9th that the merchants of China had decided to abandon the boycott of American goods, at least for some time to come, and to await the action of Congress with respect to the exclusion law.—In the cases of the nine officers of the Retail Coal Dealers' Association of Illinois and Wisconsin, who were found guilty two years ago of conspiracy to suppress competition and raise prices, and were fined \$200 each, this

judgment has been confirmed by the Appellate Court of Illinois.—A remarkable petition was presented, last week, to Governor Lanham, of Texas. It asked that the State should permit mobs to punish negroes guilty of rape. Asserting that the tendency among negroes to commit this crime was increasing, the petitioners (led by G. W. Wright, of San Marcos) urged the Governor to accept their recommendation that in the case of a negro guilty of such an offense there should be no legal inquiry whatever, and that the State authorities should not interfere to prevent the hanging of a mob's prisoner. In reply, the Governor reminded the petitioners that he had sworn to defend and support the Constitution.



Bowen and Loomis In our last issue we called our readers' attention to the correspondence between President Roosevelt and Mr. Loomis, given out at Washington, which purported to show that the late Secretary Hay was on Mr. Loomis' side in the departmental inquiry into the Bowen-Loomis controversy. To these letters Mr. Bowen replied:

In answer to the letters that were exchanged recently by President Roosevelt and Mr. Loomis in regard to Mr. Hay and published in yesterday's papers, I have to say only this: After I had sent to Washington all of the documents which I found in the legation at Caracas relating to Mr. Loomis I received a letter from Mr. Hay stating, "I have been greatly surprised and pained in reading the documents you sent me." The following month he wrote to me a letter containing these friendly words: "I have always taken your part not only from personal liking, but from a conviction of your merits, your ability, your courage and your integrity." From a high official of the Department of State I received a letter written this last April stating, "Secretary Hay remains your stanch friend." From the same high official I have in my possession a letter dated July 8, 1905 (eighteen days after I was dismissed from the diplomatic service by President Roosevelt), stating: "I had a few words with Mr. Hay the day before he left Washington for New Hampshire, and he spoke of Mr. Bowen in the same kindly and affectionate manner he always did."

Every one who knew Mr. Hay knows that he could not possibly have been a friend to a man like Mr. Loomis, and that no power on earth could have induced him to denounce as a traitor an American official who refused to shield corruption.

In conclusion, in order to show President Roosevelt's attitude toward Mr. Loomis, I will

simply quote my last remark to him and his to me in the presence of witnesses the day he dismissed me: "Mr. President, you will remember that after I sent you all the information I had about Mr. Loomis you offered me a promotion that was intended to lead to an ambassadorship." "Well," he answered, "I would have done a great deal to hush up the scandal."

Secretary Taft commented on the above statement of Mr. Bowen as follows:

The President said he had been wholly misunderstood. Mr. Bowen said he was glad that the whole matter had come out and was generally known, and to this the President replied: "I do not agree with you, and I am very sorry that the whole matter has happened."



Two Cent Foreign Postage

The movement toward establishing a two-cent international postage rate is being strongly agitated in England. Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., who established the penny postage for Great Britain in 1899, strongly advises the reduction. He states that the world's post offices are bringing in a tremendous profit. In Great Britain \$25,000,000 and in France and Germany \$15,000,000 of excessive postal surplus is bad finance, because it taxes initial commercial operations. He thinks that in three or four years, on account of the development of correspondence under a lower rate, the different Governments would be receiving as satisfactory returns from foreign postage as now. A number of prominent men in London have enrolled themselves as members of the Universal Penny Post League, and have promised to do all in their power to further its aims. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster General of the United States, and Ambassador Whitelaw Reid are in favor of reduced postage. It is hoped that this agitation will finally result in the establishment of a two-cent rate at least between the United States and England. In this connection we refer our readers to an interesting discussion of the English and American postal service in another column by Mr. Porritt. Our postal service, altho in several respects it is less comprehensive and efficient than that of some European countries, is conducted at a loss to our Government, so Mr. Heaton's criticism of his own Government for using the post office as a source of revenue does not apply to ours.

International Politics

There is some question as to the time of the second meeting of The Hague Conference. From St. Petersburg it is reported that a large number of replies have been received to the Czar's invitation, all of which are favorable and contain no suggestions regarding the subjects for discussion, and that the conference will be called to meet very soon. On the other hand it is reported from London and Berlin that the acceptances of both England and Germany are conditional upon the subjects to be discussed. Germany will not want the question of disarmament raised, and Great Britain has a special interest in certain problems of neutrality, such as the coaling and repair of warships in neutral ports. Consequently, the Conference may have to be postponed until next year, until its scope is settled by preliminary negotiation. Count Witte will open The Hague Conference as the representative of the Czar. The Pope will try to secure the admission to the Conference of a representative of the Holy See thru the good offices of Germany.—The *Novoe Vremya*, of St. Petersburg, suggests that Russia, France, Germany and the United States should join with Japan and Great Britain in maintaining the *status quo* in China, and that the affairs of Central Asia should become subject to a mutual guarantee between Great Britain and Russia. It is surmised that the object of the Russian Government in thus securing a permanent settlement of Asiatic questions is to give her a free hand for nearer projects. Since the possibility of Russian aggression upon the independent State of Norway to secure an Atlantic port has been so extensively discussed, it is very timely that Count Wachtmeister, the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, should call attention to the fact that Great Britain and France are bound by the treaty of 1855, at the close of the Crimean War, to furnish to the King of Norway and Sweden naval and military forces sufficient to co-operate with his own forces in resisting the encroachments of Russia. The King is prohibited by the treaty from ceding any Swedish or Norwegian territory to Russia and from granting to Russia any coast privileges.

Rioting in Moscow

Disorders originating among the university students in Moscow and promoted by the revolutionists as a demonstration of their power, reached a climax on Sunday in street riots which were suppressed by the Cossacks with great brutality. Outside agitators persisted in attending the student assemblies, notwithstanding that this was prohibited by the University Council, and finally the interference with the normal work of the students became so great that Prince Trubetzkoy, Rector of the University and one of the leaders in the Liberal party, was obliged to suspend the teaching of classes. A general strike was ordered by the revolutionists, and the printers, bakers and street car men went out. The interruption of the publication of newspapers caused many alarming rumors to be circulated; the price of bread rose rapidly, and the supply soon gave out. Students and strikers marched thru the streets bearing red flags and assembled in the squares, and, when driven out from these, in the theatres and railroad stations. A crowd collected on the Tverskoy Boulevard and was charged by cavalry and infantry, who fired three volleys directly at the people. Many were wounded and some killed, but there are no reliable reports as to the number of casualties. It is thought to be over a hundred. The Prefect of Police issued a proclamation giving the police and troops unrestricted power of arrest, and they availed themselves of the privilege to seize and beat men, women and children. A number of them were taken to the Prefect's court yard, where they were forced to run the gauntlet between two rows of fifty Cossacks, who struck at them with their knouts and the butts of their guns until they dropped fainting or dead. Two hundred of the striking bakers were arrested and beaten in the court yard.—At Tiflis, in the Caucasus, ten bombs were thrown into the barracks where the Cossacks were quartered in three different parts of the city. Twenty persons were wounded, but one Cossack and one bomb-thrower were the only persons killed.—The Government shows a disposition to make some concessions on the language question, which has been the cause of more antagonism on the part of the minor

ances than anything else. The use of Finnish and Swedish will be permitted in the higher administrative departments of Finland, where previously only Russian was allowed. The commercial schools of Warsaw, Riga and Reval are to be allowed to use Polish or German as a language of instruction in all studies except Russian grammar, history and geography.—The Municipal Council of St. Petersburg refused the proposition to give Count Witte a banquet and address of welcome on the ground that his services at Portsmouth were not deserving of honor because they “were only a redeeming sacrifice for the political mistakes in which he has acquiesced and which were responsible for the war.” The newspapers resent the action of the Czar in honoring a man for negotiating so humiliating a treaty.

The Ending of the War The signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth by the Emperors of Russia and Japan will be telegraphed to Washington and announced to our State Department at Washington by the representatives of these countries. This will be the formal ending of the war, as the exchange of the copies signed by the two emperors will be made informally. The exchange of the ratifications will probably be made at the White House in the presence of President Roosevelt by Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, and Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Minister. The Privy Council of Japan held a long session at Tokyo on October 4th, under the presidency of Marquis Ito, and in the presence of the Emperor, at which the treaty of peace was discussed and approved. The official copy of the treaty reached Japan on the following day, being brought from Seattle on the steamer “Dakota” by Mr. Yamaza, Director of Political Affairs at the Foreign Office, and Mr. H. W. Denison, legal adviser of the Foreign Office. The Privy Council relieved four cities of martial law, since the riotous demonstrations against the ratification of the treaty have subsided, altho the popular resentment is by no means allayed and will be concentrated in a political attack upon the Cabinet. A grand naval demonstration of the allied pow-

ers of Japan and Great Britain is planned to take place soon after the ratification of the treaty, and Admiral Togo will make a triumphal entry into the city of Tokyo. It is also suggested that Togo may later visit England with his fleet, thus giving to both Europe and Asia visible evidence of the power of the combined navies of the two island nations of the Atlantic and the Pacific. The officers of the Russian and Japanese forces in Northern Korea have not yet been able to agree upon the terms of an armistice between the forces.

The Cost of the War The losses of the Japanese army during the war, as given in the official report, are 72,400 dead. Of these 46,180 were killed in battle, 10,970 died from wounds and 15,300 died from disease. The remarkably small proportion of deaths from disease and from wounds, notwithstanding the arduous conditions of the Manchurian campaign in all seasons, proves that in military sanitation and hospital service the Japanese have excelled all other nations. It will be noted that the total number of lives lost is very much less than the estimates made by adding up all the losses reported by the war correspondents in the various battles. According to a statement made by Count Okuma, formerly Prime Minister, and now leader of the Progressive Party, in speaking before the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Tokyo, Japan will have at the close of the war and after the withdrawal of the troops from the continent, a debt of \$1,250,000,000, on which the interest alone, roughly speaking, will be \$75,000,000 a year, or nearly twice the entire revenue of Japan ten years ago. This necessitates raising by taxation \$6 for each person in Japan every year. Before the war the taxation was only \$2 *per capita*. The *per capita* share of the national debt before the war was \$6; now it is \$25. To lift this heavy burden it is necessary, Count Okuma said, that the business men of Japan should redouble their energies in the development of public works of all kinds, and thus secure victories in peace as well as in war. For the furtherance of this policy the Chamber of Commerce recommended to the Gov-

ernment the following measures for the advancement of national trade, industry and finance: The appointment of Government commercial agents, the establishment of floating exhibitions of samples and museums in foreign ports, a customs tariff union between Korea and Japan, the opening of a universal exposition, the improvement of existing railroads and the rapid construction of new railroads, retrenchment in the expense of the administration, the establishment of a Japanese-Chinese Bank, the adoption of measures against the expansion of the currency. The Japanese section of the Manchurian railroad between Port Arthur and Kwang-Cheng-Tse will require an outlay of about \$12,500,000 to be made efficient, but is expected to become a paying property on account of the coal mines at Yen-Tai and Fu-Shun. A new loan will soon have to be placed by Japan.—The report of the Russian finances show an extraordinary expenditure of \$281,202,000 during the last six months, most of which is due to the war. A loan of \$360,000,000 for Russia is now being negotiated, about half of which will be placed in France, and the rest in Germany, Holland, England and the United States. The Russian Government is planning to develop Siberia by means of homesteads, in a somewhat similar way to that adopted in this country after the Civil War. Soldiers will have during two years a right to pre-empt farms of 133 acres and will receive a bonus of \$50.

University Theology in Germany

The advanced theological thought which prevails at many of the German universities has called forth the determined opposition of the conservatives, who are putting forth their best efforts to counteract the influence of these neological tendencies. The most notable effort in this direction is the establishment of a "Theological School" in Bielefeld, by the veteran Pastor von Bodelschwingh, the head of the dozen and more institutions of charity at Bethel, near Bielefeld. The object is to give thoroly scientific instruction in theology, but from a positive and evangelical stand-

point, and all theological students who have had their faith shaken by the advanced teachings at the universities are invited to come and learn what Biblical truth is on the basis of the Scriptures. For the present the school is in charge of two experienced teachers, Professors Jaeger and Koehler. In this connection a table giving the positive and the advanced professors in the different Protestant faculties of Germany, as published by the *Chronik der Christlicher Welt*, is of special interest. The distribution of theological faculties from this point of view is the following:

	Positive.	Advanced.
Berlin	8	10
Bonn	6	5
Breslau	7	3
Erlangen	7	0
Giessen	0	7
Göttingen	5	6
Greifswald	10	0
Halle	7	8
Heidelberg	1	8
Jena	0	7
Kiel	4	7
Königsberg	5	5
Leipzig	10	2
Marburg	2	10
Rostock	6	6
Strassburg	0	10
Tübingen	1	6

Accordingly, out of a total corps of 175 men in the Protestant faculties of Germany, 79 are considered as positive and 96 as advanced. Of course, even the former are positive in many cases only in a Pickwickian sense, as not one of these still adheres to the old doctrine of verbal inspiration.

France and Germany have come to an agreement concerning the Moroccan Conference. The agreement was signed at Paris by Premier Rouvier and Prince von Radolin, the German Ambassador to France, and the program for the conference submitted to the Sultan of Morocco. It contains specifications concerning the \$2,500,000 loan from German bankers. It is agreed to create a state bank, which will control loans and that French as well as German firms shall share in building the harbor works. The Algerian frontier question will not be discussed at the meeting. The treaty will be signed at Algeciras, probably early in November.



Starting Life on a Farm

BY JOSEPHA B. GODSON



[This story of how a young married couple without any previous experience in farming decided to desert the city and found their new home in the country, and how they got both pleasure and profit in making their living directly from the soil by their own exertions, is valuable as a personal contribution to the problem of city and country life. This picture of feminine farm life is not so dark as that of the Illinois farmer's wife, which we printed a while ago and which called forth so many letters of sympathy.—EDITOR.]

WHEN I had reached the age of twenty-two I had lived the life of hundreds of American girls with plenty of money. Not only every necessity, but every luxury and every advantage that money could procure had been given me, and my inheritance, from many generations of ancestors, had fitted me for nothing more strenuous in life than the pursuit of pleasure.

Then I fell in love with a man of similar tastes and antecedents, three years my senior, a handsome face and empty pockets, and what else I am sure I did not know or question. On attaining his majority he had come into a large fortune, and when I knew and loved him this had quite disappeared. Naturally my family did not look with favor (to put it mildly) upon such a match, and when one fine day I walked to the corner, took a cab and drove to our dear old clergyman's house, I brought as my share in a matrimonial alliance the remains of that month's allowance, the very correct calling dress in which I was clothed for trousseau, perfect health, a heart full of love for the man of my choice, and no hope of forgiveness or expectations for the future from my family. But when I saw Henry on the steps I jumped out gaily with perfect love and trust, and in absolute ignorance of the ways and means of life, and I put my hand in his, and we were married. After the ceremony we drove in the same old cab to the Arlington Hotel, and when I had wept a little against Henry's immaculate afternoon coat, we sat down to face the future.

Between us I remember we had exactly \$162 and some odd cents. This

did not augur a lengthy stay in the apartment in which we were then sitting, but we were not in the least dismayed. Henry got me some violets, and after a very happy little dinner he produced from his pocket a much folded page from *Forest, Field and Stream*, which he had brought from the club, and gravely bade me give attention to the following advertisement:

Wanted.—A practical farmer to take a well equipped farm of 60 acres in the Adirondacks. Rental of \$160.00 a year to be paid either in cash or labor. Good inducements to the right man. Address for further information, H. C. Carter, Brownsville, N. Y.



At first, I must confess, the connection between the practical farmer and ourselves did not strike me, but when once it did I was enthusiastic to a degree, and I remember saying: "Oh, Henry, dear, it's just the thing; we can labor instead of paying rent, and the Adirondacks are lovely." As soon as Henry saw I was pleased with the idea he sat down and wrote to H. C. Carter, engaging the farm immediately on said Carter's own terms, and, not to waste too long before getting to the real matter of my narrative, five days later we beheld Mr. Carter himself at the Brownsville station. We

mounted with him into a "Democrat" wagon behind a stout gray mare, and were conveyed up the mountainside three miles and a half to our future home.

The farm was a part of Mr. Carter's own estate of 500 acres, and lay along the side of the mountain—at least, the pasture and fifteen acres of bush did—and on top was quite a level part divided into five or six fields. The day was sunny and bright, tho it was the 15th of November; the pure bracing air filled me with joy and delight, and, while Mr. Carter took

Henry around the barns and outbuildings, I went into the cozy-looking little farmhouse, white, with green shutters, and, recognizing the kitchen by the large black stove, I pulled off my gloves, built a fire, and, filling the big iron kettle (weighing about one ton) at the pump, took from my handbag a little silver tea caddy, six lumps of sugar (which I had secreted during breakfast at the junction), a lemon and a box of wafers. I spread one of Henry's pocket handkerchiefs on the smallest table, and when he came in looking a bit dazed (Mr. Carter was a practical man and had been trying to discover Henry's methods of farming!) his dear face brightened up, and we sat down to our first cup of tea in our first home.

There was very little to unpack or set in order, but the picnic spirit sustained us thru that trying day. The farmhouse had three rooms downstairs and an attic above. There was a cheerful kitchen with two windows framing views like Corots. Opening from the kitchen was a room we used as dining-room and sitting-room; furniture: a table with a red cloth, a good reading lamp, two queer, comfortable rocking chairs, and a fat little black wood-stove. Besides this room was the bedroom, and outside the kitchen was a fine, big shed with shelves and tables, and below a tiny cellar, beautifully clean, cool and well ventilated, in which was a long, narrow table for milk. In the kitchen were a few primitive cooking utensils and a good stove. Outside we found the barns in fairly good condition, room for more stock than we ever owned, and a big hay barn with grain bins, etc., a chicken coop, a corn crib and ice house.

We now possessed a little over fifty dollars, and this we invested in

A cow.....	\$25.00
A heifer.....	15.00
18 hens and 2 roosters.....	5.00
Churn, milk pans, butter bowl, etc.....	5.00
	<hr/> \$50.00

Mr. Carter sent up twelve beautiful Southdown ewes, to be kept by us for a year on half profits, and a team of big gray horses and a few farming implements went with the farm. Henry was to pay the equivalent of rent by taking care of a pack of fine beagle hounds and training them—something he really knew

how to do, but this, of course, took from his time on his own farm—two hours each morning and all of every Saturday. Keeping strictly to truth, I must confess the first week was a bit trying. Without wood laid in, and as there seemed to be nothing to do with, we found ourselves obliged to run in debt at the village for some things that were barest necessities; and of course every day the most common happenings were to us startling emergencies, to be met as best we could. For instance, never shall I forget the evening the cow arrived. She had not yet given up her nightly quota of milk, and we both set forth with our new milk pail and due solemnity to see that she did her duty. She was a huge Jersey cow with an extremely belligerent eye, and after Henry had cornered her by the side of the barnyard fence, I took up a safe position on the other side, crouching down and peering thru the bars so that I might miss nothing of the situation. Oh, if I could but paint a picture of that cow's face! She felt she was being tampered with, and when Henry was not immediately successful in his efforts she turned her head around and regarded us both, more in sorrow than in anger, but with such truly bovine amazement and chagrin depicted on her countenance that this, in conjunction with Henry's attitude and expression, were more than I could bear.

My shrieks of merriment seemed to be the last straw, both to Henry and the cow, and, rising in just wrath, my better half for the first time asserted his authority and ordered me into the house. So I left him to cope with the matter in hand alone, and all I know further is that during the following year the milk pail came in full twice a day and no questions asked.

The winter routine on a farm is of course very different from the work in the spring, summer and fall. Each season brings its peculiar duties, and for the first four months of our year things went about as follows: Up at six o'clock in the morning (barely daylight), and while Henry milked and fed and watered the stock I got breakfast, so that by seven or shortly after, when he came in, we sat down to our repast. It consisted at first of toast, eggs and cocoa or milk; then, as I knew how to make things,

we had porridge, muffins or graham gems or batter cakes also. When we had finished Henry helped me wash the dishes, make the bed, sweep out the rooms, dust and set in order. Then together we went out to the barns, and I helped him put those in order, gather the eggs, feed the chickens, etc. We inspected with pride each separate animal, and early in the year adopted a motherly cat who came to reside in the hay barn. Then Henry took his axe and went out to the bush, learned how properly to fell a tree, cut it into lengths and dress it, and with his own stout arms during the year he took down, dressed and cut and split for use eight cords of good hard wood—maple, ash, hickory—and this settled our fuel bill. From eleven o'clock until one he worked with the dogs (the kennels were the other side of the bush), and at one o'clock came home to dinner. Meanwhile, I would come back to the house, and with a cook book and what little intelligence God had given me battled with the problem of how to prepare food. And I learned, too. I am prouder of it than of anything I have ever done. The fact that I by myself learned how to prepare and serve a wholesome dinner—soups, meats, vegetables, salads and sweets—I think means more to me than almost anything in my life so far. And when I made bread—not just eatable, but sweet, light and delicious—I felt like a queen who has just come into her queendom! It was not all easy, I admit; but I was determined and indefatigable, and Henry was appreciative and his digestion good.

Indeed, strange as it seems, of all the many new things I attempted during that year the cooking came the easiest and was the pleasantest to do. From the first I began to save the cream, and I was very successful with a little barrel churn, much easier and quicker, I think, than the old-fashioned style, making from five to ten pounds of butter each week, and with this and the eggs we did not use (three or four dozen each week) I paid for all our groceries and canceled the small debt we incurred in the beginning of our operations. Of course, we had in the house from the last year's crops potatoes, apples, cab-

bage, carrots and beets, and we left the same quantity from our crops when leaving.

Another source of income which I immediately started was Belgian hares. I sent away and purchased two pairs of these gentle, cleanly and prolific animals; I got books regarding their care, etc., and Henry made me a fine place to keep them in the old corn crib. There was a preserve of about 2,000 acres about our place, kept up by some men from Albany, and they paid me fifty cents apiece for every healthy little bunny, two months old, which I turned out into the woods, and during the year I cleared over fifty dollars.

During those long winter afternoons we would tramp over the place—often on snowshoes, which we both had used—mending fences, planning places for the spring crops and making all sorts of plans for getting on, and then home again in the gloaming to our simple supper and evening "chores," and then to our magazines and papers beside that funny old red table cover, with the lamp, and the fat little stove.

In January we filled our icehouse from the neighboring pond, paying a cent apiece for the cakes to the man who cut them, and Henry made fifteen dollars hauling ice for other people, and also wood to the mill, two miles up the road.

In February our heifer had a fine little calf, and when it was a few days old I took it from the mother and taught it to drink and raised it myself. It was a heifer calf and it throve wonderfully and, of course, added that much to our assets. About that time we had saved enough for another cow and when we had bought her our milk and butter supply was larger. One thing I must not forget was our purchase of a pair of white Pekin ducks. They were surely my best investment. I paid one dollar for the pair. Each day for thirty-nine days I got one egg. Every one was carefully saved and three settings were placed, two under hens and one under the old duck herself. Out of the whole number I raised twenty-four ducks, full grown, which I think was a large percentage, and I certainly deserved every one, for I watched and guarded

and tended them with greatest care, and baby ducks are very tender and very silly and I wonder I had such luck. Our chickens did well too. At the end of the season I had to sell nearly a hundred from my original twenty.

The first of March a terrible blizzard came along. I have never seen anything so hopeless and awful. We really suffered with cold and necessary exposure. One day it took Henry and me both from dawn till darkness to get to each animal once with food and water, and the other farmers told us afterwards that ours was the only stock in the mountain that got any water that dreadful day.

March was a fierce month. We could only get to the village a couple of times and provisions ran a bit short; however, we kept well and cheerful and none of our stock was lost, tho once Henry had to dig our best cow out of a snow drift when he went to milk her in the morning, and once we had to carry all the chickens into the kitchen to thaw out. Yes, I believe we did that twice. A foolish and premature hen stole a nest and came off during the worst weather with thirteen downy chicks, and the whole family had to live three days in the wood box behind the stove. But our troubles did not begin in earnest till the baby lambs began arriving. The weather grew no milder and nearly every night the wind would rise and fresh snow fall and for a week we worked literally night and day over those precious babies. Six of the ewes had one lamb each and six had twins, which made eighteen in all, and in spite of all we could do six died.

Some of the sheep simply would not mother their offspring and the poor little things could not gain strength enough to take milk from a spoon. Each one, as soon as it was born, had to be wrapped in a warm piece of sacking and brought into the kitchen and dried at the fire and wrapped up again and returned to its mother and she induced to mother it. For three nights we did not both sleep at once, but went back and forth at short intervals to and from the sheep corral, carrying the little ones in and out and taking warm bran mashes to the ewes. Never shall I forget plunging thru those dreadful drifts, the lantern's little gleam scarcely making an impression on

the darkness of the night and the walls of driving snow, my arms full of warm sacking or burdened with a baby lamb, for whose life I trembled.

Well, twelve came thru strong and flourishing and of these six were ours and also half of the wool from the flock which was sheared later, in the summer.

A bit of great good fortune came to Henry in the early spring. He took a perfectly beautiful stallion, which made him a fine saddle horse and was allowed half of all he made for his keep. This was not really very lucrative, but Henry had such pleasure and comfort from using him and took second prize with him at the horse show in the fall.

The most altogether trying thing we tackled was a small pink Berkshire pig. The farmers all told us that pigs were the source of most of their incomes, so we thought we would modestly begin with one, and in fear and trembling we drove to a neighbor's and brought back little "Squeally." We wished him to be a clean, nice pig, and we really gave him every opportunity, but well—he evidently had no pride or self-respect and after caring for him for two months we felt we had very little of either left ourselves, and we were glad to sell him for five dollars. We had paid two dollars for him, but I think we felt that three dollars' profit poorly paid us for the care piggy had received.

Along in April the snow melted and in May the spring work opened with a rush. Did ever any two mortals work as hard as we did? Our day was seventeen hours long—from four a. m. till nine p. m. We planted five acres in oats, sowing red top clover with them; we put in two barrels of seed potatoes, which did finely and we planted half an acre as a vegetable garden, containing some of almost every vegetable, but mostly winter vegetables—carrots, turnips, cabbage, onions, squash, etc. Then besides our sweet corn patch, we planted another of field corn for the chickens and about two acres in fodder corn for the cattle. There was a large apple orchard with fine clover hay growing and all the rest of the farm, except the fifteen acres of bush, was in timothy hay. I put in every seed in that vegetable garden myself and weeded and tended it myself

all summer, except for a little assistance given gratis by a neighbor in transplanting and setting out some young plants. Henry plowed it first and got it ready. Oh, how I labored over that patch of earth! I fancy I crawled fifty miles on my hands and knees, but it was a great success in spite of a very dry season and a disastrous hail-storm. As our beets and peas, also lettuce and radishes, were unusually early we sold them at a good price in the village and to the summer people who came out to their cottages near by us. Our potatoes also brought a good price and we had a huge crop. When our sheep were sheared we drove the wool into the city ourselves and sold it, thus saving freight and middle man's profit; and our apples did splendidly, so that we not only replaced the amount of things we found on the farm, but sold a great deal besides.

I wish I could go more into details of this most interesting year of my life, but I fear my paper is far too long now, but it is a true tale in every particular and certainly shows how two young people, absolutely ignorant of farming and even of the sterner realities of life under any conditions, but with health, determination and average common sense, took a farm and farmed it, without hired man

or hired maid; performed all the multitudinous duties; bore all the responsibilities; met each emergency as it arose, and with only fifty dollars to start with, made our living for a year—and a good living too—more than held our own in the farming community where we were located and at the end of that time had nearly four times what we started with. (If we could have waited until spring and sold out then our profits would have been greater.)

Financially the year was a complete success, and when I think of the qualities of mind and soul and body developed in that year, the self-reliance it taught to two hitherto helpless creatures, and what it meant morally to us to have accomplished what we set out to do; when I think of all this I can not be grateful enough for having had the chance to learn to be that thing of all others I admire and wish to be—a capable woman and not a lily of the field in this day and generation; and I also had a chance to find out in that first year of married life, that I had chosen a man to whose brave heart and strong arms I could safely trust my future, even if the occasion should arise to do something more strenuous than mix a cocktail or lead a cotillon.

FORT ROBINSON, NEBRASKA.



No Desert

BY BISHOP H. W. WARREN

HERE a daisy and there a rose—

Forces unseen evolve to the seen,
With sweet fragrance and color enough
For a thousand bright blooms between.

Here a swallow and there a lark—

Life and joy and rapt ecstasy keen,
With glad song and wild swiftness enough
For a thousand such lives between.

Here a planet and there a star—

Cosmic forces and dazzling white sheen,
With divine vital vigor enough
For a thousand rich realms between.

The Advance of the Trolley

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

DURING the continuance of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, very cheap trolley excursion tickets were sold everywhere in Ohio, good over connecting steam and electric railways to St. Louis. Since last summer, however, a practically all-trolley route has been completed from Western

that is being rapidly closed, and tomorrow may see promised plans carried to completion that will connect by continuous trolley Portland on the Atlantic with Portland on the Pacific.

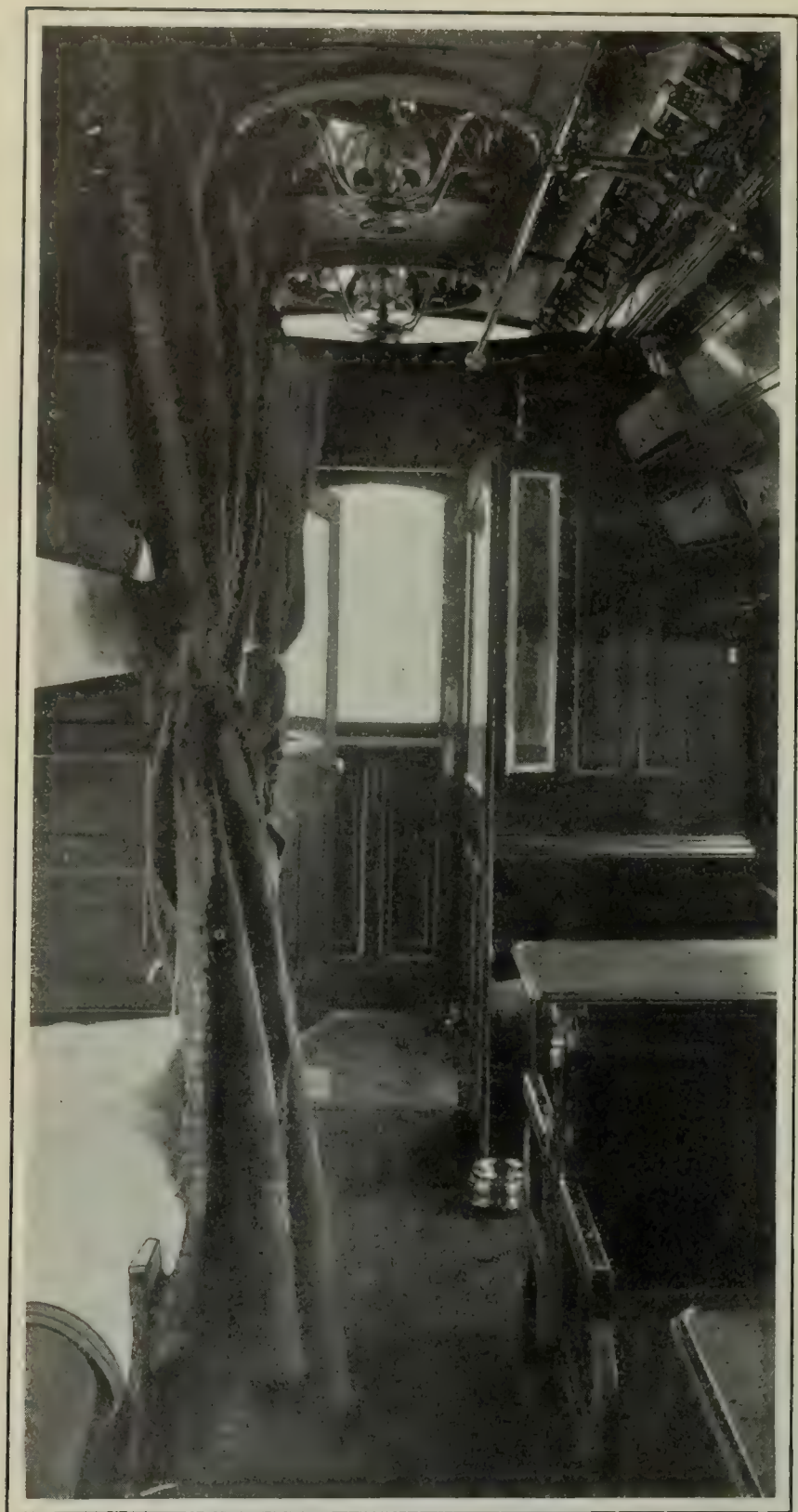
In the New England and Middle States, railway legislatures have, in every possible way, hampered the exten-



Map of Principal Interurban Electric Lines in Ohio, Indiana and Southern Michigan, Showing Through Routes.

New York and Pennsylvania to the Mississippi and beyond, while the ever-advancing network of interurban electric railways is rapidly stretching westward toward the land of Lewis and Clark. In fact, today a continuous trolley trip from Maine to Missouri is practical, but for a gap in Central New York

sion of the interurban trolley, but in the Central West, where the dead level prairies lend themselves to cheap trolley construction, the farmers have demanded legislation more than favorable to the electric railway, with the result that there are more miles of interurban trolley in the single State of Ohio than in all



Sleeping Car Showing Berth.

gether, combined to fight their common enemy, the steam railway, issued interchangeable mileage books and perfected an organization that meets somewhere in the Middle West once a month to discuss plans for putting on extra interstate trolley flyers, and in every way perfecting the electric railway service radiating

from the city of Cleveland.

The trolley in Ohio having successfully passed through the successive stages of development encountered in the early career of our railways, now seeks to rival the steam roads in every respect. Not content with having captured the short-haul business, the shrewd capitalists behind this new octopus are reaching out for nothing less than complete conquest. The local interurban trolley car is being relegated to the background as a less lucrative source of revenue than the lately introduced electric flyer, that, fitted up with all the luxury of a modern Pullman car, skims over the rails without stop, save at the larger cities; and even this new mode of electric travel is in the infancy of its development, altho today thru runs of three and four hundred miles are made both in Ohio and Indiana.

The pioneer long distance trolley express—between Cleveland and Toledo—has been compelled to run two cars instead of one on each of its three daily trips, and soon the number of runs will be doubled. Already the run has been extended to Detroit, and soon thru cars will be put in commission between Cleveland and Bay City, Mich.,

a distance of three hundred miles. A ride on one of these trolley trains is an experience not to be soon forgotten. All that is necessary to insure comfort is to 'phone to the office of the company that you wish a seat reserved, and then board a trolley car in any part of Cleveland, demand your transfer slip for the



Interior of a Trolley Line Pullman Coach.

thru Detroit express, and the trip is begun. Transferred from the rocking, springing, light trolley car used in city traffic to the sixty foot, fifty ton Pullman of the interurban electric railway, the change is striking in the extreme. The car that is to be your home for the balance of the day is in every respect superior to the ordinary parlor car of the up-to-date steam railway. Leather lounge arm chairs and commodious sofas line the plate glass walls of the smoking compartment, and in the spacious parlor compartment cushioned wicker arm chairs are at the disposal of all. There is no

crowding, for no more tickets are sold than the number of seats. Once the trunks of the passengers are stowed away in the baggage compartment, the signal is given and the cars glide over the tracks toward the West. Despite the fact that the start thru city streets is comparatively slow, within two hours the trolley express stops at Norwalk, sixty miles distant, passengers bound for Sandusky are transferred to local cars, and a caterer boards the express with tempting hot lunches for those who wish to eat. Another two hours' run over steel rails as heavy as those used on the steam road,



Lounging Room, Interior of a Passenger Coach.

and the express slows down as it passes thru the streets of Toledo. From ample arm-chairs, thru the wide plate glass windows (for each of these express trains is an observation car) it is possible with careless comfort to watch city and coun-

in exhilaration a ride on the cowcatcher of a thru express locomotive, with none of its attendant discomforts and uncomfortable thrills.

The fastest interurban trolley service in the world, for a long distance run, is that



Freight Train.

try glide by, for the heavy cars glide, rather than run, over the rails, and the two hour trip from Toledo to Detroit affords an exquisite change of scenery, while the runs, in two and a half hours, from Detroit to Bay City, on Lake Huron, or westward to Kalamazoo and Lake Michigan, are journeys that should by all means be made by trolley in preference to steam rail travel. The average speed of the trolley express at the Michigan end of the run is perhaps twenty-eight miles an hour, not too fast for the traveler to enjoy the delights afforded by the ever-changing scenery through which he is carried free from noise or smoke. By all means, if you can, take one long distance journey by trolley express; it is a fascinating mode of travel, approaching

between Lima and Dayton, O.; for eighty miles the trolley express keeps pace with the locomotive on the competing parallel steam road, and arrives at its destination on time just twice as often as does the locomotive. As it costs less to operate an express than a local trolley car, and the receipts are usually much higher, excess fare is seldom charged on the electric railways, and where there is active competition with the steam railway the trolley express has placed thru tickets on sale at less than half a cent a mile; thruout the Middle West a cent and a half by trolley as against three cents per mile by steam road is the usual rate. Yet the trolley of today is often superior in every way to the steam road. The Interstate Limited trolley service between Day-

ton, O. and Indianapolis, Ind., for instance, provides superior accommodations to those offered by the competing steam railway, and charges a much lower rate of fare, which also includes transfers on local trolley cars to any part of either terminal city, and makes about as good time between terminals. The cars of this service are each fitted with buffet and kitchen, meals are served *à la carte*, and every luxury of the Pullman service is provided. These express buffet cars are capable of maintaining a continuous speed of sixty-five miles an hour, and when this direct service is extended to Cleveland, as it will be in the near future, thru sleepers are to be added to the equipment. The mere fact that twenty-eight miles an hour is the present average speed of the interurban trolley alone

way of the electric than the steam railway, yet the bulk of the passenger traffic is by way of the trolley. The men behind the Ohio trolleys show a disposition to lay heavier rails and double track their properties, so that heavier and faster cars may be run at a higher rate of fare to the traveling public. Almost every interurban line of trolley in the Middle West is now reaching out for thru connections and interchangeable traffic. The sleeping cars that now go thru by trolley from Indianapolis, Ind., to Lima, O., a distance of 190 miles, will soon be running regularly from points in Illinois to Cleveland and Detroit, and as either distance may be easily covered in a night at the average speed maintained by the trolley express, it is more than likely that the electric railway will begin to draw to it-



Standard Express Car, Interurban Railway Company.

keeps it from at once advancing its passenger rates to a par with its steam rivals.

The trolley sleeper has in reality made its appearance. On the Columbus to Zanesville electric railway, where these cars were first introduced, the rate of fare between the two terminals is greater by

self considerable passenger traffic over distances up to three and four hundred miles. The electric railway sleeper has the advantage, on properly ballasted roadways, of gliding along more smoothly than does its rival of the steam road, while the absence of noise and smoke in

itself attracts the nervous or weary traveler. To be able to retire in your berth at bedtime aboard a trolley car at Indianapolis and alight immediately after breakfast at Cleveland or even Detroit, is a possibility of today not dreamed of at the beginning of our still very new century.

Nor is it only in the night runs that the trolley is now competing with the steam railways for long distance traffic. From Akron, O., to Kalamazoo, Mich., it is 365 miles by trolley, yet through the possibility of frequent connections the traveling man can cover the distance by elec-

the long distance passenger traffic that the triumphant trolley hopes to snatch from the steam railways.

Finding that the short freight haul was its least lucrative business, many of the railways in the Middle West gracefully yielded this traffic to the competing trolley lines. The farmer who previously drove his milk and produce to some distant railway station now reins up his horses anywhere along the line of trolley, careless as to whether or not he reaches his destination at any given hour, for soon enough he knows a car must



Blizzard, January, 1905, Des Moines, Iowa.

tric railway more quickly than by steam, and at a cost of \$5.45 for the entire trip by trolley as against \$8.07 behind the locomotive. From Indianapolis, Ind., to Zanesville, O., it is just 250 miles, yet an hour's time may be saved by taking the trolley in preference to the steam car. Instances innumerable may be mentioned where better time may be made by electricity over steam between points within the area of country bounded by Champaign, Ill., Cincinnati, O., Bay City, Mich., and Pittsburg, Pa. Nor is it only

come bowling down the streaks of rust, and then all that Mr. Farmer has to do is to wave his hand, pull out one thru ticket for each ten-gallon can of milk or sack of produce he wishes to ship as "passengers" to town, and tell the conductor where to put them off. It is needless to say that with such a system in operation it was useless for the railways to hope to compete for small freight within thirty miles of a large town served by a competing trolley line. Latterly the trolley has gone into the mail and ex-

press business also, and here again the revenue of the railway is made to suffer. With the laying of heavier rails and double tracking its lines, the electric railway now anticipates a further capture of the more lucrative long haulage of every kind of freight, but against this the steam railways will fight as for their very existence and right to continue in business.

The interurban trolley can live and thrive with only its passenger service as a source of revenue, while to many steam railroads the passenger service is a source of actual loss. For a sum that it will cost a steam road to run a train every hour the electric line can send out a car every four minutes; moreover, the trolley line has its terminals wherever a passenger wishes to alight. A suburban trolley line that has never paid a dividend may be turned into a paying property by the mere construction of an amusement resort at its farther terminal. Every house that is built beyond the city along its line is worth \$30 annually to the electric railway company in added fares. Holiday excursions may be organized at practically no expense, and in a hundred ways the trolley company may build up a suburban clientèle that a steam railway could not possibly handle, or even create. Thanks to Western initiative and aggressive perseverance the electric railway is rapidly spreading over the continent as the most convenient form of locomotion yet devised for the use of men.

The Eastern States, however, have not been entirely remiss in their efforts to extend the domain of the interurban trolley. The world's first electric railway was opened for traffic between Baltimore and Hampden just twenty years ago. The steam railways even then realized that the trolley would in time prove a most powerful rival in the thickly populated parts of the East, and from that day to this they have tried in New England and the Middle States to influence every form of legislation that might tend to hamper the construction of connecting electric interurban railways, and where legislation could not be sufficiently influenced, they have bought up rights of way to block the further progress of proposed electric trunk lines. The railways

have even found it necessary in New England to purchase entire competing trolley routes, so that the electric lines from city to city between New York and Boston have been rendered of little service as a thru line because of the arrangement of its schedule to take twenty-one hours to cover the trip of 250 miles. All this is to be changed, however. Already the night boat to Fall River, Providence and Hartford quotes thru rates by trolley to Boston, and a Boston street car company has absorbed a network of interurban trolley lines extending from Providence, R. I., to Nashua, Vt., while the direct New York to Boston electric railway has actually broken ground. Thru express trolley cars, however, are as yet unheard of between New York and Boston, and this run, that would be made in eight hours in any Middle Western State, is entirely neglected in populous New England. Influenced legislatures in some New England States forbid the trolley to carry freight and express, limit its speed across country, and in every way hamper its progress. Yet, notwithstanding every drawback, there is a constantly growing class of trolley tourists in the East who spend their holidays speeding about New England in the open cars of the electric interurban railways. In New York State the outlook is more hopeful, for the subversion of Niagara is creating a revolution in electric railway methods. Long dormant projects are suddenly being pushed to completion; a trolley line is now being stretched rapidly across the State, a trans-New York railway will adopt the overhead wire, another will use the third rail, while the New York Central is experimenting with the most powerful electric locomotives ever constructed; these have proved themselves capable of hauling heavier loads at a greater speed than can their steam rivals; and the power of Niagara will be drawn upon for all these projects, besides rescuing the trolley in the Eastern States from the slough of despond into which all interurban electric railways in that section have been sinking for years past.

New York and Philadelphia are already connected by trolley, and thru cars run at frequent intervals. Here again, however, the spirit of the West is conspicuous by its absence; thru express cars

that should easily make the eighty-odd miles in three hours consume thrice that time. However, with the completion of the tunnels under the Hudson and beneath the Delaware, we are promised thru trolley cars from any part of Manhattan to Broad street, Philadelphia, in little more time than it now takes the steam locomotive to cover the same distance. The present thru trolley rate of \$1.30 will be lowered to \$1 each way, and a car will leave either terminus every five minutes. Philadelphia and Washington will soon be connected by trolley, and Pittsburg is also sending an electric road toward the National Capital.

In time the real "electric flyer" will have its day, at present it is the purely practical and useful that interests the American investors who have spent four billion dollars in the construction of electrical railways, as against twelve billions it has cost to build and equip our steam railways. So far no wonderful spurts of speed have been made with the trolley car in America, but in Germany it has been demonstrated by actual Government tests that with heavy cars and per-

fect roadbed a speed of 125 miles an hour may be maintained with perfect safety, while eighty miles an hour is the speed limit set for safe traveling over ordinary tracks where the trolley car of lighter structure is used. It is in the far West that our first records of great speed on electric railways may be made. California has the most perfectly equipped trolley systems in the world; power to operate these is drawn from mountain torrents hundreds of miles distant, and in Oregon, where power is also supplied gratis by nature, wonderful developments are taking place; there the trolley, charging equal freight rates with the steam railway, still secures ninety per cent. of the total business competed for. From the Puget Sound district and across the Cascades and Rockies the melting snows will send electric flyers eastward to meet those operated by the limitless power of Niagara harnessed. The first trans-continental trolley is well in sight, and it is safe to predict that before it is completed the speed records for long distance traveling will be held by the electric railway.

NEW YORK CITY.



Typical Grade Crossing on an Interurban Railroad.

The President and the Post Office

BY EDWARD PORRITT

[Mr. Porritt is the American correspondent of several English papers and the author of several books on English politics. Our readers will especially remember his last article in THE INDEPENDENT on the influence of college graduates on Hartford's political life.—EDITOR.]

"I am far from thinking very highly of our rank as a nation of administrators; but perhaps if we would be judged by the Post Office, we might claim the very first place in this respect."—Morley's "Life of Gladstone" Vol. II, p. 18.

GLADSTONE had adequate ground for the claim which he thus made nearly forty years ago. Had he reasserted the claim of 1866 in the closing year of his life he would have had an even better basis for it; for the great statesman who early in his career manifested his pride in the British Post Office, lived long enough to see the initiation of the many postal reforms—the extension and cheapening of the services—which were inaugurated as one of the Victoria Jubilee memorials of 1897.

Were President Roosevelt asked by what standard the Government at Washington should be judged the Post Office would be the last standard that he would suggest. He might suggest the Navy or even the Army, but never the Post Office; for whether the Post Office is judged by its mail service in the cities, or by what it is doing for the rural population, it is beyond dispute that it falls far below the level of the British Post Office. It is so much inferior that no American can make the comparison between the two countries without a feeling of regret at the obvious inefficiency which characterizes most departments of the United States Postal Service.

In making a comparison between the British Post Office and the Post Office Department at Washington, I am not going to lay any stress on the parcels post, the savings bank, or the telegraph department at St. Martin's-le-Grand. I am a strong advocate of a parcels post; of Government ownership and operation of the telegraph lines; and also of Government savings banks. But in this appeal to President Roosevelt to signalize what he has assured us is to be his last term of office by some marked and general improvement of the Post Office services, I desire to show that even as re-

gards the work which the Post Office now undertakes, it gives us an infinitely poorer service than that which St. Martin's-le-Grand gives to England, Scotland and Ireland.

In making this comparison I will take the American city with which I am best acquainted, and compare its postal services and facilities with those of a town of much smaller size in England. Hartford is the American city I know best, for it is there I make my home. As an English contrast I will take Warrington, where my boyhood was spent, and to which I go first when work or pleasure takes me back to England.

Hartford has a population of ninety thousand. From a commercial and industrial point of view it is one of the important New England cities. From a social and residential point of view, as a place where it is a joy to live, it has no equal in this country or in any other country that I know. Warrington is a town of sixty-five thousand inhabitants. It has none of the natural beauty of Hartford, few of its educational advantages, but commercially and industrially it compares well with Hartford. Were Hartford in England it would rank as a much more important place than Warrington, by reason of its insurance and banking business; from the fact that it is a political capital, and also because it is the seat of half a dozen centers of learning, and is at the same time a residential city, of much the same character as Cheltenham or Bournemouth.

This last characteristic of Hartford—its vogue as a home city for people whose business interests do not tie them to any one place, and for people who are not in business—is important as regards postal services; especially as regards mail facilities for the residential as distinct from the business sections of the city. It is a characteristic which would not go unheeded at St. Martin's-le-Grand, where the characteristics of each town are care-

fully taken into account in organizing the local post office services.

As I have shown, Hartford is a larger and much more important place than Warrington. Yet what are the actual conditions when the postal facilities in the two places are contrasted? I will deal first with the delivery of letters. Here, in Hartford, we have only three deliveries a day—at nine, at half-past eleven, and at half-past four in the afternoon. In Warrington there are six deliveries, not counting the two deliveries of the parcels post. The first is at seven o'clock in the morning, and the sixth at half-past eight in the evening.

Next, as regards collections. In the residential districts of Hartford there are four—at eight, eleven, four, and at ten o'clock in the evening. In the corresponding regions of Warrington there are collections every two hours; and every one who uses the Post Office can know to a certainty the exact minute at which his letters will be cleared. In Hartford I never know whether the mail boxes have or have not been cleared at the time indicated. This I do know, that often I have posted a letter for the ten o'clock collection in the expectation that it would go by a steamer sailing from New York the next day, and have afterwards been informed that it arrived by a steamer of a later date. Sometimes I have seen the letter carrier making his clearance earlier than the time indicated on the box; and at other times I have seen him clearing twenty minutes or half an hour later than the time stated.

In England there is no uncertainty about the collection of letters. All over England, in the smallest rural hamlet as well as in the cities, the letter boxes have tablets which indicate the time at which the next clearance will be made. After a clearance the carrier changes the tablet, and thus indicates that the box has been cleared.

The street letter boxes in England are very different from the miserable contraptions of cheap tinware such as are much in use here. English people are accustomed to letter boxes which have a look of solidity and permanence; and they insist on a generous mouth. They would not tolerate the trap-like arrangement into which our letters must be coaxed, and

which will not accommodate a package or letter out of the ordinary size. Four ounces are carried for two cents in England.

This has been the letter rate since the Jubilee of 1897; and the modern E. R. boxes are built on lines in keeping with this generous letter rate.

In another important particular St. Martin's-le-Grand differs for the better from the Post Office Department at Washington. If it undertakes a service it performs it. No one can claim that the United States Post Office discharges every service which it undertakes, and for which it draws its pay beforehand. I have experience of its bad faith every week. Books are frequently forwarded to me both from this country and from England. The postage on each is invariably fully prepaid; but when the books reach Hartford I receive a notice that there is a package for me at the Post Office too large for the carrier to deliver, and I have either to go or to send for the book.

I am told that this rule is not peculiar to Hartford; and it has been suggested to me that it was made in the interests of the express companies. I no more believe this than I should believe a statement that there is treason in Congress, or in the Army and Navy. There is no doubt, however, that this attitude of the Post Office Department is utterly disloyal to the governmental service which it exists to maintain and develop. The probability is, however, that it has not appeared to the Department in this light; or it may be that the full and splendid meaning of the word "loyalty," when applied to service and work, is not adequately understood in the Post Office at Washington.

Finally, in this comparison of the English and American Post Offices, come the sub-stations. Just how matters are in regard to them in other cities I do not exactly know. Here in Hartford there are sub-stations where the service is good. There are others where the post office business is subordinated to the drug store business; and at these sub-stations one is made to feel that he is in contact with a United States official who gets but little pay for his service, and who gives to a patron who happens in for a cigar or a soda water precedence over the man who

had imagined that he was at a United States post office. Even at the drug stores where the sub-postmasters endeavor to live up to their contract and are loyal to the post office business, the postal facilities are often aggravatingly deficient. If stamps for foreign postage or international postal cards are asked for, the likelihood is that the supply is exhausted; and nobody in authority seems to care whether the service at the drug store sub-stations is efficient or otherwise.

I can imagine a reader of *THE INDEPENDENT* asking why the British Post Office is so much superior to that of the United States. To answer this question I must again parallel Hartford and Warrington. I do not know who is postmaster today at Warrington; but I do know that he is a civil servant who has spent the whole of his working life in the Post Office. The probability is that he began as a counter clerk, a sorter, a telegraphist or a letter carrier, and that, having earned promotion, he was installed as postmaster in some little town with eight or ten thousand inhabitants. Five or six years of good and efficient service—proved capability and loyalty to his duties there—saw him moved on to a larger town, to a place of fifteen or twenty-five thousand inhabitants. His next step was to a town of forty thousand, and thence he came to Warrington. With such a career behind him, and his working life not more than half way thru, he knows that if he continues his good record at Warrington he may expect in three or four years to be moved to Preston or to Bradford; and once in the Preston or Bradford grade anything is open to him—Leeds, Birmingham, or even Manchester or Liverpool.*

* Mr. W. Bennett, postmaster, Runcorn, has been advanced to the position of postmaster, at Goole. Mr. Bennett has been at Runcorn almost exactly four years, and succeeded the late Mr. W. K. Orrell. He came to Runcorn from Warrington, where, starting from the foot of the ladder, he had attained the position of assistant superintendent. While he has been in Runcorn, Mr. Bennett has considerably improved the postal service. He has arranged on the same train service earlier deliveries all round, and he has extended the time of posting in the evening from nine to a quarter past nine.—*Warrington Guardian*, April 1st, 1905.

Mr. W. J. Moseley, the chief clerk at the Rotherham Post Office, has been appointed Postmaster of Tamworth.—*Yorkshire Post* (Leeds), April 6th, 1905.

The postmastership of Blackburn, vacant through the resignation of Mr. J. Jones, now postmaster at Bangor, has been accepted by Mr. G. Harris, postal superintendent of Manchester. The salary is £470 a year.

If I inquired more closely I should find that the Warrington postmaster had gone into Post Office work with the intention that it should be his career—that he should serve the King in the Post Office as other men serve him in the Army or the Navy or the Foreign Office, until the time when he would retire on his pension—a pension determined by the salary he was receiving at the time of his retirement. The colleagues of the postmaster, I should also find, were in the service for life, and I should learn that many of the younger men were looking forward to postmaster-ships, and did not contemplate spending their working life in one post office.

Examining the post office I should find that internally and externally it was in the best physical condition—scrupulously clean, well painted, and without a suspicion of tobacco smoke. The plant would be as up to date as that of the Steel Trust mills at Pittsburg, and the equipment scattered over town would be all in equally good condition, and adequate in every particular for the work in the year 1905 that was expected of it. There would be outward evidences, too, that the staff was numerically strong enough for the work expected of it, and that there were extra men who could be summoned when there were heavy calls on the service.

How do these Warrington conditions compare with Hartford? Here, again, I do not personally know the postmaster. I only know that he is a lawyer and has been a judge. Furthermore, I am told that he is a Republican, and that this is his principal recommendation for the office. In an English town one might spend one's whole life without knowing the politics of the postmaster. He can vote at elections, but he is never seen at political meetings; never serves on a po-

Mr. Michael Stafford, first class superintendent in the surveyor's department, Liverpool, has been appointed postmaster of Wigan in succession to Mr. Sparkman, who has received an appointment in the South of England.—*Manchester Guardian*, May 17th, 1905.

Mr. W. Bostock, postmaster at Stoke-on-Trent, has been appointed to a similar position at York at a salary of £600 per annum. Mr. Bostock went to Stoke three years ago from Coventry.—*Manchester Guardian*, June 5th, 1905.

The position of postmaster at Halifax, recently rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. J. W. P. Gregson, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. J. W. Tuckett, at present postmaster of Burnley.—*Yorkshire Post*, August 14th, 1905.

The Postmaster General has appointed Mr. A. E. Adeney, chief superintendent in the London postal service, to be an assistant controller, in succession to Mr. T. Briggs, promoted to the position of vice controller in the London postal service.—*Manchester Guardian*, August 21st, 1905.

litical committee; never attends a ward caucus, and seldom or never enters a political club; and whether he is a Liberal or a Conservative is utterly immaterial to the constituency he serves, and counts for nothing in his promotion.

I am told that the postmaster in Hartford was put into office in middle life without any previous training or experience in post office business; that he dropped out for four years during Cleveland's second administration; and that when the Republicans returned to power at Washington in 1897, he was once more installed in office (simply because he is a Republican, and was considered to have a claim on some Federal appointment), and that he then displaced a Democrat who, by general agreement, was the best postmaster Hartford has had since it became a city of its present importance.

All this seems incomprehensible to one like me, who in earlier life was much in contact with the English Civil Service, especially with the Post Office. But what impresses me as still more remarkable has yet to be related. The postmaster in Hartford is also president of the gas company! In England I should as soon expect to hear that the postmaster was a bishop, or a Member of Parliament, or commander of a war cruiser as that he was president of a gas company, or, in fact, engaged in any other line of business than the Post Office.

Such a combination of offices in England is not permitted, for obvious reasons. It is regarded as against public policy that a postmaster should engage in any business, because his official position might be used to give him undue advantages over his competitors, and might bring him and the Post Office into nasty complications. It is also expected that a man who enters the Post Office service intends to make it his career. He is paid on this basis; the security of tenure and the pension system rest on this idea of exclusive service; and, moreover, the Post Office insists on having all the working time of its employes.

It came as a shock to me when I was told that the Hartford Post Office also ran the local gas company. It had never occurred to me that there could be any connection between the Post Office and the gas company. In England one is

the function of the Central Government, and the other of the municipality; and both are better done than in this country, if Hartford may be taken as typical of American cities.

President Roosevelt will not be disposed to question Gladstone's contention that the civilization of a nation—its governmental civilization—can be tested by its Post Office. It affords a daily test which the people can apply, and which the visitor from abroad can most easily make. No American, however, would like the mail service to be taken as the standard of American civilization. Under present conditions it would not be a fair test, for the post office is twenty years behind American civilization, as exemplified in the schools and educational institutions, the libraries, the transport system and all the great industries. In these America leads the world as obviously as she lags behind in the Post Office.

The hampering conditions at Washington which confront the President come to mind whenever reform and extension of the Post Office services are suggested. Still I am convinced that if President Roosevelt determined that his last term should be memorable for an uplift in the Post Office he could accomplish it; for a reform within the lines I have indicated—a reform aiming only at good and efficient fulfilment of the work the post office now professes to undertake—could antagonize no great vested interest—not even the express or the telegraph companies.

To set up in every American city a post office such as I have described in England; to cut the Post Office completely out of local politics and to promote postmasters according to merit from small cities to larger ones—might antagonize the local politicians and disgruntle Senators at Washington, who dispense post office patronage. But whose good opinion is permanently worth most to the President—that of the politicians, or that of the country at large, which the Post Office is intended to serve? One point is certain: Things cannot go on everlastingly as they are, and President Roosevelt might as well have the credit—the historic credit—of bringing up the Post Office service generally to the level of American civilization.



The Grouse of the Desert

BY DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON

AUTHOR OF "OUR FEATHERED GAME," ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

A VAST area in the Western part of the United States was indicated on the maps of our earlier geographies with small dots across which were printed the words "the American desert." Similar dots appeared on the map of Africa to indicate the great Sahara and the youthful mind was led to believe that the two deserts were alike—vast sandy wastes, which were evidenced by the dots. The American desert was not well defined. The dots were distributed liberally over the region east of the Rocky Mountains and included the great plains which are covered with the wild shrub, the artemisia, familiarly known as sage-brush. The plains, which are overgrown with the wild sage, extend from Western Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas to the Rocky Mountains. In some of the valleys of the mountains the sage grows abundantly and the area of the shrub extends to the eastern portions of the Pacific States, and south into Arizona and New Mexico. The distribution of the "sage cock" or "sage hen," the grouse of the desert, is identical with the distribution of the sage. This grouse feeds largely upon the leaves of the sage, which seems necessary for its existence.

"Cock of the Plains" is the name given to this bird by the explorers Lewis and Clark, who discovered it. It is the largest grouse in America and is second in size only to the great capercailzie of Europe. It measures from two to three feet and weighs from two to three times as much as the pinnated grouse or common prairie hen. It is a very handsome bird, protectively marked with gray, white and black, and on the shoulder there is a peculiar tuft of white feathers, which seems to have been caused by the wearing off of the outer feathers by the sage-brush which allows the white feathers underneath to show. This at least was the explanation given by the taxidermist in North Dakota who mounted a fine cock for the writer. The general appearance of the bird is gray and it harmonizes well with the alkaline soil and the gray-green bushes, and is easily lost to the eye when it decides to vanish in the sage. A large black patch underneath is a distinguishing mark of the bird. The sage grouse, like the other grouse and all other game birds protectively marked, relies for its safety upon concealment rather than flight, and is, therefore, a better game bird than the bright plumaged pheasants, which rely

largely upon their remarkably active legs, and are, on this account, most exasperating to well-trained setters and pointers. The gray appearance of the bird suggested the nickname "the sage hen," given to the dust-covered woman in Mr. Janvier's recent story before she had descended from the stage upon her arrival at a frontier town. "And the name stuck," very properly, since the woman, like the grouse, no doubt, "harmonized" with the dusty sage.

The word desert is forbidding. It suggests the hardship and danger incident to vast hot, sandy plains, devoid of vegetation and water. The plains where the sage grouse lives are vast in extent, but they are elevated and are often swept by cool breezes from the mountains, which are always in sight in some direction, excepting from their extreme eastern limits. The wide, undulating, unfenced fields are covered with the gray-green shrubs which cast their purple shadows on the white alkaline soil. The sage plains are really very beautiful. Far away on the horizon, a mere line of blue, or high and near at hand, according to the place where the camp is placed, are the ever-present mountains, with snow flashing on their crests in midsummer. In many places the so-called bad lands, with outlying detached buttes of fantastic form, add to the beauty of the scene. The buttes of the Green River region, Wyoming, and those of the upper Missouri in Montana would well repay a visit without the game. Many domes, spires and pinnacles surmount these strange hills. Rock layers project like cornices, and the layers of conglomerate, eroded out, resemble at a little distance the carvings of ancient temples. One outlying butte in the Green River region is called Church Butte, from its resemblance to an old cathedral. While shooting sage grouse near this butte we observed that the ground was strewn with moss agates, and, dismounting, soon made a large collection of these flints, one of which had been fashioned by an Indian for his arrow-point, and had no doubt winged its way toward an antelope, or, possibly, a human enemy.

The camp of the sage grouse hunter is usually pitched beside a stream which issues from the mountains, and which fur-

nishes the brook trout for breakfast. The writer has tried many such camps near the main range and at the base of the outlying groups of mountains, the Big Horns, the Uintas, the Rosebud, the Wasatch, the Wolf Mountains and others, and can recommend them all. The method of pursuit is attractive. It is a merry canter from the camp to the plains and until a flock of grouse is seen upon the ground, or more often in the air, as they go whirring away from the horse's feet. From a running horse the writer once brought down a flying cock and established a reputation with the guides as a marksman with the "scatter-gun." The usual way, however, is to draw rein when the game is found, and either to shoot from the saddle or dismount and walk up to the birds. The grouse lie well to the dogs, and dogs are sometimes taken out from the army garrisons, but we often found the birds sufficiently abundant to make good bags without the aid of dogs. The horses of the Western plains all stand firing and remain where they are left, without hitching, when the reins are tossed over their heads. Some horses will follow the shooter about like a retrieving dog. I used such an animal one season in Wyoming, and became very much attached to him. We were shooting without dogs, and the horse often indicated the presence of the game by his nervous action before we could see the birds on the ground or before they took wing. I often made ready at the suggestion of the horse, and took the shot from the saddle as the birds arose. Upon one occasion the horse raised his head just as the gun was discharged and several pellets of shot passed through his ears. From that time on his nervousness increased and he was even more serviceable as a pointer, but not nearly so "steady to wing."

When the birds are quite tame they are sometimes seen running ahead of the horse, but when they have been much shot at and are wild they exhibit a remarkable ability to hide in the brush.

The flight of the sage cock is strong and well sustained. He can easily fly a mile or more, alternately whirring and sailing on extended wings like the other grouse. His "whirr" upon arising from the ground is something wonderful. Any

one who has flushed the ruffed grouse (miscalled "partridge" in New England and "pheasant" in the West and South) can form an idea of the noise made by the sage cock when told that the bird is three times as big as the grouse of the woods and that the noise is proportionate.

The sage grouse never fly to the trees or seek the cover of the woods. The shooting, like that of "chicken shooting" on the prairie, is done in the open. The marks are large, the misses few, and a bag of these great fowls soon becomes a burden, especially if a few "jack" hares

grouse. This is always true of young sage grouse when they are feeding on grasshoppers. As they grow older and partake more freely of the sage, there is a slight flavor of the shrub which is by no means objectionable. Old birds, late in the year, when feeding entirely on the sage, taste more strongly of it, just as the "partridge" tastes of resinous buds when he feeds upon them late in the season. Early in the autumn the sage grouse "pack" or gather into large flocks like the prairie grouse. They are then more often seen on the ground and are much



The Haunt of the Sage Cock.

are added to it. A very few birds will supply an ordinary camp. It was the writer's good fortune upon several of his Western trips to have the escort of troops; the camps were large. An orderly or two carried the game, and the killing of many birds was justifiable, since the soldiers accepted them as an agreeable change from trout, the venison of elk and the black-tailed deer and the ever-present bacon.

I had been prepared to dislike the sage cock by the ornithologists who are arrayed against it, all saying that it tastes too strongly of the sage to be palatable. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, to find the flesh of the birds sweet, tender and as delicious as that of the other

wilder. The whole "pack" usually arises when far out of gun range with a roar of wings suggesting a tempest, and the birds at this season fly great distances before alighting. We were lost one evening in Montana (my companion being a soldier who was detailed to accompany me afield), when shortly after sundown we rode into one of the great packs of grouse which were sleeping on the ground. Every bush within a hundred yards or more seemed to send forth its bird with a deafening roar of wings. The noise in the stillness of evening seemed louder than usual, and was most alarming for an instant in the half light until I learned what it was. My escort was not nearly so valiant or so brave after dark as he was

when we went forth in the morning and he told me of his valiant deeds. He had just been expressing his fears for our safety, admitting that he did not know where we were, and the outburst of the birds proved so terrifying that he suddenly forgot he had a gun. Three black-tailed deer which met us face to face a little later gave us another start, but I managed to fire a broadside at them as they disappeared. It was midnight before we found our camp. The pursuit of the sage cock is no longer attended with any danger. The habitat of the bird is, as I have observed, strangely beautiful and picturesque. I commend this sport to the sportsmen who travel West to California.

It will well repay any one to stop over a few days to visit the sage plains and shoot the sage cock. As to the place? The country known as the Green River country in Wyoming is as picturesque and interesting as any on the Union Pacific route. In the Yellowstone and upper Missouri country the sage grouse were abundant a few years ago near the stations on the Northern Pacific Railway. I learn, with regret, that the birds are being exterminated in many places, just as the other game has been exterminated throughout America. A great mistake is made, since the birds of the desert are worth more than the land.

CENTER MORICHES, Long Island.



England Since the Making of Peace

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

I DO not think I can better begin this article than by telling my American readers something about the cordial feeling of admiration which prevailed all over this country for the successful efforts of President Roosevelt to restore the peace of the world. I called attention in a former article to the emphasis which King Edward had given in his speech at the close of the Parliamentary session to his commendation of the President's conduct, and to the fact that the King had assigned to the President the full and exclusive merit of the initiative efforts to restore peace between Russia and Japan. At that time the project was still only a project, but now that a full success has made it an accomplished triumph it is most gratifying to find that nobody anywhere seems disposed to set up a rival claimant for the honor of having originated the movement. One might have expected to hear that this or that continental sovereign, this or that European statesman, had suggested the peace conference at an earlier moment than that chosen by President Roosevelt, but I am glad to say that, so far as I know, no such claim has been made. All thru these islands the general conviction is that to the initiative of President Roosevelt the

peace conference is wholly due. The general conviction, too, seems to be that the success of that effort must make the way more easy for peace-seeking diplomatic intervention in future wars.

There is not by any means the same general concurrence of opinion in England with regard to the alliance between the British Government and the Government of Japan. The news was suddenly sprung upon us that the treaty of alliance with Japan had just been extended to something much beyond its original limits. At first the treaty merely provided that if any other state besides Russia should make war against Japan, England would be pledged to come to Japan's rescue by force of arms. Now, however, it is made known that a new treaty of alliance has been entered into between England and Japan, and that the agreement it contains engages that England shall come to the rescue of Japan in the same decided and vigorous manner if even any one power should hereafter make war upon the Japanese. The British public, the British constituencies, and the Imperial Parliament have had no more to do with the making of this treaty than have the American readers of THE INDEPENDENT, and we may safely anticipate that at

the earliest moment during the next Parliamentary session the Conservative Government will be called upon to propound their justification for their sudden and unauthenticated entrance into such an agreement. I have heard many Englishmen declare that under all these conditions the only statesman who comes out of the whole peace arrangements with entire credit and honor to himself and his country is President Roosevelt. I know that many public organizations in the British Islands have already forwarded addresses of congratulation to the President on his noble work. I have good reason also to know that many Englishmen who never ventured in their lives before to address a private letter to an American President have sent across the Atlantic their personal messages of congratulation and thanks to Theodore Roosevelt. Apart from all other considerations, there is much to rejoice at in the fact that such demonstrations as these must effectively tend to strengthen the growing feeling of friendship and brotherhood between the British people and the people of the United States. President Roosevelt's initiative has shown us at all events how sincere and disinterested peacemakers, who have no concern themselves in a war, can become the instruments of restoring peace to the world. The present is therefore an epoch of the highest importance in the world's history.

But in the meantime what is to come of the existing Conservative Government here? That is the question which we are asking ourselves every day. All the recent bye-elections have told more and more heavily against the Conservatives, and the latest of all, that of the Elgin Burghs, in Scotland, has nearly doubled the number of votes by which the Liberals have for a long time back held the representation of the constituency. A general election would most certainly now or at any time near to the present return the Liberals to power by a large majority. But then the return of the Liberals to power might not under present conditions prove by any means as welcome to all genuine Liberals as it must be under ordinary conditions. The Liberals are still greatly divided among themselves, and it is not certain, or even so far as one can judge

probable, that the Irish National Party would be able to give the next Liberal Government a cordial support. The present leader of the Liberal Party, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is unquestionably a sincere Home Ruler, but many of his colleagues are not disposed to take a firm stand on that battle-ground, while some of them are positively unwilling to lend any help to the Irish National cause. The moment a Liberal Government comes into power the question of Home Rule will be pressed forward by the Irish National Party in the House of Commons, and it is not probable that any Liberal administration will be sent into office with so strong a majority as to make it able to get on without the support of the Irish National members. If the leading men of the Liberal Party could all regard the whole question with the statesmanlike judgment and resolve shown by such of them as Campbell-Bannerman, John Morley, James Bryce, and some others; could see that Home Rule for Ireland is one of the future's absolute certainties and would act accordingly, we should then undoubtedly have after the next general election a Liberal Party which could carry all before it in the House of Commons. Such a Government would at once introduce a Home Rule measure on the principles of that last brought in by Gladstone, and would be sure to carry the measure thru the representative chamber by an overwhelming majority. Then it would pass to the House of Lords and the House of Lords would reject it promptly. But then we know what would inevitably come to pass if the Liberal Government were to persevere with their work. We know what has come to pass at every crisis when the House of Lords found itself in continuing opposition to the House of Commons and the majority of the constituencies. The House of Lords has always given way and the measure of reform has been carried. So it will be with the Home Rule measure. The coming Liberal administration will only have to persevere for a session or two and the triumph will be accomplished.

A great movement, certain before long to take organized form, is much talked of in England for a complete change in our

railway system. By this I do not mean a change in the construction of our railway lines or in the fitting up of our railway carriages, in the rate of speed or the number of stations, but in the ownership of the whole railway property. The idea is that the State in some form or other should become the owner of all the railways in these islands, and that the railways should be worked for the benefit of the public and not for the benefit of railway directors and shareholders. We have seen rapid and immense changes made in this direction of late years in the conditions of public companies. The municipal institutions of these countries have been growing more and more into ruling power for the control and direction of what must be regarded as strictly public interest. The local communities, in fact, have obtained legal power to manage their own public affairs themselves and for the direct benefit of the public. There are Councils which own and manage the lines of river steamers starting from and returning to the port which belongs to the jurisdiction of the elected councillors. There are Councils which have started short lines of local railways. These changes are the result of the recent alterations in our laws which tend everywhere to confide the management of local affairs entirely to the hands of the local representative bodies. These local representative bodies are the creation of laws passed by the supreme ruling body—that is to say, the Sovereign and the Parliament—and therefore it is contended that it would be only one step forward in the same direction if the supreme ruling power were to buy up all the existing railway companies and to give the future management of our whole railway system into the hands of the State itself, working for the general benefit of the community. The result sought for by this change would be that the railway system should for the future be worked in the interests of the public altogether, and no longer in the interest of the railway companies and their directors and shareholders. The whole project is sure to engage before long a large and widespread public support, and may well be regarded as likely to come to success, and thus to open an entirely new era in the history of our railway system.

Literature has been showing much activity this autumn. It would seem as if the lull which has taken place in political affairs caused by the cessation of the war and by the absence of parliamentary excitement has given a new opportunity and a new stimulus to the production of books. We have lately had some remarkable novels by well known writers. One of these I have already mentioned, "The Maid of the River," by Mrs. Campbell Praed. I mentioned the publication of this book in my last INDEPENDENT article, but it had only then just come out, and I had not had time to give it anything much beyond a mere announcement. It well deserves, however, a more thoro examination. The book is published by John Long, of London, and it is described on its title page as "An Australian Girl's Love Story." Mrs. Campbell Praed is always most happy in her Australian stories, and this latest seems to me the most successful and the most artistic of any she has yet given to the world. Its scenes are laid in Queensland, the province where Mrs. Campbell Praed was born and brought up, and it seems from its first chapters and all thruout to bring the reader into the very atmosphere of Australasia. There is something almost marvelous in the artistic skill which enables her without any long and elaborate descriptions to make us feel that we are looking upon the very scenes and the very people thus brought to our notice. I shall not attempt to tell the story, preferring much to leave the readers to follow it for themselves, and shall only say that it is a love story which, despite of many difficulties and crosses, ends happily for the lovers. In many of Mrs. Campbell Praed's Australian novels we are shown principally the Australia of what may be called society, the Australia of city life and of organized and flourishing communities; but in this latest novel we have the Australia of the bush and the plain and the struggling existence of those who have to make their living in the mining regions and on the plains and the rivers. The young heroine, Nunaina, or "Nuni," as she is familiarly called by her friends, seems to me quite a fresh creation even in Australian romance, and the reader soon begins to regard her as

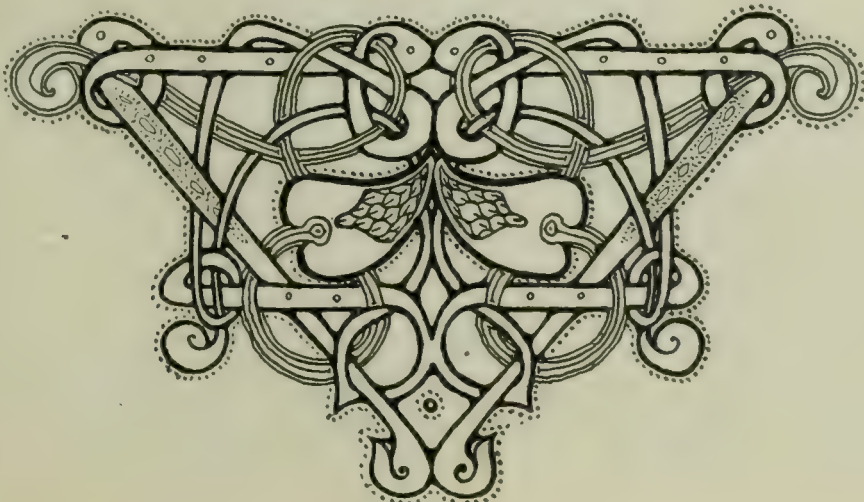
a living creature moving in his very presence. Mrs. Campbell Praed has been a great traveler in her time. She has lived for the longer part of her life in London, but she has seen all the foreign countries which English women usually visit and she has seen many countries with which English women are not usually acquainted. She has visited India and China; has made two visits to Japan; has twice made the circuit of the whole globe. She is, therefore, all the better qualified to bring out into clear relief those peculiarities of Australasian scenery and life which distinguish the Australian regions from other lands and other atmospheres. She is a most active literary worker, and I see that Messrs. Chatto & Windus already announce the publication of a new novel by her which is to appear soon and is to be called "The Lost Earl of Ellan," another story of the Australian bush life and of the northern coast of Queensland. I have not yet seen the book, but shall probably have something more to say of it in my next article.

Miss Helen Mathers, the well-known authoress of "Comin' Thru the Rye" and many other novels, has chosen a most interesting subject for her new story, "The Ferryman," published by Messrs. Methuen & Co. The question raised in this novel is whether it is morally justifiable to release sufferers from painful and incurable maladies at their own wish and thus relieve them at once from suffering and from life. The hero of the story, who tells the tale himself, has

been compelled to give up a promising career in the army because of growing deafness. He meets in a voyage to New York a millionaire, who after the sad death of his wife becomes convinced that hopeless sufferers should be released from life at their own deliberate choice. Captain Ravenal is at first unwilling to help toward such an end. Ravenal meets on the same voyage a beautiful and most fascinating American girl, with whom he straightway falls in love. This Huldah Rimmon is one of a wonderfully clever family living in Brooklyn, and is herself a marvellous portrait painter. She paints Captain Ravenal's portrait and they meet often, but she does not let him see that she loves him, and he leaves her for the time. There is a picturesque description early in the story of the view from Brooklyn Bridge at night, and it is on Brooklyn Bridge that the hero and heroine meet in the last chapter of the story. Meanwhile Captain Ravenal, believing that Huldah will never return his love, devotes himself to the millionaire's scheme—but we must not tell any more of the story—of how "The Ferryman" ceases to believe in the moral right of the millionaire's scheme, and how he meets Huldah again on Brooklyn Bridge. The novel is interesting from first to last, and the love story is most charming.

Messrs. Methuen have also published a new novel by Mr. Percy White, of whose story, "The System," I wrote not long ago. His new book is called "The Patient Man," and I hope to write about it in my next article.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



The Impressions of an Aeronaut

BY WILFRID DE FONVIELLE

[The author of the following article is a well-known French popularizer of science, who has devoted his attention especially to meteorology and ballooning. Some of his ascensions were remarkable. In March, 1858, he was two whole days in the air, remaining all the time above the environs of Paris. In February, 1869, he went 54 miles in 35 minutes. During the siege of Paris, he was very active in military ballooning and did the young republican government great service by his wide knowledge of aerial navigation. He is the author of many volumes and a contributor to the *Paris Temps* on all questions of science. The characteristic portrait of him given below is from the painting by Miss Anna E. Klumpke, the American artist, exhibited in this year's Paris Salon.—EDITOR.]

SENECA, in his "De Natura Rerum," well describes the impressions which the balloonist feels as he goes "wandering among the stars, while he sees passing beneath him the palaces of kings and the cabins of the peasant." In the presence of the majesty of nature as seen in the clouds, it is impossible for the virtuous mind not to look with contempt on the vanity of the distinctions of which common mortals are so fond, and not to be cured of the sin of pride, which is the capital failing of the learned. However admirable may be the discoveries made, especially in recent times, in the fields of physics, chemistry and astronomy, they sink into insignificance when we think of what remains to be known. And a sail thru the heavens is a grand revelation of our ignorance! The great Arago has well said:

"The cyclopedia of knowledge is immense. It would fill many volumes. But that of ignorance would be still greater. The shelves of no library would be ample enough to give it hospitality."

I say it advisedly, without fear that my enthusiasm will be charged with exaggeration—aerostatics possesses the magic power that superstition attributed to the fairies of the Middle Ages. It broadens all the problems that it touches. Surely no astronomer can carry in his pocket a telescope which will permit Professor Pickering to discover daily the new satellites of Jupiter. But a balloon will carry in its basket an aeronaut who, when he gets in the absolutely pure sky, can feast his eyes on stars that never reach, or reach but dimly, the best observatories on the earth. Bolides, the aurora borealis, twilight effects, can there be studied under ideal conditions.

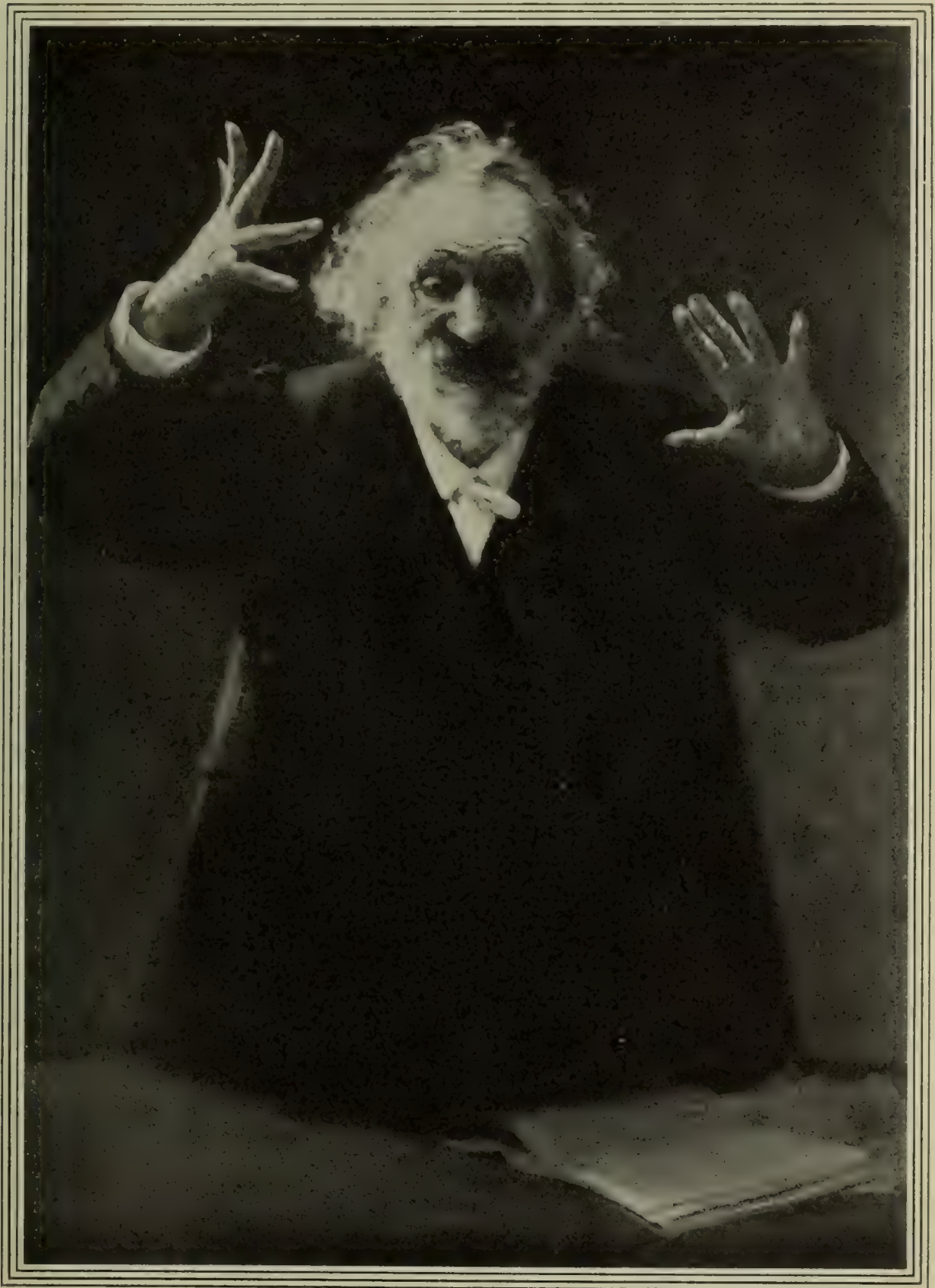
The dangers of ballooning—they are

not so great as the general public imagines. When for the first time an intelligent man puts his foot into the basket of a balloon, he knows, or should know, that he does not run any very great risk if he has a good aeronaut in command. Count Henry de la Vaulx, who visited America during the St. Louis Exhibition last year, has made over a hundred ascensions, most of them very long, and he holds the record for distance and the time spent in the air. A voyage without a hitch from Paris to Moscow, at a speed double that of an express, may be considered no ordinary performance. And this is what Count de la Vaulx has done. Nor has he ever had an accident, not even a scratch. I might cite many similar examples to show that ballooning is not a dangerous sport. For instance, M. Emile Carton, whose has made ascensions in America; the director of the Vienna Aero Club, and his son Hermann, the author of an excellent book entitled "Four Thousand Leagues in the Air"—they and many others have safely "sailed thru the air" and are none the worse for the adventure.

Now let us glance for a moment at some of the positive pleasures of ballooning. He who enters a car for the first time is especially attracted by the appearance of the clouds. He immediately turns away his attention from the earth. His eye is charmed by the richness of the forms and colors which he sees about him and which vary with automobile rapidity. I have never known "a passenger of the skies," who was not carried away by the wonderful brightness about him. And yet, the deserted earth has also its charms. You are interested in studying the different forms of the surface in different spots, and the physiognomy of the various regions fixes itself

in the memory in most wonderful fashion. Practiced aeronauts get so that they can recognize districts over which they have once passed. This faculty explains the instinct of the carrier-pigeons.

Getting started is often beset with as many dangers as landing under difficulties, when, for instance, the wind is strong and the balloon big. Even the best aeronauts will do foolish things at



Wilfrid de Fonvielle.

this moment. Their mind is often concerned with the length of the coming voyage, or the rapidity in which they hope to make it, rather than with the more prosaic matter of getting well off on their way. I remember when, in 1875, Duruof and I went up at Rouen, we wanted to make a remarkable ascension and not come down till Russia was reached. So we had filled our basket with ballast, which was disastrous, for it so weighed us down that we caught in the branches of the neighboring trees when we tried to rise, the silken envelope was torn, and we were thrown into the Seine. Fortunately a rowboat was at hand, and we were saved from a dangerous ducking. But today, thanks to the sheds built for the steering-balloons, an ascension can be made in safety, even in the midst of a storm. It would be a great thing for the progress of ballooning in America if you were to build sheds of this kind in the parks of some of your great cities.

When the start is accomplished smoothly, you observe a most singular phenomenon. You seem to be standing still yourself, while the earth recedes from you. The diminution of objects on the surface of the earth, which is at first very rapid, is the only thing that shows you that you are leaving *terra firma*, and soon you go floating through space without feeling the least movement or motion. The physiological explanation of this phenomenon is simple. It is of the same nature as that produced when one travels by rail and one sees the objects on the surface of the ground moving in the opposite direction from that of the train.

But it is not so easy to explain another and more material phenomenon—the absolute absence of vertigo when one looks down on the earth from the basket of a balloon. Persons who cannot look down from the top of a monument, a bridge or a house, can gaze down from a balloon car without the least feeling of dizziness of any kind. How is this effect to be explained? I tried to answer this question in my “Manual of Aërial Navigation,” published some fifteen years ago. But I will not now weary my readers by going into the subject here, and only remark that the two facts just stated—the lack of all disagreeable motion and the absence of vertigo—doubt-

less explain why ballooning is growing so popular with the fair sex.

Even during the early days of aerostatics, when the practice was considered exceedingly dangerous, women did not hesitate to make ascensions, and some even won distinction in the profession, such as Madame Blanchard, Blanche Garneron, Madame Pouteror, Sophie Godard and Madame Duruof. More than one fine lady has taken part in balloon contests and several female aeronauts have made remarkable ascensions. To the Duchess of Uzès belongs much of the honor of having got her sex interested in ballooning, a kind of sport which is especially feminine, the nearest approach to the flight of the bird. Among the passengers taken by the “Lebaudy” on its different trips were many ladies, who did not hesitate to run the much more serious risks attending a voyage in a balloon propelled by an aeriën motor. Nor are American women behind their European sisters in this particular. The first astronomer who has left the earth to study the stars in a balloon was a woman, and an American one to boot. I refer to Mrs. Dorothea Klumpke-Roberts, of San Francisco, Doctor of Mathematics of the University of Paris and long connected with the Paris Observatory. In 1898 she went up in a balloon to observe the falling stars, and later made two other ascensions for the same purpose, accompanied by her sister, the artist, painter of the portrait published with this article.

That the popularity of ballooning is increasing there can be no doubt. I do not think I exaggerate the facts when I estimate that 700 or 800 voyages are now made annually. The members of the Paris Aëro Club alone made more than 200 last year. Their grounds at St. Cloud, near Paris, are provided with a shed, such as is suggested above, so that a balloon can be inflated, no matter what the weather may be, and a start made under the best conditions.

But let me go more into particulars as regards the pleasures of ballooning. I wish especially to say a word about the charm of night ascensions when there is no moon and when the ascension is made in thickly populated regions, like the environs of Paris. Then the celestial

constellations are not alone worthy of attention; the lights on the earth rival them in brightness. You then are struck as never before by the power of the electric light, which is visible at an immense distance. M. Camille Flammarion, who had the happy inspiration to make his wedding journey in a balloon, says he can never forget how he was dazzled by these two sorts of light.

A moonlight night has beauties of its own. Its brightness is reflected on the surface of the clouds, which are sometimes like great mountains, whose profiles stand out clear-cut in a most wonderful way, while the balloon goes winding along in these misty valleys. Then getting out into the pure air, you see the constellations blaze forth with an intensity that is almost overpowering. The number of the stars is unbelievable. The volume of those we know has increased to such a degree that the dog-star becomes as bright as Venus when she is seen from the earth. Some of the nebulae are so clear that they look like distant gas-jets. The bolides are really terrifying. You seem to hear them explode, and it is not perfectly sure that you do not, for the balloon, with its sails spread, fills the office of a big ear trumpet floating in air. It catches as well the noises from the earth, the last of which, as heard by the aeronaut, being the whistling of the locomotives and the barking of dogs.

I once left Paris in a balloon with Duruof, going in a southeast direction. We were well above the clouds and were sailing quietly over the plains surrounding Orleans, when we heard the rumble of an express train, the sound much resembling breakers on the sea shore. Under ordinary circumstances it is easy to distinguish the two sounds. But this time the distant roar continued so long—did not cease in fact—that I began to get nervous. "It may be," I finally remarked to Duruof, "that the wind has changed and we are going toward the ocean. Wouldn't we do well to go down a bit and see where we are?" He listened a few moments, and then said: "Perhaps you are right," and he seized the cord of the valve, which quickly brought us below the clouds, so that we could make out just where we were. It happened that we were follow-

ing the line of the Paris-Lyons Railway, accompanied by an express which was going in the same direction that we were and at about the same speed.

Another sound that reaches you in the sky is the striking of the church clocks when you are passing over them. This used to convey very useful information to the aeronaut sailing on his "trackless course." When local time prevailed the church chimes would give me the longitude of my balloon, for my watch was running on Paris time. But the introduction of standard time has changed all this, unfortunately for the balloonist. I once had in mind the idea of preparing an atlas in which I intended marking all the church steeples in systematic order. With this document in my basket, I would always know in which direction I was moving when ballooning in France.

A balloon trip is often a fine lesson in physical geography. In November, 1870, I went from Paris to Louvain in a balloon, and for the first time fully appreciated the fund of information one can collect concerning the general character of the region over which one is passing. It was not necessary to look on the map to see when we were entering Belgium. The villages were nearer together, the roads more numerous, the trees more robust and the fields greener. I have had similar experiences in my various ascensions in the Alps, in Italy, England and in different parts of my own country. One's geographical education can never be perfect without a wide ballooning experience.

There is also a hygienic side to aeronautics. If I were rich enough, I would never let three months pass by without going up in a balloon, if for no other reason than to drive from my lungs the bad air which had accumulated there. The complete renewal of the air in the cells produces an exquisite sensation. Respiration is accelerated, and consequently the mind becomes more active, your thoughts are richer and healthier. You do not get to heaven, which recedes as you mount; but you certainly get nearer to God. More than once, as I have floated along in the mysterious night, lighted by the stars, I have seemed to hear the celestial music of which Kepler speaks.

Literature

Roman Society*

AN extremely interesting period in Roman history is treated by Professor Dill in this volume. Previously the author had described the conditions of Roman society in the succeeding century, but here we have the conflict of good and evil, of philosophy and sensuality, of religion and superstition, not yet worked out to its fatal end in the overthrow of the Western Empire, to be succeeded by a new Christian Empire of the East.

The period from Nero to Marcus Aurelius opens with the tyranny of one of the worst men who ever occupied a throne, and ends with the mild rule of a Stoic saint. But there was probably no great change in the character of the mass of the people. The terrible vice had been chiefly in the class attached to the Imperial court. They gathered enormous wealth by oppression, and were the victims of the Emperor's greed. The women of the court rivaled the men in debauchery. Extravagance reached the highest mark known to human history. But yet it was a period of fair government in the country districts of Italy and in the provinces. It was the period of the building of great cities and splendid temples and theaters. The horrible excesses of the period of the Terror seemed, with the accession of Vespasian, to have sobered the public mind, and Stoic philosophy, with its doctrine of the brotherhood and equality of man, was helped by the new Platonism and the renovated paganism which attempted a little later to make their last stand against the conquering Church in the reigns of Julian and Theodosius.

Nowhere else can so full and true an account be found of the condition of Roman society at this time as in this admirable book. Its merit consists in the fact that it gathers the scattered material, accessible only to the technical classical scholar, not found in Greek or Latin lit-

erature, but recorded in the inscriptions on tombstones and other monuments. The mass of this material is enormous, and this it is which has so helped Professor Ramsay to reconstruct the history of Asia Minor. This same service Professor Dill does for social conditions in Italy itself. But it must be added that he has pieced together with infinite skill the suggestions and allusions of the classical writers, and has made a special study of the Roman Satirists, especially of Apuleius. He has thus been able to do with that lubricious writer very much what John Milton says of Chrysostom, whose diligent reading could cleanse the scurrilities of Aristophanes into the style of a rousing sermon.

The successive chapters of this work show us what was the world of the Satirists, what that of the freedmen, what was the pure circle of the Younger Pliny, how Seneca was the philosophic director of eager youth, how Apollonius of Tyana, Plutarch and Maximus of Tyre were philosophic missionaries who could claim sudden and permanent conversions. What was their New Theology then, what were the new superstitions, or the new religions, that attempted to find faith and life in the East when the Roman paganism had lost its right to credence, and some support was needed for belief in immortality, and Christianity was yet held to be a religion only fit for Jews and slaves who worshiped an ass on a cross. Of much value are those chapters where all are interesting, which describe the prevalence of the religion of Isis, that of the Magna Mater of Pessinus, and that of Mithra. Of these our ordinary histories and text-books tell us little, but they had a much greater influence on Christianity than had the worship of Zeus and Athene and were much more feared. These were great, mysterious deities from Egypt and the East. They attracted those who wanted a sort of monotheism, and who regarded the god worshiped as only the simulacrum of the divine Power which he figured. Isis, the mother with the child Horus, seemed to

* ROMAN SOCIETY, from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. By Samuel Dill, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast. 8vo, pp. xxii, 639. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$4.00.

touch the tenderer instincts, and had much the same honor which is now paid to the Holy Virgin. It was an age when womanhood began to claim its equal respect; and so the other cult of the Magna Mater, also a mother with a child, but yet a magnificent turret-crowned goddess, riding in her chariot drawn by lions, found devout worshippers and colleges of strange eunuch-priests, and strange initiations and mysteries, and blood-sacrifices, wherein the votaries—and an emperor among them—were “regenerated” by baptism in the blood of a bull, the famous *taurobolia*. And seven initiations did the worship of Mithra require, the purest of all the forms of pagan worship that antedated Christianity. Its vogue spread from Persia to Britain, and a multitude of beautiful bas-reliefs have been found which adorned his shrines, and which show us the young, glorious sun-god Mithra slaying the bull, who represents, in a way Ahriman, while with the tauroctonus are the Persian symbols, the lion, the dog, the snake and the scorpion. The Christian Fathers thought Mithra-worship a special invention of the devil, because it so resembled in its features the Christian worship. Our selection of the 25th of December as the birthday of our Lord was taken from the date when, after the winter solstice Mithra begins a new course of triumph in the heavens, the great festival of his sacred year. In the sacraments of Mithra, Tertullian perceived a diabolic parody of the usages of the Church. The neophytes pledged their faith, they were baptized with holy water, and to the higher grades of initiation were given sacraments of bread and mingled water and wine, which last was the original draft of the Haoma, and had no real relation to Jewish or Christian baptisms. It was against Mithra that the Christian Emperors made their fiercest assaults.

• To this fascinating book, of unusual interest and value, we are glad to direct the intelligent reader. We observe that W. H. Mallock has already hastened to make it his argument and text for a discourse on natural religion; and to many readers its most striking feature is its contribution to the study of the effort of

the philosophic mind to seek a purer faith apart from Christianity.



The Committee of Fifty on the Liquor Problem

The Committee of Fifty is no more true to its name than the Holy Roman Empire, for it is not a committee and has not fifty members. Nevertheless, if the people of the United States had been able collectively to select a committee for the responsible task of collecting the facts about the liquor problem it is not probable that they would have been able to choose a more competent and impartial body of scientists, educators, ecclesiastics, economists and men of affairs than that which twelve years ago voluntarily assumed this work for society. That they have been able to collect such a large amount of information at an expense of \$21,500 is a fact worthy of attention by our legislative commissions. The complete results of the investigation have been published in four volumes¹, which must be studied by all who wish to understand the factors of the liquor problem as it actually exists in the United States. These volumes we have discussed as they appeared, but it will be convenient to extract a few of their conclusions from the volume² just published, which contains a popular summary of the whole investigation. It is unfortunate that this final volume does not make any reference to the experience of the last five years, nor to the sharp criticism made upon the work of the committee.

The report of the physiological sub-committee contains the most original matter, for its work was not confined to observation and the collection of data, but included experimental work such as that of Professor Atwater's with the life calorimeter, which has recently in-

¹ THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.—ITS LEGISLATIVE ASPECTS, by Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, F. H. Wines and J. C. Carter. \$1.25. ITS ECONOMIC ASPECTS, by John Koren, Carroll P. Wright, Z. R. Brockway, J. G. Brooks, E. R. L. Gould, J. F. Jones and H. W. Farnum. \$1.50. SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON, by F. G. Peabody, E. R. L. Gould, Raymond Calkins and W. M. Sloane. \$1.30. ITS PHYSIOLOGICAL ASPECTS, by W. O. Atwater, J. S. Billings, H. P. Bowditch, R. H. Chittenden and W. H. Welch. \$4.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

² THE LIQUOR PROBLEM. A Summary of Investigations Conducted by the Committee of Fifty. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

creased the extent and exactness of our knowledge of the action of alcohol on the human system. Alcohol taken in moderate quantities is oxidized and yields energy like such foods as sugar, starch and fats, which it can in part replace. Since it contains no nitrogen it cannot be used for muscle building, like the proteids. A small amount of alcoholic beverages stimulates digestion; a large amount retards. The fruit flavors and other ingredients in alcoholic liquors are important factors in their action, but cheap and adulterated liquors are not more harmful than the pure and expensive. Even the moderate use of alcoholic drinks just before or during physical or mental work usually diminishes the total amount of work done.

Under the sub-committee on legislative aspects, eight different kinds of liquor legislation was studied in as many different States. Their main conclusions are as follows: Prohibition legislation has abolished the manufacture, and in districts where public sentiment sustained it has made it hard to obtain intoxicants, thus removing temptation from the young. The attempt to enforce it continuously where there was strong opposition have been failures, and have often resulted in demoralizing evasions and in dangerous centralization of power in State authorities. Local option obviates some of these difficulties. The license system restricts and controls to some extent, but it is not certain that less liquor is sold.

"It cannot be positively affirmed that any one kind of liquor legislation has been more successful than another in promoting real temperance." "In the present state of legislation, different laws must be judged by their practical effect, and not by the ethical theory on which they rest."

The sub-committee on the economic aspects of the liquor problem found that 33 per cent. of the paupers in almshouses were brought to their condition by the personal use of liquor and 10 per cent. from the intemperate habits of others. Intemperance figures as one of the causes of crime in 50 per cent. of the 13,400 convicts in prisons and penitentiaries examined, and as a first cause in 31 per cent. In economic forces, such as the increasing tendency of employers and

of labor unions to require sobriety on the part of employees and members they find the most effective allies to the moral agencies attacking the evils of the liquor traffic.

The Ethical Sub-Committee base their hope of permanent improvement in the existing conditions entirely upon the redemption of human nature by the regeneration of the individual. All remedial legislation and other advocated reforms are merely palliative, and their effect is so dependent upon the varying industrial, racial, economic and social conditions as to make the problem a local one. The most efficient temperance reformer is a patient opportunist. Apart from the appetite for alcohol, the saloon as a social center is the most important factor in the liquor problem. No substitute for it, such as clubs, gymnasiums, game rooms, restaurants, temperance bars, libraries, etc., have yet been found which are capable of competing with the saloon on its own ground, but these are useful, especially if at the same time the saloon is deprived of its attractive features by legislation.



Hart's American Nation.

THE development of the colonies in the eighteenth century is one of the most unworked fields of American history. For the earlier period we have the full and critical works of Doyle and Osgood, but the evolution of British mercantile policy and the growth of Colonial commercial and industrial interests during the seventy-five years preceding the Revolution have not yet received adequate treatment along modern lines. There are valid reasons for this. Vast collections of manuscript and printed materials in England and America must be examined, many detailed monographs must be written, and new habits of historical thinking will have to be acquired before the inner history of that eventful epoch can be written.

This does not imply any derogatory criticism of the second group of five volumes on American History in Professor Hart's series.* They mark a distinct improvement over older works in the emphasis which they place on important topics like British commercial and ad-

ministrative policy and Colonial trade and industry, although they do not present much that is new or illuminating in the way of conclusions. Professor Greene writes the history of the fifty years from 1690 to 1740 under the title of *Provincial America*. He has sought to grasp the larger and more permanent nation-making forces of his period. He considers local affairs only in so far as they constituted a part of the larger tendencies which were making for the Revolution. His chapters on immigration, the extension of settlements, and the growth of industry are all too short, but they form an admirable introduction to the conflict with France. Dr. Thwaites takes up the story at 1740. His central interest is in the struggle between England and France for the North and the Great West and, as a setting for the contest, he writes a concise account of the French explorations and settlements in North America prior to the opening of the war. Dr. Thwaites will help to dispel the too common illusion that all American history before the Revolution was made on the seaboard. The two volumes on the Revolution by Professors Howard and Van Tyne are thoroly scholarly, but open to criticism in regard to the distribution of emphasis. Not one hundred pages in all are devoted to the causes of the crisis; there is no detailed and searching study of Colonial, commercial and industrial interests, or of the leading personalities of the Revolution in their relation to those interests. The two volumes are practically given over to a narration of the political and military events.

The diplomacy of the peace negotiations at the close of the war, the experiment under the Articles of Confederation, and the establishment of the Constitution form the theme of Professor McLaughlin's volume. He does not accept the traditional view that the Union was in grave danger of dissolution during the period of confederation, but holds that the Constitution was the logical and inev-

itable outcome of well ascertained social and political conditions. The question of State sovereignty under the Constitution is dismissed as a topic for political metaphysicians, but it is not admitted that the people had a legal right to leave the Union when they saw fit.

The five volumes possess many valuable characteristics in common. They are well documented and are judicial in tone; there is a proper recognition of the importance of the West during the early period; the cause of the Loyalists during the Revolution is more fairly presented than it usually is; with some exceptions there is no undue glorification of Americanism; and the maps and bibliographical apparatus are of great value. As a whole, the volumes constitute a valuable contribution to the literature on American history available to the public.

However, from the standpoint of critical scholarship, the authors leave American history very much as they found it. The co-operative plan has precluded a consistent and systematic treatment of the development of British Colonial policy and American commercial interests, and the economic analysis is not keen or original. Mercantilism is still represented as the outcome of mediæval ignorance, "wrong in principle and degrading in motive"—a view contrary to the conclusions of the economists who have most thoroly studied that politico-economic system. Moreover, it is somewhat striking that the "robust and liberty loving people" who revolted against this "false" system were quick to adopt its principles when they threw off British dominion.



Northern Trails. By William J. Long.
Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Long takes the reader with him, in this latest book, to the barren shores of Labrador and Newfoundland. Wolves, we meet, that guide lost children home, and then disappear into the wilderness; a wild goose, that caresses his mate goodbye at the approach of the hunter, before going out to fight for his home and young; and Pequam, of the weasel family, that tempts an Indian to abandon his trail, by killing a deer and leaving it across the track. These animals, and many more—whales, polar

* THE AMERICAN NATION; a History From Original Sources by Associated Scholars. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Vol. 6. Provincial America. By Evarts Boutelle Green. Vol. 7. France in America. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. 8. Preliminaries of the Revolution. By George Elliott Howard. Vol. 9. The American Revolution. By Claude Halstead Van Tyne. Vol. 10. The Confederation and the Constitution. By Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin. New York: Harper Brothers. 1905. Price, \$2.00 each.

bears and salmon—are all introduced to us in the midst of their wild, unfrequented haunts. All are endowed with almost human intelligence and reason, after the manner of interpreting their actions which Mr. Long has made so

ing to let the disputed question of instinct or intelligence go, however, and on the strength of the splendid descriptions of nature and the always evident love of the wild, accord this volume a high place among “books of the trail.” It is a de-



“When he winds down the invisible staircase of the winds.”

From William J. Long's New Book “Northern Trails.” Boston: Ginn & Co.

popular. In his preface he discusses the vexed questions of animal psychology, and defends his method of studying animal life against the sharp criticism it has received. He finds “at the end of every trail a real animal” and studies him as an individual, not as a species. We are will-

sirable contribution to the literature of nature study. The illustrations are exceptionally good, and the marginal sketches clever. One of the best of these stories “Matwock of the Icebergs,” appeared in THE INDEPENDENT for June 1 1905.

Christus Liberator. An Outline Study of Africa. By Ellen C. Parsons. Introduction by Sir Harry H. Johnston, K. C. B. New York: The Macmillan Co. Paper, 30 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.

It is five years since the plan for United Study of Missions was adopted by the Women's Boards of the United States and Canada. Forty-four boards have taken up the work. A central committee planned the course of study, and is publishing the text books which are used by all these boards. In this course an Introduction to the Study of Missions and Outline Studies of India, China and Japan have already been issued and studied. Few people realize how widely interest in this course of study is spreading thru mission clubs, classes, and missionary societies. More than two hundred thousand copies of these books have been sold, and it is safe to say that from fifty to a hundred thousand copies of Miss Parsons's new book on Africa will be studied during the coming year. Sir Harry Johnston's Introduction is scholarly and scientific. While treating of the geography, races and history of the country, he states unhesitatingly his conviction that the missions which have preached Christianity in Africa since 1840 "constitute the one feature of the white man's invasion of the continent which History will rank as unquestionably good." Miss Ellen C. Parsons is an authority on the subject of foreign missions. No grains of salt need be added to her statements. Having been herself a missionary in Turkey, she understands in what ways Mohammedanism complicates the missionary problem in Africa. As editor of *Woman's Work*, one of the ablest of the woman's missionary journals of America, she has long been in touch with mission work abroad; and her interest in Africa was deepened thru writing, a few years since, the biography of Dr. A. C. Good, of West Africa. In this outline study of Africa her work has been done with skill and judgment. Enough detail is given to hold the reader's attention, but her wisdom appears in what she omits no less than what she includes in the writing. To tell the story of a dark, enslaved continent and of the introduction of light and liberty thru the Gospel of Christ is no easy task, but to tell it in a large way, so as to arouse en-

thusiasm over the chivalry of missions, and at the same time to point out the problems that Christian missions must solve as they enlarge their work among the native races, was far more difficult. But it has been done. A short African Bibliography, covering seven pages, a table of more than eighty societies maintaining missions in Africa, another table of important events bearing upon the history of Africa, and one of important dates in African discovery, add to the usefulness of this concise, well written and readable book.

Byron's Complete Poetical Works. [Cambridge Edition.] Edited, with an introduction by Paul Elmer More. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

The need of a single-volume Byron, unexpurgated and containing the recently resurrected poems, is amply filled by this latest edition. The print is clear and large and the paper of a lightness which permits 1,055 pages to be compressed into the dimensions of a moderate-sized book. Mr. More chooses the text of 1832-33 in preference to that of 1831, on account of its more satisfactory use of capitals, italics and punctuation marks; but he has not hesitated to make numerous alterations. He has, furthermore, compared the text word by word with that of the recent seven-volume Murray edition, and has included all of the poems brought to light by Mr. Coleridge and others. Readers will find no difficulty in agreeing with Mr. More that these additions might well have remained in oblivion; they are mostly without merit, and are interesting only by reason of their being Byron's. A rearrangement of the poems is made, and chronological sequence has been compromised by an effort at logical grouping. Within the groups, however, the poems are arranged sequentially. The notes are largely those of the earlier editions, except that the longer excursions have been excised, and an occasional explanation is given. Some curious duplications have been made. The poem, "The Girl of Cadiz," which originally stood in the place of the one entitled "To Inez," in the first canto of "Childe Harold," appears both in the text (pp. 159-160) and in the notes (p. 1,003). The derivation of "caloyer" is given on page 1,005 and

again on page 1,024, while the allusions in the bit of doggerel, "I read the Christabel," are explained not only on page 230, but (in part) on page 1,013. A thoughtful and scholarly estimate of Byron's genius and character introduces the volume.



The Gambler. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

If the reader can get used to such a name as "Clodagh" for the heroine, he will become interested in the career of *The Gambler*, who is an Irish beauty with the faults and fascinations of her race. The book is not quite thoughtful enough to be a serious study of the heredity of the gambling instinct, but it is an interesting story, and, since gambling is rapidly becoming the greatest of modern vices, such a striking object lesson as this on its sinister fascination and disastrous results is much needed. The defects of Mrs. Thurston's literary style and the crudity of her methods are more obvious here than in *The Masqueraders*, where the perplexities of a novel and somewhat embarrassing situation held more closely the reader's attention. The illustrations are below even the low level of the average pictures in novels.



The Religion of Israel: A Historical Sketch. By R. L. Ottley. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

Canon Ottley published an excellent "Short History of the Hebrews" in 1901, in which he dwelt upon the outward fortunes of the Hebrew people, their political and social institutions. The present volume is intended to supplement the other by tracing the growth of Israel's religious ideas and usages. The author recognizes that Hebrew faith began in very rude and primitive rites and concepts, and only gradually and painfully rose to the ethical fervor of the prophets and the spiritual purity of the Psalmists. His aim is to trace this process and describe it concisely and clearly. He has succeeded well, and there is no work in English which tells in such brief compass the story of Israel's faith from Moses to the Pharisees with such painstaking loyalty to establish fact. Canon Ottley does not suggest new the-

ories and does not present new solutions of the difficult problems, but he sets forth what has been pretty conclusively determined, with a learning to conservative positions, and passes lightly over controverted points. Kautsch, Schultz and Smend are the authorities preferred, rather than Winckler and Cheyne, and the criticism followed is of the moderate and cautious school. Israel's religion is the revelation of God within the nation itself, communicated through prophets, to which Babylonian culture contributed little. The majority of critics would attribute less to Moses and Samuel than does Canon Ottley, and more to Amos. The antagonism of the prophets to ritual and sacrifice is softened more than the invectives of Isaiah and Micah justify, and Ezekiel is accorded larger place in the building of Israel's faith than most students impute to him. Yet, taken as a whole, Canon Ottley's brief treatise is a safe guide to what is known concerning the slow and wonderful development of Hebrew religion.



The Saint Lawrence. Its Basin and Borderlands. By Samuel Edward Dawson, Litt. D., F. R. S. C. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.75.

This is an excellent compendium of the history of the discovery and exploration of the basin of the Saint Lawrence River, and of the watershed which divides it from the Mississippi. The subject has been dealt with by various writers with a varying amount of detail, but here we have a convenient summary with sufficient breadth of view and detail at the same time to satisfy the general reader; and looked at in this light the book has considerable value. The chapters on the Cabots, the Corte-Reals, the Basque voyages, those of Verrazano and Stephen Gomez, form a very lucid survey of the documents involved in the early history of the discovery of North America. Those on Cartier's voyages and Champlain's expeditions are full of detail and carefully weighed conclusions. Nearly two-thirds of the book are taken up with the history to this point, so that there is but a small portion left for the work of the Jesuits, Radisson and Chouart, Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Hennepin and Dulhut, but Dr. Dawson has carefully selected those portions of their

work which bear upon the Saint Lawrence and has constructed a clear and connected narrative. The illustrations and reproductions of ancient charts and maps are good. There is a good modern map, as well as a fairly full bibliography, indicating the books consulted and referred to; and the index is a sufficient one.



Literary Notes.

"IN and Around Venice," by Horatio F. Brown, is a new book on an old subject. It is but sparsely illustrated. (Scribner's. \$1.50.)

...."An Angler's Hours," by H. T. Sheringham, recounts the experiences of an enthusiastic veteran. The book will be found interesting to followers of that sport. (Macmillan. \$1.50.)

...."Catch Words of Cheer," collected by Sara A. Hubbard, contains quotations from well known authors for every day in the year. "Go on, make errors, fail and get up again. Only go on!" is a type. (McClurg. 75 cents.)

....John Kendrick Bangs has amusingly parodied "Raffles," by recounting the adventures of his widow, an amateur crackswoman. The illustrations, by Albert Levering, contribute much to the volume. (Harper's. \$1.25.)

....Hamilton Wright Mabie has collected about ninety of the old ballads in a volume entitled "Old English Love Songs." Many of the old favorites are to be found there, attractively illustrated by George Wharton Edwards. (Macmillan. \$1.25.)

....The Forest and Stream Publishing Company have collected some articles by the late Rowland E. Robinson, under the title of "Hunting Without a Gun." The volume contains some stories and sketches in addition to the tales of hunting. (Price \$2.00.)

....A booklet of 160 pages, by Arthur Lloyd, gives a brief and very readable life of Admiral Togo. Great difficulty was experienced in collecting incidents of the Admiral's life on account of his excessive modesty. The book is issued by the Kinkodo Publishing Company, Tokyo.

....An illustrated edition of Kenyon Cox's "Old Masters and New," the first edition of which was reviewed in THE INDEPENDENT for

September 21, has been issued by Fox, Duffield & Co. The illustrations are reproductions of paintings by the masters under discussion, and add greatly to the interest of the book. (Price \$2.50.)

...."What Shall a Young Girl Read?" by Margaret E. Sangster, recommends a list of some ninety books, from "Beauty Through Hygiene" to "Pilgrim's Progress." Many powerful books are omitted, and some weak ones included, but such a list may be of use for suggesting good titles. (Sunday School Times. 50 cents.)

....Mr. Oliver Huckel has prepared an English version of Wagner's "Lohengrin," similar in form to his translation of "Parsifal." He discards the dramatic form and does not attempt to reproduce the meter and style of the libretto, but puts it into narrative blank verse, certainly a more agreeable form for reading. It is attractively printed by T. Y. Crowell, New York. (75 cents.)

....Among the more important of the articles in the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1904 are those on "Old Age," by Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute; "The Multiple Origin of Horses and Ponies," by Dr. Ewart; "Present Problems of Inorganic Chemistry," by Sir William Ramsey; "The Evidence of Evolution," by Hugo De Vries, and "The Evolution of the Scientific Investigator."



Pebbles

....Nothing succeeds like excess.—*Life*.

....*City Editor*: "I notice that in this account of yesterday's wedding you refer to the 'happy couple.'" *Reporter*: "Isn't that all right?" *City Editor*: "How many times have I told you that you were to give facts and not guess at things?"—*Town Topics*.

....Willie had a savings bank;
'Twas made of painted tin.
He passed it 'round among the boys,
Who put their pennies in.

Then Willie wrecked that bank and bought
Sweetmeats and chewing gum.
And to the other envious lads
He never offered some.

"What will we do?" his mother said:
"It is a sad mischance."
His father said: "We'll cultivate
His gift for high finance."

—*Washington Star*.

Editorials

The Insurance Investigation

At last week's sessions of the Armstrong Insurance Committee there was brought to light by the shameless admissions of responsible officers the depressing record of much evil conduct and of a continuous breach of trust. It should be borne in mind that the Mutual and New York companies profess to be companies conducted on the mutual plan, and that their funds are, or should be, held in trust for the benefit of widows and orphans. Their officers have desired to be regarded as faithful trustees. It is admitted that the books of one of them have been tampered with or falsified repeatedly to conceal the expenditure of large sums for improper purposes. It is also admitted that several hundred thousand dollars have been paid by the same company within the last five years to an agent employed to control legislation, and that he has not accounted, or been required to account, for the use of this money. The president of the other company, his son, and his son-in-law have drawn in a few years from its widows' and orphans' fund, in salaries and commissions, the sum of \$4,643,926.

It was to conceal the payment of nearly \$150,000 to the Republican party's fund (in three successive campaigns) that the books of the New York Life were so manipulated that no record of these expenditures exists. Have other payments for improper purposes been concealed in the same way? Is there not warrant for a suspicion that the books have been falsified to cover up other payments that could not bear the light? Policy holders can no longer trust the officers whose unfitness has thus been proved by their own admissions.

The most disheartening and shocking of all the disclosures, however, are those concerning the huge payments to legislative agents. To one Andrew Hamilton (now in Europe), who, in behalf of the same company, had "absolute and entire control of legislation in the United States and Canada," but especially at Albany, there was paid in the last five

years \$476,927, for which he was not required to give any account, beyond his receipt for the same. This does not include \$235,000, as to which no adequate explanation has been made, or another mysterious fund of \$75,000, or about \$165,000, which he is to have for the work of the present year. The total is nearly \$1,000,000. President McCall was examined concerning these expenditures. He said:

"At the beginning of every year it is the feeling of every executive officer that we shall be badgered and harassed to death in every State by the introduction of bad bills of every kind. Sometimes men of honor will feel they have a right to amend a law, and their motives are all right; but mainly the general insurance legislation of this country, if you will follow it, emanates from people who are desirous of striking at insurance companies. I may even say that I believe that three-fourths of the insurance bills introduced in the United States are blackmailing bills."

"Was Mr. Hamilton expected," asked the examining counsel, "to deal with the man who could produce results?" "I think he was," replied President McCall, with a little laugh. "Whether he was an attorney or whether he was any other man?" continued the questioner. "The best fellow he could find," was Mr. McCall's response. But he insisted that bribery was never discussed by Mr. Hamilton and himself, or in his hearing, and that he had no information as to an improper use of the money.

Officers of the other two companies have not yet been questioned fully as to their expenditures for controlling legislation. But this man Hamilton was also employed by them, and there is testimony that there was among the companies an allotment of the States in which such work was to be done, altho New York was left open for the efforts of all. It is quite probable that the sum received by Hamilton from the New York Life, and for which he rendered no account, was not more than one-third of the entire sum so expended by the three great companies.

If it be true that the enactment of bills aimed at the companies by blackmailers was thus prevented, it is also true that in

some way much legislation desired by the companies has been effectively promoted. The record at Albany shows very few bills that could fairly be regarded as hostile to the interests of policy holders. On the other hand, during many years past there has been a gradual relaxation of the statutory restrictions to which New York companies were originally subjected, and the laws have been changed to satisfy the desires of the companies' officers. Not all of these changes have been for the good of policy holders. An example may be seen in the statute which forbids the bringing of suits against the companies on a certain class of their contracts, except by the permission of the Attorney-General.

Of course, no part whatever of a life insurance company's funds ought to be used in buying off blackmailers or in purchasing legislation. Testimony given by the New York Life's officers warrants the inference that this company's money, or the money of its policy holders, has been so used. There is no reasonable excuse for it. The practice is not only immoral, wicked, and demoralizing, but also entirely unnecessary for the defence of any company honestly managed. Bills introduced by blackmailers, if such there be, should be opposed openly and boldly by the guardians of the interests that are menaced, who should publicly denounce them and their authors, relying for success upon such denunciation, upon exposure in the press, and upon appeals to policy holders for help. When an honest and innocent man is blackmailed, he defies the blackmailer, exposes him, and strives to bring him to justice. He is not "harassed to death" by the scoundrel's threats. He does not pay an agent—an Andrew Hamilton—\$150,000 or \$200,000 a year, to be spent at State capitals with no accounting.

A life insurance company whose responsible officers have taken to themselves enormous salaries and summoned all their relatives to share in the feast, whose books conceal the existence of improper expenditures, whose directors are engaged in profitable syndicate operations with the company's funds—in short, whose internal condition is such as has been disclosed by the investigation of companies in New York since President

Alexander attempted to oust Vice-President Hyde—such a company cannot afford to fight blackmailing legislators in the open. It prefers to negotiate with them. And after it has begun to pay, it must keep on paying. It virtually invites blackmail, and thus the premiums paid in for the protection of widows and orphans become a source of legislative corruption.

The leading officers of one company have been displaced. Those of the other two must follow them before public confidence in these fiduciary institutions can be restored.



The Greater Wrong

IT has now been conclusively shown by the life insurance investigation that policy holders have been wronged by the wasteful and dishonest management of the companies. The money taken by lobbyists, received by syndicate-makers, and paid out in great salaries came from thousands of families, most of them in very moderate circumstances, whose savings and self-denials to meet insurance premiums have brought them in the aggregate some millions of dollars less provision for old age than they ought to enjoy.

Great as is this wrong, however, there has been revealed in all this miserable business a wrong that is yet greater. It is a wrong for which all of us are responsible because all of us have permitted it. It is a wrong that threatens our whole social fabric, and which, if persisted in, will utterly pervert the American experiment in human freedom. That wrong is the handing over of opportunities created by nature or by society, or necessary to the well-being of society, to a small minority of the whole population, to exploit under legal privileges created by the State, instead of holding them subject to the immediate control of the State to be developed for the good of the whole community. This, we say, is a greater wrong than any other, because it is one that lies at the foundation of social morality.

Why does society create and exercise the powers of government at all? If we believe that Divine Providence has ordered that some men shall exist and slave, shall endure privation and misery that other men may enjoy themselves in riotous living, we then must, if we are logi-

cal, acquiesce in the exploitations of the masses by monarchs and other privileged persons. If we do not believe such things we must say that the social order, including government, exists for the express purpose of creating and maintaining certain kinds of equality; of preventing the strong and the clever from taking every sort of advantage of the weak. It exists to forbid the ruthless and fearless highwayman to knock down and strip the defenseless traveler; to forbid the house-breaker to carry off the family jewels and silverware; to forbid the expert copyist to draw money from the bank on another man's name.

So much all men admit. But it has taken a good many generations to bring a large number of men to the point of seeing that, if we are justified in interfering with the brute struggle for existence by curbing the strong man at all, we ought to ask ourselves whether there are any limits, and if so what limits, to such rightful interference. This question has at last been raised, and it is being asked by thoughtful men with a sincerity and urgency of desire to know the ultimate truth, which are the best promise of betterment that we can anywhere find in the existing moral situation. Here and there are men who have seen to the end of this question, and have found the answer to it, and they fearlessly challenge any social philosopher to show that the answer is other than this, namely: the true function of the social order, including human government, *is to create equality of external conditions to the greatest extent possible.*

Subjective, or personal, equality does not exist. It is impossible. One man is taller than another, heavier than another, stronger than another, healthier than another, braver than another, wiser than another, saner than another, and there is no possible way of making them equal in these respects. But we can say that while these inequalities will necessarily allow some men to breathe more air than others, to digest more food than others, to enjoy more and to live longer than others, they need not be made an excuse for taking from the others the air, the food, the enjoyment, the life, which those others have some capacity for. That means (when we sweep away all sophistries and quib-

bles) that external conditions—in the aggregate making up the natural and social environment—must be equalized, so that all men, however unequal in themselves, shall have as nearly as possible an equal chance. If, for example, we lived in a world where there was an abundance but not an unlimited amount of atmospheric air, the rule of fair play would be that the men and women of limited lung capacity should be allowed to breathe all they could, and that those of unlimited lung capacity—if such could be imagined—should be permitted to take each as much as their smaller fellows plus whatever surplus remained after the weaker had taken their fill. Under such a rule there would be a chance for all, and yet without putting an end to race improvement, that is to say, to evolutionary progress.

The business of the State is to realize such an ideal *as far as it can* by creating as much external equality as at a given time is practicable. The attempt to divide up the activities of mankind into kinds or classes, and to say that these are properly the functions of the individual, while those are the functions of government, is nonsense. It stands in the way of the true economic and moral progress of the race. The business of government is to work out, in politics, in law, in economics, in every other sphere of life, as much equality as it can. Details are purely matters of expediency, not of principle. Already we have political equality, equal suffrage. Social evolution has made other kinds of equality possible. We could have equal ownership in the means of transportation and of communication. We could have equality of opportunity to provide against illness and old age through State insurance. We could have these things, and we ought to have them.

Behring's Cure for Tuberculosis

THE most important news item that has come to us from the Congress of Tuberculosis, which has been holding its session in Paris during last week is the announcement that Professor Behring is confident that he has discovered a cure for tuberculosis. Behring is the investigator to whom we owe the antitoxin for the treatment of diphtheria, which has proved so successful.

He is, therefore, an authority of the first order. As yet he makes only a preliminary announcement, for with true scientific caution he wishes to have his own results tested by distinguished colleagues before he publishes it to the world. He is especially anxious that Professors Roux and Metschnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, shall make a series of control observation. The very fact that he desires to submit his conclusions to these men, who are themselves of equal distinction with himself, Roux having shared with him the honor of the discovery of the diphtheria serum, and Metschnikoff being considered one of the best authorities in bacteriological research, is of itself a sure sign that it is not notoriety that Behring seeks, but real progress in medicine.

Of course there is besides this the additional consideration in this case, that he already possesses a world-wide reputation, and that he is not a man who at any time during a long and successful career in bacteriology has ever attempted to make personal benefit accrue from his work, rather than the welfare of humanity. It has been known for some time that he was working very successfully on the therapeutic problems of tuberculosis. He announced some three years ago that he had succeeded in perfecting a method by which animals at least could be made immune to tuberculosis. He has had ample opportunity for testing his method in the neighborhood of Marburg, where his laboratory is situated, for the country is largely devoted to the raising of cattle and the marketing of dairy products. Success has crowned his efforts in this matter, and as a consequence every one is ready to concede that he is probably the greatest living authority on tuberculosis, and some further announcement has been expected from him for some time.

This anticipated announcement came at the recent Congress and was made on the last day. Its text is practically as follows:

"In the course of the last two years I have recognized the existence of a curative principle for tuberculosis completely different from antitoxin. This new curative principle plays an essential role in the development of the immunity which is derived from my bovo-vac-

cine. This bovo-vaccine has proved thoroly effective against animal tuberculosis during the last four years. The new therapeutic principle which I have found rests upon the impregnation of the living cells of an animal with a substance originating from tuberculosis virus."

This does not seem much, yet coming from a man of Behring's reputation and well known modesty there is little doubt that it means the near perfection of a remedy that will enable patients successfully to resist the ravages of the dread tuberculosis. It might have been expected that Behring after his work on diphtheria serum would most probably find as the result of his investigation some antitoxic therapeutic principle for tuberculosis. The very fact that it is not an antitoxin would seem to confirm the idea that the presentation of a real cure is at hand.

Meantime, however, we shall have to wait in patience, for no one knows better than Behring himself the harm that haste may do in this matter, and no one appreciates better than he the stigma that stained German medicine as the result of Professor Koch's premature announcements. It used to be said that when a new therapeutic advance was accepted on both sides of the Rhine then it was sure to be valuable. This was because of the well known rivalry between the scientists of the two nations. Behring and Roux, far from being rivals, tho their life work has been cast in the same departments of bacteriology and therapeutics, are excellent friends. This will not make Professor Roux any the less exact in his examination of the new therapeutic principle. He is sure to be what Behring asks, a loyal and capable critic.

The next meeting of the Tuberculosis Congress is to be held in Washington in 1908. Professor Behring announces that surely for that meeting he will be ready to present the remedy in its completed form.

The same news item that brings us the announcement of Behring's discovery also tells of how much has been accomplished for the cure of tuberculosis in incipient cases by means of the outdoor treatment. The only fault at the present time is the fact that tuberculosis is usually neglected so long that its successful treatment becomes impossible. If patients only present them-

selves early enough in the case, not when they are coughing up large amount of material, but when they are troubled only with the tired feeling, the rapid pulse and the slight persistent cough of early stages, then there would be little need for a specific remedy. Nature's ordinary provisions would be quite ample. But there will always continue to be patients who, because of neglect of their health, slip into conditions almost unconsciously in which the only thing that can save life is a biological product directly opposed to the virus and bacillus at work in their tissues.



Are Kings Out of Fashion?

It is the twentieth century, and yet we see an independent people, free to choose between a republic and a monarchy, actually hesitating in their choice, and likely to decide in favor of the latter. We thought we had demonstrated the futility and absurdity of kings a hundred years ago, but evidently the world still regards it as a debatable question. There is nothing more discouraging to man or nation than to be conscious of setting a good example and to realize that it is not being followed. It is liable to lead to a lack of self-confidence, a very demoralizing result, personally or nationally.

Have we already lost confidence in republicanism? Where are those mass meetings, overflowing with oratory, cheers and subscriptions, which used to be held in every city when there was the faintest hope of a new republic in Europe? Why are our newspapers dumb on the subject of Norwegian republicanism when they are fluent with their advice to all nations on their internal affairs? Has our President followed the traditions of his office in proffering the hand of fellowship to any possible republic? We know how much he can do in international affairs, unofficially of course, but he evidently does not consider that the American people have sufficient interest in a nation so closely united by ties of blood as the Norwegian, that he should manifest the slightest interest in its political fate. Have the thousands of Norwegian immigrants who are now living in this republic and who have returned to their native land exerted any

influence in favor of a republican form of government there?

In the middle of the last century a wave of republicanism swept over Europe that threatened to carry away every monarch. Now it has completely subsided. Kings are again popular. They neither tremble nor doubt themselves. It is the republicans of Europe who doubt. They still bear the name and have not formally disowned their ideal, but they certainly have lost hope, and apparently lost faith in it. The stalwart patriots of Spain and Italy who once almost succeeded in establishing republics now profess themselves quite content to live under a monarch. Mr. H. G. Wells laments that English radicals have ceased to dream of a republic. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in the days when he was chanting the praises of "Triumphant Democracy," intimated that while the English were not willing to depose Queen Victoria on account of her age, sex and respectability, they would not be willing to kiss the hand of a successor who had none of these qualities in his favor. What thinks the Laird of Skibo now? The hereditary aristocracy of Great Britain finds able defenders, such as Mr. W. E. H. Lecky in his "Democracy and Liberty" and Mr. W. H. Mallock in his "Aristocracy and Evolution." That veteran Norwegian author, Bjørnsterne Bjørnson, has always been an enthusiastic republican, so long as a republic was unattainable, but now, when it is possible, he throws the weight of his influence on the side of a monarchy, saying that the Norwegians are so thoroly democratic that it does not make any difference whether they have a king or not.

Paradoxical as this argument seems, it undoubtedly expresses the very general feeling in constitutional monarchies that kings have ceased to be impediments to the advance of democracy; that the people having obtained self-governments under the forms of monarchy, it is not worth while to struggle for the abolition of a convenient legal fiction. King Oscar makes no more fuss about his deposition than a prime minister who has been put out of office by an adverse vote on the budget. Undoubtedly many persons nowadays would agree with Dr. Johnson, who said that he would not give half a guinea

to live under one form of government rather than another. Certainly the fact that they become subjects of Edward VII does not appreciably deter the rapid emigration from these States into the Canadian Northwest. Kings as superfluities are harder to get rid of than kings as tyrants. If a man's coat is too tight he has the buttons changed, but the useless buttons on the back he leaves undisturbed.

But the swing of the pendulum of popular opinion has gone beyond the neutral point of regarding kings as harmless national decorations. They are now held to be useful, if not essential. Englishmen of almost all parties take pride in asserting that their king exerts an important personal influence on the policy of the country. The activity of Emperor William is not generally thought pernicious. He is probably as popular as any president would be notwithstanding his constant preaching of the divine right of the House of Hohenzollern, and his confident assertion that his will is the supreme law. Even our American delegates to the Interparliamentary Congress were captivated by him because "he shakes hands like a politician." The monarchical idea cannot be said to be sinking into innocuous desuetude, when the greatest war of history is fought and won under the banner of a deified sovereign to whose personal virtues Togo and Oyama ascribe their victories.

On the whole we must conclude that he who wrote, "God said, 'I am tired of kings. They shall trouble my people no more,'" made a premature and unauthorized announcement of the feeling of the Deity, or that the old saying, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," is no longer valid. Preachers, whether in republics and kingdoms, have ceased to call the attentions of their congregations to that vigorous, and as we believe still pertinent, argument against the monarchical idea which is to be found in I Samuel 8, 10-18. A leading German Socialist not long ago maintained that the government of his own country was superior to that of the French Republic, and a leading French Socialist recently professed himself equally willing to live in any country in Europe, except Tur-

key. Mr. Kipling, indeed, called upon us to "Suffer not the old kings," but he was alluding to the president of the republic which he was inciting his own king to crush.

We once thought that in establishing a republic in America we had set an example that all nations, as they were able, would follow. It is somewhat humiliating, therefore, to find that the United States is quoted, not as an example but as a warning, that we are subpoenaed as witnesses for the defendant in the great case of *The People versus The Privileged Classes*. The beacon light, which was intended as a guide to the only safe political haven, has come to be regarded as a warning signal against breakers.



Play in Education

THE INDEPENDENT has for years persistently advocated the doctrine of play as an educative force. We agree with Dr. Hutchinson that play is a provision of nature, intended to bring out not only physical but moral and intellectual strength. He insists that exercise is literally "the mother of the brain." Every play, that is worth the name, "develops not merely strength, endurance and sweetness, but also alertness, quickness of response, coolness, balance, wariness, and judgment that is both sure and swift." Nothing is more important about a home than provision for sports and games; and this surely is equally important where children are grouped together in schools. The ingenuity of children will go a long ways to provide for their instincts, but those in authority have an obligation that cannot be avoided. We imagine that athletic games have been a natural upgrowth of the educative demands of the children. Most of these games train the hands and the eye as well as directly the brain. Some children get play by working in garden plots, and others can find nothing more attractive than the use of tools. Again, other children are naturally marine biologists, preferring the frog pond to an athletic field. While these are paddling in the water others are quite as devoted to trapezes and jumping bars. Dr. Hutchinson assures us that children who are allowed to play until seven or eight

years of age, or even ten, and then enter school, overtake those who enter two or three years earlier. "Give a child normal surroundings," says another writer, "and he is pretty sure to learn to use his brain wisely—very much as he learns to use his legs and arms wisely."

It is with intense satisfaction that THE INDEPENDENT notes the progress made during the last two or three years in all our larger cities along this line, of more playgrounds, and the adoption of play into the curriculum. Two years ago Professor Zueblin published a list of twenty-six hundred parks in American cities—a list that has now probably gone quite beyond the three thousand mark. The death rate decreases in proportion to the number of these breathing spaces and playgrounds. Boston has a park system clear round the city, while New York has multiplied small grounds in congested districts. Chicago has forty thousand acres in an outside system, and has rivaled New York in small reserves, scattered about the heart of the city. In many of these grounds meals are served, at about cost price, while tennis and ball games are enjoyed at the cost of a nominal sum. McKinley Park has an open air swimming pool, nearly an acre in extent. This is surrounded with beautiful shrubbery, coming close down the water, and a fine beach for the bathers. Two thousand five hundred persons often use this pool in a single day. Every one of these bathers passes through a corridor of shower baths, all of which, to the number of thirty or forty, play on him, making it a certainty that, however grimy he may be, he will get a thorough cleansing. All is free—a gift to cleanliness and health. For small children there is a shallow pool, of about one acre, where they may paddle about and enjoy themselves, while at the same time being cleansed. Fourteen more parks in the same city are to be furnished, before long, with all the advantages of the McKinley Park, besides gymnasiums and other methods of play and exercise.

A feature of all these parks, in Boston, in Chicago, and in New York, as also in Philadelphia, Cleveland and elsewhere, is that they become social centers. There is nothing that brings the people together so cordially as a means of common enjoyment. It is desirable to foster this result

and control it. Chicago projects, as central features of each park, a gymnasium for men, a gymnasium for women, plunging pools and swimming pools. Then there will be a restaurant and public library. Associated with these will be club rooms and social halls. It is not yet certain that these will include lectures, music, art exhibitions, and much more that is centering at public schools. But clearly any one may observe that, as the schools are working outward, to include more games and more of the social forces, so the park system is reaching schoolward, and becoming a part of the public educational scheme. Play and study or body and mind development are correlated.

Naturally we turn to the resolutions recently passed by the New York Board of Education. These express, in our judgment, an instinctive appreciation of the drift of events, and the needs not only of our schools but of the people in general—more play and more rest. One of these resolutions insists that the play space in connection with public schools is insufficient, and requests the city authorities, when establishing playgrounds, to make them contiguous, so far as possible, to the school buildings. The struggle to reduce the hours of study has been settled by retaining five hours, but extending recreation periods to cover one and one-half hours. This is to reduce the hours of book study to three and a half, while it does not yield to the clamor which would turn children loose after these three and a half hours have been used up. It adopts play into the curriculum; gives to it about one-third of the day's exercises, while placing this training of the body and mind together, under the supervision of teachers. Taken into connection with manual training, which is rapidly becoming an accepted part of American school life, we are reaching the Greek idea that education consists in a full development of the whole child. It is in reality only carrying Froebism to its broadest generalization. The whole of ideal school life is after all only a kindergarten, expanded, and flexible to the needs of older children.

The effect on after life can hardly be measured, when every American man and woman shall find the body and the mind

educated to a correlated work. It has been well said that "he who helps a boy to become a strong man and a good man, at the same time makes a contribution of the finest class to the welfare of the community and the nation." There is unquestionably less hoodlumism, vandalism and rowdyism where children have learned, on playgrounds, to observe the strict rules of games, and to recognize an opponent's rights. It must not be overlooked for a moment that we are not discussing undirected or misdirected play, liable to run into quarrelling and a gaming habit, but regulated play, under the observation of qualified directors.

American Scholarship

At the annual meeting of a class of medical specialists in this city the other day, Dr. C. L. A. Reed, of Cincinnati, said:

"In one large feature Europe is still, Waldeyer declares, ahead of America, and that is in the making of great scientific discoveries and the formation of those theories which have opened up wholly new domains of knowledge. To Europe, he says, belongs the credit of a surprisingly large number of new chemical elements, spectral analysis and, with it, astrophysics, the great discoveries in the chemistry of dyes and sugars, the physical chemistry of solutions, the liquefaction and condensation of gases, especially liquid air, the Röntgen and Becquerel rays, radium and its rays, color-photography, the dynamo machine, electric light, indeed, most, he asserts, of the investigations and applications of electricity as a source of power, the electric furnace and its fruitful application; in the field of biology almost the whole doctrines of the protozoa and bacteria with their explanations of epidemics, the toxins and anti-toxins, the working out of the doctrine of immunity, the discovery of the finer processes of fertilization and of karyokinesis, the doctrine of descent and Darwinism, and above all, crowning all, the conception and foundation of the great idea of the conservation of energy."

He goes on to say that it is those who got their training thirty years ago who have shown the greater energy and initiative. That is a drive at the kindergarten style of teaching, carried into the higher grades. The attempt to make study a play, to make all learning an agreeable process to the untrained mind, may give some miscellaneous information, but it supplies very little training or mental discipline. Discipline and power come by forcing the body or the mind to do

sturdily what is essentially difficult and even painful, until the pain is conquered and the hard becomes easy and even inspiring.

Awaiting the Bishop's Decision

We understand well enough the relation of the Methodist theological seminaries to the Methodist Church. We are quite aware that in the case of the Boston School of Theology the General Conference requires the Board of Bishops as a whole, and not one or two possibly "loose" or "easy" bishops, to confirm the reappointment of professors after a term of years. Now these restrictions we do not object to, as they belong to the system. We have never criticised the system, as our able Methodist contemporary of this city suggests, nor its application to the case of Professor Mitchell, of the Boston School of Theology, charged before the Bishops with heresy, for we wait patiently for the verdict of the Bishops. What we have remarked is that meanwhile there seems to be a very prudent conspiracy of silence in the Methodist press on the question involved. It is a very important question of both freedom and theology; but no one seems to care to enlighten the Bishops and the public. Whether women should be admitted to the General Conference, or whether the term of the itinerancy should be lengthened, received long and abundant discussion in the press before they were settled by the Conference. It would seem as if Bishops were not thought to need instruction. We are glad to see the assurance of our contemporary that the Bishops "will decide wisely, and the Church will acquiesce"; it "will accept the result." We agree, if the editor has information which convinces him that they "will decide wisely"; for if they do not, the Church has no business to "acquiesce"; it should reverse the decision. We too look for the best. We observe that men go, that obstructions are removed, and that progress and liberty do not fail to gain. But let it not be imagined that we make the least objection to the Methodist system, whatever may be its temporary infelicities. We recall that even God's system of governing the world, the best tho it may be,

involves things even worse than the possible removal of a competent professor from his chair.

Personal Politics in Georgia

Still proceeds the most lively personal political contest before the people, that of the rival claims of Hoke Smith and Clark Howell to be Governor of Georgia. Against Mr. Howell there is one damaging charge, that his brother is counsel for the Southern Railway. Possibly in his favor is the fact that he is editor of *The Constitution*, perhaps the leading paper in the South. Against Hoke Smith the charges are more serious. He has himself been counsel for railway "monopolies." He is said to have borrowed \$50,000 from J. Pierpont Morgan and paid for it by "legal services." Further, he owns shares in a hotel in Atlanta which has a bar and sells alcoholic liquors to its guests. And worst of all, and the chief offense charged by *The Constitution*, when Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland, he gave positions as clerks to several negroes, especially to members of the family of the African Methodist Episcopal Bishop Turner. He tries to creep out of the damaging charge, but he seems convicted by the evidence, and both Herod and Pilate are agreed that no negro should have any office that a white man could be found to take.

Praise to an Enemy

It really almost looked like the good feeling of the Monroe days when at the Tammany convention last week to nominate New York City officers the Committee on Resolutions presented the following:

Resolved, That the successful labors of President Roosevelt in the initiation, conduct and settlement of the peace negotiations between the Governments of Russia and Japan present such a pre-eminently patriotic and humane service as to merit grateful recognition from every element of our citizenship, and we, who have been and are now his determined political opponents, unhesitatingly accord to him our hearty praise for the surprising courage, remarkable tact distinguished ability and commanding influence displayed by him as the central figure in the greatest peace triumph of the age.

It was shrewd politics to praise a political enemy, so as to anticipate the Republi-

cans. But yet it is a good sign, and the renomination of Mr. McClellan, who has made the best Mayor Tammany ever elected, makes one almost ready to hope that the conversion of Tammany to civic honesty, or at least decency, is not impossible.

Tammany on Trial

The attempts to unite the anti-Tammany forces for good government in this city have met with an unfortunate collapse. The elements were too incongruous. There were the Republicans, with a strong machine, who were ready to join if they could keep Jerome off the ticket. They did not know but he might do something. Then there were the Hearst men, who were strong in their municipal ownership platform, but who were burdened by the name of their leader. Then there were the citizens led by Mr. Cutting, who were demoralized when their candidate, Mr. Jerome, was turned down by the Republicans. They could not walk together because they were not agreed. And then it was to their disadvantage that Tammany has been on its good behavior, and Mr. McClellan has made us as good a mayor as was consistent with loyalty to Tammany. So the anti-Tammany factions must go it alone, and Tammany must be allowed to try whether it is capable of a prolonged period of sobriety between its deliriums.

Religion of Japanese

We find in a French journal an attempt to designate the religions professed by leading Japanese. Admiral Togo is said to be a fervent Shintoist, profoundly religious, and his official reports always begin, "By the favor of Heaven." Marshal Oyama is a devoted Protestant. General Kuroki has a simple religious faith, and every morning "turns towards the East and conscientiously adores the sun." General Kodama is a Shintoist, less mystical than Togo and less religious than Kuroki. Marquis Ito holds to the ancestral Shinto faith. The celebrated Count Itayaki, the old leader of the Liberals, is a fervent Protestant, as also is Count Okuma, the distinguished head of the Progressive party; and also Ozaki Yukio, Mayor of Tokyo, and leader of

the Constitutional party; and Shimadu Soburo, deputy from Yokohama, and editor of the *Mainichi Shimbun*. Vice-Admiral Ito is a Catholic and his wife is French. Professor Nagai, of the Imperial University, is also a Catholic. The Vicomte Aoki married a German Catholic, and follows her religion. Professor Inouye, perhaps the most distinguished teacher in the university, professes extreme Pantheism. M. Yanagazawa, head of the Bureau of Education, believes that Buddhism will overcome Christianity. Kato Hiroyuki, former Rector of the University, does not see that religion or sect has anything to do with reform. The religion of the no less distinguished Professor Tomizu may be called Russophobia, while that of Hiranuma Senzo, the richest merchant of Yokohama, and Senator, is said to be that of the Golden Calf.



Russia and Constantinople

Certain journals in England have more influence than any one in the United States. *The Times* and *The Spectator* are supposed to direct, as well as indicate, the popular mind. But it is hard to believe that the British people will readily accept the advice of *The Spectator* that Russia be allowed to take possession of Constantinople. No longer, says *The Spectator*, should the European Powers protect Turkey; they should allow it to be torn in pieces by the birds of prey. Because Russia is driven off from the Pacific Ocean, and not allowed to have an ice-free port there, the argument is that she must be allowed to take one either on the Persian Gulf or on the Mediterranean; and as an outlet on the Persian Gulf would threaten the British possessions in India, therefore she should have Constantinople and Salonika. But why should she have an outlet to the sea? She has all the Black Sea, and her merchant fleet have free access to the world's waters the year around, and most of the year equally from the Baltic. And why cannot a nation be prosperous that has no seaport at all? What country is more happy and prosperous than Switzerland? And does the fact that a country wants a piece of land or water give it the right to

take it from another country? We hear much of the "legitimate aspirations" of Russia for "an outlet to the sea," but we recognize nothing legitimate in the aspiration to seize the territory of another nation against its people's will. Nor have we any assurance that the rule of Russia would be a bit better than that of Turkey.



Native Menace in South Africa

The European nations divided up Africa between them with no more regard to the rights of the natives than if they had been so many black ants. Then, having annexed them, land and men, they began to impose a hut-tax on the men, or, in the Kongo State, to require of them a tax of rubber. We have the natural result in the terrible atrocities which the Belgian Government has inflicted on the natives on the Kongo, and the similar cruelties, proved against them, by the Germans in West Africa, and the fresh charges made by Count de Brazza in the French Kongo. The natural result is rebellion and war, such as the Germans have been engaged in for two years. And now there is serious danger in British South Africa, owing to interference with the self-government of the Basutos, and we hear that a British force has been sent to the Basuto border. The British have been desperately afraid that there would be an Ethiopian uprising against their rule. To prevent this, instead of giving equal liberty and privileges, so as to remove the cause of offense, they have been drawing closer the lines of repression. Hence, the forbidding the African churches to be self-governing, calling it "Ethiopianism," and even in Natal the churches under the care of the American Board's missionaries have been forbidden to meet without a white person present. In Capetown and other cities a black man is not allowed use the sidewalk, but must walk with the horses in the street. The liberty of holding land is restricted, and in the Transvaal the white people expect more drastic legislation, to the effect that no native or colored person should hold land in his own name. The sole difficulty is that

which meets English and Americans in India, China, the Philippines and in Porto Rico, the arrogance of Caucasians towards people who are said to be of an inferior race. They resent it, and rightfully.



Secretary Taft returns to Washington and reports conditions better than could have been expected in the Philippines—government good, business excellent, people contented. But we presume he tells something more to the President, and we hope he will succeed in persuading Congress to make important changes in the tariff. Perhaps, also, he may have been able to correct some evils. For example: When at the dinner given to Secretary Taft at Manila by Señor Herrera, Alcalde of the city and president of the Federal party, Señor Herrera in an address to Mr. Taft complained of the abuse of the constabulary, and of the conduct of American officials, and asked that a better class of Americans be sent to rule. A report says that Governor George Curry, of Samar, was so angry that he leaped to his feet and threw a glass of champagne, glass and all, in Señor Herrera's face; but the incident was kept out of the local press and foreign despatches. We do not know the further facts, but if the story is true Governor Curry ought to have been summarily removed.



It is a new thing for the President of the United States to summon the directors of college football to the White House to confer as to what can be done to civilize the game; but it is to his credit that he does it. The season is just begun, and one young man has been killed, and in a principal game one young man who had made a wonderful run with the ball was downed and nearly killed. We do not send boys to college to cultivate brutality. We do not object to rough play, but it must be play, not intentional violence.



Of course, the President ought not to be expected to pay the expenses of his trips when he travels officially to visit

various parts of the country; and, equally, the railroads ought not to be expected, much less required, to provide a Presidential train free, altho this has often been done by them. It has been suggested that Congress provide such a Presidential train; but this seems almost absurd. The simple way is for Congress to allow the President and his necessary attendants on such visits their traveling expenses, just as any business or benevolent organization does, and let them be audited and then paid from the national treasury. That is honest and decent.



There is a Civil Service Retirement Association in Washington, whose object is to have a retirement fund established by the stated contributions each month by members of the active civil service. That is not the way we pension retired officers of the Army and Navy. The National Treasury pays their pensions, and there is the same reason why civil servants, after thirty or forty years of service, should be provided for in their old age.



President Hadley says that hereafter Yale rowdies will be turned over to the courts to be treated like other toughs. It is time this were done. College rowdism has been condoned as "fun" and "pranks" quite too long. We are glad to see that other universities, as far off as California, are threatening the same course. We wait to see the threats carried out, and one or two college toughs set to breaking stone in striped suits.



Does the public know that the mysterious Baron Kaneko, who represented the Mikado in the interviews with President Roosevelt during these last few weeks, was educated in this country and joined a Christian Church? Dr. George F. Pentecost published years ago an article in THE INDEPENDENT telling the story of his conversion.

Insurance

The Insurance Investigation

THE developments in the insurance investigation now being conducted by the Armstrong Committee showed no abatement in interest last week. John A. McCall, of the New York Life, was again on the stand and testified that something like three-fourths of the legislative bills introduced are in the nature of "strikes." Large payments to Andrew Hamilton, of New York and Albany, for "legal expenses" on account of the New York Life were admitted and became part of the record. Turning from the affairs of the New York Life, the Mutual Life Insurance Co. came in for its share of attention at the hands of Charles E. Hughes, who is conducting the examination for the Armstrong Committee. The insistence of Mr. Hughes in probing the Mutual's affairs developed the fact that President McCurdy's own salary is \$150,000 per annum, or three times that of the President of these United States. A large number of Mr. McCurdy's relatives appear upon the pay-rolls of the Mutual, revealing a hitherto unsuspected amount of nepotism. In point, of fact, the total amount received by various members of the McCurdy family from the Mutual Life in salaries and commissions since 1885, when R. A. McCurdy became president, is nearly \$5,000,000. Drastic action regarding the New York Life has been taken in certain Western States, notably in Nevada and in Missouri, where the revocation of the company's license to do business has been threatened. Chairman Armstrong issued the following statement in this connection, which is in part as follows:

"I regret very much to see other States apply drastic remedies in advance of action in this State. Our committee was appointed to investigate conditions in the insurance business and propose remedial legislation. I sincerely hope other States will wait until we have had an opportunity to complete our work.

"These insurance companies are perfectly solvent and are able to carry out every contract they have made or may make. There is no reason for refusing to permit them to continue to do business. If Nevada proposes to do one thing, Missouri another thing, and some other State still another thing, there will be a chaotic condition of affairs. I believe there is due at least the courtesy to New York State

to wait until the investigation is completed and our remedial legislation is applied.

"Our committee will make the most thorough investigation possible, and when we are thru we shall make it our business to adopt such legislation as will safeguard the policy holders and make the insurance business safer and sounder and more attractive than it has ever been before. If other States jump in before we can complete our work or can adopt any legislation everything will be confusion in the insurance business of the country.

"Another point: When a number of Western insurance commissioners were in New York recently, we had a conference with them, and we promised to submit to them for their suggestions what remedial legislation it was proposed to adopt. In this way we hope to secure uniform action in all the States. It is not right for other States to take action after our committee has been at work only four weeks, and long before we have reached the end of our investigation. Any action they might take at this time would be premature.

"Our committee was not appointed to tear down the insurance business of the country, but to build it up. We are simply tearing down some of the rotten timbers to get the right foundation on which to build. We are trying to do this work man-fashion, thoroly, and conscientiously. It is not a pleasant task at best, but we are not dodging and shall not dodge any responsibility. The insurance body is sound, but it is afflicted with some ulcers. We are performing a surgical operation for the removal of these ulcers from the body, not trying to kill the insurance body. Because we have discovered some rottenness, it is not right for outside States to cripple the insurance business and handicap our efforts."



Madame Calvé, the famous singer, has caused her managers a great deal of trouble and loss on account of what seems to them wilful sickness. To guard against future losses they have insured her for \$42,000 at Lloyds against failure to appear because of illness. A clause in the contract provides that in case of illness, her own physician, an outsider and the manager's will decide on her ability to sing. If they decide she can and she still refuses, she will have to pay the manager a fine of \$10,000.



No insurance is carried on the priceless art treasures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park. The Museum building having been pronounced fire-proof it is considered unnecessary to carry insurance on any of its contents.

Financial

Another Railway Trust Suit

By order of the President, Attorney-General Moody has begun proceedings under the Sherman Anti-Trust law against the combination that controls transportation by bridge or ferry across the Mississippi at St. Louis, together with all the railway terminal facilities in that city.

This suit resembles the memorable attack upon the Northern Securities combination. The defendant is the Terminal Railroad Association, of which the following fourteen railroad companies are members: Pennsylvania, Rock Island, Burlington, Missouri Pacific, Baltimore and Ohio, Alton, Illinois Central, Wabash, Southern, Louisville and Nashville, Iron Mountain, St. Louis and San Francisco, M., K. and T., and the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. Owing to the complaints of merchants as to the exactions of the Eads Bridge, a second bridge, the Merchants', was built, under a Federal charter providing that the property should be forfeited to the United States if the bridge should enter into a combination with the first one or be controlled by it. Some years ago, however, the Terminal Association, which owned the first bridge, obtained a majority of the stock of the second, with possession of the Wiggins Ferry Co. It is alleged that the resulting monopoly of transportation has been harmful to the interests of St. Louis. Every railway passenger is taxed 25 cents for crossing the river, and the transit charge for freight is from \$5 to \$8 per car. Complaint was made at Washington two years ago by the Attorney-General of Missouri, and it was urged that the forfeiture clause in the Merchants' Bridge charter should be enforced. After some deliberation it was decided that proceedings under the Sherman act would be more effective. It may be recalled that, three years ago, in connection with the attempt of the combination to obtain control of the Wiggins Ferry Co., the Rock Island road, which had been excluded, gained admission to the Terminal Association. The Rock Island had taken the

precaution to acquire a large block of the Wiggins stock. In the contest for control at that time, the price of this stock rose to \$1,000 a share, and a majority of the shares were finally sold to the combination at \$500.

It is pointed out that persons controlling the railway companies affected by this suit have quite actively opposed the President's railway rate policy. But the legal proceedings have not been suggested by this opposition, for the complaint was formally and officially made two years ago, and the case has been under consideration since that time.

THE new stock transfer tax in New York yielded \$1,226,000 in the months of July and August.

....A bulletin of the Census Bureau shows that the cotton crop of 1904 was 13,597,782 bales, of which sixty-one per cent. was exported.

....There has been a steady advance in the price of crude and refined petroleum since September 11th, the price of Pennsylvania crude having risen from \$1.27 to \$1.56.

....The improvements to be made by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company in widening the cut or open subway through New Haven will cost \$5,000,000.

....This year's price of California raisins, as recently fixed by the association or combination of growers in that State, is higher in price than in any previous year, except 1903.

....A trade agreement between the sulphur producers of Sicily and the owners of the recently developed sulphur mines in Louisiana has been made, whereby the American producers are to limit their output to a quantity sufficient for the American market and certain portions of the foreign market.

....Dividends announced:

U. S. Rubber Co. (1st Preferred), quarterly, 2 per cent., payable October 31st.

U. S. Rubber Co. (2d Preferred), quarterly, 1½ per cent., payable October 31st.

Rock Island Co., quarterly, \$1.00 per share, payable November 1st.

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Survey of the World

National Topics

In the plan of the local committee at Jacksonville, Fla., for receiving and entertaining the President, no provision was made for an address to the colored residents. They asked that the President should be requested to speak to them at the Florida Baptist Academy, but were told that no change in the program could be made. They then sent their request to Washington, and the President insisted upon stopping at the Academy and addressing them there. It was expected at the beginning of the week that the President would start for the South on the 18th and that Mrs. Roosevelt would accompany him as far as Roswell, Ga., the old home of his mother. It is understood that he will pay all the expenses of transportation. After his visit to New Orleans he will return on the cruiser "West Virginia."—Upon what appears to be good authority it is asserted that the President will make no attempt to obtain any tariff legislation at the coming session, believing that his influence ought to be exerted mainly in support of his railway rate policy.—At their recent convention, the Republicans of Massachusetts adopted a platform saying that while no tariff changes tending to depress any industry or to reduce wages should be made, there should be alterations whenever these were demanded by the public interest. The time for making them should be determined "by the representatives of the party from all parts of the country," but the platform approved the position of the State's Senators and Representatives at the last session of Congress in favor of present action. Recent addresses indicate that Lieutenant-Governor Guild, the candidate for Governor, and Mr. E. S. Draper, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, are not in complete agreement on this question,

the former saying that the choice lies between immediate revision by Republicans and reckless smashing of the tariff by Democrats, while the latter opposes any change whatever at the present time. On the Democratic side, the campaign is enlivened by Mr. George Fred Williams's bitter attacks upon Mr. Henry M. Whitney, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, whom Mr. Williams calls "the leading representative of a vicious system of lobbying legislation."—The Rhode Island Democrats have again nominated Dr. Garvin for Governor.—At the President's cordial invitation, Mayor Rhett and ex-Mayor Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., lunched with him at the White House last week, having come to Washington to inquire concerning the presentation of a silver service to the cruiser "Charleston." These gentlemen attacked the President sharply in published letters, some time ago, for his appointment of Dr. Crum, a negro, to be Collector of their port.—The Civil Service Commission publishes evidence showing that Judge Francis E. Baker, of the United States Circuit Court, violated the civil service law in 1902 by soliciting campaign contributions from clerks in the post office at Goshen, Ind., or by urging these clerks to pay 5 per cent. of their salaries. The contributions were made. It is recommended that the postmaster at Goshen, C. D. Sherwin, be removed. The case of Judge Baker has been referred to the Department of Justice. According to the Commission, the truth of the charges was admitted by him, and there can be no defense except the statute of limitations.—Before leaving Colon for New York, on the 11th, the Isthmian Canal Commission annulled the contract recently awarded to J. E. Markel, for feeding and lodging the employees. This was

done by mutual consent, because the Chief Engineer is doing the work successfully thru the agency of his Department of Supplies.—Panama declines to discuss the question whether she shall assume a part of Colombia's foreign debt, insisting that Colombia must first recognize her Independence.—To assist the Dominican Government in preventing revolutions, the President has issued a proclamation forbidding the exportation to Santo Domingo of arms or ammunition from any port of the United States or Porto Rico.



Oregon's Land Thieves John N. Williamson, member of Congress from the Second District of Oregon, who was recently convicted of subornation of perjury in connection with land frauds, has been sentenced to be imprisoned in jail for ten months and to pay a fine of \$500. He was also reprimanded by the court for his failure to set a good example in high public office. The same penalty was imposed in the case of Marion R. Biggs, formerly United States Commissioner; but the jail term for Dr. Van Gessner (Williamson's partner) was reduced to five months, owing to his age and feeble condition. On the following day, also at Portland, Willard N. Jones, formerly a State Representative, and Thaddeus Porter, an attorney, were found guilty of conspiracy to defraud the Government of land. Ira Wade, a timber locator, on trial with them, was acquitted. The trial of Congressman Binger Hermann, formerly Land Commissioner at Washington, will soon take place.



The Attack Upon Philadelphia's Ring Mayor Weaver is still pursuing the ring in the courts. Upon warrants sworn out by ex-Judge Gordon, his counsel, five arrests were made last week. The men taken into custody are Abraham L. English, who was Director of Public Safety under Mayor Ashbridge; Philip H. Johnson (brother-in-law of Boss Durham), a young architect, to whom Ashbridge turned over all the city's new buildings; James D. Finley (Durham's cousin), building inspector; and John W. Hen-

derson and Henry E. Baton, of the firm of Henderson & Co., contractors. They are accused of defrauding the city in connection with the construction of the new smallpox hospital. Much evidence was submitted at the preliminary hearing, at the end of which all were held for trial. District Attorney Bell, who has been acting as counsel for McNichol and for the Durham-McNichol firm of contractors, and has in other ways been associated with those whom the Mayor is attacking, declined to initiate proceedings against these defendants, and his two young assistants (acting in his place) have given notice that the Mayor's counsel will not be permitted to examine and cross-examine witnesses at the trials. The Republican "organization" (still controlled by Durham and his associates) attacks the Mayor in an advertisement covering a page in the newspapers, asserting that he has checked the progress of public improvements, thrown thousands of men out of work, assessed city employees for a campaign fund, and employed a Democrat (ex-Judge James Gay Gordon) as counsel. It seeks support for its ticket by appealing to partisan feeling on national issues, while the ring's foes (the City Party) stand upon local municipal issues alone, and point to the support given to their movement by President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Secretary Bonaparte and other Republicans. Among those who were asked by Senator Penrose's committee to contribute to the "organization's" campaign fund is Theodore Justice, wool merchant, widely known as a Republican and a protectionist. Characterizing the request as "an impertinence," he went on to free his mind as follows:

"As a life-long Republican, I am willing to spend money to defeat the thieving gang that at present controls the Republican 'organization' in Philadelphia; and the State 'organization' has shown itself to be very little, if any, better in its action on the ripper bill, which is only one of hundreds of acts of maladministration countenanced by it. The honest people of Philadelphia are now arrayed against graft. In my opinion any Republican who will support the ticket today degrades himself to the level of the gang. This is a movement of the people against thieves. The crimes of Boss Tweed and his gang of plunderers pale into insignificance in comparison with the audacious plundering of the gang which now controls the Republican 'organization' in Philadelphia,

and to some extent the Republican 'organization' of the State."

It appears that the labor unions came to the support of the "organization's" ticket after Senator Penrose had procured the appointment of one of their leaders to be a factory inspector.



Chicago's Railway Problem

Mayor Dunne sent to the Chicago Council last week a message urging that consideration of the street railway companies' offer be discontinued and that his plan for dealing with the railway problem be reported favorably. Whereupon the Aldermen rejected his plan by a vote of 45 to 18, altho thirty-four of them had been elected with him on a platform calling for immediate municipal ownership. The rejected plan provided that a franchise be granted for twenty years, in streets where the old franchises have expired, to a company composed of advocates of municipal ownership, who should pay to the city all net earnings in excess of five per cent. and sell out to the city at the end of the term. Aldermen who had been counted on his side said that this plan had not been considered or broached in the campaign, but that the plan then supported had been one requiring the city to buy the roads or to acquire them by condemnation proceedings. The Mayor therefore decided to lay such a plan before the Council. It is said that the Council is inclined to regard with favor the companies' offer, which we described two weeks ago, and to which has now been added a provision for a referendum in April next. This addition is said to have been suggested by J. Pierpont Morgan, who is regarded as the representative of the interests now controlling both corporations. On the other hand, it is asserted that the companies' offer will surely be rejected.



Labor Controversies

Five weeks ago the International Typographical Union began to insist that employers in the book and job printing business should sign agreements for an eight-hour day, the reduction of the number of hours to take place on January 1st. Many strikes followed, owing to the re-

sistance of the United Typothetæ, an association of employers. The contest has been a peaceful and quiet one. At present the progress made by the union appears to promise a victory for the workmen. A large majority of the employers not connected with the association have signed, but their agreements are conditioned upon the general success of the movement. At the end of last week it was announced that agreements had been obtained by 240 local unions, and that men were on strike in fifty-three cities. In Chicago the prominent employers are still making determined resistance, and are teaching young women (heretofore employed as typewriters) to operate the type-setting machines. Their purpose, they say, is to have an "open shop" hereafter. In that city an injunction has been granted.—At the recent convention of the Massachusetts Federation of Labor, a long resolution denouncing socialism and the socialist propaganda within the Federation was adopted. The principles of socialism, the resolution said, were "intellectually unsound, impractical from an economic standpoint, and demoralizing to the general well-being of society." An attitude of sympathy toward the socialist propaganda in the Federation would be, it was asserted, "detrimental to our progress, destructive of our good fame, and disruptive of those personal and civic virtues which it is our duty to cultivate." It is said that on account of the adoption of the resolution several unions will withdraw from the Federation.



Cuba's Treaty With England

It is understood that the Anglo-Cuban treaty, which has been before the Senate at Havana for several months, is opposed by our Government because the ratification of it would interfere with a treaty which the Administration desires and intends to negotiate with Cuba. Reports from Washington say that this proposed treaty would provide for a reduction of tariff duties on goods carried in American or Cuban ships, and would also involve mutual concessions with respect to port charges and shipping privileges. The pending Anglo-Cuban treaty includes an agreement that, "in all matters relating to commerce, naviga-

tion, and industry," duties on imports excepted "each and every privilege, concession, and immunity already conceded, or which in the future may be conceded" by either Power to the citizens or subjects of any other Power shall be granted immediately and unconditionally to those of the other contracting Power, Great Britain or Cuba, as the case may be; also that all this shall apply to any British Colony, if notice to that effect be given by Great Britain within the first year of the treaty's life. The latter clause, it is said, would be useful in building up trade between Cuba and Canada. Havana's Chamber of Commerce opposed the treaty, alleging that substantially all the advantages are on the side of Great Britain, that such an agreement would tend to prevent any development of the island's coast shipping, and that it would stand in the way of such a navigation treaty with the United States as we have already mentioned.—At a meeting of Liberal leaders, on the 15th, it was decided that their party should withdraw entirely from the campaign and take no part in the presidential election. It was alleged that the Government, by fraud and intimidation, had made it useless for them to remain in the field. The resignation of the office of Governor of Santa Clara province by José Miguel Gomez, recently the Liberal candidate for the Presidency, has been accepted. The City Council of Santa Clara, heretofore faithful to Gomez, has gone over to President Palma's party.



The Philippine Islands

It was made known in Washington on Sunday last that since August 23d there had been 713 cases of Asiatic cholera in Manila and the neighboring provinces of Luzon, with 553 deaths; but Governor Wright's dispatches said that the epidemic was practically at an end. The disease appears to have been of a very virulent type, for 187 of the 214 cases in Manila were fatal.—Associated Press dispatches from Washington on the 12th said that Governor Wright would resign about December 1st, owing to dissatisfaction with the situation in the islands, and would resume the practice of law at Memphis. On the following day

Secretary Taft emphatically asserted that, to his knowledge, the Governor had not resigned. Nor, in the Secretary's opinion, did he intend to resign, altho he was about to return to the States for a six months' vacation. At the White House there was given out an authoritative denial of any knowledge that the Governor had decided to retire. The origin of the report was not disclosed, but it is said that the story was given to the press by the President's Secretary, Mr. Loeb. Press correspondents who are usually well informed say that the retirement of the Governor would not be opposed by the Administration, because he is not well adapted to the needs of the office and has not accepted the Filipinos as the social equals of the whites, altho treating them with formal courtesy. Some support is given to this explanation by stories told in the letters of press correspondents who accompanied the Taft party to the islands. It is asserted that upon his arrival the Secretary found it necessary to improvise entertainments in which the leaders of Filipino society could meet the tourists in a social way, because no provision for such meetings had been made, and that on one occasion he deemed it expedient to pay special attention to the white American wife of a Filipino student who had recently returned from the States, because she had been ostracised by the white official society of the city.—A final settlement of the negotiations concerning the friars' lands has been reached by a compromise as to the price of the Dominicans' property. They are to receive \$3,521,000 on the 20th inst.—In defence of the constabulary forces, as to whose efficiency there is conflicting testimony, it is shown that they have killed 2,504 ladrones and captured 9,155 (with 4,285 rifles), and in doing this work have lost 22 officers and 295 privates.—In Mindanao, Datto Ali is again on the warpath and has been killing Moros who uphold American rule.



The Scandinavian Divorce

Both the Norwegian Storting and the Swedish Riksdag have accepted the agreement reached by the representatives of the two nations at the Karlstad Conference, and only the formal

passing of the acts dissolving the union is needed to complete the dissolution of the union, which has lasted since 1814. In the Storthing the only opposition to the ratification of the agreement was by the Republicans, who hoped to get the question submitted to the people in order to defeat the plans of Premier Michelsen for the re-establishment of the monarchy. The Premier said that the request to King Oscar, that he permit a prince of the House of Bernadotte to take the Norwegian throne, was intended as an expression of good will, but since it had been otherwise interpreted in Sweden, the question now appeared to be outside practical politics. This statement is considered as equivalent to a withdrawal of the offer of the throne to Prince Charles, second son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and probably Prince Charles, second son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, will be elected. The Karlstad agreement was ratified by a vote of a 101 to 16. The Socialists and Radicals will make an effort to have the question of the form of government of Norway submitted to a referendum vote, but there is not much hope in any case that a republic will be chosen.—In the Swedish Riksdag both houses ratified the Karlstad agreement on October 13th, after a long debate, in which the concessions made by Sweden and the arbitration clause referring all points in dispute to the Hague Court were sharply criticised.

The War Over According to Article 14 of the Portsmouth Treaty, that treaty was to be considered ratified when the Emperors of Russia and Japan had signed their respective copies, without waiting for the actual exchange of the documents, which will take place at Washington. At three o'clock on the afternoon of October 15th Mr. Spencer Eddy, the American Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, officially informed the Foreign Office that the Emperor of Japan had signed the treaty, and at the same hour the French Minister at Tokyo notified the Japanese Government that Emperor Nicholas had ratified the treaty, and the war was formally at an end. The news of the signing of the treaty by the Czar was first telegraphed to President

Roosevelt as a mark of appreciation of his efforts toward peace. Steps will be taken immediately to bring home the interned Russian ships. The Russian prisoners, numbering some 80,000, will be brought to Vladivostok. The Japanese troops are already being withdrawn from Manchuria. Part of the troops may be quartered in Korea to prevent any uprising of the Koreans against Japanese rule. The Korean foreign ministers are likely to be withdrawn and Japanese rule made practically complete. Both the Russian and Japanese troops, except the railroad guards, are likely to evacuate Manchuria long before the limit of eighteen months fixed by the Portsmouth treaty.

England, France and Germany The importance of the modern newspaper as a factor in international politics is illustrated by the furor created by an article published in the *Paris Matin*, October 7th, purporting to give the secret history of the crisis last June when a rupture seemed to be impending between Germany and France over the Moroccan question. The *Matin* alleged that in that emergency Great Britain not only promised to aid France in case she was attacked by Germany, but that the campaign was planned in detail; the English fleet was to seize the Kiel Canal at once and land 100,000 men in Schleswig-Holstein, to co-operate with an equal number of French troops. The importance attributed to the article was because it was supposed to have been inspired by M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, who was dismissed by Premier Rouvier in order to conciliate Germany. Both M. Delcassé and the author of the article, M. Lauzanne, denied this, but M. Delcassé refused to deny the truth of the statements contained. The British Government is believed to have informally assured Germany that there was no such definite agreement between the two countries, altho it is not to be denied that France was supported by Great Britain in her attitude on the Moroccan question to a certain extent. The French Government has issued the ambiguous statement that "the published reports regarding the Cabinet meeting

preceding M. Delcassé's retirement are inexact." M. Alexandre Ular has added fuel to the flames by an article in the *Paris Figaro* purporting to give further details of the affair to the effect that Great Britain not only offered her armed support against Germany, but expressed a willingness to conclude a treaty of defensive alliance with France, and that the German Government learning of this sent a warning thru Italy that any such treaty would be regarded by Germany as a *casus belli*. In consequence of this Premier Rouvier dismissed M. Delcassé from the Foreign Office and, taking charge of the negotiations in person, consented to the International Conference on Morocco, which is soon to meet. The affair caused an unusually virulent outbreak of Anglophobia in the German papers, and is being made the most of as an argument for the increase of the navy. General von Liebert, formerly Governor-General of German East Africa, in an address before the Colonial Congress at Berlin, urged the necessity of a navy strong enough to make Great Britain hesitate to attack Germany. Colonies are essential, he said, to our commercial interests. A weak navy is an extravagance, but a powerful navy is a pledge of peace. When on the sea, as now on the land, Germany had become a Power which could command respect, then their watchword would be realized—"The twentieth century belongs to the Germans." The new navy bill will call for a number of larger battleships of over 16,000 tons.



The Treaty of Portsmouth The full text of the treaty closing the Russo-Japanese war has been made public. Most of its provisions have been anticipated in a general way by the newspapers, but the wording of some of the important articles is of interest. The Korean question, the direct cause of the war, is settled in the following words, which certainly leave Japan a free hand in Korea so far as Russia is concerned:

"ARTICLE II.—The Imperial Russian Government, acknowledging that Japan possesses in Korea paramount political, military and economical interests, engage neither to obstruct nor interfere with measures for the guidance, protection, and control which the Imperial

Government of Japan may find necessary to take in Korea.

"It is understood that Russian subjects in Korea shall be treated in exactly the same manner as the subjects and citizens of other foreign powers; that is to say, they shall be placed on the same footing as the subjects and citizens of the most favored nation.

"It is also agreed that in order to avoid causes for misunderstanding that the two high contracting parties will abstain on the Russian-Korean frontier from taking any military measures which may menace the security of Russian or Korean territory."

Russia renounces all special privileges in Manchuria, and "the open door" in that province, which the late Secretary Hay worked so hard to secure, is provided for in Articles III and IV as follows:

"The Imperial Government of Russia declare that they have not in Manchuria any territorial advantages or preferential or exclusive concessions in the impairment of Chinese sovereignty or inconsistent with the principle of equal opportunity.

"Japan and Russia reciprocally engage not to obstruct any general measures common to all countries which China may take for the development of the commerce or industry of Manchuria."

It should be noticed, however, that the clauses are purely negative so far as Russia and Japan are concerned, and are entirely dependent for their value on the uncertain action of China. In regard to the cession of the railroad and of the lease of Port Arthur and other property on the Liao-Tung Peninsula, however, it is positively stipulated "that the two high contracting parties mutually engage to obtain the consent of the Government of China." Japan and Russia agree that their respective railroads in Manchuria shall be exploited exclusively for commercial and industrial purposes and in nowise for strategic purposes. But this restriction does not apply to the Japanese railroad in the Liao-Tung Peninsula. The especial cause of the riots in Tokyo was the report that Japan had relinquished the right to erect any fortifications on the northern end of Yezo bearing on La Perouse Strait, which separates that island from Sakhalin. As will be seen from the following quotation from Article IX, the rumor exaggerated the extent of Japan's concession on this point:

"Japan and Russia mutually agree not to construct in their respective possessions on the Island of Sakhalin or the adjacent islands any fortifications or other similar military works. They also respectively engage not to take any

military measures which may impede the free navigation of the Strait of La Perouse and the Strait of Tartary."

Both Powers are to give an account of the money actually expended by them in the care and maintenance of prisoners, and Russia engages to pay the balance in favor of Japan. The treaty is dated for Japan on the fifth day of the ninth month of the thirty-eighth year of Meiji, and for Russia August 23d, 1905, which correspond to September 5th, 1905, in our calendar. The war began February 8th, 1904.



Peace in Japan

The riotous demonstrations of dissatisfaction with the terms of peace on the part of the Japanese people have been superseded by popular rejoicings at the naval visit of Japan's ally. In Hibiya Park, so recently filled with an infuriated mob denouncing the Government and Marquis Ito in particular, the Mayor of Tokyo gave a garden party, where Marquis Ito and the Cabinet Ministers received Vice-Admiral Sir Gerard Henry Noel, commanding the British squadron of twelve vessels, now in Yokohama harbor. Both at Tokyo and Yokohama the officers and men of the fleet were enthusiastically greeted by the people, and entertained by exhibitions of fencing, jiu-jitsu, juggling and fireworks. The officers of the American battleship "Wisconsin" and the cruiser "Cincinnati," now at Yokohama, were invited to participate in the festivities, and Mayor Ichihara, in toasting the British Navy, referred to the presence of the American vessels, and expressed the belief that the United States, as the friend of both Powers, heartily endorsed the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Mr. William J. Bryan, now in Japan, is receiving a warm welcome, and has been asked to give a public address.—Admiral Togo, upon landing in Ise Bay from his flagship, proceeded directly to the great Ise temple to worship. This act, together with the references to ancestor worship in the Imperial rescript, will encourage the revival of Shintoism as the national and patriotic religion.—The Japanese Minister of War, Mr. Teraoutchi, has ordered all officers and soldiers in the field to abstain from criticis-

ing the terms of peace, since this is a matter for which the Emperor alone is responsible. The Imperial rescript, announcing the signing of the treaty and making known its provisions, commends the army and navy and the civil officials and the people for having all done their duty and contributed to the glorious success of the war. In regard to the conclusion of the war, the Emperor uses the following language:

"The result is due in a large measure to the benign spirits of our ancestors, as well as to devotion to duty of our civil and military officials and the self-denying patriotism of all our people.

"After twenty months of war, the position of the Empire has been strengthened and the interests of the country advanced, and inasmuch as we have never wavered in our desire for the maintenance of peace, it is contrary to our will that hostilities should be protracted and that our people should unnecessarily be subjected to the horrors of war.

"When the President of the United States, in the interests of peace and humanity, suggested that the Governments of Japan and Russia should arrange terms of peace, fully appreciating his kindness and good will, we accepted the suggestion and at the proper moment appointed plenipotentiaries to confer with those of Russia.

"We have examined the terms agreed upon by the plenipotentiaries, and, having found them in entire conformity with our will, we have accepted and ratified them.

"Peace and glory having thus been secured, we are happy to invoke the blessing of the benign spirits of our ancestors and to be able to bequeath the fruits of these great deeds to our posterity. It is our earnest desire to share the glory with our people and long enjoy the blessings of peace with all nations.

"We strongly admonish our subjects against manifestations of vain-glorious pride, and command them to attend to lawful avocations and to do all that lies in their power to strengthen the Empire."



The death of Prince Sergius Trubetskoy, the great Liberal leader, on October 12th, is a severe loss to the party of moderate reform, because in the present crisis, attending upon the convocation of the Duma, or national assembly, such men are very much needed in Russia. Prince Trubetskoy was in a position of peculiar usefulness, since by his rank he had direct access to the Czar, and he was spokesman of the delegation that presented to him the petition of the Zemstvos for a representative government.

By his office of Marshal of the Nobility of Moscow he was the head of the Zemstvo of that province, and at his residence the conferences of the delegates of the Zemstvos were held, when they were forbidden the right of public meeting. As rector of the University of Moscow he was able to secure a considerable degree of freedom of instruction, and at the same time to check the riotous tendencies of the students. He was an idealist in philosophy, original in thought, altho strongly influenced by Soloviev. He edited a journal of philosophy and psychology published at Moscow. His body was conveyed to the station in St. Petersburg by a large crowd of students and people. Among the wreaths upon his coffin was one from Emperor Nicholas.—The strikes in Moscow and St. Petersburg still continue, and there are many minor disturbances and rumors of a general labor uprising.—Assistant Chief of Police Osaovsky, who was largely responsible for the Jewish massacres of 1903, was assassinated at Kishenev October 13th. The Finnish student Hohenthal, who last February assassinated Procurator Soininen on account of his Russian proclivities, escaped from his prison in Helsingfors by the use of a file and a rope ladder, in the night following the confirmation of his sentence of life imprisonment by the Supreme Court.—The Czar has given a blow to the machinations of the enemies of Count Witte by publishing the following rescript, upon signing the Portsmouth Treaty:

"Count Sergei Julevich:

"In my unceasing zeal for the welfare of Russia I accepted the friendly offer of the President of the United States for a meeting of Russo-Japanese plenipotentiaries in order to put an end to all the sorrows and terrible consequences of the long-continued war, entailing so many sacrifices on both sides. My choice fell on you to go to the United States as my plenipotentiary, and in case the Japanese proposals were acceptable, to enter into *pourparlers* to terminate the war on the conditions indicated by me.

"During the negotiations for the final arrangement of peace you have most brilliantly and successfully performed your task, acting firmly as a worthy representative of Russia. Insisting on the impossibility of accepting conditions wounding the patriotism or conscience of the Russian people and impairing the interests of your country, you have obtained right-

ful concessions, rejecting, tho with all due acknowledgment of the successes of the enemy, the payment in any form whatever of the expenses of the war not commenced by Russia and only consenting to return to Japan the southern part of the island belonging to her up to 1875. Thus an all-advantageous peace was obtained.

"Highly appreciating the ability and statesmanlike experience you have shown, and as a grateful recognition of your great and highly important services to the Fatherland, I grant you the rank of Count of the Russian Empire.

"I remain ever your well-disposed and highly grateful
NICHOLAS."



Hero Fund Medals Ten awards were made on Monday last by the Commissioners of the Carnegie Hero Fund. Silver medals were given to four persons and bronze medals to six. The list is as follows:

Miss Maude Titus, sixteen years old, a high school girl, of Newark, N. J., for risking her life to save Miss Laura V. Reifsnnyder, of East Orange, N. J., who had fallen into the water from a yacht, in Casco Bay, Me., on July 30th, 1904; silver medal.

Mrs. Daniel Davis, of Cleveland, O., whose husband lost his life while trying to save a miner in a shaft at Sherodville, O., on July 11th, 1904; silver medal and \$1,000 for the education of her children.

Wade H. Plummer, fifteen years old, of Lamar, S. C., who saved the lives of two companions who had been thrown into the water with him, in Lynch's River, on May 7th, 1904; silver medal and \$600.

Michael A. Doyle, of Quebec, for saving the life of Miss Charlotte L. Decastner, who had fallen into the St. Lawrence River; silver medal.

Charles Crabbe, of Coppers Landing, Va., whose wife lost her life on February 11th, 1905, while trying to save a colored boy from drowning; bronze medal and \$1,000 for the education of her children.

Miss Anna M. Cunningham, twenty years old, a nurse in the hospital at Savannah, Ga., for saving Edwin W. Cubbage, Jr., from drowning, on May 26th, 1905; bronze medal.

William C. Brune, seventeen years old, of Sandusky, O., who saved a boy from drowning, on July 8th, 1904, diving three times for him; bronze medal.

Arthur J. Gottschalk, twenty-four years old, of Lancaster, N. Y., for saving the life of Mrs. Joseph Webster, in the water near Buffalo, on July 6th, 1904; bronze medal.

George F. Russell, twenty-four years, of Groton, Conn., for rescuing Paul F. Winslow and Frank G. Baer from drowning in Long Island Sound, on July 29th, 1904; bronze medal.

Arthur A. Ross, twenty-three years old, of Foxborough, Mass., for saving the lives of Nellie and Mary Welsh, who had fallen into a river, on April 19th, 1905; bronze medal.



The Red Days

BY E. P. POWELL

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY HOME," "OLD FARM DAYS," ETC.



SUMACH and Virginia creeper are first to close the yellow days, and flame the stumps and rail fences and the bare knolls with crimson and scarlet. I like these two plants because they do their glorious best without making any fuss about it. The creeper only asks for some charred tree or a pile of stones to glorify, and the sumach prefers a barren slope where there is little else except stunted apple bushes and wild blackberries. Half a mile away you see a great crimson patch of sumach, and warm your soul by it. The transformation is very curious, for those very spots which in summer were most dull and barren are now most beautiful—old pastures and brooksides. In Summer the yellow ray is the strength of the sunbeam, regulating and stimulating growth. But in Autumn, when growth begins to be checked, the red or ripening ray takes hold of the seed pod and the leaf, to bring the year's work to a happy end. It is a parallel with human life in growth.

I like old folks, real old folks; sunny, warm, red-hearted; old folks who do not lose their laugh and their eye twinkle. Perhaps it is because my memory calls up so easily a father who not only absorbed a lot of sunbeams during the summer of his life, but who reflected them upon his boys during his autumn; and a little mother who churned sunshine into proverbial wisdom and family life, until at ninety even the red ray faded. Anyhow, old age is simply ripeness—like a Spitzenburg apple—red, juicy, palatable. Why any one dreads old age I cannot see. Boyhood is also beautiful because of its redness; a fine lifefulness that should never be wasted, but preserved carefully through a hundred years. Some day the life ideals will get into the vision range of the people, in place of the waste ideals. I do not see why our old age and the old age of the trees are greatly unlike.

At any rate there is something about this fine finishing up of a decent job that ought to command respect and admiration. The most joyous sight that I can

remember is our old orchard of Spitzenburgs. Row after row, grafted high—in the old fashioned way—to the reddest of all apples. A school boy, I used to come home late in the afternoon of October, by way of the orchard, climb thirty feet up into the thickest of the apples, seat myself in some convenient crotch, an acre of redness just under my eyes, and the broad valley spreading on beyond. Tree after tree to the right of me, and to left, and down the slope—red, red, red. There is no apple now to compare with this old favorite, unless it be the McIntosh. In my dreams I still climb those trees, to look at those apples. What a fine thing is the power to dream. It opens old chests, minding nothing about locks, or about time, and shows us old years just as bright as ever. Is any good thing ever really lost? Somebody's brain will keep the red-letter days and the red-letter events forever.

Did you ever see a long row of mountain ash trees in October bending down with scarlet fruit, when the robins were on their passage Southward every night, and dropping down in the morning to breakfast? It is easily within range of any country home builder to have such a wind break and bird orchard. It sends off our feathered friends happy and fat for a flight to the Gulf States. Then, again, no one should have a country home without a few water maples.

These trees vary so much in Autumn shading that it will be well to go to some swamp and select half a dozen specially notable for rich coloring. The small trees that you can transplant will be beautiful while small, but will grow more beautiful as they grow larger. It will pay you, for other reasons also, to visit a swamp at this season of the year, and note how Nature revels in color.

I have a personal liking for the butternut, but the tree despises red. To my taste the nut surpasses all others that grow; besides, I never went Brazil nutting, or Pecan nutting, and how, then, should those nuts appeal greatly to my

sensibilities? But I have picked up many a bagful of the blessed butternuts, sitting down occasionally by a pile of stones to crack a few—and my fingers also. Those were days! But they were yellow days! The butternut scorns old age, and before the red days come, tumbles its nuts and its leaves, all together, on the ground—russety and brown—and goes to sleep for half the year. Ash trees compromise on a rich brown-purple for a few days only. The persimmon is defiant. Not a touch of red will it tolerate; but stopping work, it throws down its leaves, while its limbs are festooned with golden fruit.

The sugar maple is loved, I think, as much for its color as for its sugar. The variation of shades is something wonderful. I find those that grow in New England are much brighter but not richer than those of Indiana and the Midwest. This matter of color should be taken into consideration in planting our home shrubberies and groves. What is there about a patch of red in the landscape that so pleases us? Yet we long for the bright red days; and people's faces never look so contentedly happy as when they can drive about under the crimson and scarlet leaves. The red ray is the slowest vibration of any ray in the sunbeam. It is exciting to the nerves and quickening to the pulse. Blue is blue; it makes us blue. Red wakes us up and sets our minds into activity. Father Secchi was, I think, the first to suggest the use of red rooms for the despondent and hypochondriacal. I myself like a red room. It comes close to me and warms me; red walls, soft red furniture, modest red rugs, and cherry red tables. These things bear a close relation to us. Color makes us bright or blue; heals our mental wounds and quickens our physical flow of life. This should be considered very seriously when we are about to create a country home. Some trees are full of sweetness, humanliness, love; others are cold and distant. Get all the red you can to alleviate the cold of winter. The little Japanese maples have done a lot of good and are real comforters; but I think our pleasantest shrubs are those natives which we can easily gather from our forest edges and swamps. The red barked dogwood

is one of the best of these—turning every twig brilliant crimson as the leaves fall off in Autumn. This color is retained all winter. Yellow bushes, like Rudbeckia, should never stand close by the house or near the street, but be seen at a distance and with a dark background. Nature takes the same care in distributing her golden rod.

The red days are never finer than just at their close, when the euonymus opens its seed pods and shows its crimson berries. I wonder more people do not plant this charming bush—the Thanksgiving shrub, I have called it. It is in its glory just about Thanksgiving Day. Then, near the house, should be some large plants of the best sorts of barberries; and scattered about, a plenty of high-bush cranberries (*viburnum opulus*). These last bear fruit wonderfully like the real cranberry for sauce and for pies; but it is for the elegant bunches of scarlet berries that hang out over the snow that I would grow them. They bend down gracefully from their stems, twelve feet high, or if you please to trim them so, they will cover low bushes. The snow will cover the earth, but the red days will remain about the gardens and lawns that are shrewdly planted.

The other day I shook out of an old Walker's Dictionary some pressed poppy leaves, red as ever; and a few maple leaves—placed there by my mother over half a century ago—all the material there is left of that garden of grass pinks and cinnamon roses and lilacs that went so into my character, before the big, wide world got a hold of me. I knew then only the stars above and the flowers below, and the gentle hands of home guidance. It is from this standpoint I like to consider garden making and country home building. Will your lawns and house make fine character? What have you taken into consideration in making your estimate? Have you planted pride and display; or is it sweetness, sincerity and love? As a rule, I think there is too much art about the new country home making. It is not a growth, but a manufacture. It is kept up by hired bodies, who have it really for the most part to themselves. I asked a garden owner the name of a flower. He shouted: "Sandy! come here, and tell this gentleman the

name of this flower"—explaining to me that he had not much knowledge of the whole place, except the bills he had to pay for running it. My poppy leaves do not need to be carefully preserved any longer, for they are not all of that dear old garden, so full of sweetness and color. I have some of it between the leaves of my soul.

The only sorry thing about these crimson days is that they are growing shorter. It is curious how the loss of a single minute on each day soon narrows off the hours. The sun does not rise until after six o'clock, but it is redder when it does rise. If we could only have more morning in Autumn it would be finer than Summer. Say what you will about the charm of an evening around the fireplace, even electric glow is a poor substitute for sunlight. Give me the morning always, when the whole body and soul is refreshed by sleep, in preference to any other part of the day. Have you watched the October sun rise? Never in a hurry, but with a good deal of deliberation; and generally its rays come thru air that is dense enough to soften them into red. Such sunshine has a mild tint of crimson.

It is curious how many people can see the processes of the year, open as they are to examination, and yet see them wrongly. Most people tell me that the frost turns things red, and that it ripens the nuts. It does nothing of the sort. It colors things brown or black, and sharply puts an end to the crimson and the scarlet. This turning red is a life process. It involves a chemical change, that is also physiological; and those rays are absorbed which have been most abundant, leaving only the red to be refracted. A severe freeze will loosen the leaves from the trees and distribute them over the grass. It is the advance courier of winter, which is the negation of all color.

In my Florida home I noted little that was red except the cardinal bird. Yellow dominated, for it is eternal Summer—there is no Autumn there. Orange is the Florida color. Night and day are

bathed in yellow. Such moonlights in February under the pines! Such walls made of yellow jessamine climbing over the magnolias and olives! And the roses were golden balls! But the cardinal bird, with a song that began with daylight and lasted all day long, flitted everywhere; a red ray weaving thru the yellow vegetation. She built her nest at my door; watched her eggs in an orange bush, and fed her young in the loquat and peach trees. Even in the perennial tropics Nature indulges her liking for red; only it is transferred from vegetable life to animal. It is the birds and the butterflies and the beetles that she paints. But in these Northern homes of ours we have an Autumn—a glorious red season, from which almost all other colors are banished. The distribution of red is sometimes to the stem, sometimes to the bark, and again it is found in the sap; only somewhere red is always in evidence. A curious instance is in the bloodroot, with its pure white flowers and its deep red blood. But as this plant blossoms in the spring the red is retained in the juice.

It is a chilly day. The birds call out from the orchard to those in the street and the lawn trees to be preparing for their journey Southward. There is a deal of talking of a peremptory sort—bustling, sharp, hurrying notes. I wish I could understand all the languages that are talked in my trees; I should use them to more advantage than Greek. A white mist this morning rolled out of the west, and settled down in the valley. Over the top of it the tallest trees stand out, with their highest limbs. It is a curious sight, as I look down from my hill home, to see the green islands in the white sea; but still more curious is it to see the scarlet maples as if afloat in the waters. But there are more trees that stand with bare spars, anchored for winter. The red days are going; the white days are coming. I will follow the birds to sunny Florida.

CLINTON, N. Y.



The Greatest Problem of Great Cities

BY JULIUS WILCOX

[In a recent article in *THE INDEPENDENT* Mr. Owen Kildare said: "I have not yet heard even the most radical express the opinion that honest, pure and wholesome lives can be lived without the foundation of a home. And homes down our way are still things of horror." The greatest problem connected with great cities is certainly the housing one, and this Mr. Wilcox discusses in the following article.—EDITOR.]

A LARGE city is essentially and necessarily rectangular. There are exceptions, as in old Boston, radial and zig-zag; or in portions of Brooklyn, whose Fulton street is said to have begun as a cow-path; or in portions of New York that were once villages; but modern growth takes the form so characteristic of Philadelphia.

The secret of the city is that men get together not to make a city, as an end, but to make material progress. A city is a congeries of building, and the larger the whole the more the compactness, broadly speaking, for if a city had to grow solely by accretions on the edges, it would cease growing—the increasing distances would defeat the object. Taking New York as the final example, twenty blocks, across their narrower dimension, represent a mile of length, by the uptown rule, and the lot 25x100 may be taken as unit. In practice, this lot has from a fourth to a third at the rear uncovered, this open space abutting against a like portion of opposite lot and thus in effect doubling each. The finished block is built upon around its four sides, and incloses a central space of aggregated backyards.

A house nearly three times as deep as it is wide and open only at front and rear is necessarily somewhat restricted in light and air, yet so long as the occupants are few their freedom of movement saves them from suffering. The evils begin when compacting begins, yet it is a mistake to lay the evils of the tenement upon the division of the ground into deep and narrow lots. That is a matter of geometry, and rectangular plotting is the only way to bring the maximum surface into service. Had the original lots been much wider, they must in time have been subdivided; had they been much deeper, new streets must

in time have cut through (perhaps very narrow ones) or else the lots must have been dotted with rear houses.

The natural steps in the crowding process make one floor, instead of one house, the family unit; narrow the houses, putting three on two lots; carry them higher; make rooms more in number and less in size, and put low houses into the old yards—all in the endeavor to get more use out of the surface. These steps are distinctly traceable in some sections of New York. For example, the original low dwelling on Cherry Hill (once aristocratic) was first carried higher; low houses were built in the once ample gardens, the paths which had led to the gardens being converted into alleys of access; these inner houses then went higher and higher, until there—as elsewhere by the same process—the rear tenement, the worst abomination of all, was evolved.

Space does not allow enlarging upon the gravity of the subject; moreover, the object is rather to point out what has been and can be done in practical solution of the tenement problem. Suffice it that the tenement as developed in New York is evil only and cannot be too darkly painted. To say that its conditions make for unrighteousness is almost a feeble statement; a more adequate one is to say that they barely allow anything else. Seaside homes of refuge for successive groups of sick babies; floating hospitals maintained for the same purpose by the St. John's Guild; college settlements, and all the varied means of charitable service, useful and admirable tho they are, unitedly do no more than alleviate a little. They lighten the effects, but do not reach the causes, which are more deeply and potentially rooted in the tenement than in all else combined. Vicious conditions are inherent in it, and they grow out of the makeshift attempt—which never looked

beyond the landlord's profit—to crowd a large number of persons into the narrow type of dwelling that served very well before the crowding began.

At its best, this narrow building assumes the "dumb-bell" form; an internal shaft, equivalent to a large chimney, occupies the center, and thru this and the



THE UNDER-WORLD OF THE TENEMENTS.

Three cellar views on the East Side. The pig lived in a cellar on Mott street in indescribable filth. His underground sty opened directly into a bakery. The goats inhabited a cellar on First avenue. They were part of a macaroni establishment. On clear days the macaroni was dried outside on racks above a yard filled with rubbish. On rainy days it was dried in the room with the goats.

The central picture shows some "open" plumbing in East Twenty-eighth street. Vandals had stolen the lead connections, leaving the tub and basin to discharge on the ground and the gases to rise through the house from the sewer. The house was occupied.

The picture at the bottom shows the cellar of an occupied house. The water supply pipe leaked continuously and kept the cellar floor flooded.

windows at front and rear is the sole inlet for light and air. The fault is not in the original use of the unit lot, but in its later misuse. This is easily put to test. Take the 25x100 lot and suppose its frontage gradually reduced and its depth similarly increased; when it has become one foot wide and 124 feet deep (or long) the superficial area has shrunk from 2,500 to 124 square feet, while the linear measurement remains as at first. But, instead of doing as before, take from the depth and add to the width until the square form is reached, and the 250 linear feet which inclosed 2,500 square feet now incloses 3,906. This shows that the square is the most economical form; it reduces the cost of walls, and saves the ground which they waste. By following the square form and covering a large number of lots with one combination structure which in its outline as a whole resembles a properly-built block, a central space is obtained that serves as an enormously developed light-shaft and air-duct for the whole structure in common; this much having been assured, such betterments as sinks, water-closets, hot water and baths, etc., become entirely practicable.

This is not theory; by combination and the planning which that allows it has been reduced to practice. The most important, because the largest and the most favored, work of this kind is that of the specially organized City and Suburban Homes Company, which has a block on the West Side that is now seven years old and one on the East Side which is of nearly the same age; a third, as yet on a much smaller scale, named the Tuskegee, is exclusively for colored people, who pay an average higher rental in New York than whites of like status and get less in return; a fourth structure, occupying a block on Avenue A and containing 184 apartments, has now been in service about a year and a half. Four new buildings, to comprise 192 apartments, were commenced in November last, adjacent to the one on the East Side; and when the remaining forty-two and one-half lots, which have been recently purchased, are built over, the block will be complete and will be the only large one of its character in the country, if not in the world.

The West Side structure is a group of

nine, consisting of an office and four stores and 373 apartments; two of these have five rooms, 61 have four rooms, 236 have three rooms, and 74 have two rooms. The block on the East Side contains 338, of two to four rooms. Each house of the group has a large vestibule with double plate glass doors, marble walls, handsome letter boxes, and commodious halls. Each set of rooms is steam-heated and has its private hall and toilet; each kitchen has a gas range, porcelain tubs, sink and closets; the basement has free hot drying rooms, free tub and shower baths, storerooms, and children's playrooms. The company even maintains a kindergarten and some modest schools. The differences between such a place and the old tenement almost outreach description.

The average rental in this group is \$1.70 to \$3.65 per week, about 98 cents per room. In 1904, the loss from vacancies was 1.15 per cent. of the total possible rental, while the irrecoverable arrears were 0.24 per cent. of that total; in the three previous years, the vacancy losses was 3.77, 3.33 and 3.38 per cent. respectively, while the loss ratios of the irrecoverable arrears were 0.47, 0.44 and 0.33. Thus there has been a steady decline in the ratio of these unfavorable facts. In this group of buildings 64 per cent. of the tenants have now remained one year or more; 99, from one to two years; 42, from three to four; and 35 over seven years. The other buildings show the same decline in the amount and ratio of loss by arrears and vacancies and increase in persistence on part of tenants. If a year seems to any reader a very brief stay, the wandering character of the tenement class, natural to their conditions and confirmed by habit through generations, should be understood; for an example, a local party leader who once started to distribute 1,000 circulars in a tenement section, among persons whose names had been taken from the official enrollment lists made only three months before, reported that over 31 per cent. had already gone.

The "suburban" side of the company's operations consists thus far in establishing a colony in Brooklyn, a little way from the boulevard and cycle path to the sea, the tract comprising 530 city lots.

On these a hundred "half-timbered" houses have been built, of which about three-fourths have been sold, at an average price of about \$3,100. The plan is that of monthly instalments, which average a little over \$25 and are arranged to cover a term of 20 years, the payments also carrying a life insurance policy, as has already been more particularly explained. [THE INDEPENDENT for July 25, 1901, page 1763]. Later figures are not reported, but a census of this settlement, several years ago, showed a population of 282, of whom 124 were children.

In all, about 6,000 persons are already housed by this company. The crucial question is naturally the financial one. In London the Industrial Dwellings Company had built, up to 1876, 2,723 individual tenements on what is known as the Waterlow plan, at a cost of \$1,920,000, which were earning 6 per cent., net. Here, Mr. Alfred T. White was the pioneer (altho one or two unsuccessful attempts on a small scale had been previously made) with his Home and Tower buildings in Brooklyn, erected in 1878 and designed chiefly for longshoremen. These paid 7 to 7½ per cent., and led to the construction of his Riverside buildings, which are of a better grade; these were planned to yield 5 per cent., net, and have done so. Their success led to the erection of a few other similar structures in the city of Brooklyn and lastly to the formation of the City and Suburban Company. The prime object of that company is home-

making, not profit-getting. Were it exclusively charitable in the sense of giving outright, it would be neither distinctive nor helpful; it is a scheme of assisting philanthropy for which there is no adequate single term. The financial aim and limit is five per cent. The stock is in \$10 shares, and is now \$4,000,000, having been doubled in 1904. It is quite widely distributed. Dividends have been in successive years 2, 3, 3½, and since 1899 4 per cent.



The Top of an Air Shaft.

Managing tenement property owned by others is a part of the plan. One large piece, which, when taken over, was earning little more than the interest on the mortgage, was made to pay during the first year of its handling by the company about three and one-half per cent. on the equity, and in 1904 nearly six per cent. The company has found this business so satisfactory to all parties that it gives notice of its desire to do more of it. Referring to the admirable scheme of Mr. Henry Phipps in recently giving a million for building model tenements,

the express condition of which is that they shall net four per cent. and that the income from the fund shall be used in extension of the work, the company offers to accept any sum from \$100 up, upon the general condition that principal and interest shall be used for the purposes which the company is now carrying out, the precise manner depending upon the size of the donation. A special account of each fund, large or small, will be kept on the books, and a large building or a

group of them will be named for the donor who will provide for the construction.

The improved narrow building may be assumed to contain 23 individual tenements, and the large combination ones to contain about 20, per city lot occupied; the old dumb-bell class contained 25 to 30. A computation on the basis of rooms is about the same, but is inconclusive, for "room" is an indefinite term. A computation on the basis of persons is more un-

the behavior of the tenement population toward the problem. The packing process has gone to such a marvelous extent—especially on the East Side and in the Hebrew quarter, where the unparalleled density of 300,000 to the square mile has been reached—that its causes present a special social problem. They are in part ignorance of any alternative; in part the disposition of the immigrant to squat where he lands and to move up against his own kind where he finds them; in



LACK OF LIGHT AND AIR.

Three views showing the lighting and ventilation of certain old-style tenements.

In the center is a reproduction of a bedroom. It is pitch dark and unventilated. A third of a million of such rooms have been found in Greater New York by investigators of the Department. Under the new law the requirement is that a sash window of at least fifteen square feet must be opened to the adjoining room. In new tenements every room must have a window on a street, yard, or court.

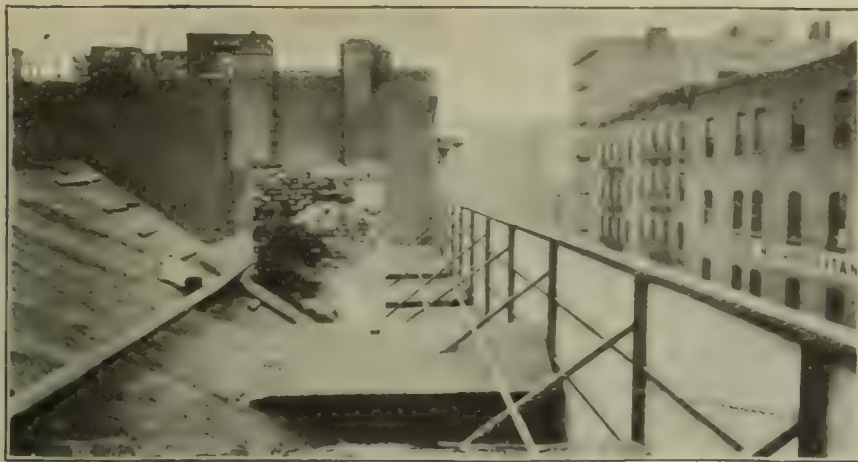
The picture on the left is a window too narrow to furnish either light or air under the most favorable circumstances, much less from the closed court on which it opens.

On the right is a picture of the airshaft to a tenement in Hicks street, Brooklyn. It is six feet long and twelve inches wide. The top story receives some benefit from it, but the others none. It is too small to clean out, and has become a catcall for every sort and condition of rubbish. Tenants have been known to batten windows opening on such airshafts because of the odors.

favorable to the large block structure, because that enforces a limit on crowding, whereas the old class cared for nothing but rent-money; estimating 100 to 150 persons as contained under one roof by the latter, the reform plan fails on the single test of numbers. But this is only to say that it expressly aims to somewhat unpack New York.

There is admittedly another factor:

part the necessity of being near the work and the apparent lack of any work elsewhere; in part a gregariousness which seems conquerable with great difficulty. Yet the centrifugal force has its limit, and expansion, in its time, is as natural a process in city growth as concentration is. This process is already working in New York, and is producing vast redistributions. One evidence of this is the



large relative growth of the boroughs of Queens and the Bronx, and also in Brooklyn, where the filling-up of what

—and now an entire block facing that site has become a small park, supplied with “scups” and other simple

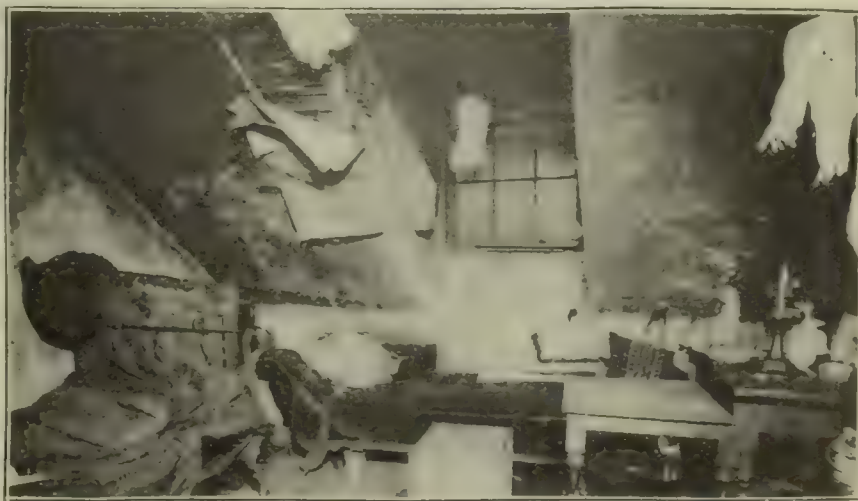
for factory sites by their comparatively low values, and so have disappeared. The new bridge has cleared a line of them along Delancey street, and many unwilling tenants have gone. Fire has removed one of the worst and most picturesque rookeries on Hester street—incidentally taking a few lives by way of emphasis



used to be remote districts is swiftly moving on.

Part of the power of such a movement for better housing is that it is not only productive of good at so many points in life and character, but that it is itself cumulative. It proves that things can really be done, arouses among the classes approached that wholesome discontent which is the soil of all progress, and sets an object lesson—thus it is leaven in the sodden lump. A recent personal inspection shows gratifying changes since the writer last went thru the under-world regions with a camera, some twelve years ago. Some old buildings were marked

appliances, and doing duty at present as a summer playground. Besides razing Mulberry Bend, the law has emptied and destroyed a number of the worst build-



The tenants in the upper floor of an old Third street house woke up one morning recently to find men at work putting up a big advertising sign which faced upon the elevated tracks. Before the job was done the dormer windows, from which they received their only light and air, were battened tight. Each room was occupied, and all were pitch black. They were paying six dollars a month rent apiece, but were unable to get any redress from the landlord. The house was ordered vacated and the sign has been removed.

ings, so that gaps are found where were plague-spots on Hester, Roosevelt, Cherry and other streets, or different structures have come in to change their aspect. These spots have been nests of ignorance, of disease, of socialism and anarchy; they have been hopelessly impenetrable by democracy. Nothing could be done for them but to break them up. Moving is not really so impossible as it seems, even when it is to a suburb, for the shop can move, too. And as population moves outward it sets up for itself new public buildings, new local journals and new interests; thus it takes the city with it, and gradually acquires content, not having to "go away so far." Hardly

another city in the world, and certainly none in America, has been so apparently doomed by Nature to indefinite packing, but that very pressure has produced a reaction and has compelled finding a way out which the development of electric power has made possible. The streets were never so crowded as now, within the recollection of men who have been familiar with them for nearly a half century, and the tides of population have never been so full and so sweeping. Yet the pressure is forcing its own solution; that solution shows its means more clearly, and leaves less reason for pessimism respecting its future than ever before.

NEW YORK CITY.



Being a Mormon

BY A MORMON

[The following article controverts a good many popular ideas, but we believe the author is sincere in his statements.—EDITOR.]

BEING a Mormon is hardly so serious, so monstrous and mysterious a thing as the press and public at present seem to think. The writer was born and bred a Mormon in the far western Mormon land; and tho possibly fallen from grace, no longer a resident of the West or in any way actively interested in Mormonism, he has been thru most of the "degrees" and held most of the offices of the Church Community, and knows all that there is to know about being a Mormon; which is so little, a mole-hill compared with the mountain which has been manufactured at the instigation of recent incidents, that the reality seems simple and tame in the extreme. However, without prejudice or an ax to grind, this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth:

After a Mormon baby is eight days old he can be "blessed." It is the first Church Ceremony, and is sometimes performed at home, but usually at the church during public worship. The bishop and two or three elders come forward, and calling the child by the name the parents have chosen, pray that it may be blessed and guided in virtue and truth. The cere-

mony is so beautiful that I have seen many mothers, not Mormon, bring their little ones to receive the benediction. It is in no way obligatory, but there are few Mormons who would miss it.

The next ceremony takes place when the child is eight years old. It is also optional, but with the child instead of the parent. Mormons are strong believers in free agency, and therefore this ceremony of baptism—by immersion—is delayed till the child can exert a certain amount of personal free will. The succeeding Sunday the child receives the "Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit."

There is no further religious ceremony till the boy is fourteen, when, if he wishes it and is of good character, he is made a deacon, with the same laying on of hands and a prayer for blessing in the office. The deacons usually attend to seating the congregations. Then, as he grows to manhood, he may receive the office of teacher, or priest, if he chooses and if his life is satisfactory; an imperative requirement with each step.

In the Mormon Church all of the lesser offices, including priests, are classed in the Aaronic Priesthood. All

above these are in the Melchizedek Priesthood. From the Lower Priesthood, if he desires, he can next become an elder, and, if he wishes to travel as a missionary, at his own expense, he is given the office of a Seventy; always by the same ceremony of laying on of hands. There is no obligation connected with any office beside the open agreement to live an exemplary life and faithfully fulfill the duties.

Aged men are usually ordained high priests; so are those who hold presiding positions in the various departments of the Church. But for ordination as an Apostle, as there are only twelve in the Apostles' Quorum, there must be an appointment.

The First Presidency, the Presiding Quorum of the Church, is composed of three high priests. The President must always come from the Quorum of Apostles, but the two Counselors are often from outside. The acceptance of any of the positions is voluntary. The one invariable requirement is "a godly walk and conversation."

The "Temple Endowment Ceremony" is an unvarying temple ritual, and the Mormons have had temples from the very beginning in Kirkland, O. A man who does not hold an office as high as elder is not allowed to receive the ceremony, but, on the other hand, he can be an elder or hold any other office without it. There is nothing compulsory about any ceremony. As a matter of practice most young men and women at marriage desire to receive the Endowment Ceremony, as in it they are married for this life and the life to come. Mormons believe in the eternity of the marriage contract when it is entered into in the temple service. The man or woman wishing to receive the ceremony makes application to the Church authority. It is held as very sacred, consisting of religious teaching and blessing for the future, occupying about three hours. It is all taken directly from the Bible. In order to impress its solemnity and sacredness it is by rule held as too holy for common conversation, and is therefore kept as a sacred secret with each applicant. The idea of incurring penalties by exposing anything is purely emblematic, indicative that he would consider himself

unworthy of Church fellowship who would voluntarily reveal the sacred ritual; absolutely nothing more.

Connected with the Endowment instructions there is an exhortation to pray the Lord to avenge the blood of the righteous that has been shed. It is taken direct from the Book of Revelation, 6:9, 10. With no other foundation than this is built the claim, which many outside believe, that an oath is taken in the Endowment Ceremony to avenge the blood of the Mormon prophets on this nation. The Endowment Ceremony was in action and the oath administered before the assassination of Hyrum and Joseph Smith, and obviously it could not have been an obligation to avenge blood that was not then shed. In fact, the oath does not exist, and the explanation here given is the sum and substance of the Endowment Ceremony.

Marriage is nowhere considered more sacred than among the Mormons. There are three conditions. Mormons who do not take the endowments go to some bishop or elder and are married for "time." Those who go to the temple are married for time and eternity. And the marriage of the dead, which is commonly called "Sealing." This is uniting a deceased husband and wife for eternity at the request of relatives—usually their children. Such a thing as transferring a wife from one husband to another in these sealing marriages is unheard of, except in newspaper stories. It would not be tolerated.

Previous to the legal restrictions the Mormon practice was in accordance with the belief that, where all parties agreed, a plurality of wives was permissible, but it was never obligatory. Now that the law forbids it, it is not held to be permissible. Only a small number of the Church members ever avail themselves of it. Today the Church does not allow it, but where plural wives were taken prior to the law, the Church does not advocate severing the relations. There are not one-eighth of the polygamous families today that there were fifteen years ago. The rising generation of Mormons is opposed to it. Polygamy as an issue has been dead for ten years, and no reputable person, Mormon or Gentile, would have it otherwise. But

some of the best people among the Mormons in the past entered into the relation. They did it with firm religious conviction and authority, and it was not human to demand of them that they separate. Their marital relations could not be dissolved except by death. The fact was recognized. Some who flaunted polygamous relations were punished, but those who observed due proprieties were left undisturbed and unnoticed until the recent agitation. Possibly polygamy is the instigation of selfishness in men—it is older than the patriarchs of the Bible—but it is incomprehensible how thinking, loving, honest men and women of the world today can demand, as they do, that these women who have grown old in polygamous families, mothers with their children, shall be abandoned and deserted by the men whom they trusted. It is not selfishness, at any rate, on the part of the men today who refuse to desert their families; and instead of considering them criminals one would think them more worthy of praise. The law has given them the opportunity of a free divorce, in a land where last year sixty thousand court divorces were granted, as honorable desertions; but they have refused to avail themselves. Without being one of them, I confess that I was inclined to honor those men who faced the Senate Investigating Committee and declared that, law or no law, they would not abandon their wives and children; but it was neither honoring nor defending polygamy.

The compact official organization of the Church covers practically its entire membership. The term lay-members refers almost entirely to children. The governing power of the Church is: First—the entire membership assembled in general conference; second—the official membership, commonly called the Priesthood, in the General Assembly of Quorums; and, third—the First Presidency, composed of three High Priests.

The term Priesthood applies oftener to the divine authority than to the official, causing confusion in the minds of those not familiar with Mormon doctrine. The Priesthood, applied to divine authority, is of God and must be infallible. When it is applied to the officers it is quite fallible, for they are men, To

disobey the first is to disobey God. To ignore the second is of very common occurrence, for every Mormon reserves to himself the right to determine whether or not the officer of his Church is speaking by divine authority.

Prominent Mormons have joined both political parties. Some have attracted followers, possibly thru their positions and popularity in the Church, and some have lost followers from the same cause. No people on earth are quicker to resent ecclesiastical interference in political matters. As nearly all of the adult members of the Mormon Church are officials, of course Mormon officials are in political positions; but they are there as citizens, and their influence is as individuals. This is evident in the very apparent difference in official grades held in politics and in the Church; while as a fact the Gentiles hold more offices in Utah today than the Mormons, according to the population. Bitter opponents of the Church are holding office largely thru Mormon votes.

Mormon Church officials engaged with important responsibilities ought, naturally, obtain permission before they leave those posts for the demands of politics; but even this is not obligatory, as it certainly would be in business.

The public school system of Utah is one of the best in the United States. The Board of Education is both Mormon and Gentile. The teachers in Salt Lake City are 80 per cent. Gentiles, tho a large majority of the children are of Mormon parentage. In some parts of the State—as in other States—the school buildings are used for political meetings, for religious exercises and other gatherings. Often the Mormon church buildings, called “ward-houses,” have been donated for public school use, in a kind of partnership; but the recent charge that religious teaching is any part of public school exercises is utterly and preposterously false. Mormon religious instruction is *never* imparted while places are occupied as public schools. The Mormons are as zealous as any people in America to keep the schools absolutely free from all sectarian influence.

As a Church the Mormon organization controls no financial affairs but its own, in spite of all that has been said to the

contrary; and as it is largely in debt at the present time, it has monetary troubles enough to meet without going outside. But the Mormons are an industrious and commercial people, and Mormon leaders have large interests all over the world, as well as their Gentile brethren—often in partnership with them.

In the Mormon Church there are Bishop's Courts and other tribunals to deal with Church matters, and at times they are invoked in the arbitration of secular affairs. Some of these instances, too, have been distorted in Eastern print and report, causing injurious misconceptions. One was recently referred to in the Senate Investigation, and just enough of fact was brought out to produce a very false impression. As it was a case with which I chance to be perfectly familiar, I am tempted to report the actual facts, as an example. A Gentile and a Mormon settled jointly on a section of public land. The Mormon entered it at the land office, agreeing to give the Gentile a deed of the part he occupied. He failed to do so, and Mr. Leavitt, the Gentile appealed to the Mormon Bishop for adjudication—a form of practical arbitration. The Bishop's Court rendered a decision against the Mormon, on the ground that while it was not a criminal act, according to law, it came under the scriptural inhibition: "Thou shalt not steal." The Mormon then appealed to his higher Church Court, which upheld the opinion of the Bishop's Court against him; but the Mormon refused to submit. Thereon

the Bishop said, in effect: "Legally you have the power to retain the property and we have no right to interfere. But morally, to retain it is theft. As an individual you are committing a dishonest act, and for it you are barred from the Church communion."

It is not often that the Church Courts will undertake to deal with such questions at all, as there is much difficulty and no power or compensation. But undistorted, this instance illustrates perfectly the endeavor and the extent of such arbitrations.

The theory and practice of the Mormons is to lightheartedness and industry. Abstinence from strong drinks is a cardinal principle with them. Family relations are very strict, and no young men on earth are better taught to hold pre-eminent their own virtue and the honor of women. The silly construction of antagonism with the United States is astounding in its prevalence in the East. It is a religious belief of the Mormons that the Constitution of the United States is on the same plane of revelation and inspiration as all which they most revere. If the devout attention given to revelations is to be made so much of in baneful criticism, it should at least be understood, and when it is understood it will be found to apply equally to the Constitution of the United States, with which nothing in Mormon ethics could possibly conflict. It will also be found that there are no more loyal, devoted and patriotic people than the Mormon citizens.



"As the Loving Are."

R. L. S.

BY ALDIA DUNBAR.

WHAT time I plan to give all care the slip
One little book I carry in my scrip
To cheer my soul along the common way—
Staunch friend of mine, or skies be gold or
gray.

It's light-heart humor warms the chilly air,
And makes a feast of plain and scanty fare.
I read a verse when paths grow rough to
climb,
Then trudge on gayly to the lilting rime.

ERIE, PA.

Yet must I pause to greet my brother man,
To aid him with his burden when I can;
Else would those well-worn leaves look scorn
at me,
As traitor to our pact of sympathy.

Would I not lose great joy of pilgrimage,
Without the gentle soul on each blithe
page?
It is the sum of rare good fellowship,
One little book I carry in my scrip!

Unpublished Letters of Horace Greeley

BY FREDERICK E. SNOW

HORACE GREELEY was so unique a personality that anything from his pen is invested with the deepest interest. Early in life he formed a friendship for a fellow journeyman printer, with whom he kept up a frequent correspondence until the latter's death. Greeley's friend was of frail health and the tender solicitude displayed in his letters, and the efforts to shield his friend from some of the rough experiences which he himself encountered, open up to us a new and delightful side of Greeley's character. It has been permitted the writer to read this correspondence and a few of Greeley's letters are now published for the first time. The playful tone of some passages, especially in the lapses from grammar and spelling, is a noticeable feature.

In the first letter "Gris." was Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, editor of certain publications, and compiler of a volume of poems. The "Yorker" was Mr. Greeley's paper *The New Yorker*, which he published from March 22, 1834, to September 20, 1841. He also edited at different times smaller sheets, which ran thru a political campaign. Of these *The Jeffersonian* and *The Log Cabin* are mentioned in the letters. The General Winchester of whom he speaks was Jonas Winchester, with whom he formed a partnership for the publication of *The New Yorker*.

"NEW YORK, Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1840.

"OLD SOUL:—Why are you so spachless? I haven't heard a peep from you since before the demolition of Toryism! Hope that hasn't struck you dumb with extonishment! I saw your large goose a-flopping his wings in the Her. Jour. in honor of the solemn occasion, & I thought I might hear a word straight from you, but it hasn't come. Meantime I've been

off to Hampshire a visiting, & crowing over the Tory on-fortnights, (who snarled very bad back again, but didn't venture to bite,) & tried to get to Varmount, but my rope wasn't long enough. I just begun to penetrate the bowels of New Hampshire, when I found I must hasten back again to save my distance; left my good woman in Boston, & paddled home, found Gris. had run off to Philadelphia, leaving a new goat in his place, who had nearly spoiled the *Yorker* outside already. I have since got things in shape, & picked a few subscribers for the *Log Cabin* (about 2,000)—not half so many as I ought to have got by this time; & rather hope the *Log* will pay, though it is doing very little now. But the poor old *Yorker*—I am rather afraid the hand of death is upon it, though I am doing everything I can to keep the breath in its body; & I do think some two or three of the last numbers have been a match for the abominable Worlds & Jonathans; but what's the use so long as that enormous ass, the public, won't think any such thing? What I shall do I'm blest if I know—only one thing is certain; I ain't agoing to hang myself so long as the Tories are kept out of power. I s'pose I might have got some wretched claw at "the Spoils" by hard elbowing; but I want nothing of the sort; & have told all the magnates that I won't have the smell of anything. So that folly is out of the question, thank Fortune, & I am at liberty to get my Graham bread in the good old way. I reckon I shall come by it somehow.

"How do you do yourself? Hope you expand & blossom like the green bay horse celebrated in Skripter. I think you ought to have—. There I writ just so far as this dash on Tuesday, when it came into my head—I know not whether right or wrong—that I had already written you since my return from the East! So I kicked the sheet aside, & went about other business. But now (Christmas Day) I am writing a heap of letters, & I have turned up this sheet. I think I shall solve the doubt by finishing out the sheet and despatching it; & if I have written you once, why then you deserve to pay double postage for not answering me—& shall.

"I have got in some money for advance subscriptions to the *Log*, & am expecting more, & I think I'll do somehow.

"I should like to hear that you & your girl are flourishing, & that the *Journal* is going ahead. But I hardly expect the latter. If all my old subscribers in your county would take hold and pay in advance they would lift you out of the mud. But they will neither help you nor me, I reckon. Good riddance to them! I guess I have about 20 in your county for the new *Log*—possibly 50.

"The big papers are the chaps. Gen. W[ebb] printed 20,000 copies of his double *World* on Wednesday, &c. He began to sell them on Thursday morning & by night he hadn't 1,500! He stopped the sale (to boys) on 2,000, wanting so many for office sale and exchanges, (*World* subscribers couldn't come it!). He took in a *peck of silver* in twelve hours, besides a shovel-full of Bank notes. I think he has made at least \$200 clear profit by the Behemoth, though the cost was enormous. The General lost about \$6,000 by — last year; he has half made it up this year, & will clear it out if fortune favors him as it has done. He is just about as clever a fellow as ever.

"Do you see how I am getting up in the world lately? Two or three papers have named me for *Postmaster General*, & several goats have started me for *P. M. of this city*! In course, I am at liberty to look down with contempt on all smaller places; which I do devoutly. I want none of their dirty Spoils—so Old Tip won't have the satisfaction of rooking me among his army of disappointed patriots. Truly, their name is legion.

"Did you get the 'Rose of Sharon' I sent you? I think you told me you did.

"Well, here's health and prosperity to you, and a letter to me. Cram it full, & let it be encyclopedic. I won't double up on you soon again.

HORACE GREELEY."

In these letters "The Rose of Sharon" is probably the name of one of those collections of prose and poetry, so popular for gift books fifty or sixty years ago.

"NEW YORK, Jan. 4. 1841.

"Yours of the 27th ult. reached me pretty soon after mine reached you (probably;) though I thought I had written you once before since 'Lecture. I s'pose now I hadn't. Although my last anticipated some of your queries, I must write another to square the matter all up. Let me take up your points as you lay them down.

"1. Don't say a word about us Whigs of the city. We had 1,617 majority agin us in the Spring (more the fall before,) and at least 2,000 naturalized between the Spring and Fall elections, of whom five-sixths went wrong. The actual dead weight we had to encounter was over 2,600, and we brought it down below 1,000. What can Herkimer say to that?

"2. 'The Rose of Sharon' I bought for you and carried myself to a tavern in Cortlandt St. where a Mr. J. Phillips of your county was boarding. (I thought he was of your town, but that does not appear certain.) I did not doubt that he carried it to you. I have just visited the tavern again, and the bar-keeper says he *knows* it was taken away,

either by Mr. Phillips, or another Herkimerian who was boarding there at the time. If you find Mr. P. he can certainly tell you who *did* take it if he did not. Ask him what Herkimer shoat was boarding where he did in Cortlandt St. the last of December.

"3. I shall be in Albany probably until the river opens.

"4. I can do without the funds until you can spare them (that is, I think I can) if any time this side of May. If I get in a snarl, I will sing out, and you must come to the rescue. My receipts on the *Log* are abominably small; but I have paid most of my debts with them, and now my lookout is to pay the subscribers their papers.

"5. Your friend Rufus has gone to Philadelphia to live where he edits the *Daily Standard* and gets \$25 a week—a tall price, but he has to work night and day for it. Well, he is worth it if he won't attempt to originalize; for he is the most expert and judicious thief that ever handled scissors. I wish him all sorts of good luck. He was gone when I came back from the East, and I have two goats in his place—green, but will improve; and I mean to do something next year if I keep on. I give them both no more than I gave him. The *Mirror* I s'pose you can't get; for Gris. tried his best. The truth is *Morris don't own it*, nor anything else. I reckon he's as poor as Job's turkey or the Printer of the *Yorker* if his debts were in the process of payment—paid they couldn't well be without more funds.

"There, stranger you are getting too much for eighteen paltry coppers, so I'll bolt.

"Yours somewhat, H. GREELEY."

The next letter gives evidence that party feeling ran as high in the election of 1844 as in more recent years. Loco-Foco was a name given the Equal Rights Democrats of that time.

"NEW YORK, July 2d, 1845.

"I 'ah de 'oner of receiving yours this morning. Thank you. You will see that I last night anticipated its principal message in rendering another installment of justice to Jim Birney, to which I have today added another, as you will see by tomorrow's *Tribune*, probably before this reaches you. If you do not see—if you even *pretend* not to see—that the villain lied and cheated last Fall, and thereby put Polk and Texas on the country, I don't want your good opinion. If you don't *know*, & have not the honesty to *own*, that he meant to lie, cheat & steal, when he said in my paper, as he said every where, that Clay was equally for Annexation with Polk, and a *good deal* more likely to effect it, then you are welcome to go ahead and deprive the Blacks of our State of any Political Rights at all; just as you last Fall put in Texas. I *know* that the Loco-Focos here intend to deprive the African Race of any Suffrage at all in our State at the ensuing Convention; while the Whigs—not universally but generally—are determined to abolish all distinctions founded in color. The men most thoroughly abused by your banditti are doing all and risking all to

compass this result. Your black-hearted junta will probably defeat us, & Birney will probably travel through the State exhorting all friends of Equal Rights to vote the Third Party ticket, under the assurance that he has but 'little' fear that the Blacks will suffer if the Loco-Focos carry the Convention, but a 'good deal' if the Whigs carry it! And when he has thus cut off all hopes of abolishing the 'White' restriction by electing a Loco-Foco Convention, he will charge the result to the Whigs. It is not now six weeks since he made a speech in Ohio, setting forth that the *Annexation of Texas was a Whig measure, commenced, prosecuted and consummated by Whigs!* He is just the boy for such villainy.

. . . I don't mean to mention him again in a year unless I am compelled to—and I hardly think you will provoke me to speak of him. If he had half as much conscience as Judas he would go & hang himself.

"I am sorry but not surprised that you have done so poorly the past year. It is nonsense to think of printing an Abolition paper in Herkimer. You ought to consolidate your paper with one at Utica or Albany and remove thither. Even Cherry Valley would be a better location. You can't live at the Falls and it is only slow poison to try it further.

"We have done very well the past year in our business; but I have lost it all and more too endorsing for Winchester and others. My loss by Winchester is over \$5,800, of which I have already paid, somehow, \$4,500, & must soon pay the rest, though where the money is to come from doth not yet appear. Law sued on one note of his today. P. has walked into my affections over \$500 (endorsed to get him out of jail because his wife was sick & suffering here, while he was jugged at Rochester.) Now, I believe, he has just got into the State Prison for two years. I suppose neither he nor Winchester will ever pay me the first red cent. Such is the fun of living in cities, having friends & knowing how to write your name. I go agin writing.

"I mean to go West if I can (via Wheeling, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Galena & Chicago) but pecuniary troubles will probably stop me. Next year is convention, when I certainly can't go.

"Mrs. G. is in fair health for her. We live 3½ miles up town (East River) where I am now writing. My little Arthur ('Little Pickie' in the Vulgate!) is a lively, saucy fellow, 15 months old. His hair is as red as a rooster's comb.

"Winchester failed for over \$40,000 & pays literally nothing. My \$5,800 was all lent money and endorsements, which are a gone case.
Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

The following letter marks the beginning of the end of the correspondence. The disease of the heart from which Mr. Greeley's friend died in 1861 had fastened itself upon him. Thereafter the letters take on an added tone of affection, and there are persistent attempts to induce his friend to accept pecuniary aid,

attempts which appear to have been quite unsuccessful.

The son alluded to in this letter was Raphael Uhland Greeley, "Pickie" having died in 1849, to his father's intense grief. Raphael also died in 1857.

"NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1851.

"Yours received. I give you up with a heavy heart, and have today authorized the employment of another proof-reader. To the state of health you describe, I see you could not do the work we need. But should you hereafter improve, I guess we could find something for you to do.

"As to the letters I wrote from Europe, I was hurried too much to write well. Ride—See—Write—such was my daily round. I did about five weeks good solid work in the Crystal Palace, & had but thirteen weeks in Europe all told—how could I describe everything? Besides, cities are but repetitions of a brick—they look much alike. Rome is in some respects an exception—Genoa & Venice (especially the latter) have aspects of their own—but London, Paris, Brussels, Dublin, Liverpool, etc., are mainly repetitions of the everlasting brick. It would take weeks of study of each to justify one in attempting to daguerreotype them. I only wrote as I felt, and preferred to sketch the country rather than the cities. I have shown you just how the country looked (to me) through all Western Europe. Remember that the traveler sees cities with two high brick walls on either side of him, the very sign-boards for the most part unintelligible to him. What, then, can he say?

"Of course you know better than to believe that story of *The Tribune* making \$80,000 in one year. But don't trouble yourself to contradict it—we don't. I believe it actually *did* make \$27,500 last year—I forget whether it was that or \$25,000. At all events it was enough; and a quarter of it came to me. Then what business have I to be eternally in debt and harassed for money, I should like to know.

"If you should ever want any funds send to me. I can raise some a'most always.

"Capt. Winchester is at 36 Ann St.—the same old sixpence. The General is in California, utterly broken, & I have had to pay \$2,600 hard cash for him this year, in addition to \$6,000 I lost by him when he broke before. I have a chance to get back the last, but the rest is clear gone. . . .

"My boy (six mos. old) grows like a weed, & is very good-natured. I was up in the woods to see him yesterday.

"Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

"NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1851.

"Do I owe you a letter? Though you are sick, I have not heard from you in three weeks, and it must be that I haven't answered your last. If so, let me make haste to pay the debt.

"I have been a week away at Washington since I heard from you, & a week away at the East, talking mainly, & so have hardly heard or seen as much as I ought of things

going on around us, & especially in the rural districts. But I think I should have heard if you were much worse, and so I trust you are not. But if you are well enough to take a situation, write me so, & let me try to find you one. Our proof-reading is filled now, & is too hard for your present health anyhow, but I think that I could find something that you could make a living by if I had a chance to try. Let me know what I shall attempt.

"Won't you have some money? I earn a good deal, & two-thirds of it goes every way to all manner of loafers—why not to you? I would rather send you \$50 than not if you will let me—say so, & I will do it. I long ago quit wanting to be rich—I never did want to live extravagantly. I own a house; some mining stocks which mean to be good some time; and a quarter of *The Tribune* which pays, not

to speak of any quantity of I. O. Us. that *don't* pay and won't—they'd see me in heaven first. Let me send you \$50, to be paid when perfectly convenient.

"What have you seen or heard about 'Spirit Rappings?' Now don't stiffen your (unshort) ears, for *there's something in 'em!* What it is, I am not yet sure; but it isn't knee-joints nor toe-snaps—notwithstanding the wise pill-peddlers of Buffalo. See Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman's letter to me, if I ever publish it.

"Luck to you, old fellow! Are you ever coming to Albany? I'll meet you there almost any day that you will agree to.

"Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

"P. S.—We have a new boy—but the loss of the last still weighs. Our other child is unwell.

GUILFORD, CONN.



Count Tolstoy the Prophet

BY W. T. STEAD

EDITOR OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

A PROPHET. Yea, I say unto you, and more than a Prophet. "Count Tolstoy," said Flaubert, "unites the genius of Shakespeare with the moral fervor of a Hebrew seer."

"Among the great writers of fiction," said Mr. Bryce, in attempting to select the greatest books of the nineteenth century, "the first place probably belongs either to Victor Hugo or to Count Tolstoy."

Victor Hugo has passed hence. Count Tolstoy is still with us, the greatest survivor of the nineteenth century—the one living man of letters whose reputation is so world-wide that it is no exaggeration to apply to him the Psalmist's description of the stars of heaven: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out thru all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

To the human race Count Tolstoy is the one articulate Russian of the hundred and twenty-odd million human beings who speak the Russian language. He is a prophet not without honor, save in his own country. There he is excommunicated by the Church, contemptuously ignored by the State, and regarded with impatience by the Liberals.

Seen from abroad, he appears to tower aloft above the wilderness of pigmies, the supreme incarnation of the genius of Russia. What are all the Grand Dukes who have revelled in splendid luxury for a century compared to the recluse of Yasnaya Polyana? Byron's lines, contrasting the fate and the fame of Tasso and Alfonso, the Duke of Este, who cast the author of "Jerusalem Delivered" into a prison, recur instinctively to the mind:

"Thou form'd to eat and be despised and die
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty.
He with a glory 'round his furrowed brow
Much emanated then and dazzles now."

And of Tolstoy, as of Tasso, it may be said:

"Each year brings forth its millions, but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine?"

Carlyle once remarked that the day would come when Napoleon would only be remembered because he was the contemporary of Goethe. We have not had to wait for posterity to recognize that all the notable generals, statesmen and diplomatists which Russia produced in the



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

Taken in February, 1905.

last half of the nineteenth century are chiefly memorable because they were contemporaries of Count Tolstoy.

If I were asked to sum up in a sentence the Message of this Prophet, I should not vary a syllable from the message that was given to me in Holloway Gaol twenty-one years ago: "Be a Christ!"

"That is the truth," said Count Tolstoy. "We must all do the same. We must descend to the level of the men we wish to help, and become one of themselves—not as angels from above, but as brothers helping them side by side—that is our duty." And the distinctive note of his teaching is summed up in the following sentence:

"How can you and I sleep on mattresses and feather beds, when hard-working men have not even straw? If you were Christians you could not. What right have you to too much when your brother has not even enough?"

From some of Count Tolstoy's other teachings, such as his advocacy of ab-

solute non-resistance, his ridicule of all constitutional methods of promoting the welfare of mankind, his extraordinary confounding of romantic love with the mere passion of the full-sexed animal, I profoundly dissent. But we do not the less recognize Count Tolstoy as a prophet because in some things he seems to us to have been carried by his prophetic fervor beyond all bounds. In these things we have a right to appeal from Count Tolstoy to One who is greater than he.

When all deductions are made and all limitations and exaggerations admitted, Count Tolstoy stands forth before the men of his generation as a prophet and a teacher sent from God, recalling this materialized self-seeking generation to the Eternal Truth. The fact that such a sublime moral teacher, such a passionate exponent of the doctrine, Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, should have arisen in Russia, and should be essentially in his very heart and soul a Russian of the Russians,

is calculated to rebuke those Pharisees of our time who, like those of old, are apt at asking: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" To which the answer is now as in old time: "Yea, verily, for the Lord our God can raise up teachers like unto Himself from Nazareth as easily as in the Temple of Jerusalem." Which, being interpreted, means that a despised Russian may be a truer prophet of the Highest than the Briton who is even considered worthy to be the ally of Japan. For Count Tolstoy is Russian to the core. He is cosmopolitan in theory, but in temperament he is Russian, and a Russian peasant, at that.

Take him all in all, there is no living teacher like this man, so intensely human in his qualities and in the defects of his qualities. He is so strangely composite of pride and humility, a compound of extremes, "a practical mystic," a novelist and a philosopher, a nobleman and a Nazarene, an artist who blasphemes the greatest artist, a Christian who de-

nies the Resurrection, the father of thirteen children and the author of the "Kreutzer Sonata," the passionate impecacher of the autocracy, but the not less merciless satirist of the aspirations of the Liberals. Resist not him that is evil is his standing watchword, but he spends his whole life in offering evil the most uncompromising resistance he can devise, so long as he does not resist him that is evil by physical force. But what matters all the apparent inconsistencies of this incarnate paradox? For man is an embodied paradox, and Tolstoy is like unto them. No defect or shortcoming on his part can prevent us from often hearing in his resonant voice the echo of the Oracles of God:

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone.
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan;
While swings the sea, while mists and mountains shroud,
While thunders burst in cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

LONDON, ENGLAND.



Brown Earth

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Brown fellow, rusty fellow, better cease your wooing;

All Summer long your loves have laughed at your appealing glances.
Too whist you are, unkissed you are—yours is no way of doing;

For bright Lord Sun each leaf that blows bedimpls her and dances;
But you've no share, mute surly Earth,
In this green and golden mirth.

Give o'er, give o'er,
Leaf-loves desire no more!

Brown fellow, rusty fellow, wise you are and patient;

Madcap Summer's day is done, and friendly Autumn careth;
They stoop to you, they droop to you—what tho you're dark and ancient—

The little leaves they lowly turn, each to your bosom fareth,
And as it falls the tender hush
Of love and longing's in its blush.

Amen to ye,
Your brides they all shall be!

MACON, GA.



From Leo XIII. to Pius X.

BY SALVATORE CORTESI

[Mr. Cortesi, who has been our Italian correspondent for several years, has just made a visit to this country, where as one of the representatives of the Associated Press at the Peace Conference he won a distinguished place among all the special correspondents for the ability he showed in getting difficult news.—EDITOR.]

“THERE is nothing we respect and venerate so much as the holy memory of our illustrious predecessor,” is the short answer given by Pius X whenever any one attempts to represent him as in opposition to Leo XIII in either ecclesiastical or political affairs. Notwithstanding this, the difference between the two Popes is already very marked. Take, for instance, the composition of the Sacred College. Leo XIII was the first Pontiff who conceived the idea of numerically balancing, as much as compatible with the many exigencies of the Church, the Italian and foreign Cardinals. In so doing he intended to belie the accusation that the Papacy is an institution of narrow character, monopolized by a single nationality, and to show that it is truly universal, not only in name but also in the constitution of that supreme body which represents the Senate of the Church. He thought it of chief importance to secure a certain balance between the Italian and foreign element in the Sacred College, especially as in all the other directing branches of the Church their disproportion is great. Indeed, the foreign clergy have very little influence in the business dealt with in the Eternal City. To begin with, the Cardinals of Curia, viz., those who, owing to their residence in Rome, can exercise more direct weight, are almost half of the Sacred College, but of these now only three are foreigners, one German, one French and one Spanish. The German only is at the head of an office, Cardinal Steinhuber, who is Prefect of the

Congregation of the Index. All the other important appointments, the Prefectures of the important Congregations, which deal with the governing of the Church, and which correspond to so many great departments in secular governments, are in the hands of Italians, including the Congregation of Propaganda Fide, from which depends about three-fourths of the whole Catholic world, with some of the most progressive countries, such as the United States and the British Empire.

It must, however, be allowed that, on account of Rome being the seat of Catholicism, and the employment of Italian clergy and secretaries in the Congregations, it would be less convenient to have foreign Cardinals at their head; but this is a further reason why the foreign element should be better represented in the Sacred College. Leo XIII went so far as to have in certain years of his Pontificate very nearly half Italian and half foreign Cardinals, which had never happened since the fourteenth century, when the Papal Court was at Avignon. The importance of this composition of the Sacred College will appear if we compare it with the past. At the end of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI, out of 59 Cardinals only 7 were foreigners, and they received the honor only because it was already the established custom that the heads of certain foreign Bishoprics should receive the red hat. These were the Archbishops of Arras, Rouen, Lyons, Salzburg, Malines, Seville and Milan (the last then under Austria, and so having an Austrian Archbishop). Eighty

years later there was an amelioration, but not of much importance; as in 1854, when Pius IX returned from Gæta, where he had retired on the proclamation in Rome of the Republic of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the Sacred College numbered 67 Cardinals, 15 of whom were foreigners.

Taking all this into consideration it is easy to understand with what anxiety the ecclesiastical world in Italy and abroad is waiting for the Consistory in which Pius X will create what will really be the first Cardinals of his Pontificate, as the two appointed immediately after his election were not the result of a special direction in his policy, and therefore gave no indication with regard to his future plans. As it will be remembered they were, Monsignor Merry del Val, who was raised to the purple, being definitely made Secretary of State, as the Pope did not wish that any of the Cardinals who had elected him should impose upon him a given policy, and Monsignor Callegari, Bishop of Padua, the bosom friend of the new Pontiff.

The year after his election Leo XIII held a Consistory on May 12, 1879, in which he created ten Cardinals, seven of whom were foreigners; and four months after in another Consistory he nominated four more. Pius X has already sat in the Chair of St. Peter for over two years and he has not yet created any from whom can be drawn conclusions of what his intentions are with regard to the composition, working and influence of the Sacred College. It must, however, be said that Leo XIII was induced to appoint new Princes of the Church so soon because of the numerous vacancies caused by death among them. Only a few months after he was Pope his chief rival in the Conclave died, whose followers had been induced to abandon him by the assurance that Pecci was old and weak and therefore would not live long, and that after his death their candidate would be chosen unanimously. While in the first years of Leo's Pontificate, ten Cardinals died, under Pius X they seem to be all destined to enjoy marvelous longevity, as in over two years only five have gone to their rest. Herrero y Espinosa, who was taken ill

during the Conclave, Celesia, Mocenni, Langenieux and Ajuti, the four first having been over 80 years old.

Still the Cardinals being now 60, there are ten red hat vacancies, and even if Pius X did not wish to reach the *plenum* of the Sacred College, which has never been done since 1753, he should soon create at least seven or eight new Cardinals.

The delay is supposed to come from his desire of dropping certain privileges always respected by his predecessor, according to which various high positions entitled their occupants to have the red hat conferred upon them, so much so that these posts were called *posti cardinalizi*. Among these posts were the four Nunciatures of Paris, Vienna, Madrid and Lisbon; but Monsignor Lorenzelli, ex-Nuncio to France, instead of entering the Sacred College is now Archbishop of Lucca, which is not even one of these dioceses whose heads are supposed by tradition to be Cardinals. In acting thus, Pius X is also credited with the intention of diminishing the number of Cardinals of Curia, who, being supported by the Vatican, involve a heavy burden at a time when the financial condition of the Papacy is far from satisfactory. The Pope himself has been heard to state that for four months each year he is at the mercy of the faithful, as the ordinary yearly income of the Vatican is barely sufficient to provide for the needs of the other eight months.

Partly because of this, partly on account of the good relations now existing between Church and State—contrary to the situation at the time of Leo XIII—the question has been raised by certain clerical writers as to the advisability on the part of the Pontiff of accepting the yearly allowance of \$645,000 allowed to him by the Italian Government, which was never touched by Pius IX and Leo XIII. They claim, indeed, the payment of this sum with the interest accruing from the first year it was fixed by the Law of Guarantees in 1871, thus making a total of about \$25,000,000. On the other hand, anti-clerical writers urge that the allowance to the Pope, like all similar grants of the State, if not claimed, lapses after five years, through the Stat-

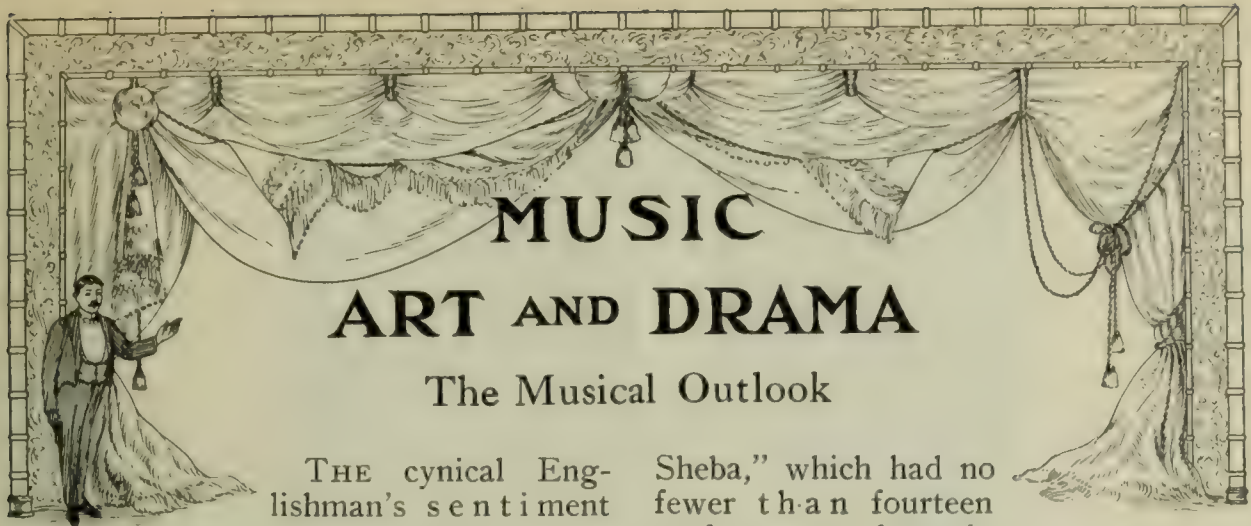
ute of Limitations, so that whenever the Pontiff should choose to claim it he would not be entitled to more than the accumulation of the last five years, that is to say, \$3,225,000. To this the Clericals rejoin that that allowance cannot be considered as an ordinary debt, as it is not subject to the common laws, it being a solemn pledge taken by the Italian King and Parliament towards the Pontiff whom they themselves officially acknowledged as a Sovereign, promising to maintain the independence of the Papacy, recognizing the right of the Pope to have Ambassadors accredited to his Court, declaring his diplomatic agents sacred and inviolable, and ensuring to his residence the complete privilege of extra-territoriality as if it were a foreign State. They even add that in reality the Law of Guarantees did not provide the Pope with a new allowance, but maintained that which he enjoyed in accordance with the Article 49 of the Constitution given by Pius IX to the Pontifical States, on March 1st, 1848, so that the allowance also is part of the rights of Sovereignty, legally recognized by Italy to the Pontiff, and cannot therefore fall under any proscription in no matter what period of time, it being from its nature perpetual and inalienable. The Law of Guarantees indeed established that the allowance should be paid also if the Holy See were vacant for some time, and that it should be exempt from taxation, and could in no way and for no reason be diminished even if in future the Italian Government should take it upon itself to sustain the expenses of the Vatican Museums and library, the maintenance and custody of which are included in the allowance. Altogether there seem to be sufficient indications that the Church is inclined to accept the income granted by Italy, especially if the arrears are also included, as it would solve forever the difficult financial problem of the Vatican.

It is perhaps not generally known how limited the resources of the Holy See

are, compared to the heavy expenses of the working of the vast complicated machinery represented by the headquarters of Catholicism in Rome. Dying, Pius IX left a capital of \$6,000,000, one-third of which was lost in some risky financial speculations in which Leo XIII was induced to participate in 1892, with the hope of augmenting the income of the Church. Through his savings, and through generous contributions received especially at the time of his different Jubilees, the late Pontiff succeeded in leaving to his successor a capital of \$8,000,000, which brings in at the utmost \$520,000 a year, while the Vatican needs at least \$1,200,000 additional, yearly. To the \$520,000 income may be added the Peter's Pence, which approximately represents \$500,000, annually, and some other moneys, chiefly fees paid into the different Congregations, making altogether about \$800,000 a year. The \$400,000 lacking must come from private sources, chiefly offerings from religious Orders, from Catholic rulers, such as the Emperor of Austria, who gives \$16,000 every twelve months to the Pope; from Bishops, like Cardinal Vatzary, Primate of Hungary, who sends \$200,000. Therefore the hesitation of the Vatican over the acceptance of the allowance from the Italian Government is quite explicable, a sudden decrease in these different offerings being feared, especially at a moment in which, owing to the separation of Church and State in France, the Peter's Pence from that country will greatly decrease. Just in view of this, efforts are being made to have the Peter's Pence reassume the important proportions it had in the past, by a larger contribution from those countries where Catholics, being more prosperous, should contribute in a larger degree to the support of their own Church. Among these countries is the United States, which offers as Peter's Pence an average of \$100,000, yearly, that is to say less than one cent for each Catholic.

ROME, ITALY.





THE cynical Englishman's sentiment that life would be tolerable if there were no amusements is evidently not very highly appreciated in this community, which spends about a million dollars a year on grand opera alone. The subscription list at the Metropolitan for the present season is larger than ever, and Mr. Conried offers a tempting *ménù* to his patrons. Of song birds of the fair sex he will have, besides such local favorites as Eames, Nordica and Sembrich, Fremstad, Homer and Walker, the eminent dramatic soprano Bertha Morena, who is a great favorite at Munich, where she has sung for the last few years as the successor of Ternina, whom she is said to surpass in everything but action. The list of tenors is a marvel. Mr. Conried has Burgstaller, Caruso, Dippel, Reiss and Knote, any one of whom would furnish forth a foreign opera house, but American audiences are fastidious; paying high prices, they want only the best, and plenty of it. Besides the artists named, we are to hear also the no less excellent Scotti, Van Rooy, Goritz and Plançon.

The operatic repertory is not such a matter of indifference as many suppose it to be. Caruso, to be sure, can fill the house, no matter what he appears in; yet everybody is glad that, besides the usual Italian works, to which revivals of "La Sonnambula" and "Favorita" are to be added, he is also to be heard in two French operas—"Carmen" and "Faust." Mr. Conried has not yet been able to persuade him to assume the *rôle* of Manrico in Verdi's "Il Trovatore"; but that work, which at one time was the most popular opera on the stage, will nevertheless be revived, and, with Nordica and Knote in the cast, it will doubtless make a sensation. Goldmark's "Queen of

Sheba," which had no fewer than fourteen performances here in the year of its first production, is to be revived with unprecedented scenic splendor. The too much neglected "Flying Dutchman" is to be added to the Wagner list, while seats for the opera "Parsifal" will no longer command double the usual operatic prices. The great success of Strauss's comic opera "The Bat" has induced the manager to prepare another popular work by the Waltz King, "The Gypsy Baron." The most interesting of all the revivals, however, will be that of "Hänsel and Gretel," by Humperdinck, who is to come over from Germany to conduct the first performance. Puccini also has been invited to conduct his "Manon Lescaut"; but it is not certain he will come.

After the New York season the Metropolitan Company will make its usual tour, East and West; but Boston is apparently to be disciplined by being shunned. Since the Bostonians—so utterly unlike the New Yorkers—appear to care very little for grand opera (except when presented by Mr. Savage in English at popular prices), they will doubtless console themselves with the reflection that they will hear their own splendid Symphony Orchestra four times as often as New Yorkers will hear it, and that there is to be, besides Gericke, an interesting "guest" conductor—Vincent d'Indy, one of the leaders of the modern French school. The Bostonians are also looking forward to a visit from the greatest of Russia's conductors, Safonoff, who was the lion of the last orchestral season in New York, which then had a monopoly of him by contract. This year he will again be one of the conductors imported by the Philharmonic Society (which, it is safe to predict, will arrange an extra concert or two for him)



OTIE CHEW.

but he has also been secured for a concert tour of the Russian Symphony Society, which has now become an institution in the metropolis, and which gives more novelties than all our other associations put together. Besides Safonoff, the Philharmonic Orchestra has engaged Victor Herbert, and several eminent German conductors not yet heard here: Fritz Steinbach, Max Fiedler, William Mengelberg, Ernst Kunwald. Weingartner also returns, but he will conduct Walter Damrosch's Symphony Orchestra this time in Sunday and weekday concerts. Frank Damrosch has chosen for the four concerts of the Oratorio Society Beethoven's Mass in D, Handel's "Messiah" and "Judas Maccabæus," and Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah."

Within the last few years the newspapers of Germany have reported a strikingly increased interest in chamber music (string quartets, trios, etc.). It cannot

be said that New York presents a similar phenomenon, yet what with the quartets presided over by Kneisel, Willy Hess, Dannreuther, Kaltenborn, Leo Schulz, and Olive Mead, the Margulies Trio, etc., we have an abundance of such pabulum. Most of these organizations travel throughout the country, and the same is true of the violinists, pianists and concert singers who, as usual, are invading the dollarland in great numbers. No less than eight eminent grand-opera singers—Eames, Calvé, Schumann-Heink, Fritz Scheff, Lillian Blauvelt, Homer, Campanari, Bispham—will appear on the road in the opera houses and concert halls with companies of their own. Of the newcomers, it is confidently expected that a sensation will be made by two young violinists of the fair sex, Otie Chew (who makes her début with the Philharmonic) and Marie Hall. Among the other violinists to be heard are Kubelik, Marteau and Maud

Powell—a goodly list, surely. The list of pianists is headed by Pugno, Harold Bauer, Alfred Reisenauer, and every one will be delighted to hear that the “hermit of Tarrytown,” Joseffy, also has been persuaded to promise a few appearances.

The Savage English Grand Opera Company opened the season in Brooklyn last week. Their repertory consists of all the great operas, and in the cast are most of last year’s favorites, as well as some remarkably good new ones. Everybody should plan to hear Mr. Savage’s company as it tours thruout the country. They sing and act remarkably well, and deserve every bit of the popular success they have received.

The foregoing list is by no means exhaustive; but enough has been said to prove that the present season promises variety of pleasures sufficient to gratify even the most jaded.



ART

The Massacred Angels

A newspaper discussion in the science of angelology has been started by the refusal of the building committee of the new Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, New York, to accept the two large statues of the Angel of the Annunciation and the Angel of the Resurrection, carved by Mr. Gutzon Mothe-Borglum to adorn the entrance to the new Belmont Chapel. The clerical critics objected to them on the ground that they were too feminine in appearance to represent angels, and especially such well known archangels as Gabriel and Michael. Other angels by the same sculptor in less conspicuous parts of the building, equally feminine, will be permitted to remain, tho no scriptural authority has been adduced for admitting that females may be even minor angels. But some concession, doubtless, has to be made to the spirit of the age, which permits the entrance of women into spheres from which they were formerly excluded. The idea that women may be angels but not archangels seems to be based upon the assumption common in all denominations that Heaven is founded on a constitution similar to the Church. Females may be members of

the celestial choir, but may not aspire to office in the hierarchy.

Undoubtedly the churchmen are right in holding that angels in the Bible, which in a matter of faith like this is our sole and infallible authority, are invariably spoken of as male, but nowadays, when angel’s visits are few and far between, it is natural that we get our ideas of angels from those who of all earthly beings seem most adapted to a heavenly environment. It must be admitted that Mr. Borglum has made a mistake theologically, but it is a mistake any gentleman might make. Mr. Borglum’s defense is also greatly to his credit. He is reported as saying, in regard to the Angel of the Annunciation, that “It seems to me that it is repugnant to every gentlemanly sense to conceive of a man performing that *rôle*.” This novel suggestion places Mr. Borglum among the highest of the higher critics. Who can say that there has been no advance in morality in two thousand years when men now criticise the conduct of angels?

The rejected angels now lie in fragments on the floor of the chapel, for the indignant sculptor visited his workshop by night and destroyed them with mallet and chisel, feeling, as he says, like a murderer while doing it. From the accompanying photograph, taken just before their destruction, our readers can judge of the justice of the criticism to which they have been subjected, and, whatever conclusion they may reach, will regret this slaughter of the innocents.



THE DRAMA

Now that indiscriminate and intolerant disapproval of the drama is dying out, the need for impartial dramatic criticism becomes more apparent. The fewer people there are who think all plays are bad, the more people there are who want to know what plays are good. Formerly the line could be pretty sharply drawn between playgoers and non-playgoers, those who saw almost everything of any interest, and those who never entered a theater. Neither class needed dramatic criticism. Now, however, a very large and increasing proportion of the population go to see a few plays a year and want to see the best. They do not want

to waste their time, to waste their money, nor to waste their minds and emotions on trash. They want the same preliminary assistance in selection as is given by a reliable review of books; not a censor to restrict their choice, nor a dictator to decide what between good and bad, but a friend who will give suggestions as to the merits of plays of all kinds, so

that each person can pick out those he would like to see when he has the opportunity. Since we do not carry any theatrical advertising we are not under any obligations to notice all plays produced, and shall confine our attention to those which have some special interest.

Most of the important new plays are produced first in New York City, and af-



GABRIEL,

The Angel of the Annunciation.

MICHAEL,

The Angel of the Resurrection.

The Statues for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Rejected by the Builders Because They Were of the Female Sex.

terward taken thru the country. Many of our readers will have this season their first opportunity of seeing the plays we

strikingly illustrated by the fate of George Ade. "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow" were immedi-



The Surrender. The Last Scene in "Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw.

reviewed last year, and for the benefit of those who have been so careless as to destroy their back numbers of the magazine, we repeat the list of what were in our judgment the best plays, tho not always the most successful from a commercial standpoint.

Classical: The Marlowe-Sothorn Shakespearean plays. Mansfield in his repertory. Forbes Robertson in "Hamlet." "She Stoops to Conquer."

The Literary Drama: Ibsen's "When We Dead Awake," and "Hedda Gabler." Miss Wycherly in Yeats's Irish plays. Miss O'Neil in Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia," and Sudermann's "Fires of St. John."

Modern Comedy: Warfield in "The Music Master," Crane in "Business is Business," Pinero's "Letty."

Farcical: Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," Ade's "The College Widow," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

The uncertainty of dramatic work is

ate and permanent successes, and it was thought that the genuine American drama, so long announced and unaccountably delayed, had at last arrived. The plays were concerned with American life, treated in the American spirit; they were witty, realistic and clean. But Mr. Ade has failed to satisfy the confident, tho doubtless exaggerated, expectations of the public in his two new plays. It is rather difficult to see why they are not so successful as his former plays, for they are equally American, very similar in theme, well staged and acted, and not lacking in humor. The most definite criticism to be made is that both plays are deficient in coherence and logical arrangement. Any one act by itself would be equally interesting. "The Bad Samaritan" is a twentieth century Lear, who unexpectedly regains his property, and tries to benefit all the people of the village in which his retirement was spent, but he finds that the way of the

benefactor is hard. The poor inventor, the incipient Melba, the aspiring student, all turn against him when they are transported to the city and to "Nirvana-by-the-Sea." "Just Out of College" is a successor to "The College Widow," and deals with the graduate in the business world.

Margaret Anglin is an actress who in recent years has rapidly grown in dramatic power and facility. No woman on the American stage today excels her in natural pathos. The play of "Zira," in which she is now acting, is one in which the plot is ingenious, but the different acts are quite unequal. The last act particularly is commonplace and feeble, but the scene at the end of the third act, in which Miss Anglin defies her enemy, and then confesses to her fraud, is quite the most powerful and brilliant piece of acting to be seen among this season's new plays in New York.

The comedy, "Mary and John," or as it was subsequently called, "Mary Versus John," by Edith Ellis Baker, at the Manhattan Theater by the Fiske Company, was delightfully acted. Miss Annie Yeamans, as the cook, is particularly triumphant along lines in which she has previously been very successful. John Mason, John Emerson, Sadie Martinot and Ida A. Thomas were all good in their respective rôles. Not much can be said in favor of the text of the play.

The new play of Clyde Fitch this year, "Her Great Match," is the story of how an American girl abroad captured the heart and hand of H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Eastphalia. Maxine Elliott, who takes the part of Jo the American girl is, as usual, very charming and effective, though perhaps the most striking acting is done by Mr. Cherry as the Crown Prince, and Mathilde Cottrelly as his aunt. Their delightful broken German is inimitable. The play is in no sense great, but it is pretty, amusing and well worth seeing.

No new play produced in New York so far this season comes to our shores with quite the reputation of "The Walls of Jericho," whose success during the past year in London has been the talk of theatrical circles. The play is of the "problem" variety and deals with the highest of English high life. If on that account

it is unlikely to create the furor in the United States that it has in England, it is, nevertheless, a play of considerable tho uneven merit. The first and fourth acts are mediocre, but the third really reaches a splendid climax in the scene between the sensible young millionaire husband and his aristocratically warped wife, and Mr. Hackett and Miss Mannerling were never seen to such advantage in any other rôles they have essayed. Virtue is invariably triumphant and the villain foiled in the Bowery melodrama, but in more aristocratic theaters "mere morality" is considered too commonplace and old-fashioned to be put in a play. But Mr. Alfred Sutro in "The Walls of Jericho" has produced something of a novelty in producing a drama that is as moral as a melodrama in its ending, and as piquant as Pinero in its depiction of social evils.

No one can say that the literary drama is neglected in America now that Mr. George Bernard Shaw holds the center of the stage. For many years his plays, "pleasant and unpleasant," have been better known to readers than to play-goers, for in the judgment of the managers they were impossible in the theater; a judgment in which Mr. Shaw gleefully concurred, and volunteered as the reason for it that they were too unconventional and too full of ideas to suit actors or audiences as they are.

But thru the efforts of Mr. Arnold Daly, "Candida," a matrimonial paradox, got a hearing in New York two years ago and found an unexpected welcome. It was followed last year by "You Never Can Tell," a clever farce on the old-fashioned new woman, and this year by Shaw's more serious plays, of which "Man and Superman" and "John Bull's Other Island" have just been produced for the first time in this country.

For one gifted with a good visual imagination, reading "Man and Superman" is almost as good as seeing it, especially since three of the brightest parts of the book have had to be cut out from the play—that is, the preface, the "Revolutionist's Handbook" and the third act containing the characteristic tetralog, in which the comparative advantages of heaven, earth and hell as places of residence are discussed. As we have recent-



A Proposal Five Minutes After Meeting Under the Influence of Irish Moonshine. From Bernard Shaw's Latest Play, "John Bull's Other Island," at the Garrick Theater.

ly published (July 6) a study of Shaw's philosophy, we need not here explain in detail his point of view.

The situation in "Man and Superman" is not unique, but was presented in a stronger play three hundred years ago, by a gentleman whom it is Mr. Shaw's pet affectation to belittle—Mr. William Shakespeare.

John Tanner is a Socialist; Benedick, "a young lord of Padua," was an aristocrat to the point of his ready sword, yet, the two men are brothers. Like Bernard Shaw's hero, Benedick says of himself: "I am loved of all ladies, but, truly, I love none." Robert Loraine acts the impetuous Tanner well; from the first moment of desperate revolt against Ann's influence, we are sure he is secretly deeply in love with the woman he rails against, and that gives a touch of verisimilitude to his character that is missed in reading the play. The situation is too slight to serve as a motive for a really great drama, as the plot, if so it

can be called, hinges, simply, upon a man's reluctance to yield his liberty under the yoke of a lifelong contract, a reluctance, which is (with apologies to Mr. Shaw for a difference of opinion) even more intense a feeling on the woman's part. A fierce maidenliness often drives a woman to perverse revolt against her deepest affection. But this repulsion of violently attracted natures, tho natural and within the observation of most people, is usually, as in the case of John Tanner, overcome by love too strong to be cowardly.

Somehow, Mr. Shaw makes a tragedy out of marriage, much as does Ibsen, whenever he touches it. The audience, half hypnotized by a preternatural cleverness, and a wit which never fails or flags, almost believes in his thesis that all marriage is by "capture," only it is the man who is the unwilling victim. Robert Tanner's futile efforts at escape remind us of the struggles of a particularly large and gamesome trout, being steadily

reeled in by the hand of Fate, *née* Whitefield.

The Ann of Miss Fay Davis is so charming that we have less patience with the efforts of the hero to get away from the honey-baited hook, than if the angler were less attractive. At the end we hear John Tanner echoing "Benedick the married man!" after three centuries:

"In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it. . . . The world must be peopled."

The "Superman"—the "Life-Force" flings the lovers into each other's arms, against the man's expressed will, but in accordance with his own deepest desires; nor shall Mr. Shaw, with all his dazzling wit blind us to the fact that his play is not the profound sociological study he would fain have us believe, but a *mélange* of Shakespeare, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Maeterlinck spiced with Shaw.

"John Bull's Other Island" is a discussion of the Irish question. It contains no reference to the "duel of sex," and the love making is unconventional only in its rapidity. To those who enjoy witty conversation on important subjects, well spoken by typical characters in an appropriate environment, this play will be a delight. To those who say of a play, as Demosthenes said of oratory, that it should consist of "action, action, action," it will be a bore. Revolvers are introduced in the first act, but only used as paperweights. There is an automobile accident, but it takes place, like the catastrophies in the Greek drama, off the stage. All the various views of Ireland and the Irish are in turn pointedly presented, and then immediately controverted by an opposing paradox.

Mr. Shaw's vegetarian views are expounded by an unfrocked priest of the St. Francis type, who calls himself a brother to the pig, and talks with a grasshopper, which answers him with chirpings more intelligible than some of Mr. Daly's remarks, "The English woman eats not wisely but too well. The Irish woman eats wisely but too little." The idealistic Irish movement of Mr. William Butler Yeats receives a crack from Shaw's shillalah. There is a young Irishman who talks like Yeats.

"If you live in contact with dreams, you

contract some of their charm. If you live in contact with facts you acquire some of their brutality. I long for a country where the charm is not a dream and the facts are not brutal."

But he is beaten in love and politics by an efficient Englishman, who has no intuitions, but a purpose; no tact, but plenty of determination, and who is never afraid of making a fool of himself, because he never knows it.

"York State Folks," with which the Majestic Theater opened this fall, is a characteristic type of the rural plays that retain a permanent place in the drama because the humor and pathos of the simple life make a more general appeal than more complex elements, and are especially effective with country-born city-dwellers. The peeling of an apple, the distribution of the mail in the country store, the practicing of the Glee Club, and lovers strolling home from evening meeting are capable of reviving long forgotten sentiments by recalling childhood scenes when hearts were more susceptible. The play is prettily staged and is acted with less of the farcical exaggeration of clownish country types than commonly.

Chauncey Olcott in the new romantic Irish play entitled "Edmund Burke," at the Majestic, was the same favorite that he always has been. The scenes in which he appeared were diverse, but he was as of old a champion of the wronged and a lover of the beautiful in woman. During the play Mr. Olcott sang several songs written and composed by himself.

"The Prodigal Son" was first written by Mr. Hall Caine as a play, and this purpose is quite obvious to the reader of the novel. But in dramatizing the novel some of the most effective parts, such as the midnight flight of Thora to rescue her baby and Oscar's visit to his wife's grave, have been omitted, and the characters conventionalized and falsified. The play is really an opera without music. And not altogether without music, either, for there is a great deal of the orchestral accompaniment to sentimental scenes. It is a great pity to waste good acting and magnificent staging upon what is in this form a very ordinary melodrama.

"De Lancy," the new play by Mr. Augustus Thomas, is simpler in structure and not so cluttered with unnecessary fixings and incidents as "Mrs. Lef-

finger's Boots," but without Mr. John Drew's agreeable personality and his art of saying things naturally, the play would be as commonplace as the society drama of modern New York usually is. Until some one of our playwrights is inspired to look a little deeper than the surface of men and events, the picturesque and pulsating life of this city of supreme contrasts and vitality will remain without an interpreter. Misses Margaret Dole and Doris Keane, and Mr. Nichols make the most of their respective rôles.

"The Man on the Box" is a dramatization of Harold MacGrath's novel of the same name. It is a light and amusing piece and affords a fine opportunity for the humorous display of Henry E. Dixey, who, in the guise of a groom, enters the employment of his lady love, and after many absurd situations obtains the situation of bridegroom. Mrs. Carlotta Nillson, who received so much praise in "Letty" last year, played most acceptable the rôle of the heroine.

It was an exceedingly difficult task

that Mr. Thomas Jefferson set before himself when he essayed the rôle of Rip Van Winkle, at Wallack's. Joseph Jefferson, his father, had converted the part into a classic, to which, probably, no one else will ever attain. Certainly Thomas never reached the perfection of his father. He was at times hard and metallic where his parent had been soft and musical. But he approached the character he portrayed in a kindly spirit and he reinvested it with some of its old charm and human interest. The support given the present Rip is by no means as strong as was that usually given to Joseph Jefferson.

In closing this review we must not forget to mention the Hippodrome, which is a circus, variety show, ballet, spectacle and play all in one. It gives a performance that is absolutely unrivaled in the country, and every stranger in New York to whom spectacular bigness appeals—and to whom does it not?—will feel more than repaid for "taking it in." How the variety houses can keep crowded in competition with the Hippodrome we do not know.



Interior of the Hippodrome.

Literature

The Missourian

In these days when a romance takes a new direction it is as startling as if an old comet had got a new tail. And that is what has happened in this story of Din Driscoll, *The Missourian*.^{*} He is the eternal hero of romance, leaving behind him the same iridescent trail of love and blood and glory that these man-stars have ever left in their magnificent wake; but the curious thing is that his sky line begins where it usually ends for heroes in his particular constellation. Thus, the fashion has been, when the scene of a story is laid anywhere in the sixties, to include two or three battles of the Civil War, all the well known warriors and statesmen of the times. The hero flies about among them, the greatest, bravest, and only unknown man in sight. If he survives the final battle scene with his head in the heroine's lap, he is carried thru the abominations of Reconstruction days. It is as easy to foretell his orbit as to calculate that of Saturn. We know with tedious certainty what last ditch of desperation he will be in before the close of the tenth chapter. We are as familiar with the oft-repeated emotions of the little goose-quill heroine as we are with our own grandmother's oldest cake receipt—and the father of all artistic lying knows how we have wearied of the performance.

This is why we should be grateful to Mr. Lyle for having given in this novel a new and adequate setting for the American hero of love and war.

^{*} *THE MISSOURIAN*. By Eugene P. Lyle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Din Driscoll belonged to Joe Shelby's famous brigade. Just before the surrender of Lee's army in Virginia, he sails for Mexico with an offer to Emperor Maximilian of what remained of the Confederate army in the West. And never since the days of Cortez has any man had such adventures in that land of jungles, vipers, women, roses and brigands. Doubtless history affords more accurate details concerning the incidents which led to the

abdication of Maximilian, but only a genius who commands the whole zodiac of colors, from the sinister, tiger-eyed gleams of light in the untamed forest to the dim chamber of a man's heart, could so interpret the life, the poetry, splendor, squalor and villainy of that "play Empire." It was the tail-end of the world's politics steeped in romance. And the author has written it all out in sentences that set the whole thing to breathing; he has colored and vitalized every flimsy intrigue until the reader becomes a part of this puny pageant, fol-



EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.,
Author of "The Missourian."
Doubleday, Page & Co.

lowing the illusions of the poet Prince thru political phases that are the most preposterous figments of a romantic brain.

So much for the general current of the story. But the character of Din Driscoll commands especial attention because it is a new triumph in the art of literary portraiture. Mr. Lyle has selected those qualities in the Southern character which render it chivalric, but not quite mediæval. Completed, it is a sort of bronze reflection of that something in the past which made war the virgin life of a man, the period when passion was cleansed by the sword, and love was the after-thought of battle. This is a fine distinction, often

hinted at vaguely, but rarely ever so logically developed in fiction. And history justifies it by the life of more than one Bayard.

But according to Mr. Lyle, this virgin man, with a sagging cartridge belt, and pistols tucked under his gaunt ribs, is the simplest, most sincere, and terrible person imaginable. He has a sense of honor which cleaved men's skulls and a sense of chastity which enabled him to show contempt for the gilded lady even when suggestion tempted him to adore.

"He was a deep-breathing, danger-nourished man of life and of things that count. And his only cynicism, and even that was unconscious, was the dry, honest sort which sheer unpolished naturalness bears to all things trivial and vain and artificial. . . . Here he was traveling near a handsome young woman who for the moment had been cut off from her precious wee sphere. And he saw her outside of it; playing coquettishly and to her own mind seriously; playing bewitchingly her shallow *role* patterned after life, yet without once realizing the counterfeit. The Western country boy, whatever his Cavalier stock, had a Puritan backbone in common with the whole American race."

A better interpretation of the best American type has not been written in any other book this year, and he stands out with startling, characteristic abruptness in that empire of ritual royalty and puny villainies. This is where the author has scored another success. In the *Battle of Antietam*, which is a favorite with our novelists, Din Driscoll could have surpassed the courage of his comrades only by a sword's length at best. There would have been nothing against which to draw the profile of his distinction, there is not sufficient contrast between Americans to produce the necessary artistic difference. But given a ragged, vagabond battle line of little brown Latin fatalists for a background, and this eternal "cavalier" with the "Puritan backbone" becomes the man-climax which the artistic sense demands. He is what everything in poetry and history have led up to, and we recognize him as the young epitome of all races in this Western world. He satisfies the mind as a being veracious, he satisfies the imagination as a being heroic, and he appeals to righteousness because his intuitions tend to sanity and morality rather than to license.

Mr. Lyle has kept off the big stage

with his story, but the skirmishing line far away toward the flank of marching events has never been better drawn. The illustrations, made by Ernest Haskell, are significant and refreshingly original.



Recent Economic Publications

THE two text books on political economy before us¹ agree in but one respect. They both regard the present industrial order, not in its historical aspect, as a product of previously existing conditions and itself subject to a continual process of organic change or evolution, but in its static aspect as a permanent and everlasting mechanism, capable at the most only of minor modifications and perturbations. In all other respects, however, they form a direct antithesis. Levasseur's *Elements* is fluent, commonplace, eclectic. It addresses itself to the common sense of the average man, to whom, indeed, most of its propositions will sound familiar enough, and who cannot but be flattered by the fact that his ordinary everyday opinions are the highest achievements of economic science. Interest, profit, and wages are explained without reference to the problem of value, which is not taken up until the subject of exchange is reached. It is then defined as a product of utility, rarity, and labor, which "comes into being at the very moment of exchange, and is the result of the conditions of each exchange."

If Levasseur sticks to the surface of things, Professor Flux reduces them to subtle abstractions, spiritualizes them, as it were, and makes them perform quite uncanny gyrations in midair. His *Economic Principles* are erected upon the so-called Austrian or marginal utility theory of value, according to which the value of a commodity is equal to the utility of the last unit of it offered for sale. Professor Flux admits that "the direct comparison of the urgency of the needs of different persons for any commodity is not feasible," but the prices they pay for equal means of satisfaction can be

¹ ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Emile Levasseur. Translated by Theodore Marburg, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES. By A. W. Flux, M.A., Professor of Political Economy in McGill University. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

compared, and these prices are affected "not only by differences in intensity of desire for the commodity, but also by differences in the amount of other goods which they possess. . . . Expressed in terms of money, such offers are known as 'demand prices.'" How are the wages of labor, *i. e.*, the value of the laborer, determined? By the net product of the last laborer added to or subtracted from the labor gang, without adding to or subtracting from the capital employed, is Professor Flux's answer.

Professor Flux nowhere condescends to a discussion or refutation of any of the older theories. The Austrian theory is the final dispensation, and all other economic theories are mere heathen superstition unworthy of notice.

It is with a sense of relief that one turns from the arid platitudes and scholastic subtleties of latter-day economic theory to such studies of concrete economic fact, past and present, as are presented in the latest additions to the *Studies in History, Economics and Public Law*, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University and published by the Macmillan Co.

Those who are unacquainted with the history of political economy generally believe that Malthus was the first to give an adequate treatment to the problem of population. They will give up this belief after a reading of *Pre-Malthusian Doctrines of Population*², which gives an abstract of the views held concerning population from the earliest times down to the publication of Malthus's *Essay*. We regret, however, that he did not see his way clear to a more thoro presentation of the social causes that have, at different periods and among various peoples, given rise to so great a diversity of views concerning the increase of mankind. Had he done this, he would have contributed a most important chapter to the history of civilization.

Herrenschwand (1730-1796) deserved a more careful study than is given to him in this book, for he not only held that "in any consideration of the question of population the industrial stage of the people must be given attention," as is recognized

on page 317, but also that the different classes of the same people, for example freemen and slaves, are subject to different laws of population—a theory that has received a most signal confirmation in our own country as well as in France.

*Combination in the Mining Industry*³ is a detailed study of concentration in Lake Superior iron ore production. Professor Mussey divides the history of Lake Superior iron mining into three main periods, "according to the amount of capital used in working the typical individual mine," and marked off from each other—this is a most significant circumstance—by the economic crises of 1873 and 1893. The process of concentration is a strictly impersonal, social process. "The price of ore is continually reduced by the action of forces over which the producer has no control." The producer must therefore reduce the cost by the employment of a greater capital, and tho the amount of capital necessary to work the individual mine is increased, the accumulation of capital by the individual companies rises even faster. "The logical result of this process is that when one corporation has capital enough for the economical working of the entire deposits, it will obtain sole control."

However it be with regard to industry, the law of concentration does not apply to agriculture owing to natural hindrances such as topography, climate, seasonal work, and physical contiguity, the difficulty of obtaining and keeping a large and elastic labor supply, and the love of the peasant for his patrimony which makes him undergo severe privations rather than sell his small allotment. In the *Economics of Land Tenure in Georgia*⁴ it is shown that from 1873 to 1902 there was a fifty-six per cent. increase in the number of white landowners, and a decrease of thirty-one per cent. in the average size of the proprietorships. The rate of increase in the number of landowners was greater in the period 1870-1880 than in the subsequent decade, and greater in the period 1880-1890 than in 1890-1900. The

² PRE-MALTHUSIAN DOCTRINES OF POPULATION. By Charles Emil Stangeland, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Co., agents. \$2.50.

³ COMBINATION IN THE MINING INDUSTRY. By Henry Raymond Mussey, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Economics and Industry, New York University. New York: Columbia University Press. Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

⁴ THE ECONOMICS OF LAND TENURE IN GEORGIA. By Enoch Marvin Banks, Ph.D. Ditto. \$1.00.

500 acre farm seems to be the dividing line between tendencies, for while the number of ownerships of every class under 500 acres has increased, the number of ownerships over 500 acres has diminished. As a whole, the smaller the size of the ownership, the greater has been its rate of increase. On the other hand, there has been no increase of land-ownership among the whites as compared with the increase of the white population since 1860.

The ownership of land among the negroes has increased about three and a half times since 1874. But while the average size of white holdings is about 239 acres, that of negro holdings is 64 acres, and while the negroes compose nearly one-half of the population, they possess only one twenty-fifth of the land of the State.

In these days of labor unions, capitalistic combinations, and the widespread demand for their regulation by the State or nation, the study of the industrial organizations of the Middle Ages and the attitude of Government toward them naturally assumes an added interest.

What part did the action of the English Government play in the dissolution of the gild system? English economic historians usually impute to legislation a very important, if not a decisive, part in this process. The monograph on *English Craft Gilds and the Government*⁵ is devoted to an examination of the evidence on this head, and it arrives at the conclusion that the Government, far from aiming at the disruption of the gilds, actually strove to conserve them, so much so that the mediæval restrictive regulations were not removed from the statute book until the nineteenth century, by which time not only the gild, but even the manufacturing system had passed away. The gilds had succumbed to forces chiefly of an economic order.

The monograph on the *Poor Law of Connecticut*⁶ is the most voluminous of these studies. Its interest is primarily local and professional, altho many an interesting fact in social history may incidentally be gleaned from its pages.

A History of Egypt. From the XIXth to the XXXth Dynasties. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. With numerous illustrations. Vol. 3. 12mo. pp. xx, 406. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$2.25.

There has been much delay in the appearance of Vol. 3 of *Flinders Petrie's History of Egypt*, owing to the author's active work in exploration, or the necessity of co-ordinating many late discoveries. These volumes give us the best and most complete account of the records and historical monuments of the Egyptian Kings. This is not a work on manners and customs, or religion, but is purely history, very largely original and representing the author's own researches and conclusions, in which some other scholars may differ from him, for he has pronounced views. The period covered in this volume extends from the beginning of the Nineteenth Dynasty, about 1300 B. C., the most brilliant period in Egyptian history, to 342 B. C., when the last native king of the Thirtieth Dynasty lost the throne, and the rule passed over to the Persian Ochus. This period is illustrated by 161 pictures of monuments, mainly half-tones, with all the known cartouches, an advantage to collectors of scarabs with cartouches of kings. When we remember that the period treated covers the entire relation of Israel to Egypt, from Abraham to Jeremiah, the value of the volume to the Biblical student is obvious. Petrie appears to put the Exodus at 1213 B. C. in the reign of Merenptah.

Speeches and Addresses. By John Charlton. Toronto: Morang & Co.

The name of John Charlton, member of the Canadian House of Commons from 1872 to 1904, is known in this country as one of the Joint High Commission of 1898 to arrange a settlement of matters in dispute between Canada and the United States of America. In this volume he has collected some of his speeches and addresses on various subjects. Those which will be of special interest here are those on the National Transcontinental Railway; the Brown Draft Reciprocity Treaty of 1878, which failed to be ratified by the United States Senate; Self-Protection, Reciprocity and British Preference. There is also an able Parliamentary speech on "Irre-

⁵ THE ENGLISH CRAFT GILDS AND THE GOVERNMENT. By Stella Kramer, M.A. Ditto. \$1.00.

⁶ THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE POOR LAW OF CONNECTICUT. By Edward Warren Capen, Ph.D. Ditto. \$3.00.

deemable Currency," and in the platform addresses there are two of interest as giving a Canadian's view of Washington and Lincoln. Mr. Charlton does not attempt to reach heights of forensic eloquence, as some speakers do, but aims rather at a calm and logical presentation of the matters which he debates. In this he is decidedly successful, and his speeches are marked with vigor and common-sense argument. One of Mr. Charlton's platform addresses is on American humor, and it is full of excellent instances which have appealed to him, and, possibly, have lightened the strain of a political life.



Art in Photography. With Selected Examples of European and American Work. Edited by Charles Holme. Special Summer Number of "The Studio." New York: John Lane Co. \$2.00 paper, \$3.00 cloth.

If there are any persons now who would challenge the correctness of such a title, a study of these examples of pictorial photography should do much toward removing their prejudice against the youngest of the arts. So far from being a mechanical process it is now so far developed that it is possible to recognize at a glance the work of any well known photographer as easily as that of a painter; the man has become master of his material. The present collection of over a hundred reproductions of recent British, American, French, German, Italian and Belgian work affords a good opportunity for the comparison of national tastes and tendencies, which are here clearly manifested. Great pains have been taken to give each picture the best expression by suitable tint and texture for paper and block. It is unfortunate that our antiquated postal laws stand in the way of the use of photographic prints for the illustration of magazines in place of half-tones and similar crude substitutes.



The Atonement and Modern Thought. By Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder, D.D., LL.D. With an introduction by Prof. Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society.

The names of Dr. Remensnyder and Dr. Warfield stand for stanch and militant orthodoxy, and it is the substitutional

theory of the atonement in its baldest and most rigid form that is here presented. It is declared that the atonement offered by Christ was a genuine substitution, a veritable ransom, the actual infliction on the part of God the Father of the punishment due and necessary for the sins of man upon the innocent Christ. It is the doctrine of Anselm's *Cur Deus Homo* without modification. This doctrine is pronounced the burden of the New Testament, the heart of the Gospel, the key-stone of the Christian system. Yet Dr. Remensnyder is well aware that the great majority of Christian teachers have departed from this view, and that it is losing ground every day. Both he and Dr. Warfield are conscious that they are arguing a lost cause, and complain that they who "hold the public ear have definitely broken with the doctrine of a substitutive atonement." A generation is growing up which never heard the sacrificial explanation of the death of Christ, and many young people in the churches would be shocked by the declaration that Jesus was punished that we might escape punishment, and yet they are not found lacking in Christian faith and piety. Dr. Remensnyder writes with clearness and force, and his sincerity and earnestness of conviction entitle him to all honor; yet his endeavor to bring back the Anselmic theory of the atonement into modern thought is a useless striving. The modern man cannot retreat from his conviction, as quoted by Dr. Remensnyder from an editorial in *THE INDEPENDENT*, that "Christianity does not require us to look on the death of Christ as propitiating the Father, who needs nobody to excite or encourage His love. No expiatory sacrifice is needed, for God is abundantly able to forgive, out of His own store of love."



Floyd's Flowers; or, Duty and Beauty for Colored Children. By Prof. Silas X. Floyd. Illustrated by John Henry Adams. 12mo. pp. 326. Chicago: Hertel, Jenkins & Co. \$1.00.

This really seems something new—a book for colored children. It is a collection of excellent advice, in the way of a hundred simple stories, such instruction as would make better men and women. It is appropriately illustrated with nearly a hundred pictures by a colored artist.

Inasmuch as the author, Dr. Floyd, is himself a colored man, and one who has been a welcome contributor to *THE INDEPENDENT*, the book is entirely by and for the race. We will say that Mr. Adams has not at all exaggerated the negro features. Indeed, the most of his children are more than half Causcasian in blood. But that is well, as the bulk of the purchasers will be of that type. The book will be a real benefit to the youth who reads its interesting pages.



Literary Notes

It is announced that *Charities* of New York, and *The Commons*, of Chicago, will join forces and be published hereafter as one magazine. *Charities* has long been recognized as the ablest paper in this country in its chosen field of charity and philanthropic reform, and *The Commons* is easily the best magazine published in the interests of the settlement idea and kindred topics. *The Commons* is constructive. *Charities* is remedial. Both together should make a very important reform magazine.

....*Sunday Talks* by Barbara Yechton, is a good book to read to boys and girls on a Sunday afternoon. (Thomas Whittaker, New York, \$1.25.)

....An excellent interpretation of "The Kansas Conscience," now aroused by the acts of the Standard Oil Company in that State, is given in *The Reader* for October by William Allen White, of Emporia.

....*The Bible Beautiful* by Estelle M. Hurll, traces the art of illustrating biblical themes from the early catacombs to the splendid paintings of the Renaissance. It is attractively published and very well illustrated throughout. (L. C. Page. \$2.00.)

....Nathan Haskell Dole has compiled an anthology of Latin Poets, consisting of metrical translations by English writers. Practically the whole of Roman literature is represented, from Plautus and Terence to Juvenal and Lucan. The selections are well chosen. (Crowell. \$2.00.)

....Three lectures by Justice David J. Brewer on the subject, "The United States a Christian Nation," are published by the Winston Co., Philadelphia. Decisions of the Supreme Court are frequently cited that support Christian views and the observance of Sunday. (Price, \$1.00.)

....The latest writings of Count Leo Tolstoy on the Japanese war, and present conditions in Russia, have been translated into the French by J. W. Bienstock. There is at least one man in Russia trying to bring about reform by some other means than bombs and dynamite. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 70 cents.)

....A reprint of President Eliot's *The Happy Life*, is put on the market by Crowell

& Co. (75 cents), now that such "Lives" are in fashion, at least in print. The same publishers also print *The Life That Counts*, by President Cole, of Wheaton Seminary (75 cents). Both books teach us that the quiet, unselfish life is the best.

....A convenient diatessaron entitled, *His Life*, has been prepared by fifteen pastors, representing six denominations. It contains a life of Christ in a single narrative in the words of the four Gospels. It is intended for wide circulation; the price for the paper edition is 10 cents, cloth, 30 cents. (Pastor's Union, Oak Park, Illinois.)



Pebbles

....*Hicks*: "I've got to borrow \$200 somewhere."

Wicks: "Take my advice and borrow \$300 while you are about it."

"But I only need \$200."

"That doesn't make any difference. Borrow \$300 and pay back \$100 of it in two installments at intervals of a month or so. Then the man that you borrow from will think that he is going to get the rest of it."—*Somerville Journal*.

....Said a broken-down fox: "I have spent Every dollar I had," and he went

To a wealthy old skunk

For the loan of a plunk,

But the skunk wouldn't give him a scent.

—*New York Times*.

Then he went to a mink of high rank,
And he begged for the loan of a franc.

Said the mink: "Why, old fox,

Here are plenty of rocks.

Help yourself; draw 'em out of this bank."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

....A collection ought to be made of such things, and yet what excuse, what provocation is there for a passage like the following, which occurred in a novel recently offered in all gravity to a respectable New York publishing house. Near the last of four pages devoted to a catalog of the physical charms of her heroine the writer remarks: "Her rich, fruity mouth was a very organ of bewitchment. In luring tones it sang its tune of love, longing for some one to sip the kisses which played at hide and seek around the pinky corners of the plump lips."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

....To keep fish from smelling cut off their noses.

Why does a yard full of clothes remind one of a telephone? Because the line's busy.

A stroke of lightning the other day tore a boy's shoe to pieces, but did not harm the boy. He had gone in swimming and placed his shoes beneath a tree.

A notorious eavesdropper—rain.

The prettiest thing around a picture is generally the frame.

When you cancel a note you can't sell it.—*Baltimore American*.

Editorials

New York's Municipal Campaign

Although the political organizations which oppose Tammany in New York failed to unite in support of candidates, the municipal campaign is by no means to be dull and lifeless. Three tickets are in the field. Tammany has nominated Mayor McClellan for another term; the Republicans have named William M. Ivins; the Municipal Ownership League is represented by William R. Hearst. With no candidate of its own for Mayor, the Citizens' Union, foremost of all Tammany's foes in the past, now strives to re-elect District Attorney Jerome, whom all other parties and factions have rejected. Lurking behind the respectable head of Tammany's ticket are nominees for subordinate places whose character is so repulsive that the newspapers heartily supporting Mr. McClellan denounce them daily. Some of those on the list below Mr. Ivins's name are either unknown or unfit. In average excellence the Hearst ticket may fairly be rated above either of its competitors, bearing as it does the names of ex-Senator John Ford (author of the franchise tax law), J. G. Phelps Stokes, and ex-Comptroller Coler. A Mayor is to be elected for a term of four years, and county officers are also to be chosen.

Tammany in this campaign has introduced no novelties of procedure. Relying upon the popular strength of its Mayor and the division of its enemies, it has placed on the list with him the names of such men as James W. Ridgway, whose course some years ago in the office of District Attorney of Kings County (Brooklyn) should now prevent him from receiving the vote of any good man. This nomination is the fruit of the reconciliation of the Manhattan Boss, Murphy, and the Brooklyn Boss, McCarren. The Republican organization has been handicapped from the beginning of the futile Fusion conferences by the malign influence of the Republican State Boss, ex-Governor Odell. Nothing more ridiculous or contemptible has been seen in municipal politics than the frittering away of Republican opportunity under his direc-

tion. Mr. Ivins, a competent man of excellent record, goes into the fight with the millstone of Odellism hanging about his neck. District Attorney Jerome, the most worthy of all candidates now before the people of New York, asserts that Odell and Murphy (Tammany's leader) joined hands to prevent his re-election. An alliance behind the scenes for that purpose must also have had other aims, and would explain much that has taken place. History shows that agreements between Republican State Bosses and Tammany city Bosses have not been unknown in the past.

The great general issue of the campaign is honest government and good administration; with this stands the special issue of municipal ownership as suggested by the gas and electric light monopoly and the \$200,000,000 worth of subways soon to be constructed. Tammany has never presented a fairer front. There have been no great robberies; the foul scandals of the term of Croker's Van Wyck have not been repeated. The Mayor is a discreet man of liberal education and good manners. His chief errors have been the approval (fortunately ineffective) of a bill designed to mend all the weak places in the gas monopoly's armor, and the appointment of incompetent or otherwise unworthy heads of departments. Being Tammany's Mayor, these things he was obliged to do. Behind him was Murphy; behind Murphy were the forces which control the gas interests and expect to control the new subways. The present fruit of these relations between capital and politics has been great and profitable contracts, but no political leader is the contractor of record. The refinements of indirection in political graft may now be found in New York.

Fusion was designed to unite all the political bodies that could be arrayed against the traditional misgovernment of Tammany; some measure of municipal ownership, in its practical application to the subway and gas problems, was the weapon most available for use. Fusion came to nothing, for reasons which could

best be explained by Mr. Odell, and now each one of the three parties is for municipal ownership in varying degree. Tammany points to the acquisition of one ferry, promises to buy others, boasts of appropriations for an electric lighting plant to be used for street lamps, and says franchises hereafter must be limited. Not a word about gas nor any direct reference to the construction and operation of subways. The Republicans in their platform demand a municipal lighting plant for the use of citizens. Mr. Ivins goes further. He would ask for a law authorizing the city to condemn and buy all the gas plants, would have all lapsed and forfeitable franchises taken up by the city, and would have the Rapid Transit Commission empowered to contract for the construction of subways without at the same time contracting for the operation of them:

"In the matter of the municipalization of our public franchises, except on the point of the compensation payable on the reassumption of them by the public, I will listen to no adverse party in interest. The principle is no longer open to discussion."

The League demands the immediate establishment and operation by the city of a plant for the sale of gas to all citizens; the construction of subways by the city, and the operation of them by the city as soon as it shall be legally and financially able to do this; short-term leases in the immediate future, and the selection of members of the Rapid Transit Commission by the people in a democratic way. These are the policies to which the three parties are committed.

The issue is one of great importance, especially in its relation to the planned network of subways upon which \$200,000,000 is to be expended. There is nothing in the history or the present attitude of Tammany that can commend its policy or candidates to those who demand such reforms and such relief as are promised by the platforms and candidates of the two other parties. Mr. Ivins means what he says. Some years ago he was a pioneer in the promotion of political reform, and experience in office has given him a thoro knowledge of municipal affairs in New York. But a majority of his present associates declined to support District Attorney Jerome and are under the influence of Mr. Odell. We do not question

the sincerity and earnestness of any one whose name is on the League ticket. As a rule, the nominees and the members of the League are moved by devotion to a cause, their advocacy of which has not been marred by intrigue or political bargaining. We are familiar with the career of Mr. Hearst, and we understand why his nomination repels some whom the nomination of Mr. Ivins attracts. In each of these two tickets and two movements against Tammany rule and policy there is something that is distasteful to some, and a cause of distrust to others, who long to see Tammany beaten.

Mr. Jerome, who hates all bosses, and whom not one of the three organizations has nominated, ought to be elected by a great plurality. Each of the three parties should have placed his name on its ticket. The people should now show by their votes for him that a competent, faithful, honest and independent prosecutor cannot thus be compelled to retire from the public service.



The Federation of Churches and the Unitarians

EVERYBODY knows, or should know, that there is to meet in New York in November the most important and impressive religious gathering ever held in this country. Its purpose is to organize an official and permanent federation of the evangelical churches in this country, which have hitherto had a certain degree of fellowship or jealousy, but no recognized basis of union. They have been split apart and often rivals. It is expected that they will form such a confessed and visible union as shall give them combined strength and influence.

The invitations to this conference for organization were sent out by the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers. That is a self-constituted body which has existed for several years, and which has had for its purpose the bringing together in local federation, in cities or States, of the individual churches for their common work. It has established quite a number of such local federations, which have done good service.

This National Federation, not at all official, but composed of voluntary mem-

bers of various denominations, having its headquarters in New York, with E. B. Sanford, D. D., as secretary, sent out the invitations to the national organizations of the various evangelical denominations, asking them to come together and form the official and permanent Federation of Evangelical Churches. It did not send invitations to every minutest denomination in the country, but to all the principal ones; and twenty-seven, by their national bodies, have accepted, with a membership of about 18,000,000.

It did not send an invitation to the Unitarians, who are not usually denominated evangelical. Now the Unitarians, thru their president, Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., have sent a letter asking that they be admitted, and suggesting a list of excellent men, such as Dr. Edward Everett Hale and ex-Secretary Long, by whom they would be likely to be represented; and Secretary Sanford sent a reply, as courteous as the case allowed, to the effect that the omission to invite them was intentional.

It is very pleasant to know that the Unitarians desired to be held in fellowship with the so-called evangelical denominations, which only were so designated in the letter of invitation that was sent out. But it is also perfectly clear why no invitation was sent to them.

They are not usually included under the term *evangelical*, and only to such was the invitation sent. The Catholics are beyond question a Christian body, but no invitation was sent to them. So none was sent to the Church of the Latter Day Saints or to Dr. Dowie's brotherhood, both of which claim to be Christian. It is easy to assert that they ought to have been invited, but they were not, and for very good reasons.

This Federation is an effort to bring denominations together. It is perfectly impossible to get all together. The Catholics would not come; and if the Mormon Church were asked to come in, nearly all the others would stay out. So if the Unitarians were asked to join it, past all question other greater denominations would refuse. The effort would be doomed to failure; it would breed disunion, not union. That is the practical fact, apart from its reasonableness. The Unitarians may be supposed to be as good

Christians as anybody else, and they certainly embrace not a few noble Christian men; but the more Christian they are, the more glad will they be, with much regret that they are misunderstood, to stand aside and not be a bone of contention to prevent the union of Christians that have less charity than they. Indeed, we are rather surprised that they did not see this, and that their letter should have seemed intended to throw discredit on the union to which they must have known that they could not at present be admitted.

The reason why the Unitarians were not invited, and why their admission would break up the effort for federation, is not far to seek. The fact is that *Evangelical* includes in its meaning a definite relation of discipleship to Jesus Christ as Saviour of the world. Now, the Unitarians do not profess to be included under that term. Many of their members are fairly so included, but not as Unitarians. Many hold and teach that Jesus Christ was simply an ordinary man, but an extraordinary teacher. Not a few of their preachers take precisely the position of Felix Adler, the admirable preacher of ethical culture, who does not pretend to be even a Christian, and of the Liberal Jews. These men are freely accepted in Unitarian pulpits, and may be a majority of the body. They resent the adoption of any statement by their Conference which shall be stronger than the invitation to their fellowship of those who wish in any sense to be followers of Christ.

It may be conceived that the time will come when an honest life and good character will be all that is required for fellowship in the Christian Church; when any one who admires Christ's teachings and tries to be honest and loving, whether he calls himself Christian, Jew or Buddhist, will be accepted as a Christian, and evangelical enough; but the time is not yet. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island the evangelical churches do now accept Unitarians within their local federations, but that cannot be done all over the country. The attempt to do it would break up the whole thing. Such being the case, much as we admire Dr. Eliot and the good Christian work he has done, we think that he and his associates

ought willingly and gracefully to stand aside and rejoice that the other churches can come together, and wait until time and change shall bring all of us closer together.



Walking

ENGLISH people express wonder that Americans are such poor walkers. The difficulty has been partly a matter of pride. Every Yankee owned so many acres that he must keep a horse, and this his wife and children were expected to drive. They all went to church on Sunday, and not a small amount of rank and distinction was created by the chaise and the carriage. These vehicles marked stages of a social sort higher than the ox cart, in which not a few reached the meeting house. It was always well in those early days, also, to have fleet methods of escape from possible Indian attacks. A new continent gave large farms, and the New Englander found walking about his own acres quite sufficient for exercise.

That this has brought about a constitutional tendency is not to be wondered at. The effect has been not altogether good on the American physique—especially of females. The Irish mother can walk forty miles in a day, and be at her washtub the next. The English woman makes little of a ten mile walk before breakfast. She finds that it expands her lungs and oxygenizes her blood, so that she has red cheeks and good muscle. It has other advantages, in that it enables the walker to see, not so many things, but to see a few things thoroly. As the railroad trains rush faster and faster across the continent, walking becomes more essential to an observer and a student. Travel has ceased to be for pleasure. It expresses nothing more than hurry—with possible worry. The least delay upsets our engagements, and breaks our connections. Personally conducted tours give us one day for the Yosemite, one more for the Grand Canyon, and one more for a National Park. There is little satisfaction in this sort of speed, to a well trained mind. John Muir would have known little of the glaciers if he had not gone on foot.

Tramping was not a mere abandonment of decent society; it expressed a strong protest against conventional speed. The decent tramp, and there are many of these, has a philosophy beneath his abandonment of our artificial methods of locomotion. He has taken to his legs again: one of the best gifts of Nature. He has not had altogether a bad time of it. Gypsies are notably happy and healthy. More out-of-doors is certainly desirable to give American character tenacity of will, physical endurance, and healthy conceptions of life.

Walking gives us that close intimacy with Nature that cannot be obtained in any other way. It is with the growth of scientific research that a passion is now slowly growing up for going on foot. It enables the tourist to examine and study geology, entomology, ornithology and botany. One mile gives more for the eyes and ears than a hundred that are speeded thru by rival railroad trains. We recommend this habit as a part of the new doctrine, that one should live close to Nature. If we would do this we must know the feel of Nature and the smell of Nature. He must take time to study the bees in their work, and get acquainted with the birds in their home-building, and, if he cannot see the grass grow, he can at least get deeply sympathetic with the minute processes of the field and the woods.

Walking is, however, an institution by itself; not the mere negation of locomotive forces. It glorifies the legs, as the most supple friends of the arms and brain. The human body is a splendid unit; and all its parts are adjusted nicely, each to the other. Walking does not fit, however, so well with some seasons as with others. It does not belong to the midsummer vacation. It serves better as a Spring or an Autumn pastime. In September and October you get the ideal tramp—something that glorifies that much despised word. These months take us naturally into the fields. We do not need to go far from home; we shall find enough to make us happy in any old pasture, or trailing along a common brookside.

Apart from the mere guideboard directions, the pedestrian needs no other introduction to neighboring towns. He may

scout his county until it becomes like a homestead. Everywhere he is on a tour of personal investigation. He is a genuine Columbus. All the continents are discovered; but that does not hinder the discovery of towns, of glens and waterfalls—new roads to new lands, and a thousand facts as fresh as were discovered by Hendrick Hudson when he sailed up the North River. It needs only a wallet for lunches, and a toothbrush, and a snug portmanteau for a change of shirts, collars and underclothing. Let him start out for a two or three days' tour only; then try four or five days. He will soon find out his idiosyncrasies and can humor them. A change of shoes may be demanded by a bunion, and his accumulations may require additional hampers. If he can have a good companion—just one—all right; otherwise go alone. Four or five will pull too many ways, and no one will get a chance for his whims and tastes—and, mark you, this is the chief advantage of walking. The ideal is where man and wife tramp together. They will learn something new about what being wedded is. It is dangerous to concentrate our lives too closely to one spot. We know one such couple in New York State, and one more in Florida. What one fails, by constitutional habit, to see, the other will probably have a bias specially to observe. Each one stimulates the other. Then comes comparative study. We conceive this to be a very delicate refinement of wedded existence—to become complementary parts of one life.

But we do not hesitate to recommend walking for its economy. Americans are happily getting by the false standard that estimates value by cash payments. The cost of a week's tramp will not exceed the expenses of a single day at one of our summer resort hotels. When our pleasures and recreations cost even less than home life, we shall not have to toil ten months to accumulate money enough to enjoy two, or even one. After a sturdy walk, of the sort we have been describing, deliberate, studious, we shall carry home with us a full head as well as a full heart. We venture that a right sort of tramp of two weeks will give intellectual stimulus, and subjects for study during all the rest of the year, and at

practically no expense. We have no obligation, just now, greater than to reduce the cost of our pleasures—more particularly the expense of our recuperative off-days. A vacation that takes a large part of a clerk's or apprentice's annual savings is demoralizing. The day laborer, who is always afoot, will be the better for a bit of railroad luxury, for variety; but for the majority of working people, merchants and professional men, the ordinary vacation is getting to be too expensive. The remedy is learning to walk. The schools have turned to manual culture, why not also to walking as an art? The boy loves to walk, and he does it well; why must he lose this pleasure and ability as he grows older?



Independent Scholarship in the Catholic Church

A NUMBER of Catholic scholars in Germany as well as in France have in recent months shown that their independence of thought will risk even ecclesiastical censure. One of these is Prof. Karl Kuenstle, of the University of Freiburg, in Baden, who has just published a *brochure* entitled "*Comma Johanneum*," which a prominent Protestant paper of Leipzig declares intrinsically "to be worth more than big folios of ordinary theological discussion." The pamphlet has been generally ignored by Catholic papers, but Protestants of such prominence as Professor Gregory, of Leipzig, in the *Literararisches Centralblatt* have warmly welcomed its independence and results. Gregory declares that it is a "masterly work."

The *brochure* discusses the old *crux* as to the authenticity of the famous Trinity passage, I John 5:7: "There are three that bear witness in Heaven," which only a few years ago the Roman Index Congregation declared dared not be doubted as authentic by the faithful. Kuenstle, following the canons of modern historical research, has proved that this verse is the production of the Spanish heretic Priscilian, of the fifth century, and down to the ninth century is found only in the Spanish manuscripts of the Bible. He, indeed, states that the decision of the Index Congregation only declares that this *Comma Johanneum* could be used

as proof for the doctrine of the Trinity, but had not purposed to pass on the Johannine origin of the passage. Protestant scholars, however, declared that in this matter he is mistaken. Such is the impression made by this little work in Catholic circles that Professor Koch, of the Catholic Faculty in Tübingen, states that Kuenstle's researches on this vexed problem have "practically closed the discussion."

Another evidence of such independence is the investigation of the so-called "blood miracles," as these occurred, according to the reports of the Middle Ages, in the consecrated host, and to the present day yet are claimed to occur in the so-called "blood substances" of the Saint Januarius in Naples. Catholic scholars are now explaining these pretended miracles on the basis of the current bacilli theory in modern medicine as a purely natural phenomenon. The Benedictine father, Martin Gander, has published in the great Catholic house of Benziger & Co., in Einsiedeln, a special work on bacteria, in which he discusses also the "host bacillus." It is the same that is known to the world as the *bacillus* or *micrococcus prodigiosus*, and is well known for its color producing quality, especially in the case of bread, potatoes, etc., where it causes blood red spots. This Gander declares to be the legitimate explanation of what the Middle Ages and even later times regarded as the "blood miracles" in connection with the sacred host. He quotes also from a discussion of the Jesuit Professor Resch, in "Nature and Revelation," a statement to the effect that these red pigment bacteria were undoubtedly the cause of the "bloody host," and thinks it a wise arrangement of the Church which forbids the preservation of the sacred host for too long a period, because thus it would be subjected to all the changes which affect bread when under external influences.

The German Catholic professor of theology, Dr. Sickenberger, has recently published a work entitled "Critical Considerations on the Domestic Ecclesiastical Condition," the second chapter of which is devoted to a careful discussion of the activity of the Catholic Church in these words:

"If we examine the results of our work we must see, to our great sorrow, that we have come far short of that which with all reserve one could expect of the efforts which we have put forth. Everybody who will open his eyes will see this. We have a well organized Hierarchy; the shortage of priests has almost been overcome. In Germany, in so far as it is Catholic, there are 18,000 priests at work in 30 dioceses; in Austria in 63 dioceses there are 27,000; in France in 88 dioceses, there are 55,000; in Italy in 267 dioceses, there are 63,000. We have our free church seminaries and other institutions of learning; we have a vast multitude of priests of orders and sisters by the hundred thousand, with their vast activity in school and charitable work, the Catholic associations, Catholic literature and press, and then the immense success of the Catholic parliamentary life—think of these. And what are the results? The educated classes as a rule are decidedly anti-Church; the universities and the educated world in general as also a large percentage of civil officials are frightfully anti-Catholic; in Austria, Italy, France the anti-Catholics are the leaders of the people; literature and arts are largely estranged from the Catholic religion. The great bulk of the teachers of all grades are opposed to the Church; among the military officers the spirit of the Church has largely been suppressed. And when we look at the Catholic masses? How much such vices as intemperance, unchastity, greed and the like prevail! Even in such purely Catholic districts as Bavaria, immorality, murder and the like prevail in a frightful degree. The sons of Catholic families, as soon as they have finished their college course, become gross infidels. Do I exaggerate? My readers would like to have me answer this question, but they can answer it themselves."

We can fairly balance such statements against the assertions we so often meet in Catholic papers of the loss of faith in the Protestant Churches.



Henry Irving

TWICE within the year have we been called upon to pay tribute to the passing of a great actor, Jefferson on this side of the water, and now Sir Henry Irving on the other. We have had time to realize the void created by the loss of the impersonator of "Rip Van Winkle"; we are now asked to consider what it means to the dramatic profession, when a personality such as Irving's is taken from its midst. Every great actor arrives at an

opportune moment: the history of drama shows this in every age; the time is always ripe for the true artist. In Irving the chain of related generations links the present with Macready and Helen Faucit, with Charlotte Cushman and Charles Mathews. His career of over half a century of active service on the stage is a great part of the record of the English theater for fifty years. With the death of Sir Henry Irving, we are further removed from the Victorian era; tradition has gained what we have lost, according to the Emersonian law of compensation.

Irving was a force in his profession; he leaves behind him indelible marks of a vital reformer. His art has brought pleasure, and has been a benefit. The actor must impersonate; there are many such. But Irving's genius expanded beneath a healthful stimulus of an active imagination, and he added to and enriched that which was placed before him, and so his undertaking of *rôle* meant more than the letter, perhaps a little more than the spirit. A great actor does not alone imply great acting, unless by the latter you understand intellectual and moral tastes upheld by divine fire—art, genius, spirit, what you will. Irving's work might thus be characterized—and in spite of his mannerisms he was a rare example of the true artist.

Sir Henry Irving was not as old as Jefferson, yet sixty-seven years is a ripe age, in which experience wins the reverence of a younger generation. The career of the English actor was a full one; to the very end, he sustained a repertoire that was exacting, and included some of his best parts; Shylock,

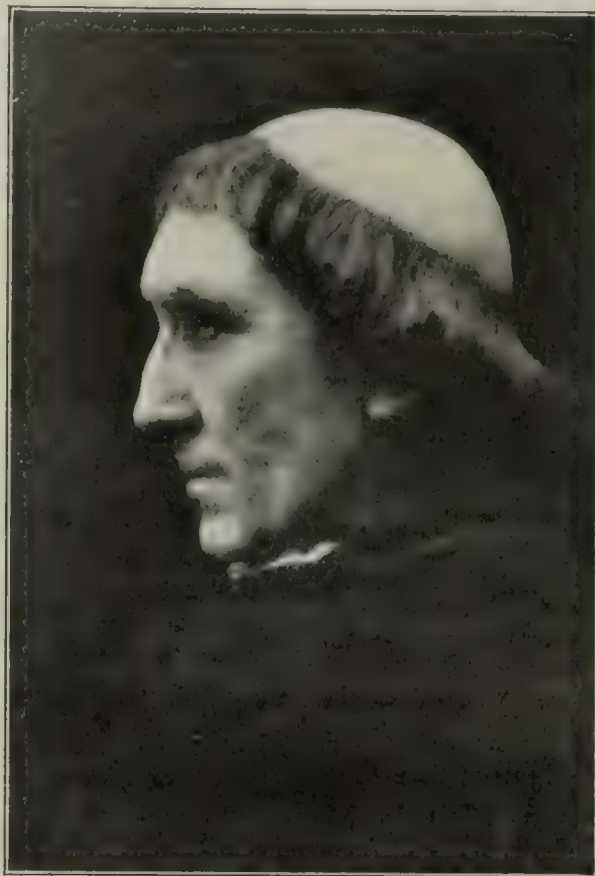
Mathias, Becket, and Sergeant Brewster. It was as Becket that he appeared on the evening of October 13th, at Bradford, England, and it was only a short while after he had uttered those words of the Cardinal: "Through night to light. Into Thy hands, O Lord; into Thy hands;" then he himself passed away. In his time he assumed *rôles* that numbered over seven hundred—a versatility extending from Richard III to Bill Sykes. What if his Romeo and Claude Melnotte lacked romantic finish, his Benedick and

Malvolio were unsurpassed. Even tho compared unfavorably with Booth as Hamlet, he did not relinquish the Dane without having added dignity and brooding pathos to the part. Then there were Dr. Primrose, Louis XI, Cardinal Wolsey, and those countless Shakespearian productions which won him fame as a manager, and the respect of the world as an actor of high and noble intent.

A career of fifty years means that Irving passed thru the Bulwer and Robertson stage of drama, and always he moved with clear idea as to the mission of the actor. He touched the

Boucicault decade, and then, as Macready before him did with Browning, so he turned to Tennyson and introduced the poet-laureate as a practical dramatist. Thru all these changes, as actor-manager for many years past, he has witnessed the fluctuating methods of the commercial side of the theatre, and he has gone thru it all, holding above everything to his purpose.

As a reformer, Irving's influence remains active for the present generation. Three notes are dominant in all he has



Sir Henry Irving as "Becket" in Tennyson's Drama of That Name. Irving's Last Appearance Was in This Rôle at Bradford, a Few Hours Before His Death on October 13th. He Will Be Buried in Westminster Abbey.

written or spoken about his profession: First, the high duty of his calling; then the refined, pure and thoughtful character of the art *per se*; and finally the imaginative value of interpretation and execution. These qualities stamped Irving and made him the great actor he was. Add to this another quality every artist should possess—a student's desire for truth—a desire which prompted Irving to demand the text of Shakespeare intact, and not that of Garrick's or Cibber's spoliation—and we begin to realize the extent of that void created by the death of Irving.

Lord Coleridge, in an address delivered at the time the actor, in 1884, was about to pay his first visit to America, said: "Acting, such as yours, ennobles and elevates the stage, and serves to restore it to its true function as a potent instrument for intellectual and moral culture." This is the high lesson of a useful life. It is more than genius, for genius does not always betoken the value of the man. Sir Henry Irving made the world look differently upon his profession, and thru the years the rôle of actor did not make him forgetful of his part as a man.



The Boycott in India

WE are having new illustrations of the tremendous political power of the boycott among people who have no other method of reaching their purpose. What it has done in Ireland we know, and at present it is being used with great effectiveness in China against American products and in India against those of Great Britain. It is not clear that in China the boycott has failed, as has been asserted. Certainly it has already done great injury to American trade. It is even more surprising that it should be employed in India, and its consequences may be more serious.

The occasion is the Governmental partition of the great province of Bengal. It is hardly beyond question that the province ought, for purposes of government, to be divided. But there is a native public sentiment against it, which was not considered, and which has expressed itself in a way to surprise the rulers who had not imagined that the people had any

special sense of pride or patriotism. But they have risen up in protest against the accomplished fact, and have agreed to boycott all British products, using those only that are of native manufacture. The very unpopular late Governor-General, who is responsible for the partition of Bengal, is in a way attacked with his own weapon, for he has been urging everywhere the creation of home industries. The boycott is spreading rapidly, and it is proposed to extend it so as to boycott all natives who in any way have anything to do with English rulers responsible for the partition. That would affect the reception of the Prince of Wales on his coming visit, especially as some of the Maharajahs have joined the popular protest.

It is likely that this protest finds in the partition of Bengal a pretext rather than a cause. With education there grows a sense of patriotic resentment that India should be governed by foreigners. England is educating India, but is not trying our way in the Philippines of teaching the people to rule themselves. We promised the Philippines self-government; Great Britain still assumes that the Empire of India cannot ever be governed by its own people. English writers laugh at our method in our colony; they are beginning to discuss the infelicities in their own.

One of the extraordinary results of this boycott is the coming together of the Hindus and the Mohammedans, forgetting their ancient feuds. Would that similar patriotism might bring together the Greeks, Armenians and Bulgarians in Turkey! There might then be hope of accomplishing some reforms in that misgoverned empire.

This boycott may run its course and fail, but it has already done much to accentuate the ill will between natives and Englishmen. On both sides very bitter language is being used. Dissatisfaction with British rule is increasing. Feelings long suppressed are finding expression. English employers are threatening to retaliate on their Bengali clerks; and on the other hand every effort is making to extend the boycott to both men and products, and it is, says *New India*, "spreading like wildfire." To our nation the lesson is, to give the people more, and

not less, part in government. You cannot always cork up a volcano. Nor can you put down a boycott. Men cannot be punished for neglecting to buy American oil in China, or Manchester goods in India. The boycott is a weapon which evades resistance, and is itself irresistible so long as the people agree to use it.



Mrs. Lowell In the death of Josephine Shaw Lowell last week the United States loses one of its noblest and greatest women. For forty years there has been nobody in New York whose charitable and social reform effort has resulted in greater and more lasting achievement than hers. Her monument is built in the Charity Organization Society, which she founded twenty-three years ago, in the Constitution and statutes of New York, in the successful fight for civil service reform, in her impress on the labor movement, on the college settlements, and in fact on every good endeavor for civic reform. Her beloved young husband, Charles Russell Lowell, was killed in the Civil War at Cedar Creek; her patriot brother, Robert Gould Shaw, perished at Fort Wagner, at the head of his negro regiment, and was buried with them. No wonder, with the example of two such sacrifices to treasure in her memory, Mrs. Lowell became what she was. Her work will remain.



Return of Governor Wright Governor Wright is coming home from the Philippines, on business of the Islands, it is said, and to remain six months. But it is also asserted, and denied, that he is not to return. We confess to a hope that he will not return. That he has been an effectual Governor we do not question, nor that he has done his best to rule well. But there are limitations involved in the feelings which a man has toward other races than his own. The Americans like him; the Filipinos do not. When Secretary Taft reached the Islands he found that the Filipino young ladies had been allowed no chance to meet Miss Roosevelt, and he had to get up a special reception, where he danced with the Filipino ladies on terms of social recognition. No man is

fit to be a Governor in the Philippines who has been brought up on the theory that other races than his own are by nature dependent and inferior. He should treat Filipinos precisely as he would treat Americans. There are too many Americans in office in the Philippines who insult the native people by their contemptuous arrogance, and they it is who make government difficult and unpopular. No man should be appointed who is not sympathetic with the people with whom he must reside. Society in Manila has ostracised a white person for marrying a Filipino. That is the expression of a vicious spirit, and a dangerous one.



Latin and Greek In these days when the schools are opening we commend to teachers the advice addressed to teachers by two of the most distinguished English writers. John Milton thus writes to his friend Hartlib, master of a school for boys:

"Tho a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.

"Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and unsuccessful. First, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind is . . . partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and oratory . . . whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessened thoroly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power."

Edmund Burke was of precisely the same opinion. He thus wrote to his friend, Richard Shackleton, master of the school where he had mostly been educated. A century after John Milton, he said in 1746:

"Your office of a schoolmaster throws you amongst the ancient authors, who are generally reputed the best; but as they are commonly read and taught, the only use that seems to be made of 'em, is barely to learn the lan-

guage they are written in—a very strange application of the use of that kind of learning—to read of things to understand words, instead of teaching words that we may better be enabled to profit by the excellent things which are wrapt up in them. I would therefore advise you to be less inquisitive about the grammatical parts of the authors than you have been, not only for the above-mentioned reason, but because you will find it much the easier way of attaining the language. And you will be pleased to consider after what manner we learn our mother tongue. We first by conversation (to which reading, when the language is dead, is equivalent) come to know the signification of all words, and the manner of placing 'em. Afterwards we may, if we will, know the rules and laws by which they are to be placed so and so; which will then be quite easy to us, as they are only the laws of words reduced to writing."

Another century and a half have gone by, and still we are teaching Latin in the same old way. We might add what John Locke says to the same effect in his essay on "Education," but the schools are wedded to their idols, and it will do little good.



Grant and Lincoln

A communication from Mr. William G. Johnston, of Wadertown, N. Y., questions the accuracy of Mr. I. C. Crawford's report, in our issue of September 21st, of the interview which a delegation of three Southern statesmen during the Civil War, headed by Alexander H. Stephens, had with General Grant, seeking for a basis for ending the war. The gentlemen, as reported by Mr. Stephens, whom Mr. Crawford quotes, were greatly delighted with the kindness and courtesy of General Grant. It is said that President Lincoln was ready to receive the Confederate representatives, but that Secretary Stanton overbore him, and the men returned disappointed, as was General Grant. We now give Mr. Johnston's comment and correction:

That Stephens could not have said this is easily proved by a glance at his own history, entitled "War Between the States," written seven years previously, in which he gives a detailed account of the Peace Commission going from Grant's headquarters, at City Point, to Fort Monroe, where they arrived on the night of Feb. 2, and of their conference with General Grant on the following morning, which lasted for four hours. Their want of success, therefore, was not because of Mr. Lincoln's refusal to meet them—being influenced to this course by Mr. Stanton, but because of the instructions they received from the rebel

President Davis, that rather than accept terms of peace upon the basis of a return of the States in rebellion, they would die in the last ditch. They knew, moreover, that Mr. Lincoln would listen to no talk of peace unless prior thereto the seceding States were back in the Union. And personally, two at least—Mr. Stephens and Mr. Hunter—would have gladly accepted such terms.

Further confirmation of these facts is to be found in the writings of the second member of the Peace Commission—Mr. Hunter—in his "Southern Historical Society Papers."

And still further, a full, clear, comprehensive statement in relation to all matters connected with this conference is to be found in Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln," and in perfect accord with what is herein written.



The two Senators from Idaho are at loggerheads over the forest reserves in that mountainous State. Senator Dubois says the policy of the Government in setting aside as reserves considerable areas not suitable for settlement is wise and for the interests of the people; while Senator Heyburn makes warm protests against certain of these reserves. The presumption is strong that objections are made in the interest of nominal settlers and claimants, who have no honest desire to settle on the land, but who are involved in just such land frauds as have made such a scandal as to convict a United States Senator and Representative. Indeed, investigation has shown that most of the claims examined in the forest reserves of Idaho were illegitimate. That the Government should control the mountainous sources of our rivers is beyond question. So New Hampshire ought to make a reserve of the White Mountains and control the cutting down of the forests.



Kansas wants no gowned or bewigged frippery to adonize the honorificability of her judges. Plain, honest men of the people, with sound sense and legal learning in their heads, are good enough for her. She has learned the lesson of "Sartor Resartus."



The Eastern war ended on Saturday last by exchange of notifications. The influence of the war will be felt all over the world for a hundred years.

Insurance

The Cost of Fire Insurance

THE question whether the cost of insurance is excessive under private management has been brought prominently before the public as a result of the startling revelations brought out by the Life Insurance investigation in this city. In this connection we are permitted by Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, to be allowed to print his recent letter to us on the fire insurance side of the subject, which is as follows:

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:

DEAR SIR: In reply to your request for some facts bearing on the theory that the State ought to undertake to give contracts of indemnity known as insurance policies against loss by fire, citing New Zealand as a place where such a system is now alleged to be in successful operation, I beg to say that economists would be wise to deal with facts before suggesting a remedy for alleged faults. Municipal and State insurance has been tested, I think many times, and has failed, notably in Switzerland, where there proved to be no ground for the alleged excess of the charges of private companies for contracts of indemnity. The theory is based on the total misapprehension of existing conditions.

For ten years the larger Stock Fire Insurance Companies of this country received in premiums on fire policies over one thousand million dollars (\$1,000,000,000). Their losses and expenses were in the aggregate eighteen million dollars (\$18,000,000) in excess of this sum. A very few had a small margin of profit. The greater number lost money on their fire insurance contracts, yet these companies prospered. Many of them made large dividends and their stock bore a high price in the market.

This loss on fire risks led them to make an earnest endeavor to establish a slight advance in rates in which they succeeded. Since then the Baltimore fire has come in and if the same companies' results were now tabulated they would doubtless show a larger loss on their fire insurance contracts.

Their losses, disregarding fractions, have been about sixty (60) cents per year on each hundred dollars of insurance carried; their expenses about forty (40) cents, and their premiums were a little under one hundred (100) cents. Under these conditions they lost money. Whence their gains? They came wholly from their functions as bankers. Their capital, their previous surplus, in many cases large, and the use of the cash premiums for one year gave them an income as bankers of about sixty million dollars (\$60,000,000) a

year. I am repeating these figures from memory and believe they are correct.

Can expenses be diminished? I once thought them excessive, but the expense account of the largest and best managed companies, worked with the utmost skill and energy, are thirty-three (33) per cent. of their premiums.

Can the losses be diminished? Not by the Insurance Companies. The owners and occupants of insured buildings are the only persons who can prevent loss by fire, and so long as architects, builders, owners and occupants alike, as a rule, neglect the simplest principles of safety in construction and occupation, the ash heap will continue to increase. There is slight improvement in normal years; I think that the destruction of property by fire bears a lessened proportion to the amount at risk. Slowly and surely improvement in protection and inspection is gaining.

It therefore follows that critics can find no true ground for alleged excess of charge by Fire Insurance Companies for granting contracts of indemnity against loss by fire. There may be many exceptions taken to details, but on what ground could State or municipal insurance be advocated when men of the highest capacity and longest experience have failed to make Fire Insurance Corporations profitable except in their function as bankers?

If any one should suggest that the writer represents a system in which the losses and expenses of fire insurance have been reduced to less than a tenth the average cost on other risks, then why not adopt similar plans under compulsion? To which the reply may be made that when owners, occupants, builders and architects are brought to the same sense of responsibility for the care and protection of their own property as that to which the members of the Factory Mutual System have been brought, barring the conflagration hazard, the losses and expenses of fire insurance may be reduced in proportionate measure. The high cost of fire insurance is wholly due to neglect of the simplest principles of prevention of loss on the part of owners and occupants of insured buildings.

Yours very truly,
EDWARD ATKINSON.



Advices from London state that during the approaching visit of the Princess of Wales in India her personal jewelry will be protected by insurance against loss by fire, theft or otherwise from the time she leaves England until she returns home. The policy is for a sum equivalent to \$250,000.

Psychology in Insurance

According to the *Coast Review* converts to the creed of the New Thought are being secured in new and unexpected fields. The present indications are that it will not alone be followed by psychists and thinkers of a dreamy mould. Its horizon boundary is rapidly expanding and will presently include the soul of the business world. The political observer has long cherished the theory that the world has no soul. There are many evidences of this, one of which lies in the hackneyed use of the phrase "soulless corporations" so frequently encountered in the public prints. But it is so easy to fall into error and to be mistaken! Business, it now appears, must have a soul because the selling of insurance is business of the common, ordinary, sordid kind, and for the instruction of the men laboring in this field there has lately been issued a book with the alluring title of "The Psychology of Soliciting."* If, therefore, business were soulless, the application of psychology to business methods and business principles would be impossible, since psychology is the Science of the Soul. It will be easily apparent even to the dullest mind what the result must be if psychology once becomes a part of an insurance solicitor's stock in trade. The average citizen, who is not immune, will, at the psychological moment, stand helpless before the psychological solicitor who has transfixed him with his working eye. Knowing the phenomena of the soul and of mind conditions, the solicitor can read the mind of the man before him as easily as the Arabian Nights' magician in possession of lamp or ring discomfited the genii whom he encountered. The possibilities of psychology and its application to business appear absolutely boundless. The solicitor who has properly mastered the manual issued for his benefit can stand and triumphantly say with the Count of Monte Cristo, "The world is mine"! After a course in psychology the condition of a man's mind will be to the close student simply a trade condition. He will be

able to perceive at once just when his "prospect" is ready to sign the contract which is the basis of his commission, and again, at the psychological moment there will be a meeting of pen and contract with a resulting signature, that must be as effective as the meeting of minds so essential and so vital in law. The prospective policy holder becomes as clay in the hands of a potter. He cannot help himself. He signs because of psychology, and under the influence of it the forces of the soul compel him to protect those dependent upon him by means of the insurance principle.



The Insurance Investigation

ADDITIONAL testimony was given by R. A. McCurdy before the Armstrong Committee last week. This was particularly notable because it elicited the expression of opinion on his part that life insurance was merely philanthropy. His words were:

"I claim that life insurance is a philanthropic enterprise, and that the estimation in which the life insurance companies have been held in late years is a wrong one entirely. The fact that they have been held to be money-making affairs for the sake of the policy-holder and the annual return to him in his dividends has obscured the whole object of a mutual life insurance company—what it is intended for, what it does."

The committee adjourned and the investigation halted on account of the death of Speaker Nixon, of the Assembly. Sessions will be resumed this week.



THE recent revelations in regard to insurance inspired more than one sermon in local churches last Sunday. The widespread indignation against the Alexanders, Hydes, Depews, McCalls, Perkinses and McCurdys and their revealed practices of diverting the funds of their respective companies from ordinary to political and other unusual channels was powerfully voiced from a number of pulpits. The insurance situation, as it is at present, calls for considerable lamentation. There appears, however, to be a tendency manifested on the part of hostile States to await the result of investigations now on foot in this State before taking further action.

* PSYCHOLOGY OF SOLICITING. *An Application of Mental Laws to the Art of Canvassing.* By John I. Harden. Indianapolis: The Rough Notes Co. Price \$1.00.

Financial

Telephone Competition

FOUR independent telephone companies have recently applied for franchises in the city of New York, which is now served by one company, whose system is larger than that of any other city in the world, nearly equaling those of London and Berlin combined. These applicants offer rates, for their service, much lower than those now paid for the existing service. But the estimate of the engineer of the city's Finance Department that the price of a franchise for twenty-five years should be \$7,750,000 appears to be prohibitive, when considered in connection with the cost of rentals for use of the street conduits, which the existing company virtually controls. The situation tends to excite discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of competition in the telephone service of a great city.

We spoke some weeks ago of the admirable report of a committee of the Merchants' Association which thoroly investigated the New York company's business and induced that company to make rate reductions amounting to \$1,525,000 in annual revenue. This report, which declared that the company's service was unsurpassed elsewhere in adequacy or efficiency, contained the results of an inquiry in other places as to the desirability of competition. In the committee's opinion, competition in such service is not beneficial to the public and is not a useful means of regulating charges. The experience of certain other large cities was set forth, showing, according to the testimony taken and the facts ascertained, an increase of cost to business men, who found that they must pay for two services instead of one, and indicating that the independent service was really the more expensive of the two, because of the inferior degree of utility involved.

As in the case of other national monopolies, duplication in telephone service, wires, conduits, etc., is an economic waste. This is true with respect to the long distance lines as well as concerning those which lie wholly within the boundaries of a municipality. The ideal service is that which is furnished by one centralized system, subject to supervision

and reasonable control in the public interest. Telephone competition in a great city compels a large majority of users to pay for two services instead of one; it causes a needless duplication of lines and apparatus. If at first it compels a reduction of the original company's charges, it will probably end in consolidation, after causing much inconvenience and a waste of capital. Unification of both the local and the long-distance service, under just regulation, is to be sought for the public good. In the case of a natural monopoly, evils attending such unification can be treated more effectively in some other way than by competition. Burdensome duplication and economic waste should be avoided. Some evils may be removed by inquiry, publicity and amicable discussion. Others may require a large measure of public control. Wherever such control, if needed, is successfully resisted, a popular demand for public ownership will be stimulated, and in such ownership the people will seek a remedy for abuses which do not yield to the regulation of private ownership by public authority.



This Year's Crops

THE Government's crop report for October 1st (issued on the 10th) indicates that the harvest figures will be about as follows, in bushels, comparison being made below with the actual yields of last year:

	1905.	1904.
Corn	2,707,517,000	2,467,480,934
Wheat	683,311,000	552,399,517
Oats	938,623,000	894,595,552
Rye	30,312,000	27,234,565
Barley	132,806,000	139,748,958
Buckwheat	14,848,000	15,008,336
Flax	22,714,000	23,228,000
Potatoes	259,820,000	332,830,300

Only once, in 1901, has a larger crop of wheat been harvested. This year's yield of corn has never been equaled. The short crop of four years ago was 1,522,000,000 bushels.



....Dividends announced:

U. S. Express Co. (semi-annual) \$2.00 per share, payable Nov. 15th.

United Copper Co. (Preferred) 3 per cent., payable Nov. 15th.

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Survey of the World

The President in the South

The President started for the South on the morning of the 18th, and arrived in Richmond a little before noon, having in the course of the journey made brief addresses at Fredericksburg and Ashland. In Richmond, business was suspended and he was received with great enthusiasm. At the beginning of his long address in Capitol Square he spoke of "the priceless memories of the Civil War, the proud self-sacrifice, the resolute and daring courage, the high and steadfast devotion to the right as each man saw it, whether Northerner or Southerner." Altho great praise was due to the South, he continued, for the valor her sons had then displayed, even greater praise was due to her for what her people had accomplished in the forty years of peace that followed. For twenty years the struggle had been hard and doubtful, but afterward the splendid qualities of Southern manhood and womanhood were effective in winning prosperity. "Alike in your material and in your spiritual and intellectual development, you now stand abreast of the foremost in the world's progress." Turning to the problems of government, he expressed again his familiar views as to our duty with respect to international relations. "We are a great people and must play a great part in the world. Our mission should be one of peace, but not the peace of cravens." Our voice must be raised for righteousness first, and for peace only as the handmaiden of righteousness. We must not disregard ethical standards in international relations, and must beware of the folly "which would stop the whole work of civilization by a well meant but silly persistency in trying to apply to peoples unfitted for them those theories of gov-

ernment and of national action which are suited only for the most advanced races." In undertaking to build the Panama Canal we had "necessarily undertaken to police the seas at either end of it," and therefore we had a peculiar interest in the preservation of order in the coasts and islands of the Caribbean. He believed that by wise and generous aid we could "help even the most backward of the peoples in these coasts and islands along the path of orderly liberty, so that they could stand alone." Speaking of domestic problems, he said that it was idle to try to prevent combinations of capitalists or of wage-workers, but we should see to it that they work for the public good. Many republics had fallen because they had grown to be governments in the interest of a class. "It was ultimately as fatal to the cause of freedom whether it was the rich who oppressed the poor, or the poor who plundered the rich." Our aim should be to deal justice to rich and poor alike.—At a banquet in the Masonic Temple Governor Montague, Mayor McCarthy and Senators Daniel and Martin sat at the President's table. Responding to a toast, the President said that as an American he could claim that his hosts had no more right of kinship in Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson than he himself had. He spoke of his uncle, James Dunwoody Bulloch, an admiral in the Confederate Navy, "the man who, it seemed to me, came nearest, among all the men I have ever met, to typifying that most beautiful of all characters in fiction, Thackeray's Colonel Newcome. Next only to a man's having worn the blue," he continued, "comes the fact of the man's having worn the gray, as entitling him to honor in my sight." He had put

on his staff a grand nephew of General Lee, with a grandson of General Grant and a son of Phil Sheridan. At his earnest request, Colonel Henderson, an Englishman and the author of the best biography of Stonewall Jackson, had promised to write a biography of General Lee, but he died soon after the promise was given.—At the Lee Monument the President addressed an audience of Confederate veterans, saying: "All Americans, North and South, must ever render high honor to the men of the Civil War, whether they wore the blue or whether they wore the gray, so long as they did their duty as the light was given them to see their duty, with all the strength that was in them." At the Confederate Museum he received from the ladies of the Confederate Memorial Association a bouquet of roses tied with the Confederate colors. At one point in the line of march he addressed a gathering of negroes, congratulating them upon their progress in the industrial arts and upon the good standing of their bank, which is managed exclusively by colored men. In the evening he left Richmond for Raleigh.



Railroad Rates and Forests

On the fair grounds at Raleigh the President, addressing a great audience, argued earnestly for the preservation of the forests:

"Neither State nor Nation can afford to turn these mountains over to the unrestrained greed of those who would exploit them at the expense of the future. We cannot afford to wait longer before assuming control, in the interest of the public, of these forests; for if we do wait, the vested interests of private parties in them may become so strongly entrenched that it may be a most serious as well as a most expensive task to oust them. All the higher Appalachians should be reserved, either by the States or by the Nation. I much prefer that they should be put under national control, but it is a mere truism to say that they will not be reserved either by the States or by the Nation unless you people of the South show a strong interest therein."

Such reserves would be a paying investment in many ways, providing a defense against floods and maintaining Southern water powers. He then spoke at length in support of his railway rate policy, repeating much that he had said on this subject in other public addresses:

"I do not believe in Government ownership of anything which can with propriety be left in private hands, and in particular I should most strenuously object to Government ownership of railroads. But I believe with equal firmness that it is out of the question for the Government not to exercise a supervisory and regulatory right over the railroads; for it is vital to the well being of the public that they should be managed in a spirit of fairness and justice toward all the public."

To leave them without such control would be to put a premium upon unscrupulous and ruthless cunning in railroad management, for some shippers and some managers were willing to force others into acts of injustice, under penalty of being left behind in the race for success:

"The effort to prohibit all restraint of competition, whether reasonable or unreasonable, is unwise. What we need is to have some administrative body with ample power to forbid combination that is hurtful to the public, and to prevent favoritism to one individual at the expense of another."

Rebates were "not now often given openly," but they could be given as effectively in covert form. Private cars, terminal tracks and the like must be brought under the control of the Commission, which should have power to make its findings effective promptly:

"Moreover, I hope that by law power will be conferred upon representatives of the Government capable of performing the duty of public accountants carefully to examine into the books of railroads, when so ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which should itself have power to prescribe what books, and what books only, should be kept by railroads. If there is in the minds of the Commission any suspicion that a certain railroad is in any shape or way giving rebates or behaving improperly, I wish the Commission to have power as a matter of right, not as a matter of favor, to make a full and exhaustive investigation of the receipts and expenditures of the railroad, so that any violation or evasion of the law may be detected."

At Durham the President spoke to the students of Trinity College. He was accompanied by Prof. John S. Bassett, whose praise of Booker Washington had caused an unsuccessful movement for his removal from the faculty, and also by Senator Simmons, who had been prominent in that movement. Therefore the following words were heard with much interest:

"You stand for academic freedom, for the right of private judgment, for the duty, more incumbent upon the scholar than upon any other man, to tell the truth as he sees it, to claim for himself and to give to others the

largest liberty in seeking after the truth. There must be no coercion of opinion if collegiate training is to bring forth full fruit."

At the Charlotte station the President met the widow of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, the head of a committee appointed to entertain Mrs. Roosevelt. Taking her hand, he said: "What, the widow of the great Stonewall Jackson! Why, it is worth the whole trip to have a chance to shake your hand!" He had made her grandson a cadet at West Point.



Municipal Ownership in Chicago

After the rejection, two weeks ago, by the Chicago Aldermen, of Mayor Dunne's plan for solving the street railway problem in that city, he expressed a desire to submit another one. The first, rejected by a vote of eighteen to forty-five, provided that a franchise of twenty years should be granted to a company composed of advocates of municipal ownership, and that this company should operate a railway in streets not covered by existing valid franchises. The second (which he has not yet asked the Council to consider), would provide for the acquisition of the present railway system by purchase or condemnation. On the 16th, the Mayor sent to the Council a brief message, asking for the passage of an accompanying order or resolution directing the Council's Transportation Committee to "cease forthwith" negotiating with the railway companies except as to the purchase of their properties. The committee has been considering, with some indications of approval, the companies' recent offer to pay, in improvements and cash, for an extension of their franchises. This order or resolution was promptly rejected by a vote of twenty-seven to thirty-seven, but was afterwards referred to the committee. Seven Democrats voted against the Mayor. Afterward, at the same session, the Aldermen decided by a vote of fifty-one to thirteen, that any plan which they should adopt must be submitted to a popular vote, and that they would not thereafter adopt any plan disapproved by a majority at such a referendum. Apparently the Council desires to recommend acceptance of the companies' offer, with some amendments in the city's interest. The Mayor

hopes that the minority on his side and in favor of municipal ownership will be large enough to prevent such a recommendation from being made over his veto. The companies appear to expect that their proposition will be accepted.



Corporations and Great Fortunes

On his way to Atlanta the President stopped for two hours at Roswell, Ga., to visit for the first time the old homestead where his mother (Miss Martha Bulloch) had lived in her youth, and where she was married. There he was greeted by two old negro servants, one of whom had been his mother's maid. In a brief address at the town park he spoke with much feeling of the memories awakened by his visit, and of his Southern relatives, especially of the two uncles who were in the Confederate Navy. On his way to the station he stopped to enter the Presbyterian Church, where his grandfather dropped dead in 1849 while teaching a Sunday School class. Speaking to a great audience in Atlanta on the same day, he took up the subject of great corporations, which, he said, if doing an inter-State business, should be accountable to the Federal Government. But the unwisdom of attempts to prevent or limit corporate activity had been shown in the Philippines and in Porto Rico, where legislation designed to prevent the exploitation of the islands by adventurers had seriously hampered and retarded development by excluding American capital. He then spoke of the great private fortunes and of "the man of great means who achieves fortune by crooked methods."

"The conscience of our people has been deeply shocked by the revelations made of recent years as to the way in which some of the great fortunes have been obtained and used, and there is, I think, in the minds of the people at large a strong feeling that a serious effort must be made to put a stop to the cynical dishonesty and contempt for right which have thus been revealed. I believe that something, and I hope that a good deal, can be done by law to remedy the state of things complained of. But when all that can be, has thus been done, there will yet remain much which the law cannot touch, and which must be reached by the force of public opinion. There are men who do not divide actions merely into those that are honest and those that are not, but create a third sub-division—that of law honesty; of that kind of honesty which

consists in keeping clear of the penitentiary. It is hard to reach astute men of this type save by making them feel the weight of an honest public indignation. We should treat with a peculiarly contemptuous abhorrence the man who, in a spirit of sheer cynicism, debauches either our business life or our political life. Of all men in the country, the worst are the men who have achieved great wealth, or any other form of success, in any save a clean and straightforward manner."

From the cotton crop and the Chinese boycott he passed to the Chinese exclusion law, saying we had come short of our duty toward the people of China. We ought to exclude all Chinese laborers, skilled or unskilled, but should admit and treat with every courtesy all Chinese not of the laboring class. In another address, at the Piedmont Club, the President warmly praised "Uncle Remus" (Joel Chandler Harris), and warned his hearers to exercise care in charging men in public life with being corrupt. "To accuse an honest man of being a thief is to gladden the heart of every thief in the Nation. First be sure of the facts. Do not be lenient, but do be just." One of the guests shouted: "We want you for another term!" Mr. Roosevelt smiled, but emphatically shook his head.—He arrived in Jacksonville on the 21st. In his address there he said that the Panama Canal would surely be constructed, and probably at less expense than was anticipated. As for the countries south of us, we did not wish another foot of territory, but it might occasionally be necessary to interfere by exercising an international police power, if only to avoid seeing some European nation forced to exercise it. At the Baptist Academy he spoke to an audience of negroes, commenting upon the evidence of their thrift and pointing out that while they should strive to make good teachers and preachers they should remember that there was almost unlimited room for men in agriculture and the mechanical trades. After a quiet Sunday in St. Augustine, he started for Mobile, arriving there on Monday afternoon.



Politics and
Washington Topics

Secretary Taft's
speech at Akron,
O., on the 21st, was
generally regarded as a reply to the recent speech in which Senator Foraker

opposed the President's railroad rate policy; but it was something more than that. The Secretary asserted that Mr. Bryan was resuming control of the Democratic party, advocating Government ownership of railroads and a general paternalism, leaning toward Socialism, which would paralyze the industrial and social progress of the country. It was to meet such attacks upon our present economic, social and political conditions, he continued, that the President sought to remove actual evils. He replied at length to Senator Foraker's argument against the President's rate policy, and then undertook to defend Governor Herrick against the charge that he was subservient to George B. Cox, commonly known as the Republican Boss of Cincinnati. This led to a sharp attack upon Cox himself, who is said to be supporting Senator Foraker as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. The Cox machine, Secretary Taft said, placed the whole government of both county and city absolutely under Cox's control, and the government under it was constantly described as a very corrupt one. The power secured by the Boss and his assistants had "undoubtedly inured to their pecuniary benefit" and given them large fortunes. If he could be in Cincinnati, he said, on Election Day, he would vote against the Republican municipal ticket.—In Maryland, Senator Rayner, Democrat, has publicly attacked the pending disfranchising Amendment and its chief supporter, his colleague, Senator Gorman. His denunciation of the Amendment fills a page of a newspaper. "I would rather," he says, "that my name should be forever buried in oblivion than either by active participation or silent acquiescence assist in inflicting this outrage upon the people of my State."—By order of the President, an important modification of the Civil Service rules has been made, as follows:

"When the President or head of an Executive Department is satisfied that an officer or employee in the classified service is inefficient or incapable, and that the public service will be materially improved by his removal, such removal will be made without hearing, but the cause of removal shall be stated in writing and filed. When misconduct is committed, in the view and presence of the President or the head of an Executive Department, removal may be made summarily and without notice."

The President was greatly annoyed some time ago, while driving, by the exasperating conduct of a chauffeur (in the classified service) who was operating an automobile owned by the Government. This incident led to discussion in the Cabinet and to the change in the rules. Advocates of the merit system find in the change something to commend, but say that the power thus granted might easily be abused. Under the new rule the offending chauffeur's head was the first to fall.



Philadelphia's Reform Movement Two or three members of the Cabinet and several other prominent Republicans having declined to speak at any meeting of the "organization" Republicans in Philadelphia, the chief figures at the "organization's" first meeting were Governor Pennypacker and Senator Penrose. The Governor said that Mayor Weaver had taken the right course in opposing the gas lease, removing unworthy officers, and purifying the voting lists. He then turned against the Mayor and denounced him for being false to his trust in accepting the leadership of a political movement and in using his influence in support of a political cause. Senator Penrose, a constant associate of those whom the Mayor is attacking, said the Republican Party had no apology to offer to canting hypocrites, nor any explanation to political conspirators who sought the overthrow of the party because they had failed to receive its honors. He also denounced the Philadelphia newspapers.—The committee appointed by the Councils to investigate the Mayor's acts has had unwelcome testimony forced upon it by the Superintendent of the Police, who insisted upon saying that the Director of Public Safety, recently removed by the Mayor, had given him orders that repeaters at the polls were not to be molested, and had taken from the Rogues' Gallery the photographs of jail birds appointed to be members of the police force.—On the day of the "organization's" first rally, a political scandal was disclosed by the failure of the Enterprise National Bank, of Allegheny, and the suicide of its cashier,

T. Lee Clark. This was one of the banks in which large sums of the State's money were deposited and from which influential politicians were accustomed to obtain loans. The immediate cause of failure appears to have been the large loans made by Clark upon the securities of a small railroad in New Mexico, promoted by William L. Andrews, formerly of Pennsylvania and an intimate friend of the late Senator Quay, but now New Mexico's Delegate at Washington.



The Triumph of Togo

The genius of the Japanese for spectacles and public festivals was demonstrated in the triumphal entry of Admiral Togo into the capital of Japan, and the review of his victorious fleet by the Mikado in the Bay of Tokyo. It was probably not by chance that the day for this event was nearly the same as that on which England was celebrating the centenary of Nelson's victory. The British ships were conspicuous in the naval demonstration, and everything was turned to account to emphasize the alliance of the two great insular naval powers. Baron Hayashi was one of the speakers at the Nelson banquet in London, and a telegram was read there from Togo, expressing "our ever-increasing admiration for and devotion to the great Admiral." The thirteen British warships in the harbor of Tokyo were visited by the Japanese people of all classes in immense crowds, estimated to number 40,000, on the Harvest Festival. On October 22nd Admiral Togo, with a suite of twelve Vice and Rear Admirals, and accompanied by Marquis Ito as the representative of the Emperor, was brought from Yokohama to Tokyo by special train. He was received at the Shimbashi station by the Cabinet, the Elder Statesmen and officers of the municipality, and escorted by them in triumphal procession thru the streets of the capital amid the shouts of "Banzai" to the palace of the Emperor, to whom he presented his official report of the conduct of the Navy during the war. The Emperor thanked him and granted a special rescript, which was not made public as it contains naval matters of importance. On the following day, the Emperor reviewed the fleet in Tokyo

Bay; the vessels in the harbor and the hills around were thronged with people who maintained silence out of respect for the imperial presence, as the cruiser "Asama," flying the Emperor's flag, a gold chrysanthemum on a crimson ground, passed between the triple lines of warships. As the Roman generals led captives behind their chariots, so Togo's triumph was graced by many Russian warships captured after the Battle of the Sea of Japan or raised in the harbor of Port Arthur. These have dropped the names that have become familiar to us from the despatches and will hereafter be known by their Japanese names as follows: "Peresviet" ("Sagami"), "Poltava" ("Tango"), "Nikolai I" ("Iki") and "Admiral Apraxine" ("Okinoshima"). Besides these there were a large number of minor Russian ships. Altogether the fleet numbered 308 vessels, including 86 torpedo boats and destroyers, and five submarine boats. The Emperor received, while he was on board the "Asama," Admiral Noel, of the British squadron, and the captains of the American warships, the battleship "Wisconsin" and the cruiser "Cincinnati."

Another Cuban Treaty Proposed

At a convention of the seven commercial, industrial and agricultural associations of Cuba, on the 17th, a resolution was adopted by unanimous vote, saying that the greatest need of the island is a new and permanent commercial treaty with the United States. A committee was appointed to consult with President Palma concerning such a treaty. He said that he would gladly assist in promoting closer commercial relations with this country. These associations oppose the pending treaty with Great Britain, which the Palma Government negotiated and which is not acceptable to our Government at Washington. They desire a new treaty covering general commercial relations as well as tariff reciprocity, and providing for preferential treatment of exported or imported goods carried in ships of the United States or of Cuba. Their aim is to preserve the market for Cuban products in the United States, fearing that, if no new agreement be made, that market will

be injuriously affected by coming free trade with the Philippines.—The Liberals, who have withdrawn from the campaign, assert that the Moderates have fraudulently and very largely increased the number of registered voters. President Palma denies this, saying that in Manzanillo, Holguin, and other places where the Liberals really had a majority, at the recent primaries they obtained all that a majority should have. He expresses a hope that the new Congress, after April next, will have a majority to support his policy concerning various public improvements.

President Loubet Visits Spain

The latest of the official visits which form so conspicuous a feature in the foreign policy of the French Government is the journey of President Loubet to Madrid in return for the visit of King Alfonso to Paris last May. The President arrived at the station at midday, October 23rd, was received there by the King, and the two rulers were driven to the palace in a coach between lines of troops. Two massive triumphal arches, each crowned with the arms of Castile and France, spanned the route and at the Puerto del Sol thirty golden columns were erected. Every precaution was taken against a repetition of the incident which on May 31st marred the visit of King Alfonso to Paris. No kodaks could be used without a license. The French Government, ever since the attempted assassination of the King of Spain and President Loubet, by the throwing of a bomb at their carriage, has been actively engaged in the pursuit of the anarchists concerned in the plot. Indictments have been found against five of them. The supposed principal is Avino, alias Ferras, but he has not been found. Charles Malato, a well known French revolutionary writer, and an anarchist named Caussanel, are charged with complicity, and Vallino, a Spaniard, and Harvey, an Englishman, with having explosives in their possession.—King Alfonso in opening the Cortes stated that a new and powerful navy was necessary to insure respect upon the Powers, and that military instruction should be made compulsory. Whether the Government will be able to

carry out its naval plans is questionable, for Señor Echegaray, Minister of Finance, insists upon reorganizing the finances before increasing the expenditure. He wishes to make the next budget show a surplus of \$8,000,000 instead of the usual deficit. The demands upon the Government for the assistance of the famine sufferers have been very great, and thousands are still in want.



The Parting of Norway The closing of the special session of the Swedish Riksdag, called to approve of the Karlstad Agreement for the separation of the Kingdoms, was an impressive spectacle. The aged King Oscar appeared in state robes with crown and scepter, and spoke the following closing words in a voice broken with tears:

"It is at a fateful moment that I raise my voice in this hall. The union formed in 1814 between the people of the Scandinavian Peninsula, disunited for centuries before, is ruptured, and the Swedish Riksdag has, by a resolution adopted October 16, approved my proposal in regard to its dissolution. It is truly not without deep grief that I see these two closely related peoples again separated, and that the dangers which in the union of nearly a century seemed to be averted forever are again resuscitated. However, I do not give up the hope that the political union no longer exists, lasting peace between the two peoples may be maintained in the future to the safety and happiness of both nations, and I am sure that a good foundation for this is laid by the agreement with Norway which you have adopted in accordance with my wish. I cannot at this moment express without deep emotion my cordial and heartfelt thanks for all the loyal devotion the noble people of Sweden have shown to me since June 7 of the present year, thruout a time of trial that has been so painful to me. The memory of this I shall not only carry in my heart to the last hour of my life, but it is one which will constantly encourage me to employ the strength still remaining me in my old age to the best advantage for the country and people that have shown me such loyal love. I hereby declare the extraordinary session of the Riksdag closed, and I remain, my worthy sirs and men of Sweden, with all my royal grace and favor well disposed toward you."

The proclamation of King Oscar announcing the dissolution of the Union will be issued soon, and probably the Norwegian Storting will take immediate action to fill the vacant throne. There is little prospect that the question of whether the form of government shall

be republican or monarchical will be submitted to the people. The Storting is expected to take matters in its own hands and offer the throne to Prince Charles of Denmark, who, it is said, will accept it and assume the name of Haakon VII. Haakon VI was the last independent Norwegian King and died in 1380.



The Trafalgar Centenary To celebrate a victory in such a way as not to wound the feelings of the defeated nation is a difficult feat, but it is generally admitted that this was accomplished in England last week. The streets of London, which so recently resounded with greetings to the officers and men of the French fleet, were this week decorated in honor of the victory of Nelson over the allied fleets of France and Spain off Cape Trafalgar a hundred years ago. All over the empire England's great naval victory was celebrated, but naturally the chief interest centred about the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square in London, which was elaborately decorated with laurel streamers, and piled high with memorial wreaths. Prominent among them was one inscribed: "To the memory of the gallant dead of France and Spain who lost their lives in the great conflict." Immense crowds assembled in the Square to cheer the hoisting of the flag signal used by Nelson before the battle: "England expects every man to do his duty today." Patriotic services were held in St. Paul's Cathedral, where Nelson is buried, and in many other churches under the auspices of the Navy League, beginning with the singing of "God Save the King," and closing with Kipling's "Recessional." Nelson's old flagship, the "Victory," in the harbor of Portsmouth, was decorated with lines of electric lights. The French papers under the heading, "Nelson — Trafalgar — Ville-neuve" describe the celebration in the most amicable spirit.



Russian Railway Strike A railroad strike of a very serious nature has broken out in Russia. On October 21st the traffic on all the roads leaving Moscow, with the exception of the Nicholai line to St. Petersburg, was

at a standstill. Many cities were entirely cut off from outside communication. The mails were lying in the post offices, and large numbers of passengers held up en route. Even the telephone and telegraph lines were not in operation. The situation has now been made desperate by the strike last Monday on the Nicholai railroad, connecting Moscow and St. Petersburg. Dispatches from Moscow state that a continuation of the strike for a week longer would force every factory to shut down, owing to lack of coal, whether or not the factory hands took part in the strike. The same conditions of paralysis threaten all the trade and industry of Russia, unless the strike is speedily settled. The inhabitants of Moscow are already feeling the effects of the strike in the increased prices of food, and they are even confronted by famine on account of their dependence on the interior for food. The demands of the strikers, which are for universal suffrage, political freedom, amnesty, the right to organize strikes, the liberation of the arrested strikers, an eight-hour day, schools for the employees' children, and the abolition of martial law, the railroad gendarmerie, and capital punishment, are all purely political, so that it seems impossible to satisfy them by economic concessions. The situation is apparently at a deadlock, from which egress can be had only by the surrender of the strikers or, perhaps, the proclamation of martial law on the railroads. The Government is prepared to order the mobilization of the railroad battalions of the army, in order to keep communication open in case the strike continues.



Moors Capture Two British Officers

Two British marine officers, Capt. John E. Crowther and Lieut. Edward Hatton, were captured last week by the Moors near Tangier. The Englishmen were on their way from the interior to Tetuan Bay, where the British repair ship "Assistant" was stranded. The captors were Anjera tribesmen, under a brother of Valiente, the brigand chief, who was recently arrested and imprisoned at Tangier. They attacked and overpowered the escort, and carried the British officers into the interior. The British Commissioner made a

demand for the release of the Englishmen, which was met by an offer to exchange the two prisoners for the captured Valiente. When the British accepted this arrangement the Moors made additional demands, with the result that negotiations were broken off. After some delay the British finally acceded to the demands and their chief Valiente was turned over to them, with four other captive Moors. The British scout ship "Pathfinder" went to Tetuan and received Captain Crowther and Lieutenant Hatton, and brought them back to Tangier. The captives were well treated during their detention. The British Government did not take the incident very seriously; in fact it is rumored that the two officers may be punished for placing themselves in a position to be captured. —Now that France and Germany have come to an agreement in regard to what subjects may be discussed at the International Conference soon to be held, the representatives of the two nations, M. St. René Taillandier and Count Von Tattenbach-Ashold, will be withdrawn from Fez. This indicates that both parties are willing to ignore the Sultan in the future instead of competing for influence over him, and that Morocco will pass under a form of international or joint control similar to that exercised by France and England over Egypt until last year. The terms of the agreement are as follows:

"I. Police.—First, organization by international agreement of the police outside the frontier regions. Secondly, regulations for the organization of the surveillance and of the repression of the smuggling of arms. The application of these regulations in the frontier regions will remain the exclusive affair of France in Morocco.

"II. Financial Reform.—Financial assistance given to the Maghzen by the creation of a State bank with the privilege of issue, undertaking Treasury operations, and intervening for the coining of money, the profits of which will belong to the Maghzen. The State bank will undertake the improvement (*assainissement*) of the monetary situation. The credits opened for the Maghzen to be employed for the equipment and payment of the police force and for certain urgent public works, especially the improvement of ports and provision of the necessary machinery.

"III. Investigation as to a better result of taxation and the creation of new revenues.

"IV. Engagement by the Maghzen not to pledge any of the public services for the benefit of private interests. Principle of tender, without exception of nationality, for public works."



On Twelve a Week

BY ANNIE WEBSTER NOEL

IF the man is thirty and the woman twenty-eight; if the man has just finished his training for a professional career; is earning in his first year on the battle-field of New York only twelve dollars a week and they have already been engaged three years—what are they to do? Are they to wait another five years until the man is established in his practice? Eight years of living side by side, promised to each other but unmarried—is this to be the characteristic romance of the twentieth century?

We married in New York City on twelve a week. We are still happy.

"But you are not in New York still."

"Yes, we are."

"Oh, well, twenty years ago, ten years ago, you might have done it."

"We married in September, 1903."

We have received no help from outside. I have not contributed anything toward our expenses. We had nothing but the proverbial American penny to begin with. I was a teacher before we married, earning twenty dollars a week. I could teach, but I could not cook or sew. I had never made a garment or washed or ironed one. My teaching had taken up my working time for the previous eight years.

My best friend said it was impossible. I reminded her that she had done it. But not in New York, she said, and not in 1903. At last she yielded to my urgent argument that she was my best friend, and said that it might be possible if neither of us got sick and if we had no company. "You must not have company," she said.

We had no children on twelve a week, nor on fourteen a week. On twenty a week a small boy seemed to think we could support him. I often think when I look at him, so smiling and perfect, so unutterably sweet—I often think of the man who painted our flat a while ago. I asked him if he had any children. "Of course, I have," he said in irritated protest. "I've got two little beauty girls."

Then, his indignation growing, "If a man ain't got no money he can have *children*, can't he?"

I wonder if my little boy will come to me some day saying, "Mother, what did you marry on?" and I wonder if I shall say, "Dear, times were different then. It is impossible now."

Clothes are the first problem in New York. Then rent. Then food.

Of course, the bride started out with a fair supply of clothes, as any proper bride would. Even the bridegroom had some clothes.

As to the rent. We are obliged to find a home where other people living on twelve a week do. "Aye, there's the rub." We are often sorry for our friends who come to see us and make themselves uncomfortable reflecting on the neighborhood. There are twelve families in our six story tenement. I know them all. I might as well know them. The mere fact of our living with them in the same house is so staggering to our friends that my not knowing them would not help us any. And I know them so well that some of our friends catch at the straw and "make believe" that we are doing settlement work. We are not, of course. But I have found my neighbors kind. It is nice to be able to borrow a cooking pot or a teaspoonful of baking powder or an extra chair for company and find that your neighbor thinks you are doing her a favor. Especially since my baby came have they been friendly.

But we are talking about ourselves and not our neighbors. Everybody knows that they live on twelve a week. Everybody knew that we could not, for we are different.

We are fortunate in our flat. It has three rooms—parlor, bedroom and kitchen, a small hall, and a tiny bathroom. We use the parlor as a sitting-room, study, reception room and dining-room. Our breakfast we eat in the kitchen to save me work. Our parlor is a beautiful room, the only objection to it being its

dimensions—nine and a half by twelve. When we seat four people at dinner we are crowded. Still I have known people to come again, and I have had ten children in the flat insisting on playing hide and go seek and that there was “lots” of room.

We have steam heat in the parlor, a range and stationary tubs in the kitchen, gas, open plumbing. We are one flight up and pay fourteen dollars a month rent.

We see mention in certain journals of suburban homes at nine dollars a month. We have not seen the homes. I know of one home in our block at nine dollars. It has three rooms on the ground floor, two of them dark, none of them on the street, no heat, no gas, no cellar accommodation, no bath, a common toilet in a common hall so dark that you can at first see no doors. We are fortunate, indeed, in our flat. But it is no use telling our friends so. The condition of the nine-dollar flat damns ours. But the fact is we are fully as comfortable as many in a different neighborhood. My Nike, our Madonna, do not seem uncomfortable in the neighborhood. They know they are appreciated perhaps. One little girl eyed the Nike anxiously it is true, inquiring where the angel's head was and if little girls when they were angels didn't have any heads. But the milkman says it's “all right.” “I'll bet your husband gave you that before you were married,” he said appreciatively. The Mother of God is well known in some likeness in homes on twelve a week.

But our more prosperous friends are only rendered the more uncomfortable by these presences. The “Difference” looms large. They do not understand that this very difference makes it easier for us to live on twelve a week than for many of our neighbors. We are so accustomed to thinking that education merely breeds wants that we find it hard to think of it as a source of wealth.

If our friends would only be happy our great trouble would be removed. They do enjoy staying with us. It is the plunge that is hard. The fact is that our happiness without so many of the things being striven for is a slap in the face. It is not a matter of snobbery on either side.

This refers to our real friends. It remains a fact, to be dwelt upon by those who have time, that many people who would come to see you when they know you will not come to see you when they know where you live.

I have dwelt so long on this side of the matter because it presents the only practical difficulty of the situation. We know one young couple who have married in New York on much the same income and withdrawn themselves from the society of their friends. But we cannot do that. Another couple who expect to do much better than we have done. Maybe they can. We have paid fourteen dollars a month rent. If “she” does her own washing and ironing they can pay several dollars more. But washing and ironing is hard work.

Our friends who expect to do so much better—to live in a better neighborhood—do not know how much more food costs where rent costs more. The market is accommodated here to twelve dollars a week. To be sure, coal at so much a bag is ruinous, but it is hard to save enough to buy a ton and few of the houses have cellar accommodations. It is impossible to store a ton of coal in a flat already occupied by several persons. But meat is cheap. The market is full of cheap cuts and the best of meat is sold several cents cheaper than elsewhere. I have a sister-in-law in a “good” neighborhood who pays three cents more for porterhouse, five for butter, two for bacon, two for oil, two for sugar, and so on, and gets no better quality.

Food, fuel, dry groceries, can all be had in small quantities, sometimes costing the same, sometimes one-half or one-quarter of a cent more, than by the pound or dozen. If on Thursday you think a quarter of a pound of coffee would last you till pay-day you get it. If on Saturday morning you feel you must have cream for breakfast and you have only five cents, you get five cents' worth. One orange, one banana, one tomato, two ears of corn, an onion for flavoring, a penny's worth (plenty) of parsley, a penny lemon for your fish, five cents' worth of peas (plenty for two), or four cents' worth of beans (enough for two meals), can all be had at any fruit stand, and are the expected orders. At the meat-market or-

ders for five cents' worth of bacon or two chops are carefully filled. All these things (except the bacon) cost at the same rate when bought in larger quantities. Eggs cost slightly more when bought by ones or twos or threes. Still, you can get small quantities when you have only a small quantity of money, and you can close up the week, having wanted nothing, with every cent paid. I shall never forget the week-end order of a tiny boy at my grocer's—"Two loaves of bread, one white and one rye, a bottle of ketchup, a quarter pound of butter, and two cents' worth of flour."

It is an important matter on twelve a week that the husband come home to luncheon. We chose a location near the office. Sixty cents in carfare is saved in this way, and at least as much in luncheons. Those who urge suburban residence as a solution of the tenement-house problem should take this into consideration. We could not have afforded that much more. Our neighbors all live near their working-places. There is the additional inducement that the time at home is so much longer. One of our neighbors, a coachman here in the house, refused a nice home in Brooklyn, rent-free and heat-free, because, as he said, "he wanted to stay at home once in a while."

Tho we have followed the example of our neighbors in so many ways, we have not exactly copied their methods. My husband gives me half of what he earns, and we apportion expenses as nearly as possible. The good husband here simply hands his wife his envelope. She pays the rent (even our receipt is made out in my name); she buys all his clothes as well as the children's; she decides whether cash is to be paid, and the curses of the small, unpaid tradesman fall upon her; no one thinks of holding the man responsible. She gives him each morning his carfare and his lunch-money, if necessary. If he wants ten cents for tobacco or five cents for a beer he gets it of her if he can; if he can't, he goes without. It isn't a case of hen-pecking. The man thinks it is the only way to keep the home together. Woman's economic position in the slums is high.

We kept house on twelve dollars a

week for three months, on fourteen a week for six months. Then we had twenty a week. We have come to the conclusion that twenty a week is about where poverty commences. Below that contentment is found in meeting living expenses. But above that new wants begin to take shape. If one hasn't a dollar, one stays at home and is content. But who ever went out to buy something for a dollar and did not see just what she wanted for two?

We have reached the critical stage of our *ménage*. We are spending a little more here, a little more there. We are entertaining a little more. We are mixing more with people of larger means. Our acquaintance among the joyless children is spreading and we need more for them. Better clothes, new sofa-pillows, are a necessity, and we cannot get them. Thru a gradual increase in our income we have been reduced to poverty. But we have never been poor before, and we are determined not to remain so.

What is this all about? some one may ask. We have a near and dear relative who visits us sometimes, coming from a finer home. Then for a little while "the veil drops from our eyes." We see our flat as she sees it. We realize that her voice is the voice of the world telling us that we have no right to our baby in such a neighborhood; that our cheap oil cloth in the kitchen has an ugly pattern; that our flat is uncomfortably small; that our bedroom has no sunlight; that our clothes ought to be much nicer; that it is degrading to the mind, corroding to the soul to count the pennies so closely.

When she goes away we are blue for a while. We know it is all so. But she has forgotten one thing, which we soon remember. She has forgotten that we are young. She has forgotten that the question was "Shall we get married?" It is not a question of liking the neighborhood. It is a matter of living cheaply so that we can be together.

Nevertheless the neighborhood has its advantages. Its disadvantages are so patent as to need no mention. But it deserves consideration that we have here more leisure; we have more money to spend on other things besides rent; we never have stew for dinner; we never

have socks for Christmas; we have opportunities to make friends in a new world; the struggle to meet expenses is not so absorbing but that we have time to contemplate much finer things in the future.

And we are happier together than separated.

Young people who do not marry are those who prefer not to. It is not worth their while. They do not care to marry unless they can live in the neighborhood of those earning a much larger sum than they can.

Perhaps they are afraid that if they sink to the level of a poorer neighborhood they will never rise again. Maybe. But it is not necessary to sink to that level. I tried to when we first came here from a notion of "getting into touch," but my neighbors would not permit it. "You used to talk so nice when you first came

Mrs. N———," one said, reproachfully, to me, "and you use so much slang now." So we made an agreement that I should help to remind her when she swore and she should tell me when I used slang. We didn't, of course, for we are both much too polite, but my English has certainly improved.

My husband has not found that his residence interfered with his advancement. In fact his added leisure for study, a mind no longer distracted by the vexations of an engagement, a better physical condition and the comfort of a home after his day, have helped him, he thinks.

It does not seem to us that the characteristic romance of the twentieth century will be either the marriage of the middle-aged or the renunciation of love.

NEW YORK CITY.



Idolatry

BY HENRY GOODWIN SMITH

IN forest gloom, beside his altar fire,
A Savage rudely shaped his thought of God.
With jagged flint he hewed a hideous Form,
That mocked the Glory which may not be shown
In likeness of a beast or bird or man.
To this, barbarians bowed in reverence,
To this they sacrificed their enemies,
And poured the life-blood of their own first-born.
And the Father of Mercies looked down from above,
In infinite sorrow, compassion and love.

In cloister shade, with horn and sharpened quill,
The School-man wrote, defining Deity.
With dialectic art and skilled device
He wrought the mental Idol that replaced
The shattered crudity of pagan days.
And to the cunning product of his brain
The Church of Christ bowed down in reverence,
To this she sacrificed her enemies,
And cast into the flames her own first-born.
And the Saviour of All Men looked down from the throne,
And startled the raptures of Heaven with a groan.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



Japanese on American Farms.

By Kiyohsi K. Kawakami.

[The establishment of Japanese colonies in Texas for the purpose of developing the rice lands of the South has raised a general discussion of the question of Japanese immigration and naturalization and made it an important political issue. This discussion has, however, been too much based upon sociological generalities and personal prejudices, and very little attention has been paid to the actual conditions. It is to supply some of the data needed for the solution of the problem that we have procured this close study of the character and work of the Japanese in Texas. The writer of the article is the author of "The Political Ideas of Modern Japan" and the American representative of the Daily *Yorodzu* and the Daily *Asahi*, of Tokyo, and he has personally visited all the Japanese farm colonies mentioned in the text.—EDITOR.]

HOW can the United States improve the class of immigrants who year after year flow into her dominions from beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans? Is there any means by which to divert the overwhelming tide of immigrants from the cities to the agricultural districts? What measure should the commonwealth resort to in attempting the betterment of the material welfare of these alien people and the improvement of their moral and intellectual tones?

In connection with this problem, it is interesting to note that during the past two or three years there have appeared in the empire State of Texas several Japanese colonies whose aim is the growing of rice on lands of their own. Inasmuch as the time has been short since the Japanese rice-growers commenced to till the soil in Texas, their colonies are not yet as well established nor as characteristic of their native land as the Russian colonies on the prairies of Western Kansas; yet the handsome crops gathered last Autumn

and the waving fields of golden grain now ready for the harvesting machines furnish evidence strong enough to render the Mikado's subjects in Texas extremely sanguine of their future prospects, and to induce more settlers from Japan to pursue farming in the rice-belt of that State.

A trip to these new colonies is both interesting and instructive. As is well known, the Japanese are a rice-eating people. For countless generations they have subsisted on this staple, and naturally the art of rice culture has been developed to a degree of perfection unexcelled by any other nation. The geographical limits of the Empire and the extraordinary density of the population necessitated the division of the farm land into small tracts, resulting in the development of an intensive rather than an extensive cultivation. The Japanese are strangers to the powerful machines and heavy teams used on American farms. They rely mostly upon human force, their



A Japanese Farmer in Texas.

implements being few and simple. Yet they till the land with indefatigable toil and unswerving patience, coupled with inherent dexterity and instinctive thoroughness. As a result, their farms have literally a spick and span appearance; as scrupulously neat and clean as the people themselves, who are notorious for their orderly habits. Not an obnoxious weed is allowed to choke the young rice, nor is an implement carelessly abandoned in the field. When they pursue farming on the wide prairies of America the Japanese substitute machine farming for hand labor, tho they retain the characteristics inherent in their race, applying to the American mode of extensive cultivation their fastidious dexterity acquired from experience extending thru hundreds of years.

The writer has personally witnessed

these characteristics manifested in most of the Japanese farms on the Pacific Coast, especially in California and Washington. His recent visit to the Japanese colonies in Texas confirmed his belief that his compatriots, with but modest means, are able to successfully carry on agriculture on American farms.

The first movement to colonize the Japanese on the rice farms in Texas was made by Mr. S. Uchida, Consul-General of Japan at New York, who visited the rice belt in Texas and Louisiana early in the year 1902 with a view to investigating into conditions as they would apply to his people, some of whom had thought of entering the rice industry in that part of the country. Mr. Uchida's impression was very favorable. He was persuaded that the rice culture in that State was far more profitable than that

in his country; that the price of land was merely a pittance as compared with the rice field in Japan, while in degree of fertility Texas farms are by no means inferior to the Japanese.

Mr. Uchida was warmly received in Houston and other cities of the rice belt. By the invitation of the Rice Association of America, he addressed a meeting of that organization in Beaumont, Tex., stating that it was not the intention to encourage the immigration of cheap labor into Texas or Louisiana, but that owing to the high price of land in Japan, it would be desirable to invite independent Japanese farmers of some means to settle in the rice belt of America. This speech resulted in a resolution unanimously passed by the members of the Rice Association, inviting Japanese rice farmers to seek their new homes in the rice districts of these two Southern States. Consul-General Uchida's report on the rice industry, submitted to the Department of Agriculture and Commerce of Japan, was published in the

Official Gazette and several newspapers in Tokyo, and became a topic of comment among the enterprising rice growers in the Mikado's Empire.

The first Japanese party which, attracted by this favorable report, undertook rice culture in Texas consisted of five young men, all of whom were intelligent and well educated in their native country. Early in 1903 these young men took a farm near Port Lavaca, in Calhoun County, Tex. This enterprise was a failure, not because the land was not adapted to the industry, but because a break in the dam allowed the salt water from the gulf to overflow the rice fields, nipping the growth of the rice before the harvest season set in.

The most significant event in the record of Japanese colonization in Texas was the arrival in that State in September, 1903, of three eminent Japanese gentlemen, Messrs. S. Saibara, R. Onishi and S. Nishimura, who at once applied for naturalization papers, intending to settle permanently in that section.



A Japanese Farmer's House at Webster, Texas.

After visiting several centers of rice industry, these gentlemen procured land at Webster, in Harris County, Tex., each farm comprising 300 acres. They immediately started to fence these premises, to break the ground, and sink a well for the purpose of irrigation; and in the Autumn of the following year (1904) their fields were radiant with the golden hues of an ample crop. Meanwhile, several other parties came from Japan to seek a residence in the rice belt of Texas,

the Del Rio Colony, these plantations are all located within a short distance from Houston, with that metropolitan city of Texas as the center. The planters have imported a number of Japanese farmers, whom they prefer to American laborers, from motives of sentiment and because of their special experience and ingenuity in the culture of rice. Altho cheap colored labor is abundant in that Southern State, the Japanese show a strong abhorrence toward it, having never employ-



Transplanting the Rice in Japan.

among them Mr. J. Ohashi and Mr. J. S. Katayama, a well-known labor leader in Japan. Ohashi settled on a farm of 300 acres in Garwood, some forty miles north of Houston, while Katayama took a tract of land at Aldine, a village near the same city. Ohashi's maiden crop reaped last season was especially satisfactory, and this young man is now enlarging his plantation. Several other parties have colonized in Texas in the course of the past and the present year, and there are, at present some seven or eight parties, each working from 300 to 600 acres of rice land. With the single exception of

ed a single negro. Those who have not brought their employees from their mother land, employ white labor at wages considerably higher than are accorded to their countrymen.

Some of the Japanese hands have brought with them their wives and children, while others are yet unmarried.

The Mikado's subjects are exceedingly adaptable. None of the Japanese farmers in Texas had ever seen such heavy machines or handled such heavy teams as are used on American farms, yet these colonizers, after a brief experience of a year or two, are already thor-

oly at home with those instruments, without at the same time losing any of their characteristic individuality. Aside from their color, these Japanese immigrants closely resemble the Americans. They live in American houses, wear American clothes, read American books and newspapers, and subsist on American food, with a slight tinge of Japanese cookery. In intelligence and ingenuity they are not excelled by any ordinary American farmers. Their capital is not large, ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000. With strict economy and vigilant frugality, however, they accomplish more than their American rivals possibly could with the same amount of money. They bought land and heavy machines and pumping engines in instalments extending over four or five years. In the first year most of the planters cultivated from one hundred to one hundred and fifty acres, enlarging it into three hundred acres in the second. In Webster, Garwood and Aldine their rice fields are irrigated with well water, artesian or pumped. One of these artesian wells cost above a thousand dollars, and yet in time of drought had to be re-enforced by a pumping engine, involving additional expenditure of some \$500.

All in all, rice culture is an expensive industry, requiring a considerable investment. This single fact should be potent enough to dissipate the false notion of many Americans that this new enterprise in Texas would tend to bring many coolies and cheap laborers from the Orient. It is worth while to dwell upon the fact that these Japanese enterprisers in Texas are not farmers themselves, having had no farming experience at home. While in their mother land they were journalists, publicists, business men, or scholars. Foremost among these enlightened farmers is Mr. S. Saibara, formerly a member of the Japanese House of Representatives, and a lawyer of high standing.

But wearied with wire-pulling, bribery, graft, and the innumerable vices inalienable from the political world, this young politician of unmistakable promise suddenly turned against a vocation which had occupied him for nearly a score of years and came to this side of the Pacific

in search of the quiet and purity of country life. Having been a devoted Christian and a warm friend of evangelical movements while at home, Saibara found a solace for his wearied soul in the Christian atmosphere of the New England States, where he had spent a year before coming to Texas. His wife and two sons are now assisting him on his farms in Texas.

Another interesting character is found in the person of Mr. Rihei Onishi, who was formerly on the editorial staff of the *Jiji-Shimpo*, a Tokyo daily, exercising great influence as the organ of the financier circles. Onishi still retains his connection with the *Jiji-Shimpo*, and represented that paper at the famous peace conference at Portsmouth. Adroit, shrewd, eminently practical, Onishi combines in his personality the two rôles of writer and business man. When asked which is his business and which his hobby, he answers, smilingly: "Neither is my hobby; I am a farmer-newspaperman."

No less interesting than these two settlers is Mr. J. S. Katayama, who bought land at Alden. An ardent advocate of Socialism, Katayama is also identified with the growth of trade-unionism in Japan. Educated in Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia., and in Yale University, he carried back with him into his native land some ten years ago certain socialistic conceptions, and immediately embarked on a vigorous propaganda, effectively wielding both voice and pen in behalf of the wage-earners. He established a fortnightly paper entitled *Rodo-Sekai*, or the *Labor World*, now published under the title of *Shakai-Shugi*, or *Socialism*. For some seven years before undertaking the rice industry in Texas, this Japanese socialist had devoted his entire energy to the propagation of socialism and to the awakening of the working class. It was in the early part of the past year that he came to this country again in search of rice lands in Texas. Having returned from Amsterdam, Holland, whither he had sailed from this country last Summer to represent his comrades in Japan at a session of the International Socialist Party, Katayama finally purchased several hundred acres of rice land at Aldine. When the writer asked him if he had given up the

labor movement in Japan, his reply was an emphatic no.

"I am worn out after an unceasing toil of seven years, and I need a good rest. Besides, what is the use of preaching socialism when the whole nation is intoxicated with the false glory of a victorious campaign? Since I left Japan the most conspicuous of my comrades have been rewarded with imprisonment for raising their voices against the war. When this mad excitement incident to the war has subsided, and when I have recovered my energy, I shall return to my country to join my comrades again under the banner of socialism."

Falling behind no person in his devotion to socialism, Mr. Katayama is ex-

tled in Garwood, is yet a boy of some twenty years of age. He came from a wealthy family in Tokyo and, in spite of his tender age, has already shown a remarkable managing ability, having successfully conducted a 300 acre farm for the past two years.

Thus it will be seen that the Japanese settlers in Texas are all very estimable gentlemen, who, had they stayed in their native land, would no doubt have attained a position of prominence and importance as publicists or financiers. No class of immigrants who



Threshing the Rice in Japan.

ceedingly law-abiding, and shrinks from radicalism of a fire-and-blood nature.

One of the Japanese trio at Webster, Mr. S. Nishimura, is a man of remarkable business ability, acting as the sole agent in Canada of the Japan Tea Association, with his headquarters in Montreal. If an experiment on the 300 acre farm he now possesses proves a success, he will invest in the rice industry the greater portion of his profit from the tea business. Mr. Hashimoto, who set-

come to settle in this country could be more desirable. As citizens of the commonwealth, they would be loyal to the principles of the democratic government. As farmers, they would constitute the most intelligent and intellectual element of rural communities. To all intents and purposes they desire to remain permanently where they have settled, applying for naturalization certificates, which would guarantee them the full rights of American citizenship. But

will the Republic allow them to pledge their allegiance to the country of their adoption? It seems absurd, indeed, to imagine a government which would bar out a class of immigrants whose quality and character demand appreciation on the part of any sensible person. Yet these respectable Japanese are denied naturalization papers, simply because they are Orientals. It was in the last April that C. V. C. VanDusen, United States Examiner, relative to naturalization, wrote to the United States District-Attorney McLemore, of the Southern District of Texas, calling attention to the fact that the certificates of declaration of intention to become American citizens given by the District Court of Harris County, to natives and subjects of Japan, were unlawfully issued. The Special Examiner demanded that such action should be taken as will prevent the future acceptance of declarations of intention from Japanese to become American citizens, and that the naturalization certificates already issued to them should be revoked. This protest naturally created alarm amongst the Jap-

anese colonists in Texas. They had been led to believe that they could become American citizens, and upon the strength of that impression they had been induced to invest money in lands they have since been cultivating. It is true that in the State of Texas aliens are allowed to own land. But would such enlightened men as Onishi or Saibara be satisfied with property rights alone, deprived of all other privileges of American citizenship? Have they come to settle in this country, turning aside from the tempting promises held out before them in their native land, for the sheer purpose of enriching themselves? Certainly not. They expect to enjoy the full rights and share the full duties of American citizenship.

No one is more anxious than the Japanese on Texas farms to have the Federal law revised so as to guarantee the Mikado's subjects the rights of naturalization. When that revision is made, they will gladly swear allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States, converting themselves into loyal citizens of the great Republic.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Why Socialists Are Partisans

BY W. J. GHENT

AUTHOR OF "OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM," "MASS AND CLASS."

MANY persons, kindly disposed toward a vague or partial Socialism, criticise the unpromising attitude of the Socialist party. They want "practical results," and they believe that these results are best obtained by a policy of fusion with elements conceived to be making for the Socialist goal. Social evolution, they say, must be gradual and uniformitarian, as they innocently imagine physical evolution to be. They appeal to history, too, to show that most reforms have come by gradual stages. The extension of manhood suffrage, the general abolishment of the property qualification for office-holding, the growth of factory legislation, the in-

crease of wages, the shortening of the work day—all are instanced by them as advances made by means of a policy directly opposed to the separatist policy of the Socialist party. Step-at-a-time is their motto, and fusion, compromise and appeals to the better nature of the opposition are their means of action.

Small Latin and less Greek, and something less than an encyclopedic holding in social science, are needed by the Socialists to question their assertions and to dispute their conclusions. Long before De Vries and Burbank came to our aid with their proof of mutations in the physical world, we knew out of history that social evolution has other movements

than those of gradual and uniformitarian stages. Violent and revolutionary changes are made. French Revolutions, English and American Civil Wars, abolitions of feudal privileges and of chattel slavery, interrupt the peaceful progress of society, just as Krakatoa and Mont Pelée accompany the age-long erosion of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado or the washing down of the detritus of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. Evolution makes use of all forms of motion. She multiplies her effects by infinitesimal gradations, but when this multiplication reaches the allotted sum she overturns, in the twinkling of an eye, states and systems, as she explodes mountains and uplifts valleys.

As social evolution is not universally gradual, neither is it homogeneous and pacific. Its main impulse has ever been a conflict of interests. Classes have opposed classes in all historic times, and the efforts of the possessing class to hold and of the non-possessing to acquire have determined, in large part, the social order. The illusion of many opportunists that the acknowledged advances toward democracy and well-being have been caused by a spread of altruistic ideas is dispelled the moment we look seriously at the prevalent economic and political conditions. Altruism is rather an effect than a cause. When England granted the reform of 1832 she did it not out of an expansion of democratic sentiment, but to avert a civil war. The rising class of manufacturers and traders pressed heavily against the ruling class of nobility and gentry for a share of political power, and would not be dissuaded until it was granted. The first factory acts were passed not because of a humanitarian interest (except on the part of a few) in the workers, but because the rapid annihilation of the peasantry jeopardized the existence of the English army, and because the nobility, jealous of the rival class of manufacturers and traders, were willing and even eager to clip its profits.

When Bismarck gave manhood suffrage to Germany it was not thru any love for his fellow men, not thru devotion to an abstract principle of democracy. He recognized the force of the particularist patriotism binding men to

their various kingdoms and principalities, and to oppose that force he sought to create a tie binding men by a dominant interest to the Empire. To this day Germany displays the anomaly of a nation electing its national representative body by manhood suffrage, but electing its various state and municipal bodies by the grossest forms of property suffrage. The winning of the suffrage in America is another case in point. Had altruism—or even common honesty—determined the matter, surely the men who wrote the democratic platitudes of the Declaration of Independence would have conceded the suffrage. But they did not; their economic interests opposed it, and it had to be wrested from them and their successors by a long series of attacks by the working class.

There is thus, as society is now constituted, an enduring conflict of interests; and it is force, actual or potential, that wins advances. But it is force directed in particular ways, according to the issue and the political and economic environment. The reforms here instanced were incidental and partial; they had to do, for the most part, only with political and administrative matters, and they did not threaten in themselves the existence of capitalism. Indeed, they may be held to have conserved, to have strengthened, capitalism; for they have furnished an outlet and a means of expression, however fruitless, for popular dissatisfaction. As they did not jeopard the system of capitalism, the question of instituting them could, and often did, divide and array against one another the various factions of the ruling class.

But in the conflict which the Socialists are waging for the overthrow of the capitalist system another situation is presented. In this conflict the Socialists need expect no aid from any capitalist group. However the so-called "middle class" may oppose the trusts and corporations, however the Bryanites may differ from the Belmontites, they are a unit on the preservation of the reigning order. They have an equal appetite for rent, interest and profits; and if the poorer oppose the richer it is only because they want a larger share of the common loot. In defense of the existing system the petty trader will shed his heart's blood,

or even his money, as freely as will Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller. He will consent, gradually, to municipal ownership, and even to national ownership, only as he becomes firmly convinced that any share in the private ownership of utilities is impossible to himself and his fellows. But all the other avenues of exacting rent, interest and profit he wants left open, that he may batten upon them at will. The "middle class" needs the backing of the working class in its revolt against monopoly and undue privilege; and it is ever ready to concede something, or the show of something, to forward this alliance. But when it has won its point it invariably dismisses its ally. The bourgeois Directory of 1797 forgot the splendid platitudes of '89, and sent the proletarian tribunes Babeuf and Darthé to the guillotine. The English "middle class" of manufacturers and traders made use of proletarian backing in its fight for the reform bill of 1832; but when the workers, in the subsequent Chartist agitation, clamored for their share in the victory, they were ruthlessly suppressed. The European revolts of 1848, and the brief installations of bourgeois governments in several nations, repeated to the workers the same lesson. Then, and not till then, did the workers learn; and since then all movements of a Socialistic character have adopted a more or less uncompromising policy of separatism.

One cannot get anywhere at all in this matter unless he comprehends, or at least becomes acquainted with, the economic interpretation of history and its corollary, the class struggle. One must be able to see and understand the determining character of the economic environment upon social institutions; must further understand the reaction of the individual's special interests and functions as an earner or receiver of wealth upon his beliefs and conduct, and must further understand that men strive in classes, whether consciously or unconsciously, for their material advantage. The mere sentiments of philanthropy or justice which individuals of the possessing classes sometimes entertain flare up in a transitory fervor, and as quickly die out, while the economic needs of the class to which such individuals belong remain

forever a guide and a determiner of their conduct. Our economic needs are the hidden springs of our beliefs and attitudes. Men may be sympathetic and helpful; they may be profuse in charity; they may entertain large ideals of human welfare; but the ideal that trenches upon one's means of wealth-getting is by ninety-nine men in one hundred dismissed like an unwelcome guest. By an inevitable law of our being we are made to sanction the means by which we live, and even when these means are socially regarded as questionable we have no trouble in convincing ourselves that the wealth which we and our fellows so gain is "honest graft," while that which those of another class, with opposing interests, glean is "crooked graft."

The source of virtually all so-called "evolutionary" measures of reform is the "middle class," or some individual or group hanging upon its flanks and accepting its ethical standards. This class is suffering a constantly narrowing scope of action and decrease of revenue. It blindly protests against the increasing dominance of the big capitalists, and it wants instituted a measure of restriction upon wealth-getting which will give the little fellows better chances to compete with the big. But so long as it can maintain itself as a gleaner of rent, interest and profits, it instinctively opposes the demands of the working class. The disemployment and poverty of the workers trouble its pious conscience but lightly, for out of disemployment and poverty come low wages, and low wages are the peculiar food and medicine of small capital." It concedes only what it must of working-class demands in order to win over temporarily from the workers a force sufficient to threaten the magnates.

When, therefore, the Socialists, who are the political representatives of the workers' interests, consent to any fusion of forces with the political representatives of the "middle class," they doom themselves to two disappointments: First, to the denial or withholding of all but a paltry few of their demands, and second, to the disintegration of their own forces, and consequently to a destruction of their power to enforce demands. Under such conditions their army melts in a moment, like Wat Tyler's, and is ren-

dered incapable of reformation. Only in proportion as they mass their strength and hold it apart are they in a position to win the respect of their opponents. As the Socialist vote increases, the air is full of talk of municipal ownership, national ownership, rate regulation and factory laws. But let this vote decline, or remain static, and the talk dies down to a whisper. It is the force definitely attained, and the threat of a further increase of force, that induces the possessing classes to promise concessions.

This lesson has been so often given thruout history that it is almost superfluous to dwell upon it here. When the militant yield to promises, and disband in the face of an enemy, or fuse themselves with a body having fundamental interests and purposes other than their own, they invariably sacrifice their chances. As it has been so in all times, so is it today. Twenty years ago, before the present Socialist party was organized, and when its predecessor, the Socialist Labor party, was but in its swaddling clothes, the labor organizations of New York City and State adopted a separatist policy. By means of it they forced from the possessing classes a measure of recognition that never before had been granted them, and they succeeded in placing upon the statute books laws of far-reaching importance. But persuaded that they could more effectively carry on their contest by fusion, they permitted themselves to be swallowed up by the capitalistic parties. By this conduct they lost much that they had gained, and they further paralyzed their power for the making of new advances. With rare and incidental exceptions, succeeding legislatures and courts have looked upon the demands of labor as measures inimical to society; and only when labor has assumed a threatening attitude have our law makers and law interpreters been able to see differently.

Still, society *does* make gains in the direction of industrial democracy, say the opportunists; there is New Zealand, and there are, in our own country, the slow growth of the referendum, the occasional passage of factory acts, and there is an occasional judge who interprets law as tho the capitalist class were not the sole arbiters of legislation. True,

and we of the Socialist party are not unmindful. Society is not static; it seeks constantly to adjust itself to new economic conditions, however it may be held down and back from the exercise of its spontaneous impulse by a powerful class owning the means of production and resolved never to let go. There are gains, it is true; but the gains must be compared with the losses. It is nothing for exultation if the referendum is granted in Podunk, while at the same time, in the metropolis of the nation, the streets and subways are given over for three generations to a group of tax-farmers. For every petty advance the opportunists can show, we Socialists can show a score of capitalist victories, farther reaching in effect and far more suggestive of the actual trend of events. A radical advance in democratic sentiment among a part of the population may coincide with extreme reaction by another part of the population. So, too, certain institutional changes of a progressive nature may coincide with the most daring and wholesale aggressions of a predatory class. At this very time, in the face of a rising wave of revolt, the capitalist class makes everywhere new seizures of power. "After us, the deluge!"—the reckoning will not come in our time, is its sole reflection, and it laughs at the puny efforts of the opportunists to limit its conquests. Only the specter of Socialism awakens it to a sense of danger.

Nor should the opportunists take more than a meager comfort from a contemplation of New Zealand. It is true that in that antipodal nation a kind of opportunism, growing out of a working-class revolt, has made great strides toward a juster organization of society. New Zealand is not by any means a Paradise; wages are low, and the problem of the unemployed is often, if not generally, as acute there as in some less progressive states. But with all shortcomings, it is the land of all lands where the interests of the downmost man are best conserved. New Zealand, however, is a new country, with undeveloped resources, large areas of unoccupied land, and capitalism is there but in its infancy. That opportunism has been able to do what it has done there is due to conditions unique in the modern world. In

the older states, where capitalism has developed to maturity—in England, France, Germany, Belgium, the United States—economic processes are regular, the alignment of classes is distinct, and the interests and purposes that array them against each other are fundamentally and lastingly antagonistic. Under such conditions opportunism loses its contest at the first effort. It has had its trial, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Thus, both from theory and observation we reach that attitude which compels us to pronounce against fusion or compromise with groups or classes having economic interests opposed to our own. It is an attitude which accords with the postulates of our creed, with our interpretation and analysis of capitalist society, and it agrees no less with our knowledge of the workaday world. Our

movement is founded upon the economic interests of the working class. By a social gravitation it draws to itself individuals of other classes—teachers, writers, ministers, artists, lawyers even, and not seldom a petty trader. It takes them not as allies, but as integral factors. For they are drawn to it only as they accept the justice of the workers' demands. It is thus, from whatever field its integers come, a compact mass; it is single in purpose, militant in mood, resolute and undissuadable. It wants certain things done, and it will do them itself. It has learned Miles Standish's lesson, and will ask no middle-class John Alden to intercede for it. Separate and apart, it holds up a banner to which all lovers of justice may rally; and to those of its friends and sympathizers who yet abide in the camps of enemies and strangers it sounds its trumpet-call: "To your tents, O Israel!"

NEW YORK CITY.



The Sleeper

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Off Vincent, eighty fathoms deep,
With roofs of coral and pale shell,
Lies Neptune's City, wherein sleep
The weary sailors; wherein dwell
The weavers of the deep-sea spell.

Fair sisters, you have lured them far.
(And at the last Death shared the prize.)
From eager wave and ruddy star
Your love has closed their valiant eyes.
Now wake them with your witcheries!

Ah! fairest, of the silver breast,
Spill your rich tresses o'er his face.
But he who sailed the East and West,
Glad and undaunted in the race,
Heeds nothing of your tender grace.

Ah! fairest, of the arms of pearl,
What trick is this the fates have played?
To bring the lover to the girl
By mile on mile, all unafraid
And venturous and undismayed,

Only to lay him, sightless, here?
Ah! fairest, can you not awake
The nerveless heart? Bend near! Bend near!
Surely this hateful sleep will break,
The shrunk eyes gladden, for your sake!

Kiss the straight lips. . . . He did not
move?
Poor human, some spell deadens him.
Perchance grim Death claimed all his love
And caught his mad heart to the dim,
Cold ways, beyond the Farthest Rim.

Ah! fairest, of the fragrant breast,
And shoulders that no pearls outgleam,
Perchance he follows some old quest
Along the turnings of his dream,
By crowded street and inland stream.

Who knows! These humans are not made
As we are. . . . In your bright hands
take
The harp of shell, and, unafraid,
Strike the loud strings until they break.
Tear his sweet dream, and he may wake.

ST. LAWRENCE, BARBADOS.



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Candidate of the Democratic Party for Mayor of New York.
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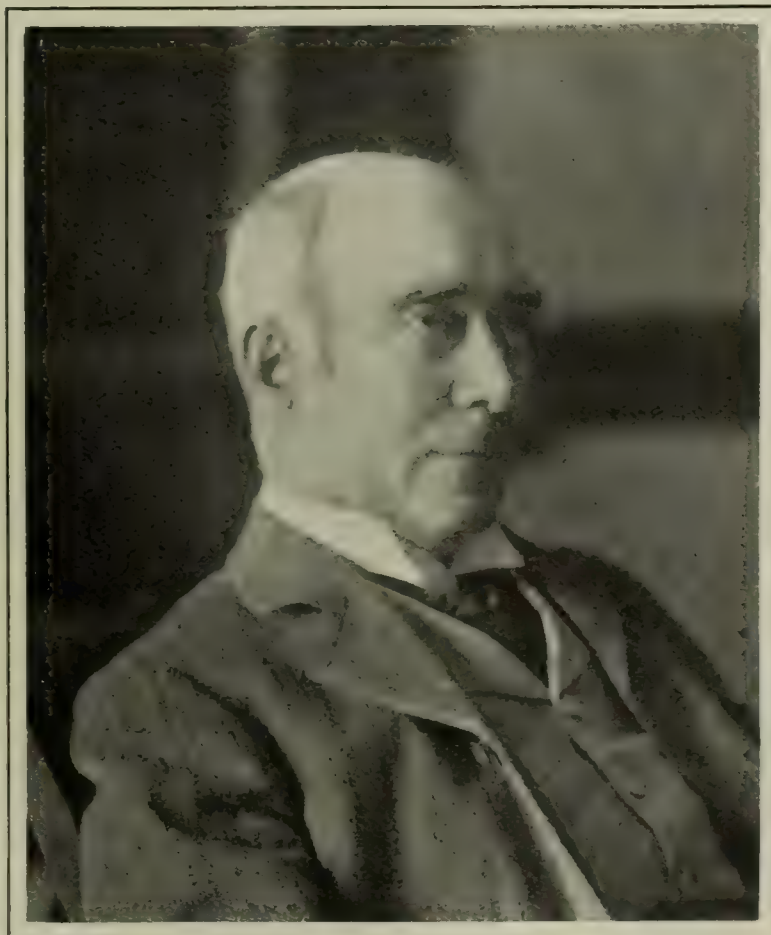


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Dounya

BY ERNEST POOLE



[Mr. Poole has just returned from Russia, where for the past summer he has been interviewing the officials, common people and revolutionists in search of information and material. His experiences as a resident in the University Settlement in this city previous to his journey to Russia were of great value to him in getting in touch with the poorer classes in Russia and their problems.—EDITOR.]

(Told by the wife of a Russian Professor.)

DOUNYA was a chubby, dirty, bewitching little peasant girl with straight yellow hair, eager China-blue eyes, wide, thick lips always smiling, head always bobbing. Her rough little voice was sweet as a child's can be. She had lived her twelve years in a dark log hut in a hamlet out on the steppes of South Russia. She had lived on hard black bread and soup out of the family bowl, on curses and beatings and filth, on ignorance, superstition and cringing deceit—on all the sordid misery of a "famine district." And while her playmates grew sallow and cross and thin, Dounya smiled from ear to ear and grew rosy.

I was a young bride. I lived in a brand-new apartment in a town and felt the world was a happy and simple place; I was sure that all its evils could be blotted out if we only knew how to start, and I felt that my husband knew how. He had brought some tremendous social ideals back from Europe; I soon felt them, too, and I longed to help raise the hundred and twenty millions of peasants out of starvation and mud. In my absurd, self-confident wisdom I thought I could do this by raising them one at a time.

So I borrowed Dounya.

What fun we had. I began showing her all kinds of things about a home; sewing and cooking, making beds, setting table, arranging the flowers—the simplest little things that she had never dreamed of. All this she seized with bashful, radiant eagerness. In a few days she got over her shyness and laughed excitedly; soon she shouted so loud that I had to scold her. Then she cried till I kissed her.

She told me all her thoughts and feel-

ings—minutely, laboriously, solemnly. It was such a new, warm, exciting world. She poured forth a million questions and heard only half the answers. She told me stories she had heard and seen out on the steppe, she gleefully recounted tales so coarse and vile that I had never dreamed such things existed. I shuddered at the thought that some day this pure little girl might be dragged back into the mud. But this fear I soon dismissed.

How anxious she was to learn, and how proud of each new achievement! What solemn exaggerations! Her one "best dress," for instance—a little gray dress we made together, with two red bows on the breast. I showed her how to brush it; she watched with serious eyes; and then in the middle of the night I heard hard breathing; I went to her tiny room and found she had waked and risen for a last careful brushing.

I used to talk to her by the hour, sewing, while she sat on a stool, now stitching furiously, now stopping to gaze up at me, or to think hard, listening, with her yellow head on one side. We had terrible struggles with reading and writing; she told me that in her village only the priest could read, and he read only prayers. We had tearful trials, scoldings and forgiveness—then trials again. Often we forgot to cook supper—or else cooked it half way and then forgot the rest.

My friends used to tease me. Conservative, rich, aristocratic, they used to laugh at my "educated servant girl." Once some of them came to tea—I don't mean your American tea; I mean the Russian night affair—a circle of faces round a big, gleaming copper samovar, with the red charcoals glowing beneath, the samovar humming low, vague songs, the people talking and laughing, dreaming or singing till long after midnight.

That night my husband was playing his 'cello. He was just in the mood. He was playing "Traumerei," and the low, rich tones, tender, serene and yearning, made us all just sit and stare at nothing; the lamplit room was a wonderful place that night. Little Dounya sat in the corner listening without a smile, her blue eyes dilated and staring. I saw the look, and I thought she had felt enough for one evening, so I called her and whispered: "It is better for you to go now and study one hour and then go to bed." She looked up with a quivering smile. "All right," she whispered, and drew a long, shaking breath, and went out.

That was about nine o'clock. At ten I went to the kitchen. She was bending over a book, and the book was telling her how all human beings ought to have the same chance to be happy. She bent close; her little bosom rose and fell slightly. I stroked her shining hair. She jumped up bewildered. Then I laughed, and asked her to bring in more cakes and tea. She only stared at me. I went back to my friends.

In a few minutes Dounya walked into the room bearing a tray. Her face was puzzled. She looked at me, confused and solemn, as though only half wakened from a dream. On the tray were some plates and—that book.

My friends were convulsed. Dounya dropped the tray with a crash and ran. An hour later I found her in her bedroom on the floor, angrily sobbing.

* * * * *

At sixteen Dounya was a laughing radiant little beauty. The young workmen in the night-school she attended used to gaze at her over their books. And she smiled delightedly.

I could see she was beginning to dream wonderful dreams of a life ahead. Often when my clumsy big-bearded husband lay weary on the deep leather lounge at night, I used to sit at the piano playing and humming a little melody without any words—half between a love song and a lullaby. It was six months before my first baby was born. In the next room Dounya, setting the table for tea, would stop and listen thru the doorway. In the soft lamp light I could just see her face—breathless, blue eyes

dreaming, rich lips half parted—too blissful to smile.

So she wondered and worked and grew.

One day she rushed sobbing into my room. I begged her to speak, I kissed her frightened face, but she only sobbed the harder. At last she rose and dragged me into the kitchen.

There sat a thin, dirty old peasant. He wore enormous high boots of yellow bark encrusted with black lumps of mud and ice. His grey beard straggled down over a foul, ragged red shirt. His hair was tumbled over his deep-set eyes. The eyes were dull, curious, embarrassed. When I came in he rose humbly to bow. Then he flushed at sight of his filthy boots, sat down quickly and began inch by inch to pull off first one and then the other. His feet were wrapped in tattered gray and blue rags. His huge yellow sheepskin coat, frozen hard, sprawled ludicrously human on the floor, slowly melting down. A brown pool of water crept over the spotless floor. I felt Dounya's hand tighten on my arm till her fingers quivered.

The old man finished and rose again.

"Good day, my lady," he said bowing. At the same time he gazed at Dounya—surprised, delighted, proud. He smiled fondly.

"Good day, my lady" repeated a hoarse voice behind me. I turned. An old woman with broad face, blunt nose and faded little eyes, stood bowing. The big red handkerchief round her head was soiled and wet; her cheeks were mottled by some disease; she looked weak and sick. She turned quickly and watched her old lord as a dog his master. Only now and then she darted proud, half timid glances at Dounya.

"We have come to get our Douni-ashka." The man's voice was harsh and loud in spite of his efforts at softness. While he talked he kept staring at the clean, fresh girl as tho he could never see enough.

"Our old cow," he said proudly, "has a calf—a good fat one! Our pig has eleven sucklings. And now listen to this—our potatoe crop is splendid! We have enough to eat now—plenty, I tell you—plenty! I feel so happy I never beat my woman any more. What's the use? The

other peasants laugh at me; but I shout back, 'Beat your own wives if you are hungry! I am well off. I eat twice every day. Meat three times a week! I will beat my old woman no more. I feel good!'

"So I treated her fine, and let her eat all she could. She ate and ate, and got sick. Soon she got very sick. I went to the sorceress, the wife of the blacksmith, and she said, 'Your woman has a big snake in her; that's why her skin is bad; that's why she aches inside. Here is some holy chalk. Rub this on her skin and pray to God.'

"Well, I rubbed and prayed and rubbed her, but it did no good." The old man had lost his embarrassment. He talked quite simply—anxiously watching the old woman. "Then I tried my old game, and beat her, not because I wanted to, but I knew she was used to it every day of her life; so I said to myself, 'Perhaps this is just what she needs.' I beat her good and hard till I got all tired out. But when I got my breath to look at her, she was even worse than ever. Then I prayed. I got down with my head on the floor of the hut and prayed all night till the light came in the window. No good."

Here the old peasant grasped me by the arm and led me into the next room. He had forgotten all his cringing. "I just want to tell you," he whispered, "that I like that old woman of mine—I like her! I feel sick when she aches inside! But I don't want her to know this; if she knows she will stop doing what I say. That's why I brought you in this room. Now, let's go back."

We went back to the kitchen. Dounya stood staring at her weak, timid old mother. The old woman was embarrassed—her dull eyes kept shifting. Dounya just stared—desperately frightened.

"Now," said the old peasant, smiling, and showing his brown, broken teeth. "Look at our Dounyashka! Look at her—how nice she is! She is the one to cure my woman and make our whole hut glad!"

He laughed with delight, and jumped up again and seized his daughter's arm. A low cry burst from her tight-set lips, but the happy old man heard nothing.

"Just think how happy she will be!" he cried. "Rich! I tell you—well off! She can never be so happy here in the town! Listen!" He counted off his riches again on his brown, earthy fingers. "The old cow—has—a fat calf! The sow has—what? Sucklings! How many? Eight or nine, like in common litters? Oh, no. Eleven! The potato crop is—splendid! And—and——" His voice grew low and solemn. "There is something finer than all this. We have found for our Dounyashka—a fine—rich—husband."

My little girl sobbed outright and clung wildly to my arm. The amazed old father scowled and seized his daughter roughly.

"Why do you bawl? Are your old parents devils? I tell you, this husband is a fine, rich old fellow! He doesn't borrow ploughs from the fist (usurer), he owns his own plough! He is thrifty! He has two horses, a cow and three pigs! And I will give you our new calf and one pig. You will never be hungry. You can eat all you want, only don't get sick. Now, quit your bawling. I have promised and you—you must fulfill the Holy Law!"

My big husband came in, and I told him everything.

"My friend," he said to the old man, "if this little girl revolts at wedding an old peasant, then it's a crime to force her!"

The old father started up furiously.

"A crime—to obey her parents? Heigh, girl! Am I your enemy, do I want to kill you, that you bawl like this?" He stared at the sobbing little girl—angry, anxious, utterly bewildered.

"I tell you, barin, I have done a fine thing. This peasant is the richest in our village; he owns his own plough and cow, he has three pigs and two good black and gray horses. I say God gave my girl to me when she was born. God meant her to marry, and He meant me to choose her man. A woman must bear children. That is the law of Holy Church. And Dounya must fulfill the law!"

My husband pushed Dounya into my room and slammed the door. Then he faced the peasant, and they talked loud and long.

At last the old man sat down and

pulled on his soaking bark boots, his dirty hands trembling violently. He rose and threw the stiff sheepskin over his shoulder.

"The parent's right—is—is—like the right of God!" His gruff voice was low and shaking. "The Holy Church will help me! You will see!" He seized the old woman by the arm and stumbled out.

Two months passed, and I had almost forgotten. My condition made me nervous, absorbed, selfish, but even I could notice now and then that Dounya's face was anxious. She started whenever the knocker pounded the door. But she said little, and was doubly tender to me when I suffered. She worked harder on her lessons. I had to forbid her sitting up so late in the kitchen. Two or three evenings she asked me to sing that little lullaby.

Then a police notice came. Dounya's passport had been stopped. The mir (village assembly) in her hamlet had refused to renew her passport. No peasant can live in town without one. She was forced to go back at once.

That was a dreadful night. We talked and cried until I grew terribly ill and fainted. When I came to and asked to see her, she was gone.

What happened later you may learn best from Stepan Vassilitch, the zemstvo statistician, for he knew Dounya at our house, and we begged him to look her up in her village.

(Told by Stepan Vassilitch.)

I sat one night in a peasant's log hut, too tired to think. All day I'd been going from hamlet to hamlet; you know what they are—lonely groups of twenty huts or so; I'd been talking, questioning, reassuring, trying to break thru the dull suspicion and stupidity, to collect statistics on which we could work in our zemstvo plans for reform. Now I was exhausted, I lay back on a bench against the wall. The ignorance, superstition and cringing fear all about me weighed me down. The people seemed hopeless as the two dumb cows that now lay in one corner of the room. For this was South Russia, the most degraded part, the home of famines, riots and floggings.

Then I heard outside, faintly in the distance, a low sad love song.

I sat up quickly, trying to remember where I had heard it last. The song had no words—only crooning. I called to the peasant woman who already lay asleep up on top of the huge brick stove.

"Who is that singing? Heigh! Wake up my good woman—please, tell me—who is singing?"

"Oh," drowsily and gruffly, "That's our Dounya, the new wife of the old widower." I heard her turn over—then more heavy breathing.

"Please! Tell me more!"

"Well. She is singing. That's all."

"But where?"

"In the graveyard back of the church. She's a queer young devil; none of us ever know what she thinks about. Even her father and mother get angry, and her old husband gets roaring mad. She goes to the graveyard whenever he beats her. What a fool thing! Don't we all get beaten; some of us every day and all of us once a week? That's bad enough—to get beaten. You want to crawl up here where it's warm, and you ache and ache and then go to sleep. But to go out in the ice in the graveyard—she's crazy. The worst of it is that this always make the old man roar. In a few minutes you will hear him rush out and drag her in over the ice by her hair—that soft town hair of hers. He'll drag her into his hut and teach her some more. He does it every night twice—before the graveyard song and after."

"Why?"

"Oh, he is right. The pope (village priest) backs him up. The Holy Church has a Law of God that every woman must try to bear children. And she—the devil—she won't fulfill the law."

I went out, slipping and stumbling over the rough ice and snow; and all around me lay the great rolling steppe; not a tree to break the vast sweep. In front was a little white church. Behind it an iron fence encircled a few score of tombstones. And on one of these stones sat a small dim figure in the darkness staring up at the stars, crooning the same song, very slowly, stopping now and then in a queer little sound of choking. The song was half between a love song and a lullaby.

When she knew who I was she burst

out sobbing and buried her face in her dress. Her hands in mine felt like ice. I led her to the hut where I was staying. There were two rooms, one in the rear for me, one in the front for the two cows and the family. I half carried her into my room and shut the door.

She could not speak, she only sank on a stool and sobbed and shuddered. By the light of the one small lamp I could see her face all striped and bleeding. Her face was thin, the skin was white, transparent.

"Come, come, be quiet," I kept saying feeling awkward as a fool. Soon the peasant housewife brought in the battered steel samovar, which glowed and hummed comfortably. The woman stared suspiciously and went out. I made Daunya drink three steaming cups,

In broken whispers she told me all he had done to her.

"But my poor little girl! Have you no Zemsky Natchalnik (Czar's representative) here?"

She gave a bitter smile.

"Oh my barin, I don't believe any one goes to him so often as I do."

"Well?"

"He always frowns at me very black. 'Girl,' he said, 'you must always do exactly what your man wants. In the Holy Church you know that every woman must exactly obey her husband.'"

"So he did nothing! And your peasant court—the peasant judges?"

"Oh yes, I was there too. But don't you know how they are? They know nothing, they can't even read. And whoever can give them most vodka—he is right."

Suddenly she jumped up. A heavy rap at the low square window, then another. A pounding and kicking at the door.

"Devil! Devil!" A hoarse chorus of women's voices.

The white, thin girl stared at the log wall shuddering, her blue eyes defiant, her face rigid, slowly licking her dry lips.

"Oh I won't wait for her!" bellowed a deep, harsh voice. "Heave!" The door behind me crashed to the floor and in tumbled a dozen men and women, breathing hard. In front stood a shaking old peasant, with yellow leering face. He gripped a heavy whip in both his knotted, hairy hands—hands quivering

with passion. His old eyes blazed at the girl. The blue veins stood out on his temples. A moment's silence. "Now," he whispered.

From the girl burst a shrill cry—sharp, wild, bestial. Then she stood motionless, her eyes sick with loathing. They closed tight.

A circle of big, coarse faces—grinning. One old woman took a step forward and spat at the girl.

"Get out, all of you!" I yelled. It was hard to think at all.

The peasants only cringed. Some took off their ragged fur caps. The old woman bowed slightly. All watched the outraged husband. His old face now was close to mine.

"There is no law," he roared, "that lets my wife in here with you!"

"Get out!" I yelled, snatching up my revolver.

They slunk out, the old man last—backwards; he paused at the open door, leering. Then he disappeared into the night.

Dounya seized the rim of my coat and shook it. "Oh, barin—good barin—kind barin!" She stopped, and stared up. My throat thickened; she must have seen how I felt, and her eyes lit up. "You can!" she whispered. "I can lie under the seat in the sleigh, like this!" She crouched under the bench. "Look—look how little and thin I am now." Her face looked out, eyes gleaming thru tumbled hair. "Can I go?" she whispered.

I turned away and walked up and down. I thought till my head got sick.

The Holy Church, the Czar's police and judges, the very peasants themselves—all gripped her like a vise. I slowly worked out plan after plan, but each could only do the girl harm. The Empire was all around to catch her and drag her back. The Church hung overhead, cursing the obstinate sinner. She could not move.

She lay asleep now on the dirt floor over in the corner—the corner farthest from the window and the gaping doorway. The room was freezing cold. I heaved the broken door up into its place. Then I sat down and kept on thinking.

Once when I looked up I saw a dull gray path of light that came thru the little square window, streamed faintly across

the room, and fell on the figure huddled in the corner. It was morning.

I had to wake her. At my touch she shrank down; the next instant she doubled into a ball, her hands locked round her knees, her head bent close to her breast.

So she wakened. I told her there was only one chance. I would write at once to the mistress in town, and she would use all her husband's influence. Something might be done—at least so I thought in my exhausted, aching mind.

The girl just looked up into my face. Her lips parted in a little smile, sneering, desperate, wild. She ran out, pushing back the broken, leaning door so hard that it fell with a bang.

I was forced to be in the next town by noon, and I hired a peasant to drive me in. On the way I tried to show him how infamous it was to force the little girl on the hideous, toothless man. The driver grinned.

"Oh, my good barin. You can tell a horse's age by his teeth, but you can't tell a man's. Often our teeth drop out before we are forty. This peasant is only fifty-seven. Suppose he is a little ugly. A fine face can't feed a girl; the old man can. He is rich, he always grabs and saves; he has now four pigs, two horses, three cows, two carts and two ploughs. He has so much saved that even when the next famine months come he will eat twice a day all the time. He is all right. But this girl is bad thru and thru." His voice rose angrily. "Eat? He gives her piles of good food and she won't eat a thing. She just sits and thinks, thinks, thinks! That damned town has put some new devil in her soul!" He lashed his horse till the low sledge bounded over the prairie.

"A new devil! Didn't she vow to be his wife in the Holy Church? And don't the Church say a wife must try to bear children? I tell you she is fighting God! She has a new devil in her soul, and the old man must just beat her till even that devil feels it 'way inside. Then quickly he will jump out."

I gave up talking. On reaching town I wrote at once to Dounya's mistress.

(Told by the Professor's Wife.)

That letter was a dreadful shock. It

came just two weeks before my child was born.

My husband promised to do everything he could. I begged him to go that same day to Dounya's village, and give her courage. He went. Dounya had disappeared. He had the country searched. All the police joined in. But no trace of her was found.

The old husband raged. The village grinned and snickered—then roared with laughing.

The priest crossed himself and prayed Heaven to forgive the poor sinner.

That great clumsy machine—the Czar's police bureau—began ponderously working on this little trouble, trying to cure it all and varnish the wound with peace and order. Stepan Vassilitch was severely reprimanded for loose behaviour. I was arrested and expelled from my position as teacher in the night school, on the charge of spreading blasphemy and rebellion among peasant girls. My baby boy was born dead.

(Told by the Professor.)

Five years later I became a judge in our town. One morning I was walking thru the big prison room crowded with tramps. The air there is always foul, so I walked quickly. Suddenly I stopped.

A fat, flabby young woman sat on the filthy floor. She was dressed in old blue rags, a dirty yellow handkerchief was bound round her head. Her hair was unkempt, her face puffed and pimpled; her eyes stared dully before her. She had been drunk the night before.

"Dounya!"

The woman only grinned up cunningly.

"Why, barin." Her voice was thick and slow and a little unsteady. "That's not my name." Her faded blue eyes kept squinting up at me uneasily in the gloom of the vaulted room. "Not—not at all—my name. Dounya—h'm—that's a—funny name—very—funny—name. Where did you know any one—named Dounya?" She waited—sitting up straight by shoving her elbows against the wall behind her. She squinted anxiously—her cloudy mind still groping:

"Dounya—h'm—some poor devil wanted, eh—wanted by the police—or by—

ha-ha—by some old man who thinks he's her husband—perhaps? . . . Why don't you talk—barin? Maybe I've heard your voice before."

She smiled up uncertainly. The smile made me sure.

"Dounya!" I whispered, stooping. "Don't you know who I——"

"Why!" She shut her eyes and fell back. Her fat face twitched fiercely, grew rigid, and a dark flush spread over. She kept silent—struggling.

At last she opened her eyes—laughing.

"All right, now. I'll talk if you want. It'll be a fine story for your lady. How she'll sob and shake—just as if she was at a theatre. 'A Lost Soul.' A *fine* story. . . .

"Oh, don't look that way! You'd like to *uplift* me again—wouldn't you? Like you an' she did before—an' then let me drop back into the mud, an' go crazy. No. I don't want any more of your new devils in my head. It's bad enough—bad enough, already!

"Well—here's the story. That morning when your friend left me I ran out behind the huts an' off across the snow. I ran and ran. Slipped, banged my head, opened the cuts in my cheeks, an' that made me think of the oak towel (lash); so I ran faster. Some time that day I got to the railroad and sold the handkerchief—the pink one your lady gave me. I gave it to the conductor for a place in the fifth-class car. In there I got dizzy an' fell asleep, an' woke up arrested. No one knew me. I was a

tramp woman. Had two weeks in some rotten jail, an' now I just keep tramping. That's all.

"Sorry there ain't more thrills in the story.

"Hold on. There *is* one more thrill. It took a year before I had sense enough to hate your lady. Before that—well—her baby died. Guess you an' she was too full of tears and thrills to notice. I was at the funeral—in a back corner of the church—crying—God! how I cried—like a fool!

"Well, I guess I've been talking ugly; haven't I? An' you're judge here, so you'll give it to me all the harder for laughing at you an' her. All right. Go ahead. It's worth it!

"You won't? How kind!

"Give me money too? How nice. An' you want to take care of me and get me work, uplift me all over again. What a dee-licious thrill that would give you an' her—just to put a nice end to the story.

"Go to hell—will you—an' her too. All I'll take from you is prison!"

I told my wife none of this till long after.

That night I talked long and hard with Dounya in prison and at last made her agree to my plan. I sent her to the estate of my friend in Southern Siberia. On the train she was in charge of a Siberian merchant. This merchant was taken ill with pleurisy on the train. Dounya robbed him and disappeared. We have never heard from her since.

CHICAGO, ILL.



As We Pass: A Fable

BY BOLTON HALL

A little cloud shone in the sky; the earth was bright, but the cloud was brighter still. "I shall see so much in the great sky," said the cloud. But a cold wind blew upon it, and it melted into rain.

"Alas!" said the cloud, "I see no result from my little life."

A little rain was blown upon the wind. "I shall find so much in the great earth," said the rain. But it fell on the warm, brown soil, which sucked it in.

Said the rain, "I see no result from my little life."

A little rivulet trickled down the hill. "I shall do so much in the great sea," said the rivulet; but the sun touched the stream and lifted it into mist.

The rivulet sighed, "I see no result from my little life." It had become a cloud again.

It is not given to the mind to see that which the spirit does.

NEW YORK CITY.



PRESIDENT JAMES.

Doctor Edmund J. James, who was called to the Presidency of the University of Illinois in the fall of 1904, and whose installation took place last week, has for years been prominent as an educator in economic, political and social sciences. A native of Illinois, he was educated at Northwestern and Harvard and later at the University of Halle, Germany. He returned to this country in 1877 after three years spent abroad, and in 1883 he was called to the University of Pennsylvania as professor of public finance and administration. Here he remained for thirteen years, where he organized a graduate school and also acted as director and organizer of the Wharton School of Finance and Economics, the first institution in this country to establish a college course in the field of commerce and industry. President James has always stood for the higher training of business men and as the leading exponent of commercial education he was sent by the American Bankers' Association in 1892 to report on the education of business men in Europe. The report which he made on this subject at once became a standard in England and the United States. In 1896 he was made Professor of Public Administration and director of the Department of University Extension at the University of Chicago, where he remained until 1902, when he was elected President of Northwestern University. President James is most esteemed by those who know him best. A dominating characteristic of his life is virility. Another quality that marks him is his painstaking accuracy. His published articles are abiding evidence of his command of data. His devotion, courage and tireless energy mean much for the future of the University of Illinois.

Art Versus the Picture

BY MARTHA S. BENSLEY

[Our readers will remember the iconoclastic article we printed a few weeks ago by Miss Bensley on "The Arts and Crafts" movement. We received a great many replies to that article which unfortunately we could not print. We shall be surprised if the following article does not raise the combative spirit in many of our readers.—EDITOR.]

SOCIETY is always revolting against something. In it there is a sort of centrifugal force which tends to make the mass fly off from the center around which it is revolving. Today this center of motion seems to be commercialism; and the opposing, centrifugal force, the cultivation of a beauty unrelated to use, which shows itself in over elaboration in dress; in useless ornamentation in architecture, and most surely and absurdly in that fragmentary survival—the picture.

Now, the picture, by our day and race, is placed in an untenable position. It is forced to assume the apex of the artistic pyramid, and to pose as the apotheosis of the graphic arts. Its production is directly the motive principle of one class in our community, and indirectly the supporting force of our numerous art schools, and of a considerable proportion of our women's clubs. The existence of a picture is no longer due to the accidental disintegration of a decoration; it is no longer known as a fragment of a larger thing, but is supposed to be a complete production in itself with a large field of influence specially assigned to it, and is become the very staple of artistic orthodoxy; the icon of the uplifted household in our civilization.

In reality the picture is the knife which cuts off the appreciation of art from the masses of our people, and makes the love of beauty seem a meretricious thing; an attribute of the cultured; a sign of artistocracy. Deified by the race whose bygone thievery brought it into existence, it has become a pernicious incubus on their shoulders, and tho incomprehensible among them, is yet held in awe from the very mystery and detachment which surround it. They think of its beauties as only to be seen after long consideration, and those who either thru perverted mentality or pretense are able to voice their comprehension, are

held in honor among us and clothed with the bright robe of artistic sanctity. But all their assumed understanding is misunderstanding because of the fundamental error which considers a picture as the whole of the thing. It is as blinding a mistake as to think one vertebra of a dinosaur the complete skeleton, and the geologist who would reconstruct a fossil saurian on this false basis would be no more in fault than the community which considers two square feet of painted canvas a complete work of art. We have not only made ourselves believe that these fragments are complete entities, but we have deluded ourselves into considering them as much a part of the furnishing of our rooms as are tables and chairs. Our fundamentally true ideals have become so warped that they are satisfied by the easel picture; an attempted decoration which can be carried about like a saucepan. And to make more evident this peripatetic characteristic, we cut it off from the wall by bands of gold, cover it with glass, and hang it from a nail by a string.

Now, the impulse which desires decoration for the dwelling is certainly a legitimate one. It goes back to the time when the only thing interposed between the animal and the outside world was his skin; when personal adornment and house decoration were one because man was his residence. Surely, now that the house has developed an independent existence, it should be decorated with as much care as when the owner had, perforce, to carry it with him. These barriers which shut the world out should be attractive to those whom they shut in.

The natural development of the early civilizations was in the right line. On their walls, as parts of them, were diversified patterns, decorative stories; pictured history worked into frieze and panel; portraits of friend and lover used as ornamentation. Art was to them, as

it should be to us, not the production of separate, unrelated objects, but the medium which materializes beauty—the beautifying of the things of use.

There is no reason to believe that there would ever have been a departure from the paths of artistic righteousness had it not been for our marauding northern ancestors. From the time when they were armed with sword and bow, till now when their weapon is the groaning purse, these people of the north have descended upon the art-producing centers of southern Europe. They have not been able to take away the homes of the raided people, but they have carried away as spoil what seemed to them the distinguishing characteristics of their buildings. Whenever a decoration has been detachable, they have torn it from the wall, surrounded it with wooden bands, and as they bore it victoriously northward this fragment has become the picture.

In early times pictures, like other trophies, were placed with the captured banners and confiscated armor in the cathedrals. To those to whom decorated walls and frescoed ceilings were undreamed of, these detached paintings seemed things of beauty. Because these people had no standard by which to measure art, the beauty of pictures was taken for granted, not appraised, and they were valued at their cost in war, labor, and gold. Beauty was to them an inherent quality in pictures, like blood and bones in a man. If the beholder did not see this theoretic beauty, the defect was in him. As long as they continued to capture rather than to create their art, paintings remained to them things which could be carried about—not parts of buildings. Naturally, too, when they first began to develop artists of their own, these copied the form of the most valued art products they knew, and produced pictures. And even when an inherent sense of fitness made these artists decorate things—reliquaries, jewels, and musical instruments—education and tradition continued them in the belief that the highest form of art was that unrelated to use, the portable picture. This was an artistically aristocratic idea on a par with that which considers the unproductive gentleman a higher type than he who feeds, clothes, and moves the world; and it was the be-

ginning of that divorce of beauty from use which has come near to killing art by making it a class possession—a luxury. This pocket-book form of marauding also demoralized the art of the raided countries, for their artists began to supply this barbaric demand for detachable decorations.

Now, as long as pictures were kept in churches, galleries and museums, places where they could be stored and looked at as curiosities, like stuffed alligators, the effect was not so detrimental; but soon each man wanted his own little trophy; wanted it where he could gloat in its possession; tied it to a string and hung it on his wall. This was an insult to the wall and a disgrace to the picture, for walls are entities in themselves and their decoration should no more take precedence of them than should the dress of a person. If walls are not beautiful in themselves, hanging pictures on them will not make them so. There may, of course, be a certain excuse for hanging things—pots, pans, clothes, tools and articles of that sort—on walls. In the unfortunate contraction of our city life, space is so valuable and the things necessary to comfort are so many that this may be condoned. But to deliberately, with malice aforethought, to buy, beg, steal or otherwise acquire, a useless object, whether square, round, oval or oblong, representing some scene, person, thing or idea, and to place the same, an extraneous object, upon another entirely unrelated object in the name of art is without excuse.

There should be a harmony between the room, its use and its decoration. One idea should pervade each wall-enclosed space. Now, each picture tells a story; not of necessity an incident, but it has something to say. Perhaps the message of the girl within the golden border is—"See how beautiful are my eyes—my hair—how sweet my smile!"; next to her the pile of fish, fresh caught, may speak either of stream and lake, or of planked shad; then there may be a message of peace and love from a Nativity, and beyond it a pair of lovers on a Venetian canal, and a soft twilight showing the beauty of combined violets and grays. These pictures

speak their messages as insistently thru the language of color and line as with audible voices, and their clamor dulls our ears to the subtler harmonies of art. This sort of artistic hash served in our homes morning, noon and night has given the whole generation such a fit of artistic indigestion that it has lost all sense of taste.

Half unconsciously as yet, the truth that the picture is not the highest form of art, is not indeed art at all, is being borne in upon us. We perceive dimly that pictures on our floors are out of place, and the sale of the dog-bedecked rug and the rose-sprinkled carpet is declining. We still enjoy the terrier and the bouquet on our walls, but we no longer feel happy in walking on them. It ought to be as repulsive to us to see an imitation African lion on our walls as to see a real one walking about our rooms. In our public buildings, where, in spite of many mistakes, the architecture is generally better than in our homes, we no longer consider the picture as necessary, or even desirable. We realize that beautiful walls would be obscured by having things hung upon them, while good construction will be enhanced by frescos and wall paintings. Fancy the Boston Public Library with a row of gold framed pictures replacing the frieze of the Prophets! Tho we see that these decorations are more beautiful than detachable pictures, it has not yet occurred to us that we can have the same sort of things in our homes.

There are several fancied arguments against the wall decoration, but they are not in favor of the picture. The most plausible of these is the financial one. It is true the initial outlay of a fresco is far greater than that of wall paper, but it is not the paper alone that we put upon our walls—it is the paper plus the picture, and this combination can and sometimes does run far beyond the wall decoration in price. But also, if a decoration will last proportionately longer than the paper it will not be more expensive. That frescos, wall paintings, and tapestries will endure for centuries, has been proved by the French and Italian wall paintings, and by those of Pompeii, which have withstood two thousand years of burial. The key to

their permanence is the proper condition of the building, and this is quite possible of attainment even in our city life. Why should the rage for cheap and nasty construction be allowed to slaughter beauty? Why should art receive its death blow in its most vital point—household decoration? Even a tenement can be so well constructed that its walls will not crack nor its plumbing leak, and a building which begins to disintegrate in a few years is its own condemnor. Our homes should be better built anyway, and if good art is impossible in them as they are now, it is but an added reason why they should be changed.

Then we must consider as an element of expense the destruction due to smoke and dirt in our cities. But why need we have smoke and dirt? The enforcement of existing laws would obviate these evils. If we had clean administrations, we should have clean cities. The community can have whatever it insists on having—smoke or no smoke, art or no art.

Another argument on the score of cost is the varied taste of tenants. Landlords say that they cannot afford expensive decorations because these must be changed every twelve months to suit the shifting population, and they count on this continual renewal of ugliness as a regular expense like insurance. But even as things are, do they consult the taste of the flat dweller? Is he not expected to live surrounded by spots, stripes, or scrolls; by green, red, blue, or a kaleidoscopic mixture of them all as suits the manager of the wall paper factory?

It may be argued that we have grown fond of our pictures, but we can grow fond of anything, and affection does not necessarily indicate beauty in the thing loved—a Kaffir woman loves her nose ring. If each room were harmoniously decorated there would be no need for pictures, and if a picture is an inartistic thing, why should we wish to carry it around in our annual migrations and disfigure a series of apartments with it?

Then there is the prevalent idea that the artist must live. But why? Is the man who produces what the community should not have an advantage to it? If so, why do we not encourage the seller

of opium? Why should a man live as a producer of easel pictures if by so doing he is destroying art? He can always find useful and harmless occupation in tilling the soil. Besides, if it were his province to decorate the wall itself instead of producing parasitic things to hang on it, he would be busier than he is now. The artist and the wall decorator should be, and in reality are, one, only the painter of pictures will not admit the fact. There is an unbroken chain from Michael Angelo decorating the Sistine Chapel to Sandy McCarthy whitewashing the kitchen. Then, too, there is the fact that at present there are few artists capable of producing good mural paintings; but the great economic law of supply and demand will get to work on this question with pleasing rapidity if it has a chance; and the ability now wasted trying to make beautiful an inartistic excrescence, when applied to a fundamentally useful and true basis will meet with appreciation from a relieved public.

One of the qualities attributed to the picture by those who are making it a deity is educational value. Our Boards of Education hang them on school-room walls as intellectual spurs; our Social Settlements distribute them among the less fortunate, as uplifting influences; our Women's Clubs purchase them both to encourage the growth of art and for their own better development. Not to love and to understand pictures is, to them, to prove oneself of the unelect. Not long ago a prominent magazine published a story which embodied the prevailing sentimental feeling regarding pictures. The motif of this tale was the regeneration of a selfish, sordid woman, thru the receiving of a copy of the Angelus. Now an incident of this sort, even if true, does not prove anything of the value of pictures as products of art. It is not an artistic result, but shows the direct effect of the story which the picture tells; its literary side, not its artistic value. There is no possible reason to be-

lieve that this morally regenerated woman would not continue to combine magenta with blue in her dress, to wear her hair in a muffin at the corner of her head, to put a Rodgers group in her window, and a crocheted mat under her parlor lamp. This picture had not necessarily added one atom to the art in her life, had not awakened her to any appreciation of color and form. As far as this so-called moral effect of a picture goes, it can be had as well from a decoration with the added virtue of harmony.

The production of pictures can only be excused on the same ground that the playing of scales on the piano is tolerated. They are the gymnasium in art—good to develop the decorative biceps. There are proper places for pictures, as there are for scales and dumbbells. The picture which tells a story should be in the natural place for stories—a book, and the portrait which must often stand for the actual presence of those we love should either be so small that it can be carried about like a jewel, or made a part of the decorations of the room.

The first requisite of beauty is harmony, and the effort of art to produce it must necessarily be based on that fact. The harmony of a room is of greater import than the beauty of any one or any ten things in it. This fundamental beauty of harmony cannot be attained by any conglomeration of unrelated objects, be they ever so lovely in themselves. By every bit of harmonious decoration which we substitute for the picture, we increase the love and appreciation of larger things, the love of greater beauty and of greater good. The removal of this destructive and disfiguring parasite will allow our walls to return to their proper prominence, will permit the development of harmonious decorations, and by clearing our vision in the matter of what is and what is not beautiful, help us to take another step toward that civilization which is simplicity.

NEW YORK CITY.



Literature

New Novels

NORMAN DUNCAN's new story, *The Mother*,¹ gives the impression that he wrote it with his light turned a trifle too high and with his keynote of pathos taken an octave above where the reader's sympathies reach comfortably. But, come to think of it, motherhood is the italics of feminine emotions, the little cradle-topped



From Duncan's, *The Mother*.
Copyright 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Co.

elevation in her character where the light of heaven shines most persistently. And he has taken advantage of this fact to let heaven into the attic shekinah of a vaudeville actress, where she kept her child. Her love for him was the holy effulgence that covered her pitiful, painted life, and sanctified her. It is a fine argument for the way to heaven in women, dramatically expressed and quaintly proved, even if we leave out the philosophy of the "dog-face" man, which to appreciate one must read.

We have another Sabbath-school library novel in *Duncan Polite*,² and, in accordance with a curious custom which seems to control the topography of such literature during recent years, the scene is

laid in Canada. It is a fresh, clean story, likely to interest young people in spite of the prayerful tension in the atmosphere of the tale. To this same class belongs *Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie*.³ This story sustains the same relation to love that an old-fashioned "experience meeting" sustained to religion. In it everybody talks about love, and various efforts are made to lead purblind lovers in the right flowery path of bliss and happiness. But there is something eternally foolish about lovers. If only they could be made to follow their natural marrying instinct we should have shorter novels and more brides and grooms in real life—and both are preferable to the vulgar, darning-needle way some people have of knitting out their philosophies upon this subject. It is not so very delicate to tell exactly how lovers feel even in fiction. More often than otherwise it is blasphemous.

One interesting thing about English fiction is the fact that more middle-aged women figure as heroines in it than in the fiction of any other country. In order to be the star character in one of these novels, one should be married, stupid, and disposed to be gray-headed. *Peter's Mother*⁴ is an illustration to the point. And the author has resorted to that artifice for interesting her readers so common among novelists—that of hemming first one character in the story and then another between the two horns of some dilemma in morality so that, whichever way she chooses, she will commit a sin. To make good people do wrong is becoming the finest test we have these days of dramatic talent.

Last year "A Belle of the Sixties" introduced a variety in the historical war fiction of the South with a volume made up of sprightly memories, delightful character sketches and old-fashioned portraits; and now a *A Southern Girl of '61*⁵

¹ THE MOTHER. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell & Co. \$1.50.

² DUNCAN POLITE. By Marian Keith. New York: Fleming H. Revell & Co. \$1.50.

³ MRS. JIM AND MRS. JIMMIE. By Stephen Conrad. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

⁴ PETER'S MOTHER. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

⁵ A SOUTHERN GIRL OF '61. By Mrs. Giraud Wright. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00.

continues the interesting series in a graver tone of voice, with more authentic correspondence between the great Southern leaders, and more quaint pictures. These books are really worth while, if for no other purpose but to show how ridiculously fallacious are the Southern heroines made up by writers like Cyrus Townsend Brady and George Cary Eggleston. *A Daughter of the South*⁵ is the latest literary blunder committed by Mr. Eggleston. One sly trick of this writer to secure attention to his wares is to place the high-bred, modest, virtuous Southern girl in the most comprising situation possible and then tantalize the imagination by permitting nothing logical to happen. "Decent Under Difficulties" should be the title of this last story.



Professor Sanday on the Fourth Gospel*

Professor Sanday holds a very high position among English New Testament scholars. His genial kindliness and most manifest sincerity, his entire frankness and fairness, his gentleness and mildness even in controversy, together with his accurate and thorough scholarship, have secured for him a peculiarly honorable place among those who discuss questions of Biblical criticism. His name carries such weight that when it is known that he has pronounced in favor of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, the large number whose opinions are based on authorities rather than on reasons, will conclude immediately that they may continue to use the Gospel of John as on a par with the Synoptics. When Professor Sanday, the leading New Testament scholar of the Anglican Church, unites in defending the conservative position with Dr. James Drummond, the successor of Martineau and the head of the principal Unitarian institution of Great Britain, those who do not search for themselves into such questions cannot be blamed for think-

ing that the denial of the authenticity of the Gospel of John is a vagary of German extremism. These Morse Lectures may therefore be regarded as settling the question of the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, in popular opinion and for the time being, in favor of the Johannine authorship.

But the question is not thereby settled. The position of Dr. Sanday is, in reality, a compromise. He holds to the authorship of John the son of Zebedee, one of the twelve, but he yields the historicity of the Gospel, and its authoritativeness as a source for the life and teachings of Jesus. He admits that ideas and beliefs of a period seventy years after the death of Christ have been projected back into the story of Jesus' life, and he confesses his inability to distinguish between what Jesus said and what his apostle thought two generations later. He says, "I do not honestly believe that everything happened exactly as it is, or seems to be, reported." (p. 157) That the Fourth Gospel is a free handling of the events of Christ's life and of his teachings, with plentiful admixture of the ideas of a later age, is a fact which stands out as clearly upon the pages of Professor Sanday as in the writings of Jülicher, Wernle, and Schmiedel.

That one of the Gallileean twelve, even in the last days of a life unusually prolonged, could have taken such sovereign liberty in telling his story of the Master who had redeemed his life, is difficult of belief. Criticism can hardly rest in such a position. Defenders of the authenticity must make out a better case for the historicity and authoritativeness of the Gospel as a record of Jesus, or their case will fall to pieces of its own inherent weakness. Professor Sanday has after all saved very little. It is of no great moment what particular man wrote the Gospel; the important question is whether this writing is a fair, accurate description of Jesus of Nazareth. That question the Morse lecturer decided in the negative, and therein is the significance of his position rather than in his inconsistent pronouncement in favor of the traditional authorship.

Dr. Sanday has been unable to free himself from the feeling that the Fourth

⁵ A DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH. By G. C. Eggleston. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.50.

* THE CRITICISM OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL. Eight Lectures on the Morse Foundation. Delivered in the Union Seminary, New York, in October and November, 1904. By William Sanday D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75 net.

Gospel is either the work of a companion of Jesus or a deliberate fraud. The first fact of his criticism is that the Gospel is put forward as the work of an eye-witness. Convinced of that, he is convinced that he must maintain the authenticity or renounce the Gospel as a Christian document. But we know far too little of the feeling toward pseudonymous writing in Christian circles at the turn of the first century to warrant such a conclusion. The instances of Deuteronomy, Daniel, Ecclesiastes and II Peter show sufficiently that in all Biblical times even the most devout persons could put forth writings in the names of others. It seems a little strange that one so open-minded as Professor Sanday should be unable to distinguish between intentional fraud and innocent pseudonymity, yet it is this inability which holds him to the traditional opinion on the question under discussion.



British Reminiscences

As is so much the fashion nowadays, Sir Archibald Geikie has gathered up under the title of *Scottish Reminiscences*¹ his sixty years' varied experience in a vein of mingled summary and anecdote. It is sometimes difficult to tell whether the letter-press was made for these amusing illustrations of Scottish life and character or *vice versa*. But at all events the volume is a remarkable repository of stories with comparatively few dull ones among them. As a specimen of its contents may be quoted the following witticism on those two general staples of humor, doctors and Scotchmen:

"A medical professor having been appointed Physician to Queen Victoria, the announcement of this honor was written up on the blackboard of his classroom just before the hour of lecture. A wag among the students, seeing this notice, wrote in large letters underneath it: 'God Save the Queen!'"

The "bygone years" of the Honorable Frederick Leveson Gower² (pronounced Looson Gohr) number eighty-six, for he was born in 1819. A younger son of one Earl Granville, brother of that Earl Granville who was so long associated with Mr. Gladstone as his Secretary for

Foreign Affairs, and brother, also, of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, a well known English novelist, his life has been one of that mixture of politics, literature, art, travel and society which is the characteristic life of the best section of the English nobility. On the plea that a weakened memory is but a poor qualification for writing political history, the author confines himself to social life, and the picture which he presents is wholly a pleasant one. When we mention that at seven years of age he met Sir Walter Scott, that he was an intimate friend of Lowell, and that he has associated with most of the English literary men of the Victorian period, the range covered by his memory and the literary interest which attaches to his recollections will be readily understood. There are very few indeed of the famous names in the literature of England about which Mr. Leveson Gower has not something to tell, and often the tales are valuable as throwing light upon character. The volume is worth the attention of those who delight in the pleasant gossip of a genial and generous-hearted man of vast experience and wide information.

The name of George Jacob Holyoake³ has been before the British public more or less since 1842, when, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he was imprisoned for blasphemy, his conviction being the last ever made in England on that charge. He was in this country in 1879 and again in 1882, in the interests of emigration from England to Canada and the United States. His whole life may be said to have been spent in efforts to uplift the workingman—a work which claimed his deepest sympathy, for he had spent his early youth in the workshops of Birmingham. He lost all religious belief early in life, and replaced it by a sort of moral system to which he gave the name of "secularism." His main idea in social reform was co-operation as advocated by Robert Owen. In 1892 he published an autobiography under the title of "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," and these two volumes may be taken to be a sort of supplement to that work. The names of Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Stuart Mill, George Henry Lewes, George Eliot, Maz-

¹ SCOTTISH REMINISCENCES. By Sir Archibald Geikie. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

² BYGONE YEARS. By Frederick Leveson Gower. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.

³ BYGONES WORTH REMEMBERING. By George Jacob Holyoake. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

zini, Garibaldi, only partially suggest the wide field of his acquaintance. His work with the Rochdale pioneers of co-operation, the Chartist propaganda, the organizing of the British Legion which went to fight for Italian freedom under Garibaldi, very inadequately indicate the extent of the great movements covered by these recollections.

William Bodham Donne, born 1809, died 1882, although without claim to a prominent position in the roll of fame, was an interesting figure in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, in that for seventeen years he held the unenviable office in England of Examiner of Plays. On his fiat depended the chance of a license for any drama offered for production on the stage. His granddaughter has now published⁴ the very valuable correspondence which her genial and lovable grandfather carried on with persons whose names are as familiar and as valued on this side of the Atlantic as on their own. When one looks at the names of Donne's correspondents, the interest and value of this volume is very evident. The greater number of the earlier letters are from and to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, and the same proportion of the later ones is made up of the correspondence with Fanny Kemble. Interspersed are many letters which passed between Donne and Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám; Archbishop Trench, John Mitcheli Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, and J. W. Blakesley, Dean of Lincoln, scholar and divine. Miss Johnson has done her part admirably in editing the letters, eliminating uninteresting and irrelevant matter, and in supplying just that amount of connecting link which turns the correspondence into one of the most interesting and delightful pictures of personality and friendly intercourse between genial spirits which has appeared for many years.

Landscape in History, and Other Essays.

By Sir Archibald Geike. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.75.

The most important essay in this volume is that dealing with scenery in its

geological relations and its influence on human progress. Many readers will hardly be inclined to admit that man is so exclusively the creature of his environment as the author implies. Granting that the natural conditions in which he happens to be placed are potent factors in his development, there are other factors, ethnic, moral and intellectual, to be taken into account. Altho a tribe of Algonquins might be living about the Athenian acropolis for ages, it is very doubtful if the result of their environment would be a Pericles. But these essays are very charming, written with great clearness and distinction. Those who look on geology as an unattractive science will be forced to admit that it may be rendered even fascinating in the hands of such a master of style as Sir Archibald. Sir Archibald arranges the scenery of Great Britain in three leading types: Lowlands, Uplands and Highlands, and proceeds to show that each of these three main types has had a perceptible influence on English literature. He illustrates his subject by selecting instances from the writings of those poets in whom the relation he wishes to establish appears to be most readily perceptible. By the way, he seems, when discussing the relation of the Western Highlands to certain aspects of English poetry, to regard the Ossian of Macpherson as genuine. This is rather singular, especially considering the light thrown on the subject as a result of the present Celtic revival in Scotland and Ireland.



Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

A rose grew on one side of the Saco River and a "sturdy young pine" on the other. How the rose was guarded with thorns, and the pine was proud; how they loved, misunderstood, and hurt each other; how, at last, all was well, and the sweet breath of the brier-rose and the fragrance of the pine made one atmosphere of love and forgiveness in a little home by the river, is a pretty story, pleasantly told by Mrs. Wiggin in her usual limpid style. We do not remember a dearer little house in fiction than the

⁴ WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by Catherine B. Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.



ROSE O' THE RIVER

one which Stephen made ready for the rose of a girl who was to bloom within its walls. He did not forget to split the kindling wood, for the first fire! A man like that was worth waiting for, and we feel comfortably sure of Rose's future happiness.



Schubert. By Edmondstoune Duncan. [The Master Musicians' Series.] London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

There is need of a good biography of Schubert in English, but Mr. Edmondstoune Duncan is not the man to write it.

His little book is for the most part dull, flat and prosy, overloaded with trivial details, in the midst of which the real essentials are lost sight of. He has condensed from the larger, authoritative biographies and unmistakably has read a great deal about the composer, but apparently he has little first-hand knowledge of Schubert's music, especially his best and greatest works. Sir George Grove said that no memoir of Schubert can ever be satisfactory. Yet, since the publication by Messrs. Breitkopf & Haertel a few years ago of the complete works of Schubert, there is material

enough and to spare for a competent writer to give us a good book about him. Mr. Duncan's style is utterly commonplace, his comment on the compositions is scrappy, and what criticism there is is expressed in the set phrases chiefly without meaning to the general reader. One would infer that the "Erl-King" is the most important of all Schubert's works, so much space is given to it, evidently because it was published separately, while many of Schubert's more beautiful songs were issued in groups and are not individualized in the publishers' catalogs known to the author. It is a pity that Mr. Frederick J. Crowest, the editor, cannot find writers better qualified to contribute to the pretty series the Messrs. Dent dress out so attractively.



The Jewish Spectre. By George H. Warner. 12mo. pp. 377. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

To begin our notice of this book, we wish the word *specter* had not been so archaistically misspelled in title and text; as also that the current British misprinting of "someone" and "anyone" for *some one* and *any one* prevails in the book. The two accents of the two words we retain; they are not lost, as in *everything* and *anything*, which are properly printed as single words. The author of *The Jewish Spectre* does not carry a name as familiar as that of his brother, Charles Dudley Warner, but he shows his right to the literary guild. We do not fully accept the arguments by which he reaches his conclusion—which is more nearly correct—that the fearsome figure so often set up of miraculous Jewish persistence, superiority and supremacy is very much of a specter. But our author cannot deny that the race has persisted in a way that no other race is known to have persisted. Beyond all caviling, we know the Jews to have maintained an historical if not administrative entity from the time of David, more than 1000 B. C. Their entity has not been lost by laws of nationality. They have been kept apart, and with substantially pure blood, tho in a hundred lands for over two thousand years; and it has all been conserved by their religious rites. There is nothing to parallel this anywhere. Mr. Warner says the Chinese are as old or older, equally the Russians.

Of course people have lived in Russia by genealogical descent all these years, but not with any consciousness of being a continuous separate race. We agree with Mr. Warner that the Jews are not markedly superior to the people with whom they live, not greater poets, artists, statesmen or financiers, and that the danger that eight or ten millions of Jews will overrun anybody is ridiculous. Perhaps the best part of the book is to be seen in its argument that all our ethics did not come from the Jews, that Monotheism was growing out of Greek, Roman and Eastern faiths parallel with the conquest of Monotheism in Palestine. But the Monotheism of the prophets was certainly something different from the *Deus exsuperantissimus* of Egypt or Persia, or the Isis or Mithra worship which were rivals of early Christianity. The author's attempt to show by mixed marriages that the Jews are a composite race, however they may have been in the past, hardly holds at present, for we may be sure that the bulk of the children born of such marriages are lost to Judaism. And still more it is to be remembered that it is not a different sort of blood that makes Jews, but religion. Mr. Warner, who treats the biblical records with no reverence, will have it that Jesus was not a Jew, but an Ephraimite Galilean. It is clear enough that Galileans were good enough Jews to be pilgrims to the temple feasts at the time of our Lord's birth. The merit of the book is that it sincerely attempts to put into a single volume a literary view of a very difficult subject. It seeks to break down the separation so far as it rests on an unreasonable fear of the Jews as an uncanny race different from our own, and thus to supply an even and happier intellectual condition. It covers a wide scope of history, and breaks down walls of suspicion and fear.



James Watt. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40.

Mr. Carnegie's new book, *James Watt*, is welcomed by the reviewer because the mere mention of it furnishes a text for more fruitful consideration than do so many of the volumes which come to his shelf. Biography is the richest subject-matter than can be found for books, even

that of an obscure man if it be treated as relating his actions and words to human life generally; and in this way, by the great part which Watt's influence had in the development of men's worldly affairs during the last hundred years and more, this special study would be remarkably promising. Then, Mr. Carnegie, by reason of his long experience and eminence in relation to these same affairs, would be expected to appreciate aspects of Watt's work and the character which the professional man of letters would not see. We need such books, books of criticism from such points of view, as we need those from every department of men's activity. Only by intelligent observation and report from every point of view can the public realize all the good that is to be had from any man's labors. It looks as if the men of business and of practical affairs are beginning to see this need and to develop their department of our literature. What is the result of Mr. Carnegie's study? Mainly such reflections as have just been indicated. There is little if anything new in the book regarding matters of fact, and details have been frankly neglected; but the author has recognized in some degree what his readers expected from him especially, and has devoted his pages largely to comment. He illustrates from incidents in Watt's life the traits of Scotch character, the lessons of morality, persevering energy and thoroughness, and the poetic element in the mechanical genius, and he glances at some of the tendencies of modern industrialism and politics. Yet there is a certain reserve, as if the man of business could not bring himself to speak with that frankness which the man of letters is taught to use. Some such hesitancy is to be expected perhaps, but it leaves us with many questions to ask.



Inner Jerusalem. Illustrated. A. Goodrich-Freer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

Miss Goodrich-Freer, the author of "Inner Jerusalem," is both a capable and sprightly personality, already approved in several lines of science and of literature, and everything she writes is worth the reading. We say this in spite of the prodigious production from her pen,

which makes this altogether recent work already a penultimate, or perhaps antepenultimate performance. She solidly informs herself about her subjects by reading and by personal visitation, and then presents the theme with as much vivacity as propriety allows. She has withal a very pretty wit, racy descriptive power and a clever knack of relating her subject to its graver scientific issues, with the sure result that we are both informed and entertained. No better book of the kind can be desired for the idle or the weary hour, and even the person on information bent, may find plenty in the letter and in the spirit, and so well arranged that it is easy to obtain. She is so very vigorous herself that perhaps her jokes may ultimately appear too highly carbonated for the "gentle reader," and she rather over-persistently "rubs it in" on English institutions in the Holy Land (of which certainly she is one!); but this is just her fun and way of reform, and if any one is bent upon reform in any way, in these days, perhaps they were better not interrupted. In short, for facts, atmosphere, reflections, tonic quality, one might fare very much worse than to go to this book and identify himself with its spirit for the two or three hours requisite for its perusal. A random illustration may serve to give its measure. "Jerusalem, for all its sacredness, is not without its humors. It is topsy-turvy land. The native entering a sacred place takes off his shoes and keeps on his hat; you begin to read a book at the end; the landlord pays the taxes; your servant walks in front of you instead of behind; a man calls himself not Mac, but Abu, not 'the son of', but 'the father of'; the men wear petticoats and the women expose their legs, while they cover their faces; the theory of 'ladies first', is a novelty from Europe; they put carpets on their walls, and pictures on their ceilings; you buy milk by the weight. . . . giggling has not yet been introduced, nor public-houses; there is no smoking of pipes and no expectoration in the streets. Swearing there is, but of a different type from the universal English adjective. It takes longer, but it leaves some scope for originality; it is after the fashion of the 109th psalm, only 'more so.'" (p. 29).

Editorials

Judge Calhoun's Mission to Venezuela

OUR Department of State has seen a great light, and it has found reason enough to reverse, or at least withdraw, its hasty threat to Venezuela. The refusal of President Castro to submit to Assistant Secretary Loomis's demand for arbitration of the Bermudez Asphalt Company's case alone, excluding all other cases, was an act of courage, and is now seen to have been justified. Mr. Loomis's dispatch was rude in the extreme, threatening coercion, and was resented. Then, Mr. Loomis having resigned, and having been rebuked by Secretary Taft and the President, the field was open for new procedure, and Judge Calhoun was sent to Caracas to learn the facts, which had been considerably misrepresented by Mr. Loomis and the other representatives of the Bermudez Asphalt Company. Judge Calhoun's report has been made verbally to the President, and the result is a better understanding and a withdrawal of coercion threats.

In order to understand the case, one must know that Castro is really more a Dictator than a President. Unquestionably the courts are subservient to him. The excuse for intervention is that justice cannot be depended upon as against the orders of Castro. Doubtless there is much truth in this charge. It was as a victorious Dictator that he first came into power, and tho now called President, he rules as a Dictator.

It must be further understood what is this New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company, and what are its rights and wrongs. It is one of the subsidiary companies now under the trust called the General Asphalt Company, but formerly under the defunct National Asphalt Company. The pother is all about this company.

Under the Asphalt Trust, as the General Asphalt Company is called, for it is merely a holding company, are two principal asphalt supply companies, which provide the asphalt to the other companies that do the paving. These latter are

themselves made up of some scores of local paving companies, but of these we do not need to speak. They offer a pretense of competition, but are under the direction of the Asphalt Trust. The two supply companies are the Trinidad Asphalt Company and this Bermudez Company.

The Trust first got control of the Trinidad Company. Trinidad belongs to England, but is near Venezuela. It has an asphalt lake. The Trinidad Co. leased the lake from the English Government for a long term of years. Then it bonded its lease, and the bonds are owned in England. It must pay a large amount every year to the bondholders and on the lease. This compels it to use the Trinidad asphalt. But there are other sources of asphalt in Venezuela, especially in Bermudez, which is a State of Venezuela as large as Pennsylvania. In 1885 Venezuela granted to one H. H. Hamilton, who had married a relative of the then President of Venezuela, a concession to exploit Bermudez. He had the right to take all its natural products, its asphalt, rubber, woods, gums, medicinal and dyeing plants, etc., and was allowed to import all needed machinery and supplies free. He also had right to navigate streams and rivers by mail boats. He bound himself to pay the Government forty cents for every 999 1-3 kilos of asphalt mined for export, in lieu of all other taxes, whatever. He was also bound to canalize certain rivers for navigation purposes, with the right to collect toll on them. He was also to build certain railroads, and generally open the country for trade. This concession, which was to run for twenty-five years, he sold to the Bermudez Company, and it opened work, but was afterward acquired by the Trust.

Now the Trust did not secure the Bermudez Company for the purpose of getting asphalt, but for the purpose of suppressing it. It was for its interest to use the Trinidad asphalt and to exclude the Bermudez from competition. And yet the Bermudez asphalt is much better than the Trinidad, and will go a third farther

in paving, and will not rot so soon. So, while keeping up a pretence of mining in Bermudez, really its asphalt was shut out from competition, to the loss of the Venezuelan Government.

This did not satisfy Castro, of course, who doubtless knew how to enrich himself out of the proceeds. So Castro declared the concession forfeited for failing to mine asphalt and to make canals and railroads. Meanwhile other companies attempted to take the Bermudez asphalt, and contest was made in the courts, the decision sometimes on one side and again on the other, until at last the Supreme Court of Venezuela declared the concession forfeited, and put the Bermudez source of supply under the receivership of Mr. Carner, who had been previously director for the Bermudez Company, and who now sells it to whoever will buy. Under the concession it had been distinctly stipulated that all disputes should be settled by the courts there, and not by reference to other governments by diplomacy. Notwithstanding this the Bermudez Company applied to Washington and for a number of years have been able to control the action of our Government in its favor by means of the political influence which it held here. That this was great may be seen from the names of the men who run the company. The president of the trust is J. M. Mack, of Philadelphia; the vice president is A. D. Andrews. Others interested are Widener, Elkins, Penrose, Harrity, Tatnall, Turnbull, Krech and Ellis. But—and this is curious—the five trustees put all their power into the hands of Mr. Mack, who does everything—a very convenient way. everything—a very convenient way.

This Bermudez concession is not the only one. The French have one, which Castro has declared forfeited for similar reasons. There are others. Minister Bowen, when our representative, finding that all these were in trouble, and were appealing to their governments for protection against the Venezuelan courts, obtained permission from Secretary Hay and Mr. Roosevelt to arrange with Castro for a general arbitration of all these claims, and Castro consented. But when the protocol was sent from Washington by First Assistant

Secretary Loomis, in the absence of Mr. Hay, it covered only the Bermudez Company, and it had been drawn up in accordance with the advice of that company's counsel. The purpose was to prevent settlement by arbitration, and to compel Castro to refuse, which he did, as the terms of this protocol were impossible and insulting. What the trust wanted was delay, and that our Government should use force to compel Castro to submit. On the general arbitration, as first planned by Mr. Bowen, it was practically certain that the award would go against the Bermudez Company. It had agreed, under its concession, to submit to the courts; it had violated its engagements; it had restricted the output, and had suppressed instead of developing Venezuelan commerce. And further, it had, as General Greene and General Andrews have admitted, spent an immense amount of money, \$130,000, on one account to aid the Matos revolution against Castro, which was alone enough to forfeit the concession. The late investigation proves this beyond question, and this was by no means all compulsory. They bought a war vessel in England for Matos and purchased other military supplies in this country.

So it is clear that our Government has made a happy escape from its complications due to the misinformation it had received from those who were in the interest and pay of the Bermudez Company, which means the Asphalt Trust. If Minister Bowen's, and Secretary Hay's plan of arbitration had not been side-tracked there would have been no further difficulty. All would have been settled by impartial arbitration, but that did not please the conspirators. When general arbitration failed, thru Mr. Loomis's confining it, in insulting terms, to the Bermudez dispute, the British and Germans proceeded to arrange their difficulties with Castro by diplomacy, and they are now allied for forty-seven years; while France is now on the point of war with Venezuela, and the United States is planning to back down on Hay's firm policy. The arbitration plan, if carried out, would have settled all these questions agreeably to the interests of the United States, and would have added to our prestige as a nation, and to our in-

fluence in South America. Some agreement will have to be made with Castro. In the history of all this bad scandal we are compelled to accept the conclusion reached in the Paris *Européen*, a leading European authority on international affairs, which says:

"As to Mr. Bowen, who has been made the scapegoat of this history, he has committed the unpardonable fault of being honest, and probably the only honest man, in a very shameful and dishonorable affair . . . in which a band of conspirators with the complicity of Senators, rich capitalists and their creature in the Department of State, Secretary Loomis, engaged in a deep plot against the integrity and independence of the sister republics, Venezuela and Colombia."



Opportunism, Good and Bad

MR. GHENT'S interesting article in defense of an uncomprisingly partisan attitude now in favor among the Socialists, is a thought-compelling arraignment of opportunism in general. Like John Morley's book on "Compromise" it makes the reader ask himself whether, after all, the ways of expediency are not only tortuous, but also unprincipled, cowardly, and in the long run unpractical.

Like all strong thinking, however, Mr. Ghent's argument awakens second thoughts, as well as first impressions. We discover that there are questions about partisanship and opportunism that he has not answered. However Socialists in general feel, Mr. Ghent at least abhors "a static state." He is a highly dynamic quantity, and likes to see things move. Now, partisanship, as it has thus far been observed in human history, presents this curious paradox: it is kinetic in its external manifestations; it effects changes in the world which the party dwells in and acts upon; it transforms the party environment; but at the same time it is a deadening static influence internally. Within the party itself it suppresses spontaneity; it stamps out criticism; it puts an end to change and growth.

When the Christian Church was young its uncompromising partisanship made it a tremendous force in the pagan world. But its conquests were won at the cost of internal plasticity. The independent thinker was felt to be a source

of weakness. He was liable to make dangerous concessions to the enemy, or to divert the thoughts of the faithful from their supreme interest. Little by little the creed became fixed and the organization rigid, until further progress was at an end. That stage attained, partisanship became futile, even as a force directed upon the environment. Self-satisfaction, indulgence and corruption enervated and disintegrated the body that had been solidified by a ruthless suppression of individuality.

Political parties everywhere have repeated this fatal evolution. The Republican party in the United States has been a conspicuous, and at times a humiliating, example of the remorselessly double working of the partisan spirit. An irresistible force in its warfare against slavery and disunion, the Republican party, having quelled rebellion and entered upon a policy of reconstruction, became both arrogant and despotic. Within its own ranks it suppressed independence and criticism with an iron hand. It began to live on its record, and failed to grapple with new issues. Secure in its sense of strength, and satisfied with its principles, it became the prey of the unprincipled and the corrupt. It was finally shaken out of its indifference, and compelled to address itself to new issues, by the revolt of the independents, precisely as the church was revitalized by the revolt of its protestants.

Who then are these protestants and independents who, from time to time, rebel against the static pressure of partisanship within any given social organization? They are opportunists of a certain kind. That is to say, they are men who, denied any opportunity within the organization to express their real convictions, or to work for the ends that they feel to be supremely important, do not sit down supinely, wailing that nothing can be done, but diligently look for, find, and seize opportunities elsewhere, anywhere, and exploit them until they have created a new and vital movement.

Such opportunists are clearly beings of a different sort from those shiftily opportunists who have no principles of any sort, and who work now for this thing and now for that, without definite aim. Opportunists of this latter sort deserve

all the opprobrium that Mr. Ghent or Mr. Morley, or any one else can heap upon them.

It is only because so much of our sociological thinking is superficial and indiscriminating that it lumps non-partisans together as opportunists, and thereby compels the conscientious thinker to push his analysis to the point of distinguishing good opportunism from bad. In reality the good opportunist and the bad are diametrically opposite types of human character. The good opportunist is more radical than the partisan; the bad opportunist is less radical. The good opportunist is a man whose radicalism adheres to his principles and his aims. From these no consideration of partisan solidarity or success can separate him. Means are subordinate to purposes, in his mind, and when accredited means fail he is always ready to look into the merits of means unaccredited or discredited. The bad opportunist has no principles. It is precisely in matters of principle and purpose that he is willing to experiment.

And now we come to the deepest criticism of partisanship. By a fatalistic tendency that only the strongest spirits are able to resist, partisanship creates bad opportunists and drives forth the good ones. The spirit of partisanship is the passion for success wedded to the instinct of solidarity. It does not supremely value principles, or even ulterior ends. The immediate end, success, and the immediate condition, solidarity, bulk bigger to the partisan than all other considerations. And so we find him over and over again doing exactly what the bad opportunist does, namely, ignoring or sacrificing his principles instead of independently choosing his means.

The one formidable danger involved in the possible success of partisan Socialism lies in its partisanism. Already in its political infancy partisan Socialism is intolerant to a degree that perhaps has never been witnessed in the early career of any political party. If influences now dominant in the Socialistic movement could obtain control of the economic and political situation they would give us the most static organization that the world has ever seen. From this fate we profoundly hope that the Socialistic movement may be saved by the ir-

repressible rebellion of great numbers of vigorous opportunists of the right kind.



The President's Southern Tour

MR. ROOSEVELT has never been the President of a party, but after his tour of the South he will be more distinctly the President of the whole people than any of his predecessors in recent times. He has approached the South in the most open-hearted way, and the South has received him with a frank expression of good will and delight. Everybody has heard him say in the past that he was by descent half Southern and half Northern, but we venture to think that few persons on either side of Mason and Dixon's line have until now clearly seen this dual relationship and its meaning. No part of the record of this journey will live so long and so brightly in the memories of the American people as the story of the President's visit to the old home of his mother in the little town of Roswell, of his eager inspection of the places which her girlhood knew, of his talk to the people in their little park of what he had been told about them and of those uncles who served in the Confederate Navy—above all, of that uncle, the Admiral, who had always seemed to him to be Thackeray's Colonel Newcome in real life. As we have said, every one knows now, and the Southern people well know, how the President came to be half Southern. And they have gained their knowledge of this in such a way that it gives the man a hold upon their hearts. They are his mother's people.

His praise of the valor of Southern men in the Civil War was in harmony with this relationship. At the same time it was impulsive and unstudied, creditable alike to the broad-minded Northerner of these days and to the Chief Magistrate of a united nation. Nor was the President's commendation of the South in its successful struggle with adverse conditions either forced or undeserved. In all this we see no trace of the politician's art. No one who knows the President will accuse him of striving to please and conciliate the South by flattery. Nor would we call it an exhibition of tact. Rather was it a wholly natural expression of opinion and emotion. The effect, deeper

and more enduring than any that mere tact or careful art could produce, is of great moment from all points of view. The popularity of a deserving President is established in the only part of the country where it was not already extraordinary, and his power to serve the public interest is enlarged.

Mr. Roosevelt has taken advantage of the opportunity to set forth again his views of public policy. His original plan for the regulation of railway charges has undergone no change, except that it now would empower the Commission to fix a "maximum" rate. But there is added to it an important provision for an examination of the companies' books to ascertain whether the law has been violated by concealed favoritism. We have repeatedly said in the *INDEPENDENT* that only by the exercise of such power to inspect the accounts could the law surely be enforced, and we are glad that a legislative grant of this power is now a part of the President's plan. He emphasizes his warning against imposing limits upon corporate activity by pointing to the depressing effect of restrictive laws in the Philippines and Porto Rico. Undoubtedly, these laws, designed to protect the people from selfish adventurers who would exploit their resources, have been injurious to insular interests because they have excluded American capital, and this capital has been freely invested in certain foreign countries to the advantage of their inhabitants. Mr. Roosevelt's remarks foreshadow an attempt by the Administration to procure from Congress a relaxation of the severity of the statutes relating to the holdings of individuals and corporate bodies. We hope the attempt will be successful.

It is true that we shall find it necessary to police the seas and coasts in the neighborhood of the Isthmian Canal's terminals, but there is no prospect that the task will be a hard one. It is also true that at some time we may be required to exercise the police power by an unselfish interference with the affairs of some country in that part of the world, but the recent admissions of the chief officers of the Asphalt Trust as to their contributions for the support of a revolution in Venezuela teach the wis-

dom of being sure of the facts before taking action in behalf of complaining claimants. Of course the Panama Canal will be completed. All intelligent and unbiased Americans are confident that the work will be done. We made a poor beginning, but better methods have now been adopted. The President's policy as to Chinese immigration will not satisfy those who would let in all who desire to come, but it is a decided improvement upon recent practice under existing laws and it calls for laws less severe. His appeal for Appalachian forest reserves will, we hope, excite friendly and effective interest in the South, where the need of forest preservation must soon be felt.

There has been nothing more wholesome and refreshing in his addresses than his scathing denunciation of those who achieve great wealth "by crooked methods," whose honesty "consists in keeping clear of the penitentiary." Every one knows what those "revelations of recent years" are of which he speaks. Doubtless, some restraint can be imposed by new laws, but for some of this dishonesty there is a remedy in the enforcement of laws now existing. The scourge of public opinion is always made more effective by the sharp public utterances of a man like Mr. Roosevelt. He couples the business scoundrel with the scoundrel in "practical" and corrupt politics. What he says on these topics is quoted in Philadelphia for the encouragement of those who are fighting the Republican ring of that city. We presume the President had in mind the Republican Senator and Governor and their associates there who oppose Mayor Weaver and reform.

On two occasions the President addressed audiences of colored people, giving them excellent advice. In Durham, N. C., his remarks to the white students of Trinity College were clearly designed to commend the trustees of that institution for refusing to dismiss Professor Bassett, who had offended influential men of that State by unstinted praise of Booker Washington. Up to the time when we write, however, he has said nothing in his public utterances about the Southern statutes that disfranchise the negro. And yet this is a live topic of both national and local interest. It is one as to which he undoubtedly has well-de-

finer opinions. Is it his purpose to withhold them from the public? Not until the record of his tour is finished shall we know. So long as opportunities for speaking on this subject remain, we shall prefer to believe that he does not intend to reject all of them.



The Beautiful and the Picturesque

CHARLES DICKENS was a great man. Like all great men he was misunderstood by his contemporaries, and we are now only beginning to appreciate him. Where they saw in him only the satirist, we discern the prophet. Take his educational theories, for example. We can remember when people thought Dickens was holding up Squeers to ridicule. But we now see that it was not satire but anticipation. Learning by doing, the union of hand work and head work, which was the fundamental principle of the educational methods of Dotheboy's Hall, has become the foundation of twentieth century education. Over the doorway of our manual training schools should be carved the immortal words: "Spell w-i-n-d-e-r, and then go and wash it." And the portrait of Squeers—any artist can draw portraits from Dickens's descriptions—should be put with those of the other discoverers of the new education on the walls of the school room, not, of course, in a gold frame but as an integral part of the mural decoration.

Still more striking is the way Thomas Gradgrind anticipated the views of modern decorative artists. Listen to the school commissioner as he expounds—fifty-two years ago, mind you—the latest theories of mural esthetics:

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and dismal pause, 'why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?'

"Yes, sir!" from one half. "No, sir!" from the other.

"Of course, no," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called taste is only another name for fact. . . .

You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use for all these purposes, combinations and modifications in primary colors of mathematical figures.'"

Miss Bensley in her article on another page of this issue uses much the same language:

"We perceive dimly that pictures on our floors are out of place, and the sale of the dog-bedecked rug and the rose-sprinkled carpet is declining. We still enjoy the terrier and the bouquet on our walls, but we no longer feel happy in walking on them. It ought to be as repulsive to us to see an imitation African lion on our walls as to see a real one walking about our rooms."

But, without disputing this theory of decorative art, it seems to us that the argument from it should lead in the direction of the framed painting rather than the fresco. If we are not to banish the picture entirely, surely it is more truthful to have it so framed and hung as to be obviously distinct and removable than as a panel purporting to be a window scene. Does not the Japanese show a higher artistic sense in hanging on his walls a new paper kakemono every few weeks than the Pompeian in painting frescoes to last two thousand years?

We live in the Peripatetic Period, and our art should, according to one of the principles of esthetics, be in harmony with the spirit of the age. According to another principle of esthetics, the dwelling room should express the individuality of the tenant, therefore it would be highly improper to let the last tenant or the land lord decorate our walls. No, we will have the flat repapered to suit our own taste every time, and hang upon it the pictures we like best, changing them every little while as we grow in artistic intelligence. Thorwaldsen wept when he carved his Christ because he was satisfied with it and he knew, therefore, that he had reached the limit of his powers. So we, if we find ourselves liking the same pictures, books and music from year to year, will know that we have ceased to grow. When the nautilus becomes satisfied with the pearly frescoes

of his latest chamber and so ceases to build new, he is ready to die.

Miss Bensley's illustrations are not well chosen for her purpose. In the Boston Public Library the wall paintings by Sargent are not so highly esteemed as the detachable pictures by Puvis de Chavannes. We do not give this as our humble opinion, but that of the only recognized infallible authority upon art and everything else—that is, Karl Baedeker. And as for the Sistine Chapel, we suggest that the average tourist would have a much better appreciation of Michelangelo's pictures if they had been hung on the line. He had to distort the limbs of the Prophets and Sibyls to fit them into the corners, and he has distorted the necks of ten generations of sightseers who wanted to see them. Most of them nowadays wander around the chapel gazing down into small mirrors as tho they, too, were sibyls, and the sound of polyglot apologies fills the air as they bump into each other.

It is a sort of degradation of the human figure to use it for architectural purposes. We do not like to see caryatides. They make us tired. Statues standing around doing nothing are much pleasanter spectacles. For the same reason people enjoy watching the idle rich who are living the ornamental life more than they do contemplating the slaves of industry. No doubt a good argument can be made for the strict construction of the Second Commandment. We may in time outgrow all forms of mimetic art and cultivate pure decorative art in abstract color and form. But in the meantime, is it not somewhat presumptuous in us to assume that our statuary and painting will be admired for thousands of years to come, as we do when we use bronze and marble, mosaic and plaster as the materials?

But what we started out to say is that, with a few qualifications, some of which we have expressed, we heartily agree with the purport of Miss Bensley's article, that the picture, especially the oil painting, has been given an artificial importance, and permitted to monopolize the attention of the public, which should be taught a wider meaning of art. There are other forms of the beautiful than the picturesque.

In the Orchard

NOTHING is more modest than an apple orchard in Winter—more sober than the bark, and more homelike than the general contour of the trees. When the buds begin to swell in Spring and the leaves to expand, there is still a homefulness that reminds you of Wagner's "Simple Life." There is no style about its growth, as there is about its neighbors', nor is there any conventionalism. The limbs come out carelessly, and the foliage is toned down to a quiet hue. When you see an apple tree you naturally say, "A good place for robins to build—and a good place for boys and girls to climb." And a robin's nest is almost certain to be found in nearly every apple tree of a small orchard—provided there be no family cat; and as for the boys and girls, they are there at least when the apples begin to color.

Nature always yields to the wit of brainy folks; and does it cheerfully. We call a natural orchard a wild one, because the trees come up out of rows and the fruits are not eatable, with rare exceptions. These exceptions we select, and multiply by art, destroying the rest. Those kinds which give 300 apples to a bushel we prefer to those that count 1,000 to the same measure. So we have gone on these three or four thousand years—but especially the last two hundred—selecting into orchards those few sorts that satisfy us; and there is no denying the fact that this selecting has done a good deal for us in the way of human evolution. Nature went on when she got a chance, making crab and thorn apples; but now she is adjusting her work to human requirements. The chances are greatly increasing that if you plant a handful of apple seeds you will get some fine sorts. There are at least six famously good seedlings of the Fameuse family—with probably many more not yet known; and if you will sow seed of the famous children of a famous parentage, your chances increase for something better in the third generation. But if you sow seeds of the old English pippins you will probably not get one valuable sort out of 500. Nature has a knack of making us do things very carefully and laboriously until we have learned to do

them thoroly well, and then she allows them to be accomplished automatically.

As May passes into June, and the petals no longer sift themselves over our shoulders, the selected apples that survive in the competition, partly from weight, and partly from instinct, turn over, and henceforth hang downward on the limbs. This is a curious process, and you should watch it as it goes on. During May every flower and germinal fruit lifts itself skyward, and the spray which you send from your pump falls delicately into the calyx. But if you spray later, the fine moisture will have to be driven upward to reach the same place. All the same we must keep at work to carry on a fair competition with other minute rivals, that would take from us our orchard crops.

There comes a time when the apple is tired of growing. The exquisite blossom filled the air with ozone. The insignificant fruit gradually took on texture and color. Great balls of succulent fruit swing in the boughs, but now nature announces that the work is done. The yellow ray of Summer atmosphere stimulated growth, but yields at last its dominance to the red ray of Autumn. The apple falls into the mood of general nature. It has nothing left to do now but to sweeten its juices and color its flesh and skin. We walk up and down the orchard rows, where the trees are growing scarlet with McIntoshes, or yellow with Golden Pippins. We count the barrels, and prepare for their storage. Everybody is rubbing his hands over abundant crops, and thinks the world runs for his own benefit. Never in the history of the world were brains more necessary. We have carried this evolution so far, and turned Nature so completely aside from her original purposing, that we cannot for one moment leave matters to themselves. It is a workful age. Yet as Autumn moves forward, anxiety and foresight give way to more quiet harvesting.

Picking apples is not the rough and uncouth job often made of it. It is one of the fine arts. Every apple should be handled like an egg. It is a good test of a boy to see if he can harvest the Spitzenbergs with delicacy and refinement. If he cannot, let him go to the

town and handle hardware. On the farm is no place for boobies and heedless folk. Here are all the sciences put into actual application, and all the arts are used which man and nature have together wrought. Not even the leaves should be rudely handled—certainly not burned when fallen and browned. They are the result of thought, and deserve quite as much care as the fruit itself. Nature makes them for elaboration of tree life, and for shading the bark in summer, dropping them then, to make the world's future soil. They are part of the real apple crop. The stupid man buys commercial fertilizer, but burns what God gives him without charge. This is a general truth that our relations to Nature have grown more delicate. The farmer is becoming the supreme artist—the creator.

Obliterate the orchard, abolish the apple, and it would be difficult to estimate the changes in human economy. It is curious to note that the two began together, or very nearly so, in evolution. So did civilization begin with the culture of better fruits; and we are now entering on a new and more wonderful era than any in the past. The grandest achievement of the present day is not in politics, nor in sociology, but in pomology. The new apples, that nod to us as we pass them by, are the glory of their makers. Burbank and Budd and Lyon and Stark and Munson, these men, and such as these, are really the masters of the age—the leaders of a new humanity. It is their enthusiasm which is making the real life of the twentieth century. The commercial world is just waking up to the fact that trading is not the supreme end of human industry; that creating is the first, and the highest achievement. The orchard stands as a monument of man's intellectual mastery of Nature.

So it is the orchard helps to make home. When the sober buds begin to swell, and the pink tips to show, you say, What in the world else can be so beautiful? Ah, if only we could have *one* apple tree in bud and blossom all the year around! Nature knows us better. She knows that we would soon become satiated, and would not even see that our prayer was granted. So she pulls aside the veil, and lets us see apple blossoms

only just two weeks of each year. Then comes that protracted period of growing, and contention with insects. At last in the quiet of late Autumn, having garnered the perfected work, we walk once more under the leafless limbs. Yet even now, tucked away at every available point, are the well wrapped buds of a new life—of a year that lives as yet only in promise, and depends for its full opening and realization on a wholesome antecedent life. The apple tree in this way is not unlike man. Man is in nothing apart from or outside of Nature. Old people do not care so much for Spring and Summer, but Autumn is their season. We get ripe as we grow old, and the red apples fit into our riper mood. The problem is whether we have the buds formed for another period of development.



A King for Norway

BUT why not a Norwegian Republic? Why maintain the form of a monarchy when the whole spirit of it is decayed and perished? Why not throw overboard the entire lumber of the divine right of kings, when their authority is lost? Why not shed the old fuss and feathers after the eagle has moulted?

Popular government requires no king, to rule during his lifetime, and then transmit his privilege to his son. The existence of a king is the denial of popular government, for the king is outside of it, not chosen by it and not by it removable. A king may properly go with inchoate, imperfect popular government, not yet universal, so long as the right of suffrage is limited to a class. If the rich may vote and so rule over the poor, then this class that possesses privilege may be ruled in turn by a king who possesses further privilege over them; but universal suffrage contradicts royalty.

And yet the form and something of the power of royalty persists after universal suffrage is secured. Thus not only European republics, like France and Switzerland, give the vote to all male citizens, but this is true also of Great Britain and Germany. And, strangely enough, the purpose of giving suffrage to the proletariat is to strengthen the monarchy, it being supposed that, while the strong middle class and the nobles

will, as in Magna Charta days, limit and resist kings, the lower classes will be faithful to the monarchy. So in Russia the mujiks believe their White Father to be their dear friend, and that it is only his subordinate nobles that oppress them. So they went, led by Father Gapon, to tell their Father their needs and sufferings, and be shot down like dogs. This will work for a time, but when you have educated your new rulers it will be found that they, too, are jealous of their rights.

Norway needs no king. There is in Norway no great ignorant mass unfit for suffrage. The people are independent in their minds, school-taught, fond of their political discussions, intelligent in public affairs, perfectly competent to rule themselves by Parliament and President, as does France or Switzerland. It will be a great pity if, reversing the trend of things, and with such a rare opportunity to make the ideal change, Norway fails to seize the chance. No one could stand in the way; not Sweden nor Denmark, her nearest neighbors, and hardly Russia or Germany, much as Czar and Kaiser would dislike it, and strongly as their influence goes against the republic.

It would be an example to Hungary could Norway drop the monarchy. There, as in Scandinavia, there is the likelihood of division. When Hungary shall throw off the alliance with Austria, and with it an Austrian King, and shall accept the universal suffrage that is likely to come, there should be a Republic of Hungary. We long to see it. We have given Liberty and Equality full rights on the two Continents of America; we long to see old Europe also won. There is no going backward. Monarchies turn republics, but republics do not turn monarchies. A Hungarian Republic, following a Norwegian Republic, would mightily influence the nations about.

While universal suffrage is popular government, and so the essential thing, yet the maintenance of the form of royalty with it is both abnormal and injurious. It is a drag on the will of the people. It stands in the way of the popular demand; as in Great Britain the King and House of Lords, ornamental nuis-

ances, block the House of Commons. It resists what the common people, the working people want, better rights in their labor; what the old Chartists asked for, "Eight hours' work, Eight hours' play, Eight hours' sleep, And eight shillings a day." It is such modified Socialism that Australia and New Zealand, which have escaped King and Nobles, are now seeking and finding; it is what we are achieving peacefully in the United States.

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Blackmail

THERE is more than one kind of blackmail. There is the Italian kind, and there is the political kind; but it is all blackmail. The threat is the same, the compulsion to pay; the difference is only in the nature of the threat.

Blackmail is compelling one who has money to give it over for nothing to another person who threatens to do an injury if the money is not given. A usual way is for a company of Italians to frighten one of their people, who has thriftily got rich, by sending him letters demanding a thousand dollars or so, and threatening to steal his child if he refuses. That is the brutal, undisguised blackmail, which may even threaten to kill, and sometimes does kill, one who may refuse to give the money. Our papers are full of such terrible cases.

But there is another kind of which we are beginning to hear a good deal in these days. There are rich companies as well as rich Italians, companies worth hundreds of millions, as well as Italians that are worth a few thousands. And there are so-called respectable men who are as criminal blackmailers as the Black-Hand Italians. We elect them to make our laws. They seek election just for this purpose, that they may blackmail rich companies, and our decent citizens are so busy, or so blind, that they do not see what these would-be legislators are after. We cultivate blackmail, as farmers cultivate weeds, by letting them grow, because too lazy to keep the ground clean.

We have had testimony before the New York legislative committee—and it has some truth—that a considerable por-

tion of the bills presented to the legislatures are "strikes," are introduced simply for blackmail. We have learned of hundreds of thousands of dollars spent by each of three specified insurance companies for legislative purposes. This is no news: it has been known for years, commonly talked of as gossip of the capitals, but not before confessed. Now we know it; it is admitted. We know—and we know something of the terrible extent of the evil, and who are the men who are the go-betweens and pay the money to the blackmailers. And the men who take it must be known about Albany and Harrisburg, and about their own homes. They are flourishing; they get rich, with no visible means of support. They are as bad as the Italian scoundrels whom we hunt as vermin and send to prison, if we can find them.

We find fault with the Italian father who consents to pay money in his fear that his child will be stolen. We say that if men would not pay money the blackmailers would cease their business. But we yet pity them while we blame them. We do not condemn them as we do the men whose victims they are. We can hardly make that distinction of pity in favor of the companies that allow themselves to be thus blackmailed. We are not sure but they may be as active to prevent good as bad legislation. To that extent they are not only victims, but also cultivators, inviters of blackmail. They mix bribery with blackmail. There is no closer duty resting on our officers of the law than that they seek out and actually punish the men who are guilty of thus misusing the funds paid for the protection of widows and orphans.

For it is far from clear that the money paid in bribery to legislators is mainly forced blackmail. It is not more easy to find the bills introduced to strike the companies than it is to find bills introduced by the companies for their profit. And it is these bills that pass. To provide board and lodging and sundry illegitimate supplies to insurance committees and others, at the enormous total expense proved, is something more and worse than paying blackmail. The argument of gold takes the place of the argument of reason. When the investigation

is ended it will be time for the District Attorney to act.

Just now there are propositions that insurance legislation be transferred from the State capitals to Washington. It is said and thought that this will purify legislation. We do not believe it would. We can imagine that it would be a great advantage to the companies if they could close their local legislative bureaus, and do all their legislative business with the National Senate and House of Representatives, and an Insurance Bureau at Washington. But we can imagine also the tremendous combined pressure which these hundreds of millions could put upon Congress. We can imagine that these rich companies might come to think that they owned Congress, whether thru personal financial favor of one sort and another, or by contributions of enormous sums to political campaign treasuries. Bribery would not be necessary. Nothing more would be needful than to give a man a chance in a syndicate at bedrock, and let the profit come to him, he hardly knows how. We have had several very disagreeable investigations in Congress, and very rich men get into the Senate. Before favoring the control of insurance by Congress we would have close attention given to the plan, with a view to finding out whether its purpose is to get rid of blackmail, or whether it is to make it easier for the companies to do what they will. The acquisition of four million dollars directly paid to one family by the company of which one of its members was president shows what is the greed and graft that has controlled what ought to be the most honest of all businesses.

Slander Without Malice

The ridiculous stories sent to this country by imaginative correspondents about the doings of "Princess Alice" in her Eastern trip had no malice in them, not the least, but they were really slanderous nevertheless. She did not take that "dare" from one of the party to leap into the tank on shipboard all in her clothes, and compel him to follow her; and it is not true that she received an offer of marriage from the Sultan of Sulu. They were spicy stories, like others of the kind, and they might very well

convey the impression that she was a dare-devil girl who invited *outré* notoriety. Such inventions, while not malicious, and in the nature of practical jokes, can very well prejudice people and be really slanderous. Another such is the story which we have seen, coming as a matter of gossip from Manila, to the effect that at a dinner given to Secretary Taft by the native governors and officials, after a sharp criticism by a leading Filipino, one of the American officers present was so angry, or drunk, that he threw a glass of wine in the speaker's face. This is not true, as we are informed by one of the very few Americans who attended that function; but doubtless the letter-writer believed it. Slander may be innocent of all evil intent, but yet

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."



Miss Roosevelt's Presents

Some officials and some newspapers have been suggesting and approving that Congress should pass a special bill admitting Miss Roosevelt's presents, which she has received on her Eastern trip, free of customs duties. The argument offered is that they were not given to her as personal tribute, but as representing the government of the United States; that they were not what she would have bought for herself, and were what she could not refuse to accept because she was the daughter of the President. To have refused them would have been very offensive and insulting. Further, a large proportion of them would be of no use to her, but are simply curious and interesting mementos. There is some force in these arguments. The objects have been admitted in bond and sent on to Washington, and will be held in bond until the duties are paid or are remitted. It is not clear to us that they should be remitted. There are other ways of getting over the difficulty, and one of the best would be, it appears to us, that these presents, which were official in character, should remain such by being presented or permanently loaned to the National Museum at Washington, in which case no duty would be paid upon them. Miss Roosevelt might very properly retain what she wishes for personal possession, which

would be probably a comparatively small proportion of them, and on those pay a duty like any other citizen. Special legislation in favor of an individual citizen, no matter how exalted the rank, should be avoided.

Football Abolished at Yale

On October 25th, 1855, exactly fifty years ago today, THE INDEPENDENT published the following welcome news under the title of "Civilizing":

"The Freshmen of Yale College this year decline to challenge the Sophmores to a football contest, by a majority of one-fifth of the class. The *Register* says that the reasons given for the discontinuance of the custom were, that the contestants were exposed to severe casualties; there was no display of skill, but simply a trial of brute force; that such rough and tumble sport was beneath the dignity of gentlemen; there was nothing in favor of it, save that it was an old and long established custom."

If the present agitation against football succeeds in abolishing the game, we will be exactly where we were fifty years ago.

The Kaleidoscopic Czar

One who can chase a rabbit track can follow the political movements of the Czar. One who can harmonize the combinations of the kaleidoscope can discover his connected policy; and yet thru all the turbulence and disputes and insurrections there must come one final result, and that is, more liberty for the people and more restraint to the despotisms. Under the very last report Mr. Witte is getting control, and it is even said that Mr. Trepoff, who promised to suppress all uprising with a bloody hand, is now in harmony with him. Mr. Witte has convinced his Majesty, so they say, and there is some reason to believe it, against the will of the Court Party, that it is necessary to grant a considerable measure of popular liberty, such as will free the press and guarantee the right of associations and public meetings. We accept the report, inasmuch as it directly contradicts previous reports, and we shall hold faith in it for a week, or at least a day, assured that the see-saw of Court Party and representative government, about the pivot of the Czar, is bound to end in more freedom at last.

Pebbles

"TRIED to skin me, that scribbler did!" "What did he want?" "Wanted to get out a book jointly, he to write the book and I to write the advertisements. I turned him down. I wasn't going to do all the literary work."

....A Bishop backed the Subway Dive
And opened it with psalms.
Teetotaldom cried, "Sakes alive!
He can't survive his qualms."

But Time a wonder brought to light
That showed the rogues they lied.
The Bishop rallied from the blight;
The Dive it was that died.—*Life*.

FLEA, FLY, FLUE.

A flea and a fly in a flue,
Were imprisoned; now what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
"Let us fly," said the flea,
And they flew through a flaw in the flue.
—*Our Dumb Animals*.

....Among the papers read at the last meeting of the American Mathematical Society, none were more interesting than these three: "A geometric property of the trajectories of dynamics." "On the expressibility of the automorphic functions of the group $(0, 3, l_1, l_2, l_3)$ in terms of theta series," and "On the arithmetic nature of the coefficients in groups of finite monominal linear substitutions."—*Science*.

....We are chloroforming grandpa
In our laboratory snug,
For we've been to Dr. Osler,
Who has furnished us the drug.
Grandpa hates asphyxiation
And is kicking up a roar;
Tho he ought to die contented,
Since his useful days are o'er.

We are chloroforming grandpa.
'Tis a dire and fatal plunge,
But we're sure the old man needs it.
(Willie, run and get the sponge.)
Grandpa's such a hale old fellow,
If he wasn't put away
He would still continue working
Twelve or fourteen hours a day.

Little Johnnie (such a bright boy!)
Runs a railroad and a bank;
Baby Jim conducts a journal,
And a Senator is Frank.
Boys of sixteen, eighteen, twenty
Now direct the human race—
What's the use of having grandpa
Merely loafing round the place?

—*Life*.

Insurance



HENRY S. ROBINSON.

The Connecticut Mutual and Its New Vice-President

THE Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., which was organized in 1846, came into great prominence under the strong leadership of the late Jacob L. Greene. When this company began business, life insurance was new and crude. Mortality tables were ill-digested and the public impression was quite general that insuring life was an impious business that "tempted Providence," because of seeking to interpose a guarantee or a protection against death. The Connecticut Mutual began with mutuality and has so continued until the present time. During its fifty-nine years of existence the Connecticut Mutual has brought comfort into thousands of homes that would have been doubly desolate upon the death of the breadwinner had it not been for the policies written by this New England company. The reputation of the Connecticut Mutual has always been high and it has constantly enjoyed the confidence of the people so that its business has continued persistent.

Mr. Henry S. Robinson, who has just been elected vice president of the Connecticut Mutual, and who now takes his place in the direct line of succession to the presidency, is the son of the Hon. Henry C. Robinson. He was born at Hartford, in which city he has always resided. He was a member of the Class of 1889 at Yale, and after graduation he studied law with his father, in whose office he remained for some time. Subsequently the young man had charge of the Trust Department of the Connecticut Trust and Safe Deposit Company, of Hartford, where he was very successful. Mr. Robinson established a fine record in his native city as a financier, finding large use for all of his powers of judgment and frequently drawing upon his legal equipment and training. Mr. Robinson in his new office succeeds John M. Taylor, who was promoted to the presidency of the Connecticut Mutual, immediately following the recent death of Col. Jacob L. Greene. The last published report of the Connecticut Mutual showed assets of \$65,224,841, and a surplus of \$4,828,696.



The Insurance Investigation

Mr. Richard A. McCurdy, President of the Mutual Life, was under further examination last week. He displayed at times surprising lack of familiarity with the details of the company's business, and balked at some of the questions asked by Hughes. One of the most spectacular revelations during the week just past was in regard to the maintenance for a period approximating ten years, during "the season," of a house in Albany by the Mutual Life where, in at least two instances, members of the Insurance Committee of the Legislature had been quartered, in one case for a period of twelve months. The expenses of this house, known as "The House of Mirth," including the payment of the caretaker, butler, and cook, were charged up to the Mutual's legal expense account. Enormous traveling expenses were shown to have been incurred by R. H. McCurdy during his inspection of agencies in the Middle Western States. These amounted to \$500 per week for several weeks.

Financial

Beef Trust Cases

The accused beef companies at Chicago have successfully attacked a part of the indictment upon which the Government has undertaken to convict them. Judge Humphreys decided, last week, that their objections to five of the ten counts were well founded. These are the counts charging the maintenance of a monopoly. The remaining counts charge conspiracy and combination in restraint of trade. Representatives of the Government say that the loss of the rejected counts does not injuriously affect their case. Objections to this part of the accusation having thus been sustained, the companies, on the 23d, renewed their attack by filing two pleas in bar. The second of these had been foreseen. In substance it is that the Government has no right to prosecute now by indictment, because the same issues were raised in the injunction proceedings before Judge Grosscup and were then finally disposed of by the decree of the Supreme Court; that is to say, that the Government chose to proceed by injunction and that the companies should be punished only for violation of the injunction. The first plea, however, caused some surprise. It is that under a resolution of Congress the companies were compelled by the Commissioner of Corporations, Mr. Garfield, to testify concerning their business; that the information thus exacted was furnished to the District Attorney and was used by him not only in securing the indictment but also in procuring other evidence; and that for this reason the companies cannot rightfully be prosecuted upon an indictment so obtained.

It is asserted in Boston that the shoe manufacturers are disturbed by indications that these same beef companies now exercise a dominating influence in a company or Trust which controls the output and price of sole leather, and that the price is to be advanced, following a considerable increase in the price of hides. In Chicago, the wholesale price of shoes has been increased by fifty cents a pair.

Commissioner Garfield has completed his investigation of the Standard Oil Company, which was authorized by a

resolution of Congress. Expert agents were employed, and the inquiry is said to have been a comprehensive and searching one.



....The Great Northern Railway Co. is about to issue \$25,000,000 of new stock, which will be offered to the present shareholders at par.

....The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. awarded contracts last week for 20,000 freight cars, which will cost about \$23,000,000. This is said to be the largest single purchase of cars ever made by a railroad company.

....The anthracite coal and transportation interests of Coxe Brothers & Co., the largest independent producers of coal in the anthracite district, have been acquired by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. for about \$19,000,000.

....Fisk & Robinson publish a synopsis of the annual report of the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Co. for the last fiscal year, showing the extensions being made into rich coal districts and the purchases of coal lands made by subsidiary corporations. Earnings, both gross and net, show a considerable increase.

....The recent order of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company for 25 electric locomotives (from the Westinghouse Works), to be operated by the single phase alternating current method, appears to warrant the inference that the company intends to move trains on its main line, at least between New York and New Haven, by electric power.

....The admirable address of Mr. J. Edward Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, at the tenth annual convention of the Maryland Bankers' Association, relating to objectionable methods and dishonest practices in finance and public life, has been published in a handsome pamphlet.

....Dividends announced:

American Exchange National Bank, semi-annual, 5 per cent., payable November 1st.

American Telephone and Telegraph Coupons (gold), 5 per cent., payable November 1st.

Southern Pacific Co., various bonds, coupons, payable November 1st.

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Survey of the World

Mr. Roosevelt's Southern Tour The President completed his tour in the South on the afternoon of the 27th ult., after a notably enthusiastic reception in New Orleans. He arrived at Mobile on the 23d, and was greeted there by an audience of 40,000 in Bienville Square. Judge Oliver J. Semmes (who remarked, on the preceding day, that the President in one of his books had called his father, Admiral Semmes, a pirate), presented to the distinguished guest a souvenir badge, commending his "broad views and judicious actions," and assuring him that the people of Mobile had "buried the past." Responding, the President said that one of his uncles had been an officer under Admiral Semmes on the "Alabama," that another had built the ship, and that the Admiral's daughter was the wife of "that distinguished ex-Confederate, who by his rule as Governor of the Philippines, has held aloft the record of American rule for integrity, efficiency and firmness." Some time later, while speaking of the navy, he said:

"Judge Semmes, in passing by the monument to your illustrious father, I felt the thrill of pride that all Americans must feel because the names of the combatants in that famous ship duel are commemorated in the names of the 'Kearsarge' and the 'Alabama' in the United States Navy now, and because if ever they have to go into action they will go in side by side, manned by Americans against a common foe."

His chief topic in this address was the Isthmian Canal. Originally he had been, he said, for the Nicaragua route, but he accepted the decision of Congress, it being evident that it must be the Panama Canal or no canal. He warned his audience not to be misled by interested clamor against the project.

For decades the construction of a canal had been opposed, and successfully, by great commercial interests. Certain things he had seen in a portion of the daily press led him to believe that the same obstructive influences were still active and were trying to put off the digging of the canal for ten or fifteen years. But they would surely fail. "The canal will be dug, and soon." Speaking of "crooked public servants," he remarked that he would take advice about appointing men, but, if he found they were crooked, he took no advice about removing them and punishing them to the fullest extent of the law.

His Address to the Negroes Having passed thru Montgomery in the night, the President arrived at Tuskegee on the morning of the 24th. His chief address there was delivered at Booker T. Washington's Normal and Industrial Institute. In the beginning he expressed surprise and delight at the exhibition of the Institute's work, saying that hereafter he should "stand for it more than ever." Addressing the negroes, he pointed out that it was to the interest of both the white people and the colored people that the negro be encouraged to make himself a citizen of the highest type of usefulness. Every available man in the South should be trained to be of the utmost use by the development of his intelligence, his skill, and his capacity for conscientious effort. Agriculture, mechanics, and household duties covered in a very large degree the field in which the negro could at present do most for himself and be most helpful to his white neighbors, for the professional and mercantile avenues to success

were overcrowded. Ignorance was the costliest crop that could be raised in any State. Every white man should help the negro to help himself. In his own interest and for his own protection the white man should strive for the education of the negro; it was his duty and to his interest to see that the negro was protected in property, in life, and in all his legal rights. The President warmly commended those who had done such heroic work in the South in arousing public opinion against lynching and lawlessness in all its forms. They lifted the cause of good citizenship thruout the Union. The good work at Tuskegee could not have been done without the loyal support of the white people round about. "During twenty-five years of effort to educate the black man here in the midst of a white community of intelligence and culture, there has never been an outbreak between the races, or a difficulty of any kind." If any misunderstanding between the races should arise in any community, the best way out of it would be by a prompt and frank conference between wise, decent, cool-headed men among the whites, and the wise, decent, cool-headed colored men. He urged the negroes to war against all crime, especially all crime by men of their own race. They should scrupulously observe all contracts, and lead clean, decent, modest lives, thus winning the respect of their neighbors of both races:

"The colored people have many difficulties to pass through, but these difficulties will be surmounted if only the policy of reason and common sense be pursued. You have made real and great progress. Moral and industrial education is what is most needed in order that this progress may continue.

"The race cannot expect to get everything at once. It must learn to wait and bide its time; to prove itself worthy by showing its possession of perseverance, of thrift, of self-control. The destiny of the race is chiefly in its own hands and must be worked out patiently and persistently along these lines. Remember also that the white man who can be of most use to the colored man is that colored man's neighbor. *It is the Southern people themselves who must and can solve the difficulties that exist in the South.* Of course, what help the people of the rest of the Union can give them must and will be gladly and cheerfully given. The hope of advancement for the colored man in the South lies in his steady, common sense effort to improve his moral and material condition, and to work in

harmony with the white man in upbuilding the commonwealth. The future of the South now depends upon the people of both races living up to the spirit and letter of the laws of their several States, and working out the destinies of both races, not as races, but as law-abiding American citizens."



In Alabama and Arkansas Returning to Montgomery, that afternoon, the President addressed a large audience at the State Capitol. "Think what it means for this nation," said he, "that there is no place in the Union where the President can feel more at home and can feel more that he is indeed the President of all the Union, of a united and indissoluble Union, than when speaking here under the shadow of the first Capitol of the Confederacy." The canal, relations with China, and the citizenship duties of the average man were his subjects. From Montgomery he went to Birmingham; the same day, and spoke there in Capitol Park, referring to the State's great progress since the war, in agriculture, and especially in the iron industry. His guard of honor was composed of two companies of veteran soldiers, one of Confederates, the other of Union men. In behalf of a Camp of Confederate Veterans, ex-Governor Johnston gave him a badge, saying:

"We believe you come nearer to standing for the ideals that have inspired our lives than any President we have had since the war. Had we been born north of Mason and Dixon's line, many of us in the war might have followed the flag of our fathers, the Stars and Stripes; but we are sure that had you been born twenty years earlier, and in Georgia, where you should have been born, you would have been the gallant leader of a brigade under Forrest or Stuart."

On the following day the President spent seven hours in or near Little Rock, Ark. At City Park he was introduced by Governor Jefferson Davis, who partly apologized for lynching, and partly defended it, emphasizing the heinous character of the crime by which, he said, lynchings were usually caused. The President responded to this with some energy, saying at the beginning that the worst enemy of the negro race was the negro criminal of the type which the Governor had mentioned:

"Now for the side of the white man. To avenge one heinous crime by another heinous

crime is to reduce the man doing it to the bestial level of the man who committed the bestial crime. The horrible effects of lynch law are shown in the fact that three-fourths of the lynchings are not for that crime at all, but for other crimes. And above all other men, Governor, you and I and all who are exponents and representatives of the law owe it to our people, owe it to the cause of civilization and humanity, to do everything in our power, officially and unofficially, directly and indirectly, to free the United States from the menace and reproach of lynch law."

At a banquet in the city, the President spoke for a modification of the criminal laws in the interest of the public, saying that the present laws gave guilty men too great an advantage, especially if they were rich. For three years he had been trying to get at certain offenders who had been indicted, but had avoided trial. That afternoon he started for New Orleans, and passed thru the whole length of Governor Vardaman's State, Mississippi, in the night.

To New Orleans and the Sea

The President's reception in New Orleans was of an extraordinary character. Never before had the streets been so gaily decorated. In a steamer, he inspected the entire waterfront, and then took part in a grand parade. At the place selected for his public address, the great audience was so excited that panic and loss of life seemed impending. Therefore he contented himself with a few words designed to preserve order. At a luncheon in the St. Charles Hotel, Governor Blanchard spoke of certain policies of the President as to which the Democrats of Louisiana wished him to have the support of Democrats in Congress. In reply, the President praised the State's representatives in the Senate and the House. If he had convinced them at any time that a measure was for the country's good, they had supported it. On the other hand, some worthy men "went against the realization of their most cherished objects" as soon as he had favored these. "One thing I won't do," said he, "is to make a bluff that I can't make good." And if he took a position after careful thought he was going to keep it, "no matter what outsider goes the other way." Commending the heroism of the people in their contest with yellow fever, he said he would have come

to New Orleans at any time during the Summer, if they had asked him to, and if he could have done any good. Among their martyrs had been his dear friend, Archbishop Chapelle. He spoke again of the Panama Canal and said the Government should do more for the erection and care of the Mississippi levees. Late in the afternoon he went on board the lighthouse tender, "Magnolia," which moved down toward the mouth of the river. At eleven o'clock he had a narrow escape from serious injury. The "Magnolia" was struck by the steamer "Esparta," upward bound, and a large hole was made in her hull. Mr. Roosevelt was thrown down in his stateroom, and his face was scratched by broken glass from his window. The hole in the hull was very near at hand. Going on deck, he took command, and the boat was speedily beached. Another tender took him down to the Gulf, where he was transferred to the cruiser "West Virginian," having passed, as he said, "a strenuous birthday," his forty-seventh. The cruiser made fast time to Norfolk, and was almost constantly in communication with points on the mainland by wireless telegraph, messages passing from the Gulf even to Washington, and from the Atlantic to Fort Leavenworth, Kan. At noon on the 31st the President arrived safely at Washington.

The Isthmian Canal

Secretary Taft sailed for Colon last week on the cruiser "Columbia," intending to remain on the Isthmus for a few days, his purpose being to become familiar with the situation. Being the responsible officer of the Government in charge of the Canal work, Congress will look to him for information and explanations. Chairman Shonts denies that there is any friction between him and the Secretary. He has not said, he adds, that he would resign if he could not exercise full power and be accountable only to the President.—An official statement shows that, of the \$10,000,000 appropriated for the use of the Commission, \$6,000,000 remained unexpended on June 30th. Since that date, however, about \$5,000,000 has been paid out, and there is now on hand barely enough to pay current expenses until the middle of Decem-

ber. Only a small sum has been spent for canal construction.—Isham Randolph, a prominent engineer and a member of the Consulting Board of Engineers, says in a letter which the Commission has published that the country may reasonably look for the passage of great ocean freighters through the canal before 1915. Thus far, he continues, the main source of labor supplies has been Jamaica, but this labor is of poor quality, its efficiency being only one-quarter of the average in the States. The introduction of the eight-hour system, he says, was a lamentable mistake, adding about 25 per cent. to the labor cost of the entire project.

Various Topics

A brief statement from Secretary Taft has been published, saying that he has no intention of resigning from the Cabinet to make a campaign for the Presidency, is satisfied with his present place, and prefers to keep it as long as he can.—Owing to a rumor that Speaker Cannon would oppose at the coming session the passage of the Esch-Townsend Railway Rate bill, a letter has been published in which he says that he stands by the action of the House, and, if re-elected Speaker, "will constitute the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce substantially as it was during the last Congress."—It is due partly to recent testimony concerning political contributions by the great life insurance companies that a strong organization, called the Association to Prevent Corrupt Practices at Elections, has been formed in New York, under the leadership of ex-Mayor Seth Low. Prominent men in many parts of the State are members. The aim of the Association is to procure the enactment of a stringent and comprehensive Corrupt Practices law, providing for the full publication of election expenditures by individuals and organizations, forbidding corporations to contribute, naming proper objects of expenditure, providing punishment, and enabling citizens to push a judicial inquiry into the correctness and completeness of statements made.—In an address at the unveiling of a statue to J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, formerly Secretary of Agriculture, ex-President Cleveland, at the close of his

tribute to Mr. Morton's "lofty civic righteousness, simple and sure standards of public morality, and stern insistence upon official honesty," added the following:

"We have fallen upon days when our people are more than ever turning away from their old faith in the saving grace of character and flocking to the worship of money-making idols. Daily and hourly in the light of investigation and exposure, characterless lives are seen in appalling numbers, without chart or compass, crowded upon the rocks and shoals of faithlessness and breach of trust."

—It may be that no one of those accused of selling the Government's cotton crop estimates will be prosecuted. Frederick A. Peckham and Moses Haas, who were indicted with Edwin S. Holmes, Jr., have been discharged in New York by a Federal Commission, to whom application for a warrant for their removal to Washington had been made. Some expect that Holmes also will be released.

The Philippine Islands

For some time past, Datto Ali has been the only hostile Moro chief in Mindanao. He and his son, with ten of his followers, were killed last week by a detachment of the Third Cavalry, commanded by Captain McCoy. Forty-three prisoners were taken, all of them wounded. Captain McCoy lost three men in the fight. Five of the constabulary force were killed in an engagement with other Moros near Lake Liguasan.—Only a small part of the money paid for the friars' lands has been used for the benefit of the Catholic Church in the islands. The bulk of it has been taken away by the three orders (the Dominicans, Augustinians and Franciscans) and devoted to their uses elsewhere. Dispatches from Rome say that reports of a recent conference at Manila between Secretary Taft and the local Bishops have been received by the Pope. The Secretary, it is said, complained because this money had been taken from the islands, Pope Leo and Cardinal Rampolla having promised in 1902 that it should be used for the Church there. When the Bishops complained because of delay in restoring to them the Church property claimed and taken by Aglipay, he explained that they must apply to the courts. He was willing, the dispatches say, to hasten a settle-

ment of claims relating to the occupation of church property by our troops during the insurrection, but when they asked that the insular Government should assist in supporting the parochial schools, he explained that this was forbidden by the constitutional principles of the national Government.

The Program of the Hungarian Cabinet

Baron Fejervary still holds his position as Hungarian Premier, notwithstanding the fact that he has not succeeded in getting a majority in the Chamber to endorse him. He has prorogued Parliament until December 19th, and has now brought forward a new program of reforms for discussion. In case this is not approved by the Chamber when it reassembles, he will dissolve it and call a new election, in the hope that with universal suffrage in sight the present Magyar coalition will be overthrown. The new program of the Government makes some concessions on the language question. The regiments composed of Hungarians will be drilled in the Hungarian language, and the Hungarian officers are already being transferred to such regiments. He proposes to postpone any changes in the customs union of the two nations until 1917, when the establishment of a separate tariff may be expected. Many measures are proposed for the benefit of the farmers and working classes, such as compulsory insurance for working men and free and compulsory education. Small farm holdings are to be encouraged and the mortgage debt of small landed proprietors relieved by converting it. Still more important is the proposal for universal secret and direct suffrage in place of the present limited and disproportionate system, which gives the Magyars, really in a minority in Hungary, a dominant position. Apparently the unwillingness of the Emperor-King to accept this radical measure as a solution of the deadlock has been overcome. Its immediate effect is, however, to unite all the Magyar groups against the threatened attack upon their supremacy. Count Stefan Tisza, the leader of the Liberal party, which was defeated in the last election, is fighting the extension of the suffrage as vigorously as his opponents of the Coalition.

Mr. Kristoffy, who as a member of the Fejervary Cabinet originated the suffrage scheme, endeavors to prove by statistics that it would actually increase the Magyar vote. But Count Tisza points out that, while the total Magyar vote would be greater, their representation would be cut down, for the increase would be mostly in those districts where they have already a majority, while in other districts which they now hold they would be swamped by non-Magyar votes cast at the dictation of the Clerical or Socialist leaders. Universal suffrage would place a third or at least a quarter of the constituencies in non-Magyar hands. If the question is forced to a vote it would be likely to carry in spite of the present system of voting, since the Socialists and the minor races are so enthusiastic in favor of it, and some of the Liberals and even of the Nationalists are too democratic in their principles to oppose it. Very remarkable speculations are rife in regard to international complications. A pamphlet was published in Berlin entitled "The Hungarian Crisis and the Hohenzollerns," which recommended the overthrow of the Austrian Hapsburg dynasty and the substitution of a German Hohenzollern dynasty as the solution of the difficulty. The authorship of the pamphlet has been traced to Nemed Denes, private secretary of Baron Banffy, the ex-Premier, and he has been arrested for high treason. It is generally supposed that Baron Banffy may be implicated, altho he denies all knowledge of it. It is rumored that Emperor William of Germany, in his desire to conclude an alliance with Russia and check a possible Anglo-Russian *entente*, has proposed to the Czar the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary. He is also reported to be willing to give the Czar the assistance of German troops, if necessary, in putting down a rebellion of his subjects.

The Russian Magna Charta

If the concessions offered by the Czar are accepted by the people, the manifesto issued October 30th, 1905, marks the end of the Russian autocracy, and the document becomes the historic foundation of their future liberties. If it should turn out that the Government

has yielded too late to save itself, the revolution is not likely to go backward. The manifesto changes the Duma from a mere advisory body elected by a very restricted suffrage to a true legislative assembly based upon an extended suffrage and endowed with the power to control all laws and to supervise their administration. The other demands of the Zemstvoists for personal, religious, verbal and political liberty are also granted directly or implicitly. The manifesto is given below in full:

"We, Nicholas II., by the grace of God, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias, Czar of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., declare to all our faithful subjects that the troubles and agitation in our capital and numerous other places fill our heart with great and painful sorrow. The happiness of the Russian sovereign is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of the people, and the sorrow of the people is the sorrow of the sovereign.

"From the agitations may arise a great national disorganization and menace to the integrity and unity of our empire. The supreme duty imposed on us by our sovereign mission requires us to efface ourself and with all our reason and all our power to hasten the cessation of the troubles so dangerous to the State.

"Having directed the different authorities to take steps to prevent open manifestations of disorder, excesses and violence and to protect our peaceful subjects, who are anxious for the quiet accomplishment of the duty which lies upon us all, we have recognized that in order to assure the success of general measures for the pacification of public life it is indispensable to co-ordinate and unify the powers of the central Government.

"We, therefore, direct the Government to carry out our inflexible will in the following manner:

"1. To grant the population the immutable foundations of civic liberty based on the real inviolability of the person, and freedom of conscience, speech, union and association.

"2. Without deferring the elections to the State Duma (assembly) already ordered, to call to participation in the Duma, as far as possible in view of the shortness of time before the Duma is assembled, those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the development of the principle of electoral rights in general to the newly established legislative order of things.

"3. To establish it as an immutable rule that no law can come into force without the approval of the State Duma, and that it shall be possible for the elected of the people to exercise real participation in the supervision of the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by us.

"The Government is to abstain from any interference with the elections to the Duma and is to keep in view our sincere desire for the realization of the ukase of December 25, 1904.

It must maintain the prestige of the Duma and confidence in its labors, and not resist its decisions so long as they are not inconsistent with the historic greatness of Russia. One must identify oneself with the ideas of a great majority of society, and not with the echoes of noisy groups and factions, too often unstable. It is especially important to secure the reform of the council of the empire on an electoral principle.

"I believe that in the exercise of the executive power the following principles should be embodied:

"1. Sincerity in the confirmation of civil liberty and in providing guarantees for its maintenance.

"2. A tendency toward the abolition of exclusive laws.

"3. The co-ordination of activity of all the organs of Government.

"4. The avoidance of repressive measures respecting proceedings which do not openly menace society or the State.

"5. Resistance to acts which manifestly threaten society or the State, such resistance being based upon the law and on moral unity with a reasonable majority of society. Confidence must be placed in the political tact of Russian society. It is impossible that society should desire a state of anarchy which would threaten the addition of all the horrors of civil strife and the dismemberment of the empire.

"We appeal to all the faithful sons of Russia to remember their duty toward the fatherland and to aid in bringing an end to these unprecedented troubles, and to apply all their forces in co-operation with us to restore calm and peace upon our natal soil.

"Given at Peterhof, October 17 (O. S.), 1905, in the eleventh year of our reign.

"NICHOLAS."



Count Witte in Charge

The demonstration of the power of the revolutionists by a general strike has resulted in determining, or at least hastening, the action of the Government. Without waiting even for the anniversary of his accession, November 3rd, the Czar has, by imperial manifesto, established a constitutional Government. Count Witte has been called to reorganize the old Council of State into a Cabinet of Ministers responsible for their acts to the Duma. The Countess Witte, a Jewess by birth, has been received at Court by the Empress. Count Witte will choose his ministry from such of the present administration as will loyally accept the new régime, and such reformers as are willing to support the Government. Many former conservatives and reactionaries are now under the pressure of circumstances proclaiming themselves liberal at heart. Even General Trepoff,

the head of the police force of the empire, who on account of his suppression of street rioting has been sentenced to death by the revolutionists, is now reported to have supported Witte in his efforts to induce the Czar to grant free institutions to his people. He has not, however, relaxed his efforts at maintaining order and by his firmness and forethought has prevented any serious uprisings in the large cities, thus confining the agitation to the "passive resistance" methods of the strike and boycott. He has 90,000 troops under his command in the capital and 35,000 in Warsaw and the streets are thoroly patrolled. He announced that no blank cartridges had been issued to the military, who were instructed to fire directly upon any crowd that offered resistance. The strike was evidently carefully planned and well managed by the Socialist Committees, and is remarkable because it included all classes. The employees in the offices of fifteen of the largest insurance, transportation and metallurgical companies of St. Petersburg handed to their employers notes, stating: "We have ceased to work on a political strike." The clerks in the banks, the actors and ballet dancers in the theatres, the lawyers in the courts, all joined with the workmen in the general strike. It is estimated that 20,000 men quit work in the capital as a political demonstration, but with remarkable unanimity abstained from violence. Communication between the cities was cut by the strike of the railway and telegraph employees, the street cars were stopped, and no newspapers appeared. Both in Moscow and St. Petersburg there was great scarcity of food, especially of milk and meat, and the streets were left in darkness, except for oil lamps and the military searchlights. Since the Czar has permitted the universities to hold political meetings, these have become the centers of agitation; and all classes have taken advantage of the immunity granted to the students. Thruout Friday and Saturday, day and night, thousands of people held meetings in the various class rooms, at which students were in a minority. The most violent speeches were made with impunity by the revolutionary leaders. At Moscow anti-revolutionary

mobs, known as the "Black Gang," were organized with the tacit approval of the conservatives, and these assaulted students and Socialists whenever they appeared upon the streets. They besieged the university, but the students barricaded the entrances with cobblestones from the courtyards, and defended themselves until rescued and taken home by an escort of dragoons. The water-works were closed down for three days, and water from foul pools and wells sold at high prices in the city, but on account of the suffering and danger from disease the strikers allowed the water supply to be again turned on. At Odessa, Warsaw, Lodz and Kharkoff there was more violence and many people were killed by the Cossacks, who charged the crowds. It is yet uncertain what will be the effect of the Czar's manifesto. The revolutionary Socialists consider the Liberals their enemies as much as they do the bureaucracy, and will not be willing to relinquish the power which they have proved that they possess, so the first duty of the new Premier may be to suppress the riotous demonstrations of those to whom he owes his position. The striking printers refused even to set up the manifesto, but as it became known in St. Petersburg the streets were filled all night with throngs of rejoicing people, singing the National hymn, "God Save the Emperor," where recently the "Marseillaise" had been more often heard. The people surrounded the Cossacks, patted their horses, and told them: "Go home, now. We no longer need you. We have liberty."



The Boycott in India

The boycott against British goods or the "Swadeshi movement," as it is called, is proving to be much more than a form of protest against the division of Bengal. It is being enthusiastically taken up by young Indian nationalists, who by press, meetings and local societies, are carrying the propaganda even beyond the Province of Bengal and are endeavoring to unite all classes in an attack upon the commercial interests of Great Britain. Their clamor for self-government and constitutional rights having had little effect upon the British official, now they are trying to see if the British trader is

not more vulnerable. Instead of holding congresses they are closing shops. Instead of passing resolutions, they are making them. Since they have not been able to get a protective tariff in favor of native manufactures, they hope to attain the same result by the boycott. Their organ—*New India*—states their objects very clearly in the following words:

"There are two ideas at the root of this boycott movement; one is economic, and the other political. One idea is that by this means we shall be able to impart a new stimulus to indigenous arts and crafts, and thus help the cause of our commercial and industrial regeneration; the other is that by this refusal to use foreign and specially British made articles, the people will learn to assert themselves against the present foreign despotism that rules them in the interest of an alien people, and gradually rise to a consciousness of their own strength and capacity for that passive resistance which is the only weapon with which a disarmed people may fight its armed rulers."

They prefer the use of the term "Consumers' League" to "boycott," and deprecate the cruder forms of revolutionary agitation. The students have taken the lead in the movement, and in Calcutta they celebrated the news of Lord Curzon's resignation by burning their English-made clothing in bonfires and swearing off from cigarettes. Importers have in some places been forced to countermand their orders for goods from England, and are not able to sell off their stocks at half-price. To wear coarse native cloth and to discard European collars, neckties and boots, is esteemed truly patriotic. Since there are not enough mills in India to meet this increased demand the prices of all kinds of native manufactures have gone up fifty per cent. or more, so as to automatically check the Swadeshi movement. English merchants are accused of assisting this by buying up the entire output of some of the mills in order to corner the market. It is still uncertain, whether the present feeling can be long kept to such a pitch as to result in the establishment of native mills to supply the demands. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India may be expected to allay to some extent the anti-British sentiment. They have left England and will land at Bombay on November 9th, just 30 years later than the visit of King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. An extensive tour

has been arranged by which the Prince will visit every part of India before leaving March 19th, 1905.



Troubles in Turkey About a month ago an Armenian, giving the name of Johannes Afarian, and carrying an American passport, was arrested in connection with the plot to assassinate the Sultan, and a fortnight later, when Ghirkis Vartanian was arrested on the charge of murdering Apik Undjian, it was found that he, too, was an American citizen. The American Legation has little sympathy with revolutionary Armenians who protect themselves by carrying American citizen papers, but the summary way in which the Turkish officials dealt with these cases, and condemned both men to death on October 19, provoked a protest from Minister Leishman. In reply the Turkish Government claimed the men did not possess American citizen papers and had not presented them, which was in flat contradiction to the evidence in the hands of the Legation. Minister Leishman entered another protest, and the outcome is awaited with considerable interest. The two main questions at issue in this matter are whether Ottoman subjects, naturalized in America, forfeit their citizenship on their return to Turkey, and whether the American Legation can interfere in their being sentenced for criminal offenses. There is a Turkish law that no Ottoman subjects can become citizens of another nation without the consent of the Porte. Without this consent any naturalization is void. The American Government refuses to admit, however, that any law of a foreign country can prevent it from admitting whom it wishes to citizenship, and claims the right and duty to protect all its citizens, wherever they may be, without distinction of origin.—It is reported that the powers intend to present a joint ultimatum to the Turkish Government on account of its resistance to their financial control of Macedonia.—Reports of a Turkish reverse in Yemen have been received. The position of the troops is considered precarious, as they are hard pressed by the Arabs, and are in great need of supplies.

The Philippines Revisited

BY WILLIAM H. TAFT

[When Secretary Taft returned from the Philippines after his remarkably successful administration there, the first article he wrote for publication in America appeared in *THE INDEPENDENT*. Now on the return from his second trip we are pleased to publish his first article to the American people on the new conditions in the Philippines, as he found them. —EDITOR.]

WE Americans have grown so accustomed to rapidity of development in our own country, and to the display of great individual initiative and enterprise, that we are prone to expect results too rapidly in the Philippines. One must constantly check this tendency when judging of affairs in those islands. So, were I to express an opinion now upon the developments in the Philippines since I left there at the end of 1903, having in mind all the

things I should like to see accomplished, I should be unfair both to the Filipino people as a whole and to their Government. When one looks backward instead of forward, and compares the achievements to date in the Philippines with the state of affairs previously existing there, he finds reason for encouragement and is able to appreciate the better the net results of the new Government.

Despite some few provinces in which



Group Taken on Shipboard Showing Members of the Taft Party. From Right to Left, First Row—Representative Nicholas Longworth, Miss Alice Roosevelt and Colonel Edwards. Second Row—Miss Boardman, Secretary William H. Taft and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands. Standing—Captain Thompson, Mrs. Parsons, Senator Francis G. Newlands, Miss McMillan, Representative James N. Gillette and Representative Herbert Parsons.

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Secretary Taft, Miss Alice Roosevelt and American Delegates Returning From the Provincial Capital at Malolos.

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special conditions, economic or political, or both together, have prevented any general improvement, it is impossible not to think that the most important features of the situation in the Philippines at present are the great increase in school enrollment and attendance, the great and general popular enthusiasm over education, and the significant results already achieved in our American schools there; a net improvement, over the archipelago as a whole, of the means of transportation, both by water and by land, for which the Government deserves credit to a degree which the charges of certain uninformed critics entirely conceal; a net improvement in most of the provinces, in methods

of sanitation and in the standard of living of the majority of the people—this last despite “hard times” in most provinces, too; and a general, steady improvement in the conditions of public order, in all the provinces save the few above referred to as exceptional. These things imply substantial gains; and, while I would not gainsay the fact that the Philippines are passing thru “hard times”—in fact, would rather point to these results as the more notable because achieved in the face of “hard times.” I believe these are things to be borne in mind whenever the pessimist, either Filipino or American, paints a picture of absolute misery and oppression in the Philippines.

No governmental policy could have averted or have wholly remedied the effects of the "hard times" that have come to the Philippines in large part thru providential causes. The war, the destruction of the draft animals by rinderpest, the cholera, locusts, and in some places a series of drouths, have been woes that trod on each other's heels, so fast they followed. Were there greater individual initiative among the Filipinos, and were ignorance and apathy less widespread among their masses, the effect of these visitations would not have been so great. The country seems unable readily to readjust itself to new conditions. There is a lack of resourcefulness, or lack of knowledge, on the part of its people. Even when we turn to the relatively small class of educated men, we find them too prone to waste valuable time in lamentations and to count upon some governmental measure of salvation, when in part the remedy for their ills lies in their hands as landholders in a

country rich in resources. Many of them find it easier to promote "agricultural associations" or other similar organizations, and draft a reform on paper, than they do to go earnestly to work, with the best means at hand, to repair the ravages in their own property, to study better methods of agriculture, and apply them with painstaking effort of the sort that brings results. These are among the reasons why I do not consider the present state of the Filipinos as being so utterly miserable as some of their number paint it. If you offer cash for the land of some of these men, who claim they are taxed on something they cannot get a profit from, you will find that they ask full value, or even more, for it. And, despite all the talk one hears, there is more ready money loose in the Philippines today, in all probability, than there ever has been before, while very certainly there is more money passing thru the hands of the lower-class Filipinos.

But I should be the last to deny that



Group Showing Secretary Taft, Miss Roosevelt, Sultan of Mindanao, General Corbin and Governor-General Wright. From Photograph Taken at Zamboanga.
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the shoe is pinching in the Philippines, that there is economic depression there, and that measures of relief are needed. It was to this end that, while in the islands, I announced to the Filipinos that the Philippine Commission, which had had the matter under consideration for some time, would suspend the tax on land according to its assessed valuation for a period of three years at least. The general rule of land taxation in the

people to regard this measure as an imposition. In any permanent scheme of Philippine taxation there must be an impost on landed property, in some form or other. It will be necessary, before this three-year period of exemption expires, to study upon this subject and work out a plan.

The complaints against the internal revenue taxes imposed last year, while they have made themselves more ef-



Secretary Taft and Company of American Delegates Dining with Prominent Filipinos in the Banquet Hall of the Nipa Palm Auditorium, San Fernando, Panpanga Province. Governor Taft at Extreme Left. Copyright, 1905, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Orient is of a tax upon rental or production. Hence, the plan which we inaugurated in the Philippines must be regarded, as it was regarded at the time of its enactment in 1901, as in the nature of an experiment. Now, whether or not this is the right principle of taxation to adopt in those islands, it certainly fell upon the hardest possible combination of circumstances for its trial. The fact that Spain had collected no revenue directly from land increased the tendency of the

fectively heard in the Philippine press, because of large tobacco and alcohol manufacturing interests involved, were nevertheless not in any sense so widespread as those against the land tax. Experience may demonstrate the wisdom of modification of some of the schedules, or of some of the subjects adopted for taxation, in the internal revenue law. But the principle of taxation of tobacco and alcohol is correct and will be permanently retained. For the time being,

the internal revenue imposts become of special importance, for they must supply to the provinces and municipalities (and herein the rapidly expanding work of the schools is involved) the revenues that they will lose thru the suspension of the land tax.

Future fiscal readjustment in the Philippines will also be bound up more or less with the question of the tariff

But I have been saying to my Filipino friends that they must not think that favorable action by Congress on this matter will prove to be a panacea for all their ills. I believe their natural market for sugar and tobacco is in the Asiatic region, in China, Japan and other countries. I regard the reduction of the tariff in our ports as chiefly important sentimentally and in raising the prices at



Parade in Manila in Honor of the American Visitors.
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between the United States and the Philippines. I am hopeful that the recent trip will help toward legislation in Congress this winter reducing at least to 25 per cent. of the rates of the Dingley tariff the duties collected in our ports on Philippine sugar and tobacco. It should stimulate the sentiment for full free trade between the Philippines and the United States when the clause of the Treaty of Paris granting special favors to Spain in the ports of the Philippines will have expired.

which the Philippines will dispose of their sugar to China and Japan. To hold their own in the Oriental market at their doors, where the means of transportation, sources of supply and character of the products offered are increasing and improving every year, the Filipinos must get down to work and improve their own methods of cultivating and preparing their products for the market.

The Philippines are not the only country where the existence of "hard times" results in political agitation. This is one

reason why I am unable to deduce all the consequences that some would deduce from the fact that the presence of our party in the islands was availed of by many Filipinos to press forward petitions for independence, or the promise of independence, more or less immediate. In Manila, Iloilo, and Sebú, where there is and has been for some time economic depression, we heard a good deal of talk, usually general and elusive in character, regarding independence. The influence that prosperity has been apparent when we reached the hemp provinces, where high prices for traders, farmers and laborers alike, tho not always in equal degree, have resulted in great general improvement in the standard of living, the inauguration of public improvements out of local funds, and the existence of a state of relatively perfect order and peace. In those communities, the petitions and speeches at the banquets did not speak of independence, but of remedies for existing conditions in government which their makers thought worthy of bringing to the attention of our party.

I am well aware of the fact that other elements entered into the agitation for independence that has been going on for some time in the islands, and that took on added force coincident with this party's visit to the islands. Grievances against our government in the islands, whether well-founded or unfounded, will always be seized upon by a certain element which is only waiting for such opportunities for agitation. At such times other Filipinos of a less impatient or less superficial character, who, under ordi-

nary circumstances, will lend a hand to government, are more readily drawn into a campaign for independence. In other words, political discontent in the Philippines will always take the form of a campaign for independence, more or less immediate. These are facts in the situation confronting us as a power governing from outside, which we might as well frankly recognize, indeed, must recognize. The Filipinos (and there are many) who may be said to have opinions of their own, cannot at any time thus be stampeded for immediate independence. All this is wholly apart from the question as to the actual fitness of the Filipinos for independence today, or at an early date, or as to whether the demands of a few are to be accepted as the things which the many wish or ought to have.

During our second stay in Manila, a small faction of Filipinos of education appeared before the congressional delegation to present a petition for immediate independence, the United States first securing from the other powers a guarantee of "perpetual neutrality" for the Philippine Islands. Arguing as to the question of the country's preparedness, these Filipinos said in substance: "We have a 'directing class,' composed of five per cent. of our people, who have education and know how to govern; and we have a 'governable mass,' composed of the ninety-five per cent. of our people who have shown in the past that they know how to obey and are submissive and docile; therefore, we have all the essentials for a self-government country!"

WASHINGTON, D. C.



The Prodigal's Return

BY JAMES H. WILLIAMS

[Our readers need no introduction to Mr. Williams, the sailor labor leader and implacable foe of the crimps. Since his last "yarn," in which he described his latest experience as a stoker, he has been across the ocean. The following article gives his experience in the rôle of a stowaway. The portrait of Mr. Williams which we publish is a very good likeness and was taken especially for THE INDEPENDENT.—EDITOR.]

SAILORS are undoubtedly the greatest liars afloat, and the only prevaricators to whom they lower their colors ashore are captains, crimps and sea-writers.

"Mother," declared the young tar, who had just returned from a long voyage and was triumphantly recounting his adventures for the entertainment of his admiring relatives, "Mother, I've seen rivers o' rum and mountains o' sugar and flyin' fish!"

"No you hain't," flashed the good old lady with pardonable warmth; "don't you try to fool me like that! You might ha' seen rivers o' rum and mountains o' sugar, that much I'll allow, but you never seen no flyin' fish!"

Within the short space of six months

I have served in eight different ships and under four different flags. In that time I have plowed a furrow eighteen thousand nautical miles in length, and have been at different times a sailor, a stoker, a deserter, a beach-comber, and last and least honored of all, a stow-away.

May the spirit of "Tom Pepper" forgive me, but it's true!

Hellfire Jack and I left New Orleans together in the Dutch tramp "Vanderdeken" of Rotterdam, bound for Hamburg.

When we came to unpack I discovered to my dismay that I had left my precious discharge book, containing my well-cherished old "Lime Juice" discharges, behind in Mister Swindler's



James H. Williams.

boarding house in Tchoupitoulas street. I quickly made my loss known to the captain, and he in turn sternly charged Mister Decoy, the runner who had conveyed us on board, to be sure and send those discharges to the ship's address in Hamburg, as it would be almost impossible for me to ship from a European port without them.

Of course, Mister Decoy solemnly promised, and wrote down the address which the captain dictated, with great exactness and a great show of concern over my misfortune. He also accepted the proffered quarter for postage with evident reluctance and benevolent resignation. Then he went ashore and forgot me and my discharge book, and I went on my way to Hamburg with nothing to show for my career but the palms of my hands.

Such is the genesis of this story. That is why I became a stowaway.

At Hamburg the ship received no mail for me. Inquiries at the American, Dutch and British Consulates anent my precious discharges were unavailing. So I could not ship. At length, however, after sojourning three weeks in the Free City, and spending most of our time in the "Liverpool House," the "Horse Stable" and with Majuba Jimm (two m's, please), Jack and I managed to secure berths in a broken-down English tramp, which had arrived in distress from Rangoon, and was bound to North Shields for repairs.

After a brief but stormy and vexatious passage across the German Ocean, we landed on New Quay, the proud possessors of thirty shillings each, and a passing knowledge of water-front English. Thence Jack and I crossed the Tyne and soon established ourselves at the "Mariner's Arms," in South Shields.

Bleak November had now turned into dreary, dismal December, and the cold, misty weather which prevailed over the northeast corner of England was anything but charming.

Jack and I had long since worn out our homeward-bound welcome at the "Mariner's Arms," and become common beach-combers on the inhospitable shores of Merrie England.

Thus we spent six miserable weeks in

a vain attempt to go slaving again without avail.

Meanwhile we had pawned or peddled all our earthly belongings except what we stood in, and, with the proverbial resourcefulness of improvident seamen, had escaped starvation or vagrancy by a judicious system of "panhandling" that would have excited the admiration and envy of the Prince of Hoboes.

We diligently besought the guileless barmaids for coppers and small change, the kind-hearted homeward bounders for "tanners" and shillings, and the gullible Holy Joes at the Seamen's Institute for relief tickets and handouts, and usually we succeeded all round.

But this mode of existence was unspeakably distasteful and degrading to us both. So we made up our minds at length to seize the first opportunity to stow away and return as prodigals to our native land.

It was just at this juncture, when we had become thoroly discouraged and desperate enough for anything short of *hari-kari*, that the "Grand Tanker," one of those monstrous sectional creations for the transportation of oil in bulk, arrived in Shields, and she proved to be our salvation.

It was New Year's week and most of the "Grand Tanker's" crew were ashore on leave. Wherefore, substitutes were required for a few days to clean out the bottoms of her empty oil tanks, a process always necessary after the oil has been pumped out.

Having worked in oil tanks before and being familiar with the disagreeable task of scraping, I urged Jack to come along with me and earn some honest coin for our New Year's celebration.

So, like the prodigal in the parable, we duly hired ourselves to a foreign citizen for the task that other men rejected, and descended into the dark, noisome, gaseous, iron caverns, down to the very skin of the ship, and there working for three days with a gang of shiftless roustabouts in the stifling atmosphere among the filthy dregs of the false bottom, we cleaned and scraped fourteen of the sixteen big tanks in turn, receiving as compensation fifteen shillings each and our grub.

Thruout our three days of tedious

drudgery the temperature in those damp, iron caverns never rose much above the freezing point and the hours seemed unusually long and irksome.

At last on Saturday, New Year's eve, all hands were paid and a new crew signed for the ensuing voyage.

Most of the old hands resigned, but there still remained a number of vacancies in both the mate's and engineer's departments.

After leaving the ship's chart room with a tenacious clutch on our hardly earned shillings, Jack and I joined the eager crowd of outward bounders, who waited hopefully on the bridge for a favorable nod from the chief officer or second engineer, who were busy supervising the re-engagement of their old hands and selecting substitutes where vacancies existed.

Jack had spent the most of the previous night disguising himself for the desirable *rôle* of "Lime Juice" stoker, and his present appearance was irreproachable. He wore a suit of rough blue serge, a plaid muffler, narrow toed bluchers and a cheesecutter cap. He was to all appearances a thorogoin' British clinker, while his habitual imitation of the Liverpool swagger and his fiery countenance served to highten the pardonable imposition.

Thus faultlessly attired for the demands of the occasion, and adept in the mannerisms and general deportment of English firemen, Jack promptly elbowed his way to the front with impudent assurance, proudly displaying aloft the outside cover of an English discharge book, containing one bob-tail discharge for the passage from Hamburg to Shields, and except for the difference in our names, an exact counterpart of the one I held, but did not display, for the same service.

The books were practically useless to ship on when viewed from the inside, but the covers are all alike, so Jack ran his bluff entirely on his shape and an empty cover and won out as a bold man should.

In my own case, however, I had not the remotest prospect of being engaged. No amount of disguising could ever make me resemble a British subject, for my speech and disposition would betray me even if my appearance didn't. I

might possibly pass as a dago in the twilight of a cloudy day, but I could not impersonate a Britisher even in a coal bunker.

I knew that my case was hopeless so far as signing on went, yet I sincerely hoped for Jack's success, for I knew that if he went I should go too—signed or unsigned.

So I pushed into the midst of burly Britishers, with Yankee insolence, and made my way well forward to see what became of Jack.

At length the second engineer came out of the chart room door and gazed discriminately for a moment over the restive crowd of impatient candidates assembled on the bridge deck. Then he took a step forward and took a discharge book from the first man within reach. As he paused to examine it there ensued a general rush from the crowd. Instantly the brass-bound son of a shifting spanner found himself the tangible centre of a ferocious mob, all clinging, fighting, surging and swearing blasphemously, while clamoring uproariously, like the demented gamblers of the Stock Exchange, for the exalted privilege of a chance to go slaving in a stokehold.

At last I too became imbued with the spirit of the occasion, and began to fight and plunge and work my way forward as viciously as the rest, until at length, by dint of vigorous thrusting and wedging, and pushing and bolting, I managed to wriggle thru the desperate crush and gain the engineer's side. Then I rushed forward and shoved my bob-tail discharge book unceremoniously into his unresisting hands.

"Where do you belong?" asked the engineer, eyeing me suspiciously without opening the book.

"Massachusetts," I answered, somewhat defiantly, returning his look with interest.

"Can't take you," he said, decisively, returning the discredited leather mechanically, "You wouldn't go no further than Philadelphia."

There was obviously no room for argument. So I passed on, rejected but not disheartened, for I knew now that Jack had been accepted, and that I would soon be a profitless passenger on

my way to Philadelphia, in the very ship wherein I had been refused a berth.

As soon as Jack had attached his name and imaginary birthplace to the articles and secured his advance note for two pounds sterling, he rejoined me on the main deck, and together we went ashore to cash the advance note, which, of course, we regarded as common property, and celebrate the glad New Year and our own good fortune with the proceeds.

Mr. Dunlevy, the Irish Jew in East Holborn, gave vent to some characteristic misgivings when we approached him with the note. But at length he was persuaded to cash it in consideration of the usual rake-off of four shillings in the pound, out of sheer regard for the festive season of peace and good will, backed by the unanimous declaration of several of his older customers, who had also shipped in the "Grand Tanker," that Jack was "hol rite," "a bloody square chap, an' gud as gold."

By our three days' labor, and the proceeds of the advance note, Jack and I had raised ourselves from the penurious condition of water-front scavengers to the comparative opulence of forecastle nabobs.

So we began our happy New Year's celebration by paying our debts to our former benefactors.

New Year's day fell on Sunday, and Jack and I observed both the religious and secular anniversaries. "The better the day, the better the deed," was our motto for that day at least.

In the morning we attended divine service at the Institute, and dropped our grateful contribution in the bag. After dining sumptuously on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, we made a tour of the water front, where we relieved several bankrupt homeward-bounders, who had formerly been our benefactors in our day of adversity.

We spent the evening distributing sundry tokens of regard among our friendly barmaids, and reminding them that the pendant sprigs of mistletoe among the bar decorations were still green, and that our hearts were still warm and youthful, and our heads still young and foolish.

So passed a very happy New Year,

rendered all the more bright and enjoyable by contrast with the dreary, somber Christmas which had preceded it.

The "Grand Tanker's" crew had been ordered to report on board "one hour after midnight of New Year's day," that is, at one a. m. January 2d.

The yawl which had been chartered to convey them out to the ship was to leave Tyne Docks at midnight. Not that their presence on board at such an unseemly hour was at all necessary, but merely as a precaution against delay.

The ship was to proceed to Sunderland, where she was to deliver her two remaining tanks of kerosene oil, with the flood tide that day. As it would not be high water at Sunderland until one p. m., the ship would not leave Shields until about noon. But outward-bound sailors are not to be depended on, especially after a holiday spree; therefore, it had been deemed wise to provide against any possible defection in their numbers by ordering the crew on board well in advance of the time set for the ship's departure.

Jack and I had also figured on the possibility of this same contingency, and it was the forlorn hope of a "pier head jump" in the "Grand Tanker" which induced me to accompany Jack down to the boat that night when he went off to the ship.

But here again my hopes were frustrated, for every man Jack of the ship's crew was on hand—drunk or sober—and responded to his name. So, having exhausted every possible effort in trying to secure an honest berth by personal endeavor, I bade Jack a hearty good night as he was about to climb down the dock ladder, and returned to my lodgings, determined to stow away and teach those brass-bound, boasting British officers that a Yankee sailor is not so easily outdone.

Next morning, as I crossed Market Square, the tower clock tolled six. I walked jauntily down the winding hill to the Mill Dam, and then climbed the steep brow into East Holborn. I stopped at the "Shipwright's Arms" and regaled myself with a pint of bitter, and then resumed my way to Tyne Docks, where I struck the King's Highway to Sunderland.

The distance from Tyne Docks to Sunderland is about eight miles, and I enjoyed it every step of the way. Altho the weather was somewhat bleak and lowering, there was no sign of frost or snow, and no immediate indication of rain. The roads were dry and firm and the rugged scenery through that fertile, undulating country amply repaid me for my morning walk, while at the same time I cherished a sort of secret satisfaction in the thought that I was doing the railway corporation out of a few more pence.

I passed thru the quaint little town of Gateshead and kept on down the turnpike road which leads to the seashore at Sunderland.

I breakfasted at Sunderland and then crossed the bay in a wherry to Langdon, where the oil reservoirs are located, to await the arrival of the "Grand Tanker."

Half an hour later I was joined by Hellfire Jack and several of his shipmates in the select bar of the Bath Hotel, where we shared several tankards of bitter and enjoyed a pleasant hour jolly-ing the three blithesome barmaids who graced the mahogany.

I kept well away from the ship during the day so as not to attract unfavorable attention from the officers. I met Jack again early in the evening and told him of my intention to stow away. He, of course, agreed to render me all possible assistance, but advised me to wait until the ship was on the point of sailing next day.

But I felt lonesome ashore and could not endure the suspense, so that night about ten o'clock I crawled aboard the "Grand Tanker" and climbed down the steep iron ladder into the forward tank room below the main deck and tried to secrete myself among the odds and ends of old rigging and canvas in the bo'sun's locker.

But like many another conceited mortal, who has deigned to scorn friendly advice, my own well laid plans went all "aglee," and I came near losing my passage, if not worse, by being impatient.

Groping blindly about in the pitch black darkness of the tank room I came suddenly in sharp contact with a long iron rod leaning loosely against the bulk-

head, and when it fell with a noisy clatter on the thin iron hood of an empty tank and the vibrant clang went ringing thru the ship, I knew that my present attempt at the game of stowaway was doomed to result in complete failure.

In this conjecture, at least, I was correct, for, with the resounding crash of the falling rod the over vigilant quartermaster awoke from his cat nap in the fidley top and hastened forward to investigate.

I heard his footsteps echoing and re-echoing thru the labyrinth of empty tanks below as he hurried along the iron deck to the forward hatch.

"Oo's there," he shouted down the companionway, but the only reply he got was the echo of his own voice ringing in the recesses of the dark cavern below.

"Coom oop oot o' that," he commanded in a still louder key, "coom oop noo, Hi noo yere there, coom oop noo til Hi see yer; yer caunt stop there noo; coom oop hon deck!" But my only reply was silence, for I knew that most men are cowards in the dark, and that nothing unnerves a man so much as the persistent silence of an invisible enemy.

Moreover, there were certain advantages in my position. Above I could distinctly see the figure of the quartermaster outlined in the bright starlight, while below I was completely hidden from him in the friendly darkness, and my very presence in the tank room was only a conjecture.

If he came down I could easily elude him and scramble up the ladder, or, if necessary, knock him down in the darkness and escape before he knew what struck him.

The bold quartermaster evidently figured out the situation about the same way I did, for after blustering in the hatchway a few minutes longer he loudly proclaimed his intention of procuring a lamp to see "'oo the blood 'ell was down there." Then I heard him retreating noisily along the main deck and I knew it was time for me to act.

I was familiar with oil tank regulations and well knew that the quartermaster dare not light a match. I also knew that only portable electric lamps could be used about the decks and that he would have to go away aft to the

bridge to procure one, for the lamp room was locked and the lamp-trimmer, who kept the key, was fast asleep.

As soon as the vigilant quartermaster had gotten well away from the hatch I scrambled up the ladder to the main deck, and keeping in the shadow of the foremast, climbed nimbly to the fore-castlehead. Grasping one of the shore fasts I easily slacked myself ashore and emerged from behind one of the lumber piles on the dock just in time to observe the faithful quartermaster hurrying forward with a bullseye lamp to investigate the spook in the tank room. I mentally wished the honest fellow a cordial good night and went off to charter a room at the White Swan, and reflect over the folly of my evening's adventure, while planning for a more prosperous attempt on the morrow.

Next morning I met Jack at the Bath Hotel and we had a good laugh over my night adventure in the tank room. However, we agreed on a more sensible plan for my next attempt.

The ship was to sail at 1:30 p. m. that day, January 3rd, and, of course, it was only natural that I should go on board and see my shipmate off, just as a score of other people were doing. When Jack came ashore in the noon hour I accompanied him back to the ship and walked boldly forward to the firemen's fore-castle, and that was the last seen of me until late in the afternoon of the next day, when the serried bluffs of the Irish coast were disappearing like a range of blue clouds beyond the horizon astern.

Then I crawled from my hiding place under the bottom bunk behind the ventilator shaft and revealed my presence to my astonished shipmates.

Going aft to the bridge I reported myself to the astonished second officer, who was in charge of the watch at the time. He recognized me at once.

"What did you come here for, Williams?" he asked, with a shrewd smile.

"To get home," I answered, a little bit exultantly, "a British ship brought me to England and a British ship must take me back."

"That's all right," he said, not unkindly; "you can work, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got any clothes?"

"I've got 'em on," I answered.

"Can you fire?"

"Yes, sir," I said, a little eagerly.

"Well," he said finally, "go to the engineer and he'll give you some work; you'll freeze working on deck. I'll give orders for the steward to get out an extra 'whack' for you."

So I was dismissed from the bridge, an unsigned member of the "Grand Tanker's" crew, fully entitled to my bite and bed and a "work up" passage to Philadelphia.

A stowaway on shipboard is always treated, both fore and aft, according to his merits. If he is a seaman his presence is always welcomed on board and he will always find a spare bunk and a place round the mess kid, for there is hardly a merchant ship afloat that is fully manned, and none whereon a spare hand is not appreciated at times.

But, as a rule, the unfortunate "ranick" who steals his passage contracts for a hard time at both ends of the ship. They don't need him forward and they won't have him aft. He usually leads a dog's life while en route, and is apt to be handed over to the authorities to be summarily dealt with according to the legal rigmarole of the next port.

For the first two days I was kept employed about the engine room at odd jobs which no one else could find time to attend to. Then came a chance for me to show my real usefulness and thereby justify my appearance in the fore-castle and at the messboard.

Among the fireroom crew of the "Grand Tanker" was another old esteemed shipmate of mine besides Hellfire Jack, a good-natured, capable stoker named Jerry Slicer, who had sailed with me in the "Sierra Morena" some time before. I had met Jerry while ashore at South Shields, where he was for some time on the sick list with a serious inflammation of the eyes. When his eyes had improved somewhat under constant medical treatment and home care, he had ventured to ship again, hoping that the improvement would continue and result in a complete cure.

But as soon as he came in contact with the glowing Inferno of the roaring furnaces, the old affection broke out again

more virulent than ever, and poor Slicer was in grave danger of losing his eyesight completely. He was an honest fellow, however, and disdained to lay up and throw his share of the work on the rest of the crew.

Here was my opportunity to earn my passage, and, perhaps, something more. So I persuaded Jerry to lie up and let me take his fires, which he very reluctantly consented to do, while I went down below and fed the roaring fire devils, watch in and watch out, for fourteen days and nights.

Our passage across occupied seventeen days and was an exceedingly tough experience all the way.

The weather was bitterly cold nearly all the way over, and the prevailing nor'-west winds were unusually strong and long lived.

The "Grand Tanker" was equipped with two immense longitudinal, double-end boilers, with twelve fires. There were but two men in a watch, so, as may be imagined, we found but little time in the stokehold for cooling off.

I don't suppose a stowaway has any right to growl, but on behalf of thousands of others duly entitled to that unchallenged privilege, but afraid to exercise it, I wish respectfully to offer here a few suggestions for the enlightenment of my late host and generous entertainer, the great Standard Oil Co. of America—and everywhere else—regarding the unnecessary and onerous hardships carelessly imposed upon the loyal seamen who work so hard to grind out the stupendous dividends annually absorbed by the Oil Trust.

Nearly all the trans-Atlantic oil tanks are of great length and immense carrying capacity, and, in most cases, the tanks are all built forward of the engine room and boiler space, which last are located right aft, as near the stern as practicable. This is done both to economize space and prevent the heat from communicating with the tanks and thus creating an explosion.

It is about three hundred feet from the fidley to the forecastle door, and you have

to run the whole length of two flying bridges to get forward.

My old shipmate, the late lamented Spike Riley, often remarked that sudden heat and sudden cold would kill the devil.

Well, I'll guarantee that if his Satanic Majesty ever came up to the fidley top after a four hours' session with the "Grand Tanker's" fires and made his way forward in a zero climate, he would wish to be restored to Hades for the balance of his immortal life.

And after you got forward you were no better off in an unfurnished bunk, with ice and frost glistening alongside of you on the iron plates.

I only wish the Standard Oil Co. had to sleep in its own bunks.

On the 18th of January we passed Cape May and went crashing through the ice-bound Delaware to Point Breeze. The captain reported at the Quarantine Station that he had a stowaway on board, but I was permitted to proceed to Philadelphia in the ship.

The local immigration inspector was waiting for me at Point Breeze, and after a personal confab in the sub-office he concluded that I was as good an American as he wished to meet.

The following day I was taken before the chief inspector on Walnut street and officially landed as a citizen of the United States.

When we came out of the immigration office into the Polar rigors of Walnut street, Captain Grump turned and looked commiseratingly at me thru my only dun-garee suit.

"Is that all the clothes you have, Williams?" he asked, sorrowfully.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

Then he thrust his willing hand into his plentiful pocket—and kept it there.

When I met Stuttering Charley at the "Blue Anchor," I drew out my handkerchief and flopped three dollars and a half, two shillings and a "tanner" onto the bar.

"W-w-w-djoo git a-all that, J-Jim?" he asked, with a happy grin.

"The boys made a tarpaulin muster for me on board the ship," I answered.

"Two hot ones, please, bartender."

NEW YORK CITY.





Eclipse of the Sun on 30th of August, 1905. The Sphinx and Pyramids in the Foreground.

The Eclipse of the Sun in Egypt

BY ETHEL FOUNTAIN HUSSEY

[The Eclipse Expedition of the Lick Observatory to Assouan was in charge of Prof. W. J. Hussey, whose observations on double stars have placed him in the front rank of American astronomers. He is now continuing his work at the Detroit Observatory of the University of Michigan. Mrs. Hussey, who accompanied her husband to Egypt, gives the following account of the methods and difficulties of astronomical work in the tropics.—EDITOR.]

THE moon's shadow on the 30th of August, 1905, swept a slender arc across three continents, touching, indeed, a fourth, when the sun set black at Mecca, a sullen portent to the warring Arabs. To three points in this long arc the Lick Observatory in California sent expeditions; the largest to Spain, where totality was of longest duration, and two auxiliary ones to the frontiers of the apparition, Egypt and Labrador. The equipments of the latter were, with one exception, identical, and they were duplicated also in Spain, their purpose being to secure comparative data for coronal changes, and, if possible, conclusive evidence upon the much discussed existence of intramercurial planets.

Now that the event is past we know that the fates were not kind in Labrador, where the sky was absolutely overcast; that in Spain clouds hindered and fortunes varied; that the Lick expedition at Alhama de Aragon obtained spectroscopic results of value, but that the comparative data hoped for on the coronal and intramercurial plates are but partially secured. In Egypt only was the sky entirely clear, and the atmosphere, tho white with high dust and tremulous with heat, was unvexed by wind or cloud.

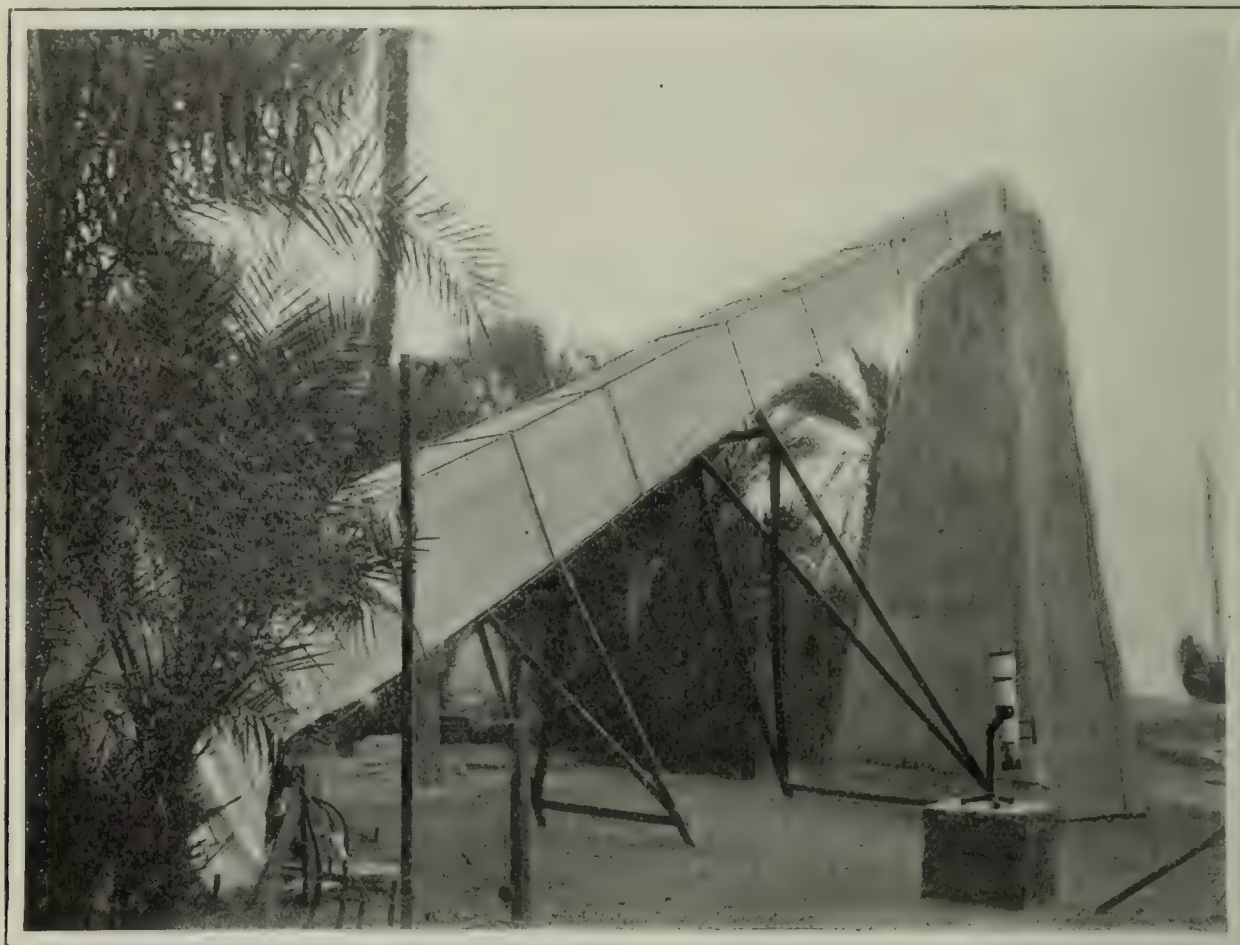
On the 30th of July, anticipating by a month the day for which we were journeying nine thousand miles, we first caught sight of the pharos of Alexandria, blinking in the early dawn from a long, lean finger of sand running far into the sea. The European town did not suggest an entrance to Aladdin's country, nor did the English officer who met our ship resemble Aladdin, but the things which began to happen made us suspect at once the neighborhood of magic. Our luggage did not hesitate at the customs; our freight was franked to its destination eight hundred miles up the Nile. By order of the Egyptian Government we were

passed upon the railways, and courtesies of delightful sort followed, one upon another, from our entry into this fascinating land to our regretful leaving of it. Not without apprehension had we braved an African Summer and the uncertainties of the borderland out of season, but when we alighted from the clap-boarded, blue-windowed, double-roofed train at Assouan, expectantly looking about for a mud town in the desert, we found the feluccas of the Hotel Savoy waiting to take us across to gardens of palm and rose and oleander on the Island of Elephantine. All this by pre-arrangement of the disguised Aladdin who made the long, dusty journey from Cairo with the English and American expeditions to see them well launched upon their enterprise and to prepare the way for those who were to follow. Every astronomer who visited the Land of the Pharaohs this Summer of 1905 has grateful memories of Captain Lyons, R. E., Director-General of the Survey Department, and of the young engineers detailed to our service, speaking the Arabic, knowing the Arab, devising all things to our aid. But long were the list, if one were to enter upon it, from those in places of power to those we met in the common way, who gave each some service that we can never repay.

Sites are chosen in the Savoy grounds, and life settles quickly into routine. The eclipse camp becomes a litter of homely things; the astronomer in its midst is carpenter, mason, mechanic and engineer. He is, like any modern scientist, a man who toils with his hands, who takes hold of tools, who is undismayed before recalcitrant machinery. When at last the big forty-foot tube of the Lick equipment rises to its tower, the brown Egyptians exclaim with pride, "*Ku-waiyis! Very goot! Very nice!*" They comprehend it not in the least, but they

like the spectacle. It is a very big gun. Our colleague, fluent in Arabic, explains the coming darkness of the sun. They listen as politely as if told that the Nile will run up stream, and are as little moved. "You do not believe me!" he exclaims. "We believe in Allah," an-

Russian and the two English stations use horizontal cameras into which the sun's image is reflected by revolving mirrors; the American, refracting lenses either mounted equatorially and controlled by clockwork, or directed thru fixed tubes upon a moving plate carriage.



The Forty Foot Tube of the Lick Equipment with Black Line Tent, Assouan (Elephantine Island).

swers Achmed, the overseer. "But it is sure to come," persists the astronomer, naming the hour. "Effendim is learned," says Achmed, courteous, but unconvinced; "will you say that your word is greater than Allah?" Nevertheless there revives among the villagers the tradition of a dragon that once destroyed the sun, and a feeling of unease spreads about. Across in Assouan a rumor obtains that we have come with our batteries to stop the dragon, but they doubt if we succeed.

All the installations consist chiefly of various kinds of telescopic cameras, since, because of their permanence, photographic impressions of so fleeting a phenomenon as an eclipse are of infinitely more value than visual. The

The Germans are represented by a small but beautifully made photographic altazimuth without clock control.

Three days before the eclipse the assistants arrive who are to operate the instruments. The place is eager with interest; the novices go into training for their simple but critical performances. The scientists keep gay countenance, saying nothing of midnight consultations over trial plates for focus. Every man watches and tests his apparatus lest at the final moment some mischief-working crack appear, for the hot air, dry with leagues of desert, warps the very soul out of wood.

All seems ready and the security of preparedness possesses the camp. Visitors come by boat and train; Govern-

ment officials and foreign representatives, followed by gorgeous khadammin in voluminous trousers of gold embroideries, whom we innocently take for Turkish grandees, until we perceive that they are brought from Cairo to carry their masters' kodaks. The hour arrives. At three twenty-six thirty-three by the bulletin, the contact of moon with sun begins. Some, with smoked glasses and binoculars, drift about the gardens seeking vantage points of observation. Others of us climb to the spacious roof, where the heat strikes our faces and seizes upon us like a material thing. In covered wicker chairs we sit, half watching the scene of wonderful beauty, half listening to the talk of clever wits from opposite sides of the world.

penetrated the hallways, listening with apprehension until voices within answered reassuringly. Now, as the green twilight settles in unearthly beauty over the hills, the river and the square-walled town, I figure the scene by the date palms where the batteries point to the sun. I can see each attendant in his place; the pendulum swings, and the man who is to count sits with his eye upon it; the observers in the dark-tent watch the boiling image of the sun's rim as it comes steadily up the plate-carriage in its appointed place; the signaller without, listening to the chronometer beat, calls, "Twenty seconds—Ten seconds—Ready!"—then, as the last bright spot of light hanging, hanging on the moon's black edge, winks suddenly



The Great Telescopic Camera Reflector of Mr. Reynolds, Birmingham, England. Assouan Eclipse of August 30th, 1905.

I am of divided mind. For I see another scene, a long, long way from this careless roof: a basement room caulked tight against any ray of light, stifling with heat, and filled with the fumes of chemicals used in backing the large photographic plates. I waited at the door of that room not an hour ago, half-choked, myself, with the ether that

out—"Go!" Shutters flash, and the counter's steady voice rings, "One—two—three—four—five—six." Not as men, but as parts of a machine, they carry thru the program of that short two minutes and a half with finer precision than has marked the best rehearsals.

Meanwhile, to us on the house-top, to the Egyptian in his fields, to the Arab

in the desert, the portent has come. With faces away from the sun we drink in the vision of a different earth. Somber, the Hill of the Dome of the Winds looks in from Libya on the old, old Nile encircling us. East and south stretch the low bare hills toward Arabia, carved as from worn jade. And in a crescent of palm-beach, where a moment ago blazed Assouan, stands now a town of emerald and obsidian.

It is as if we had dropped to an underworld. Such twilight they have in the Book of the Dead.

The long, high wail of a

partition is not what the eye perceives. It is more, and less. But it is, to the scientist, what he can count upon, what he can carry away. And now, when to the casual the work seems done, comes the cru-

native woman cuts the air and a surge of sound comes across from the town. I turn to the west, following the long

cial part of it all. The gay guests are gone, leaving their congratulations upon a complete success, which the astronomer knows lies still an enigma in the dark room waiting, an illusive quarry, the release of the subtle alchemies. There are many possible exigencies yet to be overcome, not all of



A Native Camel Driver Under the Shade of a Sheltering Palm.

cone of shadow to its crown. Had I, too, like Achmed, doubted? Gem-like it hangs, pearl white, infinitely remote, a radiance, yet a source of gloom!

What the camera catches of this ap-

which are confined to the developing bath. The British expeditions carry their plates to Cairo, the Russians home to St. Petersburg. The Germans leave for Italy, the Americans stay on at As-

souan. The camp is cleared, the assistants depart, and upon the chief alone devolves the critical work of development. That this shall be done on the spot is almost imperative, owing to the size and extreme sensitiveness of the plates, and risk of injury from light or other source in carriage before they are fixed. One astronomer lost all of his negatives by breakage just after the last total eclipse in America.

Nineteen negatives represent to the

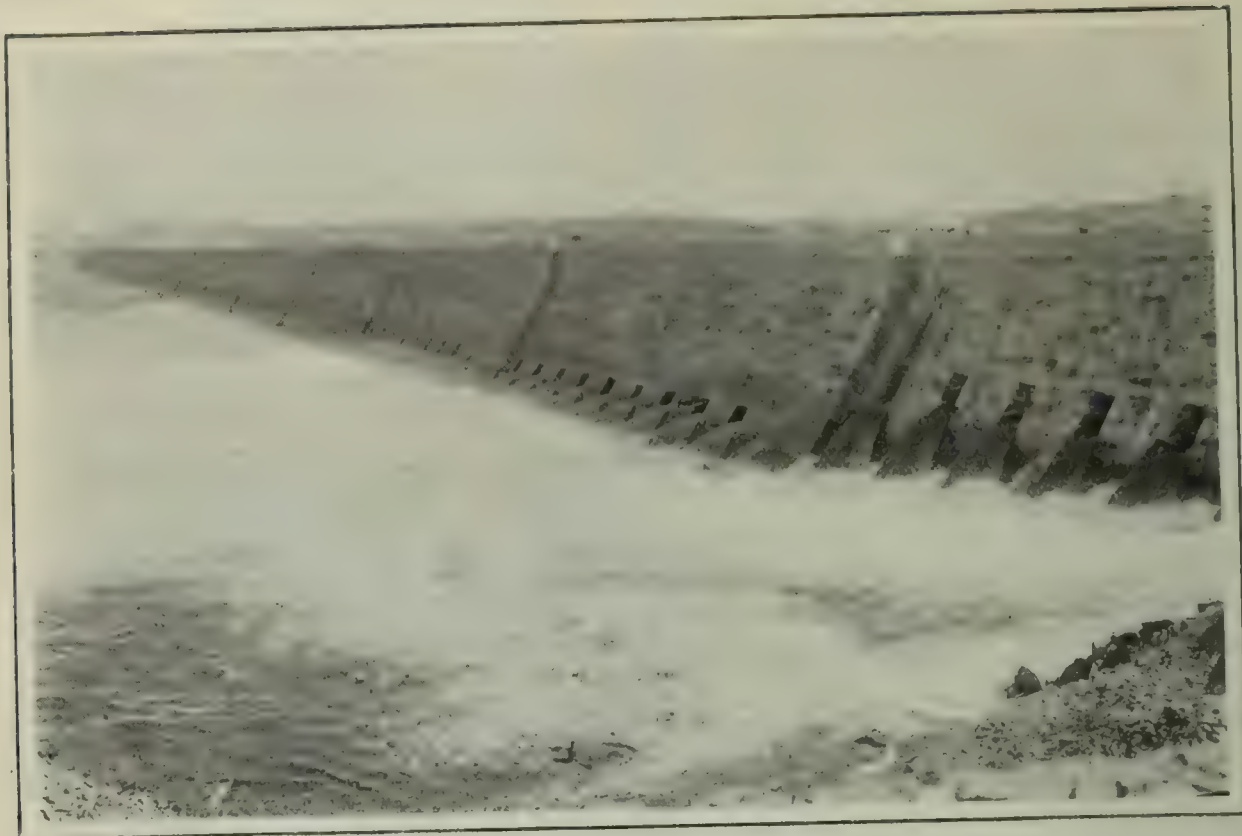
tions must be handled in heavy trays, and kept cool with ice, which is brought daily from Cairo, nearly seven hundred miles. The thermometer is in constant use, and every bath is watched with vigilant care. Distilled water is used in the developing solutions, and all other water must be brought in urns from the filters, for the Nile is the source of it, chocolate thick. And for everything ice, tho it introduce impurities, tho it alter potencies, is *sine qua non*.



Egyptian Water Carriers.

Lick Observatory Expedition the outcome of its long journey, its hard work, and the generous expenditure of its financing. But when beside the outlay that each plate has cost one places the fact that by no means can it be replaced, its value leaps past the appraiser's province. It is no light-hearted process, then, this unwrapping, one by one, these sensitive sheets of glass in the darkness, working by feeling rather than sight, the dim red light screened further under yellow paper. The dark room is improvised, without sinks or running water. The solu-

Much of each night passes in experiment, for not a solution is put upon an eclipse plate until tested upon trial negatives. And if one of these comes up unsatisfactorily, which of the three or four or half dozen chemicals has gone defaulting? Or if the test is satisfactory, how will the eclipse plate, differently sensitized, respond? Light is here of an intensity unknown in humid atmospheres; heat stops not with the going down of the sun. They league together like subtle enemies to work insidious mischief in unproven ways. Chemicals melt, and hid-



Reservoir of Assouan, North Side.



The Hill of the Dome of the Winds, the Sheikh's Tomb on Summit. Ruin of Coptic Monastery Destroyed by Saladin's Order at the Right.

den agents flash into sudden and unaccounted activity, or die out and leave no sign.

So thru nights of suspense and days of heat and little refreshment the exacting work goes on. Ten large-scale plates of the sun's corona are developed, of exposures varying from half a second for the intense bright rim of the photosphere to sixty-four seconds for the faint outlying streamers of the corona. No detailed study of these is made at the eclipse camp, the one object being to bring out on each plate all the detail it will yield and fix it there against the chance of accident from light or chemical change, or any menace except the inevitable danger of breakage or loss in transit. Comparative study to reveal and interpret the significance of details is all to follow.

The value of the eight large plates along the ecliptic in the vicinity of the sun is also still unknown. They are in duplicate sets of four each, and their object is to secure the image of all bodies which

may be in the region, of brightness sufficient to print within the time available for exposure, with the hope that if there be any intramercorial planet it may be thus detected. There would not, in probability, be any difference in the photographic image of such a body and that of a faint star. Therefore, for purposes of comparison, negatives of this same region were secured at the Lick Observatory six months earlier when the earth was between it and the sun. Only careful study of the Egyptian photographs in connection with those at Mt. Hamilton will reveal what the former have upon them of interest. An object must be found upon two duplicate negatives of Assouan and not upon the comparison plates at the Lick Observatory, in order to be announced as a discovery. As the Egyptian plates have not yet reached California, any announcements concerning new planets, based thereon, are obviously premature, and are unauthorized by any scientist connected with the expedition.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.



What I Know About Editors

BY A SOUTHERN NOVELIST

WHAT some editors know about some writers will never be told. It would be so shocking, so disillusioning that it would injure the editorial business. Fancy the effect upon the average reader, to say nothing of the "gentle" reader, if he should learn that his favorite author was a skinflint who sold his noblest sentiments, his most heart-rending passages to the highest bidder, even if he evaded a less profitable contract to do so?

And what a writer discovers about editors depends as much upon the kind of man he is, himself, as it does upon the character of the editor. For a competent editor has what may be termed a universal character. Besides being honest, he can be shrewd, and in addition to a purely literary sense he must recognize the value of what is merely "popular." He can drive a hard bargain with

an exceedingly gifted writer when he finds that back of genius stands a man with the groceryman's instinct for trading his "immortal" literature. Or, he will stand aside with a complimentary air while a lady novelist has "connip-tion" fits to show off her temperamental qualifications, and then exhibit exactly the right kind of sympathy to insure her best literary results. In short, he is all things or nearly anything to the various, and usually, abnormal, types with whom he has to deal. The one incredibly Christian fact peculiar to him is that he shows his best side to unsuccessful writers. There are many would-be authors, who have not and never will write a sentence fit for publication, who treasure innumerable compassionate, encouraging letters from long-suffering editors. I have a sacred package of them myself which are cherished more than the let-

ters I receive now, because they are really kinder.

So much about editors in general. My own experiences have added many interesting, even diverting details to the subject.

I was born in the South during that period of embarrassed silence which lasted for nearly twenty years after the Civil War. (This fact has more to do with my literary experiences than will appear to the unthoughtful; for, had I been born in New England, and bred so independent of what is commonly termed learning, I should never have written anything, or come to know editors by their hearts instead of their heads.) We no longer enjoyed the poetic license of living according to our inspirations. Men who had distinguished themselves in the halls of Congress, were then obliged to be content with nothing better than a midnight hand in the training of our new black citizens. It was to all appearances a dull season in which to grow on imagination, a time for discretion rather than demonstration in life or language, and education was an intellectual diversion which we could no longer afford. But with us, culture depends less upon formal study than it does, say in the North, where I have observed some very well-informed people who lacked that whimsical, native liberty of mind which has always enabled us to pass judgments fearlessly upon whatever comes our way in art or living. This temperamental assurance is the one nest-egg of genius among us which hatches out warriors or writers according to the demands of the situation. Thus, the men who were guests most frequently at my father's house during earlier days had been soldiers, and now they were "men of letters," who never offered their wares for sale; critics, whose literary judgments suited one another; poets, whose verses made them immortal in that small, proud Southern community. They read selections from "Noctes Ambrosianæ," exchanged witty comments upon Falstaff or offered an original essay upon Faust which was received with more applause and laughter than if it had been a purely scholarly appreciation of Goethe's masterpiece.

Brought up in this atmosphere of literary barbarism, I had more confidence in my youth than many eminent writers ever acquire. At a very early age indeed I composed my first "piece." It was written in a lofty, obituary style, and was gently but firmly declined by nearly every important editor in this country. I was mystified, but not discouraged. Their gentleness misled me. I thought that I was upon the very threshold of fame and had only to add a few adjectives in order to be admitted. This impression was confirmed when the editor of our county paper accepted a little note-book essay which I offered. It was a collection of arborial sentences, connected by a sort of worm-fence logic, and there was a bird singing upon every top rail. The editor called attention to it in a piebald simile, meant to be complimentary. He said in substance that the grand old county had "given birth to another genius," (it had already produced upward of ten thousand!); and I believed him. No one ever felt Fame knocking more loudly at his door than I did that summer morning when I saw my first article in print and had an editor's word for it that I was a "genius." I had to learn in sackcloth and tears that the average country newspaper editor knows as little as possible about geniuses, and that it is a title he is generously unscrupulous in conferring.

The next thing I attempted was a "romance." I had never had a lover, never read a novel, nor studied the art of literary composition, but I will say for that story what cannot be said for many better ones—it was *vital*. While the hero suffered all the pangs of unrequited affection, the heroine was up and doing. Her scorn for him cannot be measured by any modern standard in romantic ethics. She almost tore the clothes from his back in the energy of her refusal. At last she married him, not for love, but because he was about to die of a broken heart. Could any motive have been more chaste? As a reviewer of fiction now for many years, I never knew of a similar instance in the love life of any heroine.

I was so discouraged by the baffling kindness with which this story was again and again returned to me that I abandoned the literary career, married,

and might have lived happy ever after had not a Woman's Rights convention come to town about the time I weaned my first baby and had recovered sufficient strength of mind to see the humor of the situation. In this region we are taught from earliest infancy that we are superior to men, which precludes the comparatively debasing idea of equality upon which suffrage is granted. We would no more think of asking to share a man's ballot box upon a political occasion than we would wish to share his pipe upon a social occasion. And when I realized that these well intentioned, but obtuse women, nearly all from the North or West, held their meeting in the South for missionary reasons, my pen went a-sparking after them. I offered a report of the convention to the editor of a great daily and it was promptly accepted. I took the hint. Since then I make a literary business of observing what is actually going on, of giving it a proper perspective in relation to the things that have been tried and proved, and of shedding as much wit upon it as I can command. When an article is rejected, (I have never reached those charlatan heights where even the worst things an author writes have an unquestioned market value), I know that I have failed in one of these three requirements.

I soon received an invitation to call upon the first really great editor known to me. And, remembering the advice he gave me that day, how no character-drawing was ever veracious without the caricaturing line being made carefully distinct, I copy out a pen picture of him. He was the roundest man I had ever seen. His short legs stuck out frivolously from his spherical body like a brownie's. His head, face, eye, all were so round that his very expression was orbicular. And his nose was the most exquisitely feminine thing I ever saw outside of a lady's countenance. Never have I known a kinder friend or a more painstaking editor. He became a sort of stepfather to me in the literary world, coached me along conventional lines, and got many stories out of my prim mind which were written according to the grammar of the best writers and speakers.

But I was destined to be a free lance or nothing in my chosen profession. At

last opportunity seized me by the hair of the head. I saw a severely ethical, but unjust, criticism of the South in a New York journal, and I wrote a sword-pointing protest to the editor. The letter was published. I have written many since of a similar character that were not published and that have never borne fruit to any appreciable extent in that particular editor's mind. I find that the hardest-headed persons to enlighten upon Southern conditions are the Northern editors. But they should be forgiven; they are mentally and morally incapable of receiving certain kinds of alien information. They have some narrow-minded convictions about "facts" which limit their understanding. It is impossible to teach them that with us facts are merely the transient symptoms of things much more difficult to define. Thus, I have never been able to convince one of them that a lynching is a distorted and regrettable evidence of virtue in this region. They have not sufficient imagination to believe what we tell them because it does not square with their old abolition note-books. Their prevailing mental aberration is the one straight line which runs its short paragraph course between cause and effect. They know nothing of that mightier form of human experience common to Southerners in their worst and best moods which corresponds to the branch of mathematics where two and two may make five.

These letters, however, led to a series of articles which I fondly believed to be defensive, and interpretative of the South and her people. But they have not always been received here in a reciprocal spirit. One indignant Southerner declared that he believed me to be a "short-haired—Yankee—old maid." This was the most undeserved compliment I have ever received. And there were other charges less embarrassing. But I have never had the sense of martyrdom, never contemplated "moving to New York and into a more sympathetic atmosphere," as so many writers from this section have done. These are my people, and I would rather have a "monkey and parrot" time all my life with my own kind than live keyed up for one year to Northern standards of ideals and intelligence. That is my objection to what is so often praised as their

"sympathy." It is too intellectual—I leave it to the "intellectuals" while I remain in a region where we have a sort of emotional sympathy and understanding of one another even in our bitterest rages.

After passing the primitive stage in literary composition I have had more dealings with Northern editors than any others. The oldest and most brilliant one I know would have been a hot-blooded Southerner if unkind fate had not made him a New England abolitionist. He has our irrepressible sort of temperament, and the same capacity for intolerance, only, true to his type, he is ethical in the expression of his prejudices, while we are savagely natural in demonstrating our virtues. All his errors are founded upon righteousness, so that, being the most kind, Christian and moral of men, he advocates theories of living that are fatal to the preservation of race virtue. I have found him a fiercely faithful friend and critic, but what aggravates me is the fact that he would be kinder if I were a negro—not because I was a negro, but because he thinks the negro stands more in need of kindness; which is a sentimental error of the mind founded upon abolition inaccuracies of judgment.

But the editor who has had most to do with my own destiny in the literary world is a much younger man. My first impression was that he was the most patient person in existence. As a matter of fact, he is only the most indifferent. He will allow a contributor to fall into convulsions of rage, set the paper on fire with the blaze of his heroic emotions, play all day to the peanut gallery of his sympathies and never turn a hair any more than if he were watching a kitten chasing its tail. But he knows every emotion, sentiment or wit wick in his subscribers, and how to light them. So far as I can make out this is the only use he makes of his own. They compose his reference book to other people's human nature. And, finally, in common with every other editor, he knows what he does not want better than he can tell what he wants. If I had to name the feature in my dealings with gifted editors, who go by their telepathy with the pulse-beat of the times, it would be this—how to discover what they want when they cannot even stammer the hiero-

glyphics of what they want. When I miss my cue with this particular editor, he can only say of the rejected article, "It does not appeal," or, "there is something wrong with it." And the point is there always is "something wrong" if he says so. He cannot write himself, but he has such a keen sense of proportion that if I leave out the wings and tail feathers of the smallest idea, he misses the flight sensation, he complains more or less incoherently of the barn-yard domesticity of my little eaglet. It is a feeling with him, not an intelligence. The character of his mind is such, indeed, that he will require ten years more of deep-sea thinking to reduce it to a working formula. Then, he is likely to become a prominent and difficult person to deal with in the political world, but he will no longer be so good an editor. For it is not wise thinking that will keep him in telepathic touch (that is to say, editorial touch) with his kind, but it is his primitively alert instincts and intuitions, the most ancient and reliable medium of communication ever found between man and man.

The first book that I reviewed for a Northern periodical was "An English Woman's Love Letters," and, doubtless, I am the only person alive who still believes that a faded packet of feminine love letters, left over from real life, was the basis of that extraordinary story. But in spite of my egregious sentimentality in holding to the book's veracity, this review won for me a permanent place on the magazine; and I passed under the rod of one of the most gifted men in the American world of literature. This was not so chastening an experience as might have been expected considering my ignorance of the technicalities of literary art. For I soon learned to plagiarize from that editor's own mind whatever I lacked in primness of expression, or remoteness of conception. I followed him with tip-toeing wits into regions of thought quite foreign to my own. He had the generative mind. And I had only to cast my own back into silence, not the primitive, unintelligent first silence, but that still nirvana of old philosophies, in order to know exactly what he would think on a given subject. And I said it, occasionally with

an irreverent giggle at the end, which never failed to startle him. My experience with this editor leads me to believe that if one has the subjective mind, it is easy to win the copyright of approval in such cases, and the victim will never suspect the echo-formula.

With another New York editor I have been less fortunate. He has the scientific mind, a boundless intellectual liberty, coupled with a pluperfect sense of literary propriety. Personally, he is a "good fellow," graciously related to me by the most kindly disposition; but I have not the remotest kinship with his mind. I can never tell what he is thinking, and writing for him is like walking in the dark. As near as I can determine so bad a case, he is too simple and serenely sensible in his manner of thought. His own emotions do not reach as high as his intellectual faculties, and he is a distractingly straight line, without beginning or end, to one whose mind is wine-colored with the blood of life.

I have had little to do with the great magazine editors. Apparently they proceed upon the understanding that if I will leave them alone, they will leave me alone. Once I ventured to offer one of them a story. He declined it with great delicacy, and by way of compensation he told me what he called a "god-awful" joke. It was not a very good joke, but I have always cherished it, because for all I know it is like their hemstitched poetry, the only kind current among magazine editors. And once I received what I took to be a wedding invitation, but which proved to be a steel engraved request from the editor of a popular monthly, asking for an article upon some subject that would be "helpful" to women. (Being "helpful" to women is this editor's very flourishing literary business. For the sum of one dollar a year he furnishes them a kind of

monthly chart which tells them how to live and how to be lived by; how to love and how to marry; how to be a wife or a widow. And he throws in two shirt waist designs each season. Thus leaving nothing to be accomplished by their own wits and ingenuity.) The topic I selected was vital, but unfortunate, and the article was returned to me with the high-bred air of a polite lady who wished to end a too hastily invited acquaintance. Since then I have discovered that this kind of coquetry is common among enterprising editors. One of them will write a "heart to heart" letter to a struggling author inviting her in the name of common interests to send him a story. The flattered recipient overestimates his blandishments. It really is not a heart to heart letter at all, but it is the manner that particular editor has of inspiring the poor trembling thing to do her best. She feels that the story is almost a personal matter between them, that it is already sanctified by the prenatal regard of the noble editor. But she never was more mistaken in her life. Sometimes he keeps a clerk to write those letters as a matter of business, even when he is away in Europe.

And, finally, in my relation to editors, I never permit them to regard me merely in the light of a "contributor"—even a "valued contributor." I insist upon being somebody, primarily, whose chief object is not to write, but to win out of living every human advantage possible. It is difficult to make them understand this, or to believe in the sincerity of such a profession. But once accepted upon this basis, they like it. It rests them, gives them the comfortable feeling of being off their editorial guard, and they become hearty, honest friends who are to be trusted in emergencies quite beyond their professional relationship.





Revolution in Poland

BY WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

[Our readers will recall the articles on labor and reform topics that Mr. Walling has contributed to our columns during the past two years. Mr. Walling left his residence at the University Settlement of this city last spring to spend this winter abroad studying the working class and democratic movements thruout the principal countries of Europe. He has promised to send us an occasional article when he comes across anything that would be of interest and importance to our readers.—EDITOR.]

AFTER the June massacres at Lodz, I decided to make an immediate and first-hand investigation of the Polish Revolution. I knew that the revolt in Poland was better organized and more determined than that of the rest of Russia and an almost general uprising seemed at hand. I was armed with confidential letters from New York, London and Paris to Revolutionists of every variety and I was also provided with private introductions to several prominent bankers, manufacturers and editors of Warsaw and Lodz.

I stopped first at Krakau (Cracow) in Austrian Poland to interview the chiefs of the Polish Socialist Party (P. P. S.), perhaps the best managed and the most aggressive of the revolutionary organizations. These former exiles of Switzerland, London and Paris I found to be cultivated men of the world, men of education, doctors of philosophy, and even, in some cases, persons of considerable means. They might be fanatics at heart, but they showed neither bitterness nor dogmatism in their talk. They seemed simply what they claimed to be—men who had devoted their whole lives to an organized and certainly not unintelligent effort to secure an "Independent and Democratic Polish Republic." Of their sincerity there can be no question—too many have died in Siberia and on the scaffold. Of their sanity only the course of events in Poland can decide. It is they and their like at any rate who by innumerable secret meetings of the people and a perfect flood of prohibited literature of every form have for twenty years prepared the revolution "in the shadow."

Years ago these men came to see that a practical revolution in Poland must be "of, for, and by the working people"—adapting the current social theories of the European workers, they became a Socialist party. Their immediate program is comparatively moderate and does not differ materially from that of the Australian labor unions. But to achieve this moderate program they have developed (along with the Jewish revolutionary organization, "The Bund"), into the most secret, violent and widespread revolutionary party the world has known. "The 'Mafia' or the 'Carbonari,'" I was assured, "are not a circumstance in comparison." "All we need," I was told on every side, "is arms and the psychological moment—we have the men, we have the organization, but we have not got the guns." For these men then the time of political discussions, programs and conspiracies, was passed and the time for action had arrived. At first I thought this might be a mere sentiment limited to the professional revolutionists. But I found much the same impatience for action among representatives even of the conservative classes at Warsaw and Lodz.

The revolution in Poland passed out of "the shadow" a year ago, when thousands of workmen paraded the streets of Warsaw with shouts for the victory of Japan and the downfall of the Czar. Since that time no element of the people has failed to give material and open support to the revolt. The Poles are a factious people. There was no sign of unity before the beginning of these recent outbreaks. There were as many forms of resistance as there were forms of Russian oppression—

movements of Catholics, of Jews, of working people, of students, of manufacturers and of landlords, each with tactics and a program of their own. But all are verging to a common plan of action under the pressure of the present crisis. Liberty of language and religion, freedom of speech and organization, local authority for Poland rather than independence, legislation for the workers, the right to strike—are either advocated or not categorically denied. And all are united in attributing the growing spirit and hopefulness of the nation and the evident weakening of the Russian bureaucracy and police principally to the organized and wholesale revolt of the working population. All elements of the people are contributing in various degrees and according to their power. But it is primarily a movement of the mass. A people is in war against its government—using all the means of war that are in the reach of an unarmed populace against sabres, rifles and machine guns. It is a fight against heavy odds. The killed and wounded among the people have already mounted up into the thousands, the prisoners and exiles to many thousands. There can be comparatively few city families that have not already lost relatives in the conflict.

Are not the people then crushed and beaten in this unequal warfare? Far from it. To the Polish spirit of liberty has been added only a deep and fiercely blazing feeling of revenge. Taking advantage of the existing network of secret organizations among the people, this spirit has animated them with a fire that is actually beginning to force back the Government in the face of all its brutal power.

If former revolutions in Poland have failed, if the revolts of working people of St. Petersburg, Riga, and Odessa have been bloodily suppressed, this revolution *en masse* of the organized, educated and hereditarily revolutionary masses of the Polish people is actually winning a gradual triumph. This is the situation:

Warsaw is "pacified," and so are Lodz, Bialystok and the other industrial centers. The Government has to its credit thousands of killed and wounded, very largely revolutionary working men.

Among the thousands of Jews and Christians sent to prison and exile in the last few months is a considerable proportion of the brains and spirit of the movement. But, aside from this appalling list of workers killed and families brought to misery, the Government has nothing to show.

Now, let us examine the Revolutionists' reckoning. To begin with, their losses are not what they seem—what do a few thousand mean, when the whole mass of the city population of Poland, several millions strong, is in a revolutionary ferment? Those who were not formerly revolutionists have rather been converted by the Governmental bloodshed. And as to the leaders, they could not have been all caught a few days ago, for on one day seventy Jews were arrested; on the next, 350 Polish workmen at Warsaw, and on the next, 400 at Lodz. Moreover, the directing brains of the movement have many years since crossed the border, where they are in daily touch with everything.

The Revolutionists have not failed to carry out a few executions themselves. At Krakau I was shown a list of some ninety executions of police, officers, and spies in which scarcely a half dozen perpetrators were captured. The list is growing and doubtless amounts to hundreds by now. "The most promising sign is that the people have learned to do it themselves," I was told. And indeed every day while I was at Warsaw and since that time the official gazette has chronicled these executions. As for example:

"Planton Soldaka, gendarme, was stationed on the Vistula Railroad platform. At eleven o'clock, shortly before the train from N— pulled in, two young men approached him engaging in conversation. Suddenly one of them pulled a revolver from beneath his coat and shot three times. All the shots took effect, killing him instantly. The perpetrators disappeared leaving no clue behind as to their identity."

In Warsaw alone such recorded attacks have averaged two or three a day.

The agents of "White Terror" are themselves terrorized by the people. The working class sections are free from police at nights—their place being taken by military patrols—which I found discreetly marching in a most unusually

"open" order for fear of bombs. A considerable part of the police has been killed, a larger part has resigned. The whole system of spies has been shaken—executions by workingmen's vigilance committees are too numerous to mention. Finally, thinking that the revolutionists had secured a complete list of their secret service men, the Warsaw authorities were forced to replace a considerable part by men unfamiliar with and unequal to the task. The other day in a suburb of Warsaw there appeared the following poster addressed to the workingmen:

"Taught by sad experience, the police promise not to disturb workers' meetings, wherever such take place, if the workers on their part promise not to attack the police or make attempts on their lives."

And indeed the police of Warsaw are allowing every Saturday open air meetings attended by thousands of Jews—to one of which I was invited—against all the precedents and regulations of the Russian régime.

The war against the police, then, has achieved a certain measure of success. The police control of the population is largely in the hands, not of the Government, but of secret vigilance committees of the people. This is the first victory—like the rest only partial and costly enough—but a victory nevertheless.

Another victory was won last November. The Government decided to mobilize the reserves of the Polish cities and it picked out a small city, Radom, to begin with. There followed a series of manifestations, street processions with red flags, revolver attacks on the troops, bomb attempts and killing of recruiting officers, not only in Radom, but in every section of the country. Many thousand reservists fled over the border. At Radom, it is claimed of thousands eligible, scarcely 700 were enrolled, and of 300 Jews just 13. When the enrolled were on the way to Manchuria things were scarcely easier for the Government. One regiment hardly out of Poland burned its colors, destroyed a railway station and drove away its officers. Arrived at Samara on the main line it burned the cars, tore up the rails and blocked the railway for three days. The

warning of Radom was sufficient. The other cities have not been mobilized and the workers of Poland have won another great victory. They are freed from the tax of blood.

The last triumph of this unarmed people at war, at the same time with its government and with an invading army of 150,000 men, is the conquest of comparative industrial freedom. Fired by the St. Petersburg massacre and inspired by the hope of forcing the political crisis, last January the workers of the whole nation went out on strike—an event perhaps unparalleled in history. At the outset the strike was orderly, disciplined and calm. The brutality of the Cossacks and police soon led, however, to the fiercest bloodshed and riots. The strikers, having failed to precipitate an immediate political crisis, began after a few days to return to work. But a large part remained out, not for political effect, but for higher wages, shorter hours and removal of governmental interference in the shops. On the first of May, and the middle of June, again the workers showed the solidarity and power of their organization by general political strikes—promptly terminated in each case, according to premeditated design, after a day or a day and a half. But again many economic contests followed—the workers having felt and proven their discipline and power. And again the Government interfered, expressly forbidding the employers to make any concessions to the workers.

For a third time the Government met a crushing defeat. The manufacturers threatened to close their factories unless they were allowed a free hand in dealing with their employees. In the last six months they have granted an almost universal increase in wages and shortening of hours. The police and the arbitrary and autocratic official, the so-called "factory inspector," have been told to go. Polish industry is no longer conducted by the Government, but by the employers and the employed.

"The revolutionary committee is our government now," I was told by the manager of one of the largest factories in Poland. And his explanation—as that of all others with whom I talked—made it appear that he spoke the practical truth,

WARSAW, POLAND.

Commodore Biddle's Visit to Japan— Another Recollection

BY THE REV. H. VALETTE WARREN

[The article of Mr. Burton's has called forth these further interesting reminiscences from Mr. Warren, who, after his return from the voyage, studied for the ministry, and after serving churches in Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, is now honorably retired and a member of the Rock River, Ill., Presbytery.—EDITOR.]

I HAVE read with much interest the copy of *THE INDEPENDENT* for August 1st, containing an article on Commodore James Biddle's visit to Japan, in 1846, which has awakened in my mind stirring memories. *THE INDEPENDENT* suggests the probability that the writer, Mr. Edward S. Burton, is the only survivor of that expedition. I have a shipmate's pleasure in knowing that he still lives, altho I cannot recall his personality. I also was a part of that event as was also my brother, Capt. Benjamin Warren, who later served his country with the Sixth Regiment, M. V. I., of Baltimore fame; also with the Twenty-sixth M. V. I., with General Butler at New Orleans, and who is now at my elbow to compare his recollections with my own.

Commodore Biddle's visit to Japan was the beginning of the most important movement of the century among the nations, altho its significance has been obscured by the success of the fortunate one who followed him with enlarged powers and far greater resources at his command.

The caption of the article, "Commodore Biddle's Failure to Enter Japan" does injustice to Commodore Biddle. He never attempted to enter Japan, hence there was no failure. He did all he was ordered to do. He was sent by the President of the United States, James K. Polk, to take a letter to the Mikado, proposing to open friendly relations between the two countries, and to ask for a reply. This he did in the face of much reluctance, evasion and delay. From all other effort he was precluded by the strictest orders to do nothing that might give offence. These limitations governed the Commodore's action, when he was grossly insulted on the Japanese junk, an incident to which reference is made in Mr. Burton's article.

Because vigorous retaliation was not offered, by men who had all-sufficient power, they inferred that Americans were not a vindictive people. Distrust was ameliorated and the way opened for pacific action.

There is need of a clearer understanding in regard to the motives of our Government in seeking to establish friendly relations with Japan. Public opinion seems persistent in the idea that the one object was to open commercial relations. That is, it was a hunt for pelf.

A few facts will reveal a far worthier aim. It ought to be known by this money-crazy generation that the men of sixty years ago gave the first knock on the closed door of Japan from purely humanitarian motives.

As far back as 1831 a Japanese junk was blown far to sea and finally stranded near the mouth of the Columbia River, where her starving crew were rescued and fed and soon after carried to Macao, where they were kindly cared for by American people. In 1837 a merchant ship, the "Morrison," was fitted out to return these people to their home. On arriving at Yeddo this unarmed vessel was forbidden to land a single person, batteries were opened upon her whenever she attempted to approach a landing and she was compelled to return whence she came. Instead of "gratitude for the return of natives" playing a part in our negotiations the reverse was the fact. For a native to leave the realm or to return from abroad was to incur the penalty of death. For shipwrecked men and their rescuers there was one fate.

It was this attitude of the islanders toward foreigners that led our Government to take measures for the protection of seamen who might be stranded on the perilous coast of the Island Empire. This effort was made not a day too soon. Before that year ended sixteen shipwrecked Americans were seized,

treated with great cruelty, and imprisoned seventeen months, before they were released on demand of Commander Glynn of the U. S. ship "Preble." The visit of the "Columbus" had impressed some of the high officials with a sense of the power of the United States to avenge such injuries, and with little doubt, saved their lives.

Our growing commerce on the Pacific, clearly foreseen, led our Government to attempt lessening the dangers that ever attend the mariner, and to this end an effort was made to change the barbarian coasts, where helpless men were caged and carried about like wild beasts, to a haven of refuge and safety.

During their entire stay at Yeddo Bay, the "Columbus" and "Vincennes" were inclosed in a cordon of boats, many hundreds of them, lashed stem to stern, forming a compact mass which was never broken except for the passage of an official boat or our own flag, as it was carried by our boat's crews in passing to and fro between the two ships. A guard of four boats always followed our boats when they were afloat.

The nightly illumination of this encircling and gaily bannered flotilla was a scene to be remembered. Brilliant lanterns of bright colors, thousands of them, gave the appearance of a city illuminated for some joyful occasion. The scene was beautiful beyond description when viewed from the masthead of the "Columbus."

A broad belt of lights encircling the vessel, each individual light heaving and dancing with the movement of the waves and the whole reflected by the water's constant motion, made night on the bay like the witchwork of fairyland. Our old sailors said one might sail the seas for a lifetime and never see its equal.

One word about the old "Columbus." She was a noble ship, the crown and pride of our navy at that time. She carried ninety guns and could add ten more in time of need. Amidships eight sixty-eight pounders, carrying both round shot and shell, the biggest guns then afloat, attested the formidable nature of her destructive power. Wherever she went she excited admiration. Time after time have I seen passing

boats pause from their progress, while their occupants gazed in silent wonder on her beautiful lines and vast proportions. The intelligent Japanese were by no means oblivious to her magnificence, and, by inference, to the skill and wealth that had created her. She gave a rhetorical power to our President's letter that words could not express, thus helping to secure at a later date the open door. This, her last cruise, was a notable one. There was an idea strangely prevalent that if a ship did not spring a leak, have a hole knocked in her bottom, get dismasted, attacked by pirates or cast away on a desolate island, she had no cruise worth mentioning. It was far otherwise with us. The "Columbus" sailed eastward around the world, doubling the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, crossing the Equator six times, and reckoning a sailing distance of 68,949 miles by log, weathering many a gale and prolonged stress of storm, without losing a spar bigger than a studding-sail boom, nor an anchor, nor a man by accident, never starting a leak, nor scraping a rock or sand-bar with her keel, from New York to Norfolk, where she was stripped and laid up until the outbreak of the Civil War, when she was towed from her berth, scuttled and sunk by the Confederates, and not by the United States Government, as Mr. Burton narrates. What would I not give to see her once again!

The "Columbus" had a body of tried and skillful officers. Commodore Young, late of the Navy, was one of her midshipmen. Commodore Drayton was a lieutenant, Captain J. M. Wainright, who died fighting like a gladiator on the deck of the "Harriet Lane," in Galveston Harbor, was our sailing-master and a most efficient officer. Admiral Thomas

Commodore Biddle died in the October following his return home, and Captain Thomas W. Wyman, who was second in command, passed away at Florence, Italy, a few months afterward. Very few of that ship's company of eight hundred and fifty men lived to know the effect of the first prod, which they had given, on a sleeping nation whose awakening has astonished the world.

Literature

"A Servant of the Public," and Others

WHEN Anthony Hope writes a novel, he does not begin by laying the scene, but he gathers up the whole continent, island or archipelago, in some drawing-room corner of which his characters live, move and have their being, and he squeezes it down into a few sentences of magnificent generalities. This gives his story a curiously complete setting, and all the atmosphere there is. Here is the introduction he gives in his last novel¹ of a set of men and women who play a prominent part, and he consistently carries out the idea he advances in it of the phases of evolution necessary to produce lords and ladies "among a nation of shopkeepers."

"The social birth of a family, united by a chain of parallel events with the commercial development of a business, is a spectacle strange to no country but most common among the nation of shopkeepers; it presents, however, interesting points and is likely to produce a group of persons rather diverse in character. Some of the family breathe the new air readily enough; with some the straw of the omnibus (there was straw in omnibuses during the formative period) follows in silken skirts into the landau. It takes, they say, three generations to make a gentleman; the schools ticket them—national or board, commercial or grammar, Eton or Harrow. Three generations, not perhaps of human flesh, but of mercantile growth, it takes to make a great concern."

And the "concern" is the financial cornerstone of the family's social standing. The process is described accurately, and the odor of it is mainly betrayed by different members of the household. But the heroine of the story is an actress. The delicate way she is at last bought in and married by the "manager," for purely business reasons is the sequel of the story; but the finest bit of literary interpretation Mr. Hope has ever done is when he shows why this creature, who has a dramatic conception of virtue and innocence and all manner of womanly loveliness, without being able morally to be any of these things, is so attractive to men who rejoice to love her, but could not bear the

ignominy of marrying such an illusion of womanliness and goodness. It is not really the woman they love, but the power she has to intoxicate them with suggestions. They mistrust her from the beginning, and they often loathe, but to the last her power to create the excessive, pleasurable emotion in them remains the same. They can no more resist her than the drunkard can resist the wine which he fears. This is Mr. Hope's view of the relationship which often exists between an actress and men who are bound in honor to good women who have not learned this charlatan use of femininity. And it is a pretty close estimate of the case. It explains why so many such actresses figure in fiction and in social life. They came in through the open door of noble hatred which better women bear them. The modern spirit of "fair play" renders it "bad form" to turn the virtuous back upon these successful rivals. They let the actresses in just as they serve cocktails to their husbands at dinner. It is not wise, but it is founded upon a profound contempt for the actress and her transient powers of fascination.

Another novel with an actress showing her pretty heels in it, appeared serially in *The Critic* this year². It is called "a clever satire on our best society;" but it is only a satire in the sense that the "best society" is itself a satire upon all that is sincere, virtuous and peaceful in life. It is a good impression of the composite features of the artful thing, taken by an author who went into it with his literary sense exposed like a sort of psychological negative. The sane reader, who has not come under such baleful influences, wonders how so many different kinds of people can be so intellectually astute over trifles. There are no serious elements in the story, nothing big enough upon which to found sorrow or happiness, yet every one suffers as much as if each were living a life of awful consequences. Their

¹ A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederic Stokes & Co. \$1.50.

² OUR BEST SOCIETY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

destinies turn upon an afternoon tea, or a bridge party. And doubtless this is the irony of it, that there should be such a waste of earnestness and emotions on the part of remarkably capable men and women. The book will attract the "initiated" because the author has caught the real keynote, the right social use of phrases and innuendoes.

*The Counsels of a Worldly Minded God-Mother*³ is a book of which the literary style, and the weather-worn sagacity remind us of the "Highroad," a last year's novel written by a "managing" mother. The author advises her god-daughter upon all the essentials of life, such as how to walk, how to talk entertainingly, how to become a "vulgar success" in the social world. She teaches that slumming is bad form, and that charity should begin at home, that is, in your own social set. She is opposed to clubs, holds that they are essentially a masculine institution just as sewing circles are feminine. "Women are constantly flocking together nowadays in a sort of forlorn fashion, like birds whose nests have been torn down." And she goes on to complain:

"There are so many orders: the daughters of this and the granddaughters of that, the descendants of the other and the dames of something else. A woman must be a fool or a foundling not to be able to establish a claim to some of them."

She believes in marriage. "Marriage must be pretty bad or old maidhood is worse." And she is something of a termagant in regard to the divorce evil. Much that she writes is trite, but it is said brightly, with that air of wisdom which women acquire with so little justification. Nearly all women have the missionary instinct, even the most worldly. It is a universal mannerism of maternity in them. But it would be interesting to know how much good actually results from the kind of public spirited maternity illustrated by this volume.

And when women are not showing their missionary instinct, they are giving their "experiences" either with a handkerchief pressed tragically to their eyes, or with the air of saints who have matured before the proper time. *The Diary of a Bride*⁴ is an illustration to the point. It also shows the peculiar limitations of

women during this period. They are self-centered, or "John"-centered. Their wisdom never extends beyond their own new relationship. This author bride tells how superior her husband is to other women's husbands, a thing which brides have always done since before the kingdoms of this world began. She gives the same bedroom slipper account of how she made him comfortable and how she gained time between whiles to write about him in this book. In short, it belongs to that class of garden stories which were so popular a few years ago. Only the flower bed is a little blue pagoda cottage, and the thing which the fair gardener plants, waters, feeds and tends is her dear, dear husband. The way she does it will not interest any one except brides or engaged girls who have romantic notions about the horticulture of husbands.

And when woman, that is, the serious, "up and doing" modern woman, is not exercising her missionary instinct or giving her experiences, she takes up the hot end of some social, industrial or economical problem and harrows the reader's feelings with ague accounts of suffering humanity. No sensible solution is ever suggested, because the minds of women are not formulated for such work. The idea is to discuss the fortunate, not primarily to save the unfortunate. Mrs. Mitchell Keays' last novel⁵ belongs to this class. We begin it, and feel the gloom approaching thru the usual factory "hell-hole"; we turn over leaves to the middle of the book, hoping that the crisis may have passed, the millennium began, and that everybody is living happily. But no, the people who were joined together in peace and love are being forced apart by this curious female interpretation of morality. And the agony increases steadily till the curtain falls upon the last scene, where the mangled and bruised and bleeding rich man gets an opiate view of "fair play." Mrs. Keays is the author who wrote the most serious and also the most absurd novel dealing with the divorce evil which appeared last year.

³ THE COUNSELS OF A WORLDLY GOD-MOTHER. By Persis Mather. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

⁴ THE DIARY OF A BRIDE. New York: Thomas T. Crowell & Co. \$1.00.

⁵ THE WORK OF OUR HANDS. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Buddhist and Christian Gospels

MR. EDMUNDS, who proclaims himself to be "translator of the Dhammapada," meaning thereby that he recently added one more to the already well known translations of this popular work, and "member of the Oriental society of Philadelphia," whatever that may be, also boasts in his title that he has in the present work* been the first to compare Gospel texts with (or, as he expresses it, from) the original Pâli texts. Considering that this subject has attracted the attention of Pâli scholars for many years and that systematic expositions of parallels have been made in many books, this claim does not appear to be quite ingenuous, tho it is rather misleading than false. Perhaps pseudogeusia would best describe the character of the whole title. But to the matter itself. We have here another of the various collections of parallels which may be traced between the incidents in the life of Christ and His teachings and those in the life of Buddha and the teachings attributed to the latter. That many of these are striking and interesting has long been recognized, that among the so-called "parallels" many have only a very superficial resemblance has been repeatedly shown. To the student of either religion it has been for years a moot point whether one set of these parallels can have been due to the other, and if so, which is the original. In the first flush of ignorant surprise at discovering the existence of the parallels the same mistake was made as when a scheme of parallels was drawn up between verses of the Gospels and verses of the Hindu Bhagavad Gita, a Brahmanic (but not Buddhistic) Gospel containing many analogs to the New Testament. With that readiness to ascribe the Christian Gospels to some other source than that hitherto accepted which distinguished several German scholars half a century ago, all the parallel verses were indiscriminately referred to India and the life of Christ and all characteristic Christian doctrine were held to be only a rough imitation of

Hindu models. But with more learning came more wisdom. A large part of the "borrowed" material was shown to belong to later rather than earlier Buddhistic teaching, and the parallels were in other regards proved to rest upon the loosest possible resemblance. One of the greatest authorities on Pâli, Oldenberg, has recently stated that in his opinion there is in the light of modern scholarship no evidence for this old-fashioned claim of borrowing. Mr. Edmunds's position is formally given as being still undetermined: "No borrowing," he states, "is alleged on either side." Nevertheless this more modern view has not entirely banished what may, perhaps, be suspected to be an older predilection, for on page 28 we read: "If there is a borrowing it is on the Christian side; the *Lalita Vistara* is a book of Indian antecedents." This latter statement is true enough. The antecedents, generally speaking, are Indic, but in its present form the *Lalita Vistara* is a book subsequent to the Christian Gospels, and there is on historical grounds far more reason to suspect that the *Lalita Vistara* (where are found some of the most striking "parallels") borrowed from Christian sources than that the makers of the Gospels ever drew from this life of Buddha. The general admission, however, that "no borrowing is alleged," is an improvement on the view of Leydel and the logic of Lillie, so well characterized by Professor Aiken in his recent book on the same subject as "specious attempts to lay the Gospels under obligation to Buddhist teaching."

The Japanese editor of Mr. Edmunds's Parallels makes no claim to prove inverted history. His chief concern lies in finding the common elements in the Pâli and Chinese Scriptures, and in this lie, it must be admitted, the real originality and greater value of the whole book.

To those, however, who take less interest in the common source of Agamas and Nikayas, the collocation of Scriptural and Buddhistic ideas will remain the main theme of this volume. It gives a very complete list of parallels which have already been drawn, discussed, and reiterated many times, together with some which had far better been omitted altogether, since their inclusion betrays a lack of that discrimination which is de-

* BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN GOSPELS—Being Gospel Parallels from Pâli Texts. Now First Compared from the Originals by *Albert J. Edmunds*, edited with Parallels and Notes from the Chinese Buddhist Trinitaka by M. Anesaki, Professor of the Science of Religion in the Imperial University of Tokyo. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

sirable in works of a historical nature. After all that has been said by competent scholars against such loose collocation, there remain even in the present collection too many badly strained parallels. Thus, at the very beginning, the general Buddhistic theory of conception as due to a spiritual "genius" united with the male and female factors is set down as a parallel to the specific case of Luke i:35, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee." After this we have the oft-cited parallel of Christ's fast and the fast of Buddha, as if, especially in the Orient, a fast *per se* were a parallel worth mentioning. Then, Mark x:19, a résumé of the Ten Commandments is invested with the dignity of a parallel to the ethical code common to Jew and Brahman as much as to Christian and Buddhist. Such parallels are of the universal order, to be found in many other religions, and are distinctly misleading when included in a group of strictly Christian and Buddhistic equivalents. One last parallel will show how exaggerated is the list made by Mr. Edmunds. Mark xv:22 reads: "And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, the place of a skull." As a parallel to this, Mr. Edmunds cites from the Buddhist "Book of the Great Decease" these words: "Now at that season the twin sal-trees were all one mass of blossom with untimely blooms." The reader turns in surprise to the rubric under which these "parallels" are enlisted and finds the explanation, "Death in the open air!" Why should such parallels be limited at all? There must be many more to be ferreted out quite as striking as "death in the open air." What is lacking in Mr. Edmunds's collection is the historical tact which should deter even the most ardent collector from enlisting two such different descriptions as parallels. What is intrinsically a serious and suggestive study tends to become a ridiculous *jeu d'esprit*. The value of such investigation and discovery is about on a par with that of the German scholar who, reading to his students from an Egyptian papyrus an interesting family scene, could not refrain from commenting: "Thus, gentlemen, you see that even in ancient Egypt there were children." But it is at least a gain to have this collection with only a murmur left from the loud

outcry of "loan-Christianity" with which it was first made public. Perhaps if the book appears in another edition the author will even suppress his commendation of Arthur Lillie, one of the most superficial writers on the subject of "loans." It is not without significance that those who are foremost in their claims of borrowing on the part of Christianity are those who have least standing as scholars; while it remains true that no authoritative Sanskrit or Pâli scholar maintains the thesis of Leydel. There are indeed instances where we know that Buddhism has affected Christianity or may shrewdly suspect it. But how slight is the contact where the fact is indisputable! Buddha is now, by mistake of the early Church, a Catholic saint, and on the later Christian tradition it is possible that the diluted Buddhism known west of the Indus may here and there have left a mark, tho it would be difficult to say where; but there is absolutely no ground for believing that Christianity as a whole, or in any save a very negligible part, has been influenced by Buddhism.



Three Books on Sociology

Dr. Dealey, assisted by Dr. Ward, has compressed and rearranged the matter of Ward's formidable volume, *Pure Sociology* into a text-book for schools and colleges.¹ But it is something more than a mere condensation and summary, since new matter has been included to fill in certain gaps and to fit it for its new province. The many excursions into kindred sciences which are so frequently met in the larger work have been eliminated, and a simpler and more coherent study is the result. It is a book for which there is a need, and it is sure of a welcome.

Dr. Ross² assembles a number of his previously published essays with much new matter into a systematic inquiry as to the nature of the science of sociology. Considering the scope and task of sociology, he decides that the science must deal not merely with achievements, according to Ward, nor with the modes

¹ A TEXT BOOK OF SOCIOLOGY. By James Quale Dealey and Lester F. Ward. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.30.

² THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIOLOGY. By Edward Alsworth Ross. [The Citizen's Library.] New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

and forms of association, according to Simmel, nor with the action and interaction of group upon group, according to Gumplowicz and Bauer, but with social phenomena as a whole—of all phenomena “which we cannot explain without bringing in the action of one human being on another.” Sociology is thus the trunk of a tree, the special social sciences being its members. It is, however, not an oak, but a banyan, and all of its limbs find root with it in the common soil of human nature.

In an illuminating chapter on “Social Laws,” the author makes short shrift of many of the sweeping generalizations which have been offered from time to time by sociologists, particularly Spencer. While many of these generalizations are valid as regards a particular society or a particular time, they fail dismally as interpretations of universal social phenomena. Spencer’s “laws” of integration, of differentiation and of equilibration are shown clearly enough to be founded on partial and imperfect observances.

The chapter on the “Value Rank of the American People” was first published in *THE INDEPENDENT*, and so does not need discussion here. “Recent Tendencies in Sociology” form the subject of a very interesting survey and striking criticism of the speculations of sociologists following Spencer. Le Bon, with his “crowd psychology,” is admitted to have made a valuable contribution to the science, tho he erred in exalting the transitory mood of the mob into an enduring social force. Tarde, in differing from Spencer, and holding that it is the heterogeneous that is unstable, and that socializing processes on the whole make for similarity, takes firm ground; while Gumplowicz, with his “consciousness of resemblance,” and Giddings, with his “consciousness of kind,” also add to our recognition of the factors of social grouping. Something more is needed, however, to explain the oppositions as well as the affiliations of men. A term wider than “consciousness of kind” is needed to account for repulsion as well as attraction in the so-

cializing process. Loria is somewhat roughly handled for basing his work on class selfishness and class struggles, while Giddings is commended because “at a time when his brethren are precipitately striking their colors to the economic materialists, he sturdily flies the flag of intellectualism.” In many places thruout this book the author insists upon great discounts from the too sweeping economic interpretation of history and of social processes.

In minimizing the economic factor, however, he is not always fortunate. Most of the instances he uses as illustrations of a non-economic motive in association are resolvable back to an economic basis. It is the secondary, rather than the primary, influence in these cases which he has observed, and which has led him to his conclusions. Tho the work as a whole is brilliant and captivating, it is not wholly free from capriciousness.

Dr. Blackmar³ keeps closer to earth, and his matter is descriptive and informative rather than speculative. With wide knowledge, and with a strong sense of proportion, he covers the whole field of the science in brief and pithy paragraphs. As a book for providing students with a first acquaintance with the fundamental facts and principles of sociology, logically arranged and on the whole simply told, it is worthy of very warm commendation.



Sir Raoul. By James M. Ludlow. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.

“The Captain of the Janizaries” has outlived many hundreds of historical novels and *Sir Raoul* should prove equally successful and permanent. The historical setting is the Fifth Crusade, which was originally organized to sweep the Moslems from the Holy Lands, but ended by sacking the Christian city of Constantinople. The author has written comparatively few books, for on what he has written much time has been spent. The historical facts in the present book are buoyed up by a very readable love story. The hero is deceived by a dissimulation on the part of his lady-love. This leads him to deeds that deprive him of knighthood, and force him to seek shelter in a robber band. The writer has

³ *ELEMENTS OF SOCIOLOGY.* By Frank W. Blackmar. [The Citizen’s Library.] New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

skillfully given Sir Raoul a chance to redeem himself in a dramatic scene in which he rescues Renée, the heroine, from drowning. Sir Raoul wins a great honor by his prowess in the Crusades, and the pair, after many adventures, settle at last in their Saxon home. Dr. Ludlow has Tintoretto for his illustrator. The picture representing the second attack on Constantinople, which we reproduce, is quite appropriate, but to use a section of Tintoretto's Siege of Zara to illustrate a very different scene 142 years earlier and to say it depicts "Ludwig, Bacheux and I, abreast," is an act of dubious propriety.

American Book Plates. A Guide to Their Study, with Examples. By Charles Dexter Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, \$2.50.

The much heralded new edition of Allen's *American Book Plates* is disappointing. There was a welcome ready at the hands of collectors of books plates for a revision of the original work of Allen, but as published it is not as good as the original edition, since this volume lacks the beautiful copper plates that embellished the first edition. The pages have been printed from the old electrotrope, the same pagination and all,



From Ludlow's *Sir Raoul*. Copyright, 1905, by Fleming H. Revell Co.

line for line, illustration for illustration, and error for error. So far as the book indicates, Mr. Allen has learned absolutely nothing about book plates since 1894. There is no indication that he even knows of the Bowdoin book, the Dixon book on American plates, nor of the admirable Leiningen-Westerburg book on German book plates. Mr. Allen does not add to his bibliography. Does he intend to imply that there has been nothing written on *ex libris* themes since 1894? It is a great mistake to refer to the present book as a new edition; it is nothing of the sort, but merely a reprint which adds nothing whatever to the sum of that which was already known.



Explorations in Turkestan. With an account of the Basin of Eastern Persia and Sistan Expedition of 1903 under the direction of Raphael Pumpelly. 4to pp. xii, 324. Carnegie Institution, Washington.

This is Publication No. 26 of the Carnegie Institution. It shows the style of the work of this new and great Institution, for which Mr. Carnegie gave \$10,000,000, and the object of which is to aid investigation that costs money, and to secure publication of such important studies as are not of pecuniary value to the author, and might not otherwise easily find a publisher. It is a full quarto in good readable print, and on good paper, the lines running the full width of the page, and illustrated with 174 half-tones and maps and geological sections.

The preliminary expedition, of which an account is given in this volume, was conducted by Prof. Raphael Pumpelly, of Harvard University, accompanied by Prof. William M. Davis, of the same institution; Mr. Raphael W. Pumpelly, and Mr. Ellsworth Huntington, a research assistant of the Carnegie Institution. Their purpose was to open very important problems as to the early history of the human race. Many hold that the earliest traces of civilization are to be found in the central trans-Caspian region, about Samarkand and Merv. This is an extraordinary region in its physical characteristics. It has no water outlet to the ocean. It is supposed that at an early period the Caspian and the Aral Seas were connected with the Black Sea. Were the Dardanelles closed

the Black Sea would be like the Aral and Caspian, shut off from the ocean. For thousands of years there has been a gradual desiccation of an enormous region, extending from the Caspian to Manchuria, watered only by the snows of the surrounding mountains. The seas have gradually shrunk in size, the sands have invaded the cultivable land, and rivers have been lost in the sands. Over great regions there are the tumuli, which show the earlier existence of lost cities, while the lack of rain preserves the objects within them from destruction. The problems to be investigated have to do with the relation of human remains to the geological succession of glaciations and upheavals, as shown by beaches, moraines and other indications of surface-geology, as they are related to the position of the tumuli.

The present volume is preliminary and mostly geological; but the human remains, which well belong to other volumes, have been kept closely in mind. The opening of the mounds is likely to carry us back to a period back of all recorded history. By digging in the mound of Susa, in Persia, de Morgan found that forty feet of depth carried him back six thousand years, and he asks what is the age of the sixty feet of deposit below. The trans-Caspian region was overrun by the earliest Aryan and Turanian peoples; and the successive periods of desiccation drove out populations in every direction to overrun more fertile regions to the south and west. Many hold that here is to be found the key to the chief problems of anthropology.

Of the "artifacts" (objects of human manufacture) found in the mounds, only very superficially examined in this trip of 1903, but a very few are here figured—only three bits of rude figured pottery, a pierced stone maul, and one large stone head. The latter stands exposed on a stele in the plain near the Lake Issik Kul, and is extremely interesting. It looks extraordinarily like the heads of statues of the Chaldean King, Gudea, who lived 2,800 years B. C., with its short round head, all shaved, and its prominent eyebrows. We are very glad that the Carnegie Institution has found so enthusiastic and competent a man as Professor Pumpelly to carry on this explora-

tion, and from the brief reports already received, we expect very valuable results as to the beginnings of human civilization and the origin of domesticated animals from the further explorations.



An Eye For An Eye. By Clarence S. Darrow. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Darrow's new book is one that will hold the reader's interest from cover to cover. The author is a prominent Chicago lawyer, who has already written some successful shorter stories. The plot of *An Eye For An Eye* is made doubly interesting by the fact that it is true. The author has given new names and told in his own way the story of the famous Chris Mery case, in which the accused had killed his wife with a poker. For the first few pages the reader's heart is hardened against a man who could do so atrocious a deed, whatever the circumstances might be. Gradually, however, as the murderer tells his story to his most intimate friend on the eve of the hanging, the reader's sympathy is aroused, and in the last few pages cries out against the injustice of the sentence. The story is one of life among the poor, where the all absorbing question is mere existence. The condemned man has had difficulties and discouragements to meet that would take the heart out of the strongest man. The final deed is done in a moment of exasperation, and is as quickly regretted. It is the unfailing optimism of the prisoner and his ability to discover a silver lining in the blackest of clouds that wins our sympathy.



Andrew Marvell. By Augustus Birrell. The English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Company. 241 pages. 75 cents.

Had Mr. Augustine Birrell's study of Andrew Marvell appeared elsewhere than in the *English Men of Letters Series* it would surely have been entitled *Andrew Marvell and His Times*, for there is much more in these two hundred and forty pages of the period in which Andrew Marvell lived than there is of his poetry and prose, and there is but little indeed of the personality of Hull's most famous Member of Parliament. Mr. Birrell is not in the least at fault for the proportion of his book. No non-official

Member of the Restoration Parliaments is better known than Marvell. His name comes to mind whenever the Pensioner Parliament is mentioned or when there is any reference to the Parliamentary and municipal history of Hull. The story of his incorruptibility is known wherever the history of the British House of Commons is read. Yet little is known of Marvell's life in London in the years when he was a servant of the Commonwealth as Milton's assistant when the author of "Paradise Lost" was Latin Secretary; or of his life during the eighteen years when he was one of the representatives of Hull in the House of Commons.

There is scarcely a mention of Marvell in contemporary letters or diaries—none that has been of much service to Mr. Birrell; and altho there are numerous proofs that Mr. Birrell's research has been most insistent, he has not been able to trace where Marvell lived in London, and is not absolutely certain that Marvell was ever married. Mary Marvell, Andrew Marvell's widow, was cited in a law suit after Marvell's death in 1678, and when Marvell's poems were published in 1681, there was included in the volume published by Robert Boulter a certificate from Mary Marvell that all the poems were the work of Marvell. This is all that is known of Marvell's wife; but Mr. Birrell regards it as sufficient to put an end to the story of Capt. Edward Thompson, who edited and published Marvell's works in 1776, that Mary Marvell was a cheat and no more than the lodging house keeper where Marvell had last lived.

Marvell was migratory during his years in London. Thru the greater part of his life he was, to use Mr. Birrell's phrase, "an elusive and unrecorded character." "We know all about him, but very little of him," elsewhere writes Mr. Birrell. But what there is to be known about his early life—his school days in Hull, his career at Trinity College, Cambridge, and his years as tutor in General Fairfax's family at Nunapleton, Yorkshire—is remarkably well told by Mr. Birrell. Nor in the absence of details as to Marvell's life as a Member of Parliament has Mr. Birrell had to resort to padding. Marvell's poems, and particularly those which are

best known from their place in the anthologies, stand by themselves and need no background. A background is, however, eminently necessary to an understanding of Marvell's satires, and his work as a political and ecclesiastical controversialist, also of his place in the Pensioner Parliament; and the background that Mr. Birrell has furnished will by reason of its freshness and new light be read with pleasure even by those who are deeply versed in the memoirs and histories of the Restoration. The sketch of the development of Nonconformity is particularly good; while Mr. Birrell's sympathetic statement of what Nonconformity stood for in social life in the years that followed the Restoration must be pleasant reading for Free Churchmen in England today. There was no generally available biography of Marvell. A biography was much needed; and Mr. Birrell's monograph on the Garden Poet and the incorruptible Parliamentarian will meet the needs of both those who are drawn to Marvell as one of the earliest of nature poets, and those who admire Marvell for the place he won in the cult of Liberty in the middle of the seventeenth century.



The Religious Controversies of Scotland.

By Rev. Henry F. Henderson, M.A. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75 net.

For two hundred years Scotland has been the home of religious controversy *par excellence*, and the Wee Frees of these latter days have held the land of heather to her reputation. Scotchmen are a bit fond of contention any way, and they take their religion very hard, and will have every point of doctrine argued out before the entire congregation, and decision rendered by Church courts composed one-half of laymen. No State Church is so democratic as that of Scotland, and in none has theological debate been more habitual, more strenuous and more picturesque. Mr. Henderson tells the story of the doctrinal strifes of the land of the Presbyterians, from the "Marrow Men" and Simson the Arminian, to Robertson Smith, Marcus Dods and Alexander Balbain Bruce, with fair portraiture of the virtues and short-comings of each heretic and reasonable jus-

tice to their accusers. He has kept his material in good proportion, giving especial prominence to the controversies over Hume and Edward Irving, in which instances Scottish religious controversy rose to a matter of universal interest. One is sometimes tempted to humor in the fascinating story, yet these tireless battlers have fought out many a truth before their Presbyteries, and have added not a little to the freedom of faith. Mr. Henderson has produced a reliable and succinct account of religious affairs hitherto described only singly and episodically in general works.



The Christian Doctrine of the Lord's Supper. By Rev. Robert M. Adamson, M.A. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

It is sorrowful truth that the Christian feast of brotherhood and fellowship has been the point about which masters of doctrine most have quarreled, and this is the fact which inspired in the pious Hooker the wish that "men would more give themselves to meditate with silence what we have in this sacrament, and less to dispute the manner how." Nevertheless, behind these disputes have been real apprehensions of essential spiritual truth, and the history of the various phases of doctrine in regard to the Lord's Supper, as well told by Mr. Adamson, is not without practical interest. The author presents a brief outline of all the principal views, with full references to the literature of the subject, and his own constructive statement shows him to be a fair-minded, scholarly, truly religious man, of evangelical antecedents and sympathy. Particularly valuable is the chapter on "The Lord's Supper in Devotional Literature," into which much important material has been gathered.



Life More Abundant. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.20 net.

The purpose of Mr. Wood in this volume is to explain and justify the methods and results of modern Biblical Criticism, and to declare the unimpaired worth of the Holy Scriptures, even tho critical results be admitted to the full. In fact, however, the author does not show accurate understanding of histori-

cal criticism, which is not at all a process of "reading between the lines," and drawing out all manner of spiritual truth by means of symbolism and allegory. No higher critic finds in the first chapter of Genesis, for example, the excellent and elevated truths which Mr. Wood discovers there. It is inexcusable error to write that the field of lower criticism "concerns the dates, authenticity, and genuineness of the subject matter, and accuracy of translation and rendering." (p. 137.) That is precisely what lower or textual criticism is not, and a fair statement of what higher criticism is. One should, therefore, beware of using Mr. Wood as an authoritative exponent of modern Biblical science.



The Christian Faith. Personally given in a System of Doctrine. By Olin Alfred Curtis. New York: Eaton & Mains. \$2.50 net.

Professor Curtis holds the chair of Systematic Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary, and his treatise presents orthodox Methodist opinion on all the principal subjects of Christian doctrine. He is persuaded that he has caught an "important vision of the Christian Faith as an organic whole of doctrine," but the defects of his vision of some of the parts make one dubious both of the correctness and importance of the vision of the whole. For example, we regard it as exactly perverse to "start with the pre-existent Son of God," in endeavoring to understand Christ Jesus. It is certainly beyond scripture to assert that Jesus in His earthly life was omniscient. On subjects where the author expounds distinctive Methodist doctrine, such as that of Personal Holiness, he is more satisfactory.



Israel's Historical and Biographical Narratives, from the Establishment of the Hebrew Kingdom to the End of the Maccabæan Struggle. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2 75.

This is the second volume of the Students' Old Testament, of which the first volume was reviewed in these columns a year ago. Besides the chief historical books, Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, the author has included here Ezra and Nehemiah, portions of Isaiah and Jeremiah, Esther, and the books of Maccabees.

We have, therefore, the history of Israel from Samuel and Saul to the Maccabees, as told by the Hebrew writers themselves. The entire material is newly translated, with important corrections and additions to the common biblical text made from the Greek versions. It is arranged chronologically, in paragraphs, with appropriate headings and indications of the documentary source, and where two or more documents, as, for example, Kings and Chronicles, describe the same event, they are printed in parallel columns. Brief notes on difficult or obscure passages furnish practically a commentary, and, with the excellent introductions to the several books and collections of narratives, all that is really necessary to the intelligent reading of these important monuments of the Hebrew spirit. As a practical manual for the study of the Old Testament and of Hebrew history this work is of great value, and it is difficult to see how more of the results of modern biblical science in regard to the historical portions of the Old Testament and the information necessary to enable one to test these results for himself, could be presented more clearly, more compactly and at less expense than in this work of Professor Kent. It is a valuable reference book for the library, no special technical knowledge being necessary for its use.



Outlines of Christian Apologetics. By Hermann Schultz, Ph.D. Authorized translation by Alfred Bull Nichols. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Professor Schultz, who died in 1903, was one of the ablest and most highly regarded of the German Protestant teachers of systematic theology. He lectured for over twenty-five years at Göttingen, and was a favorite with several generations of American students, maintaining his freshness and originality to the last. In the manner of many of the older German professors he dictated "paragraphs," brief summaries of his thought, to be explained more fully in his lectures. These *Leitsätze* of his courses in Apologetics were published as a *Grundriss*, or Outlines, in 1894, and considerably expanded in the second edition of 1902. The enlarged work has

been recognized, in Germany as an important contribution to a neglected division of theological science, and the excellent translation of Professor Nichols will help to supply the want of good English treatises defending the Christian view of the world against the objections commonly raised against it. The point of view is pronouncedly and bravely modern. No attempt is made to maintain an outworn doctrine of inspiration nor an impossible view of the miraculous. The limitations of apologetics, the tasks it cannot do, are admitted freely. The book is written for men of culture, men of scientific training. It should prove widely helpful, for it cannot be doubted that there are very many who have been forced to give up their former conceptions of the supernatural, of revelation and miracle, of the personality of God, who yet feel the reality of religious faith, and to such Professor Schultz's discussions of these fundamental religious conceptions should prove enlightening.



Thomas Harrison, Regicide and Major-General. By C. H. Simpkinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

Thomas Harrison is one of the most interesting of all the strenuous zealots who fought and labored in Oliver Cromwell's day. The variety of his experiences, and the forcefulness of his strange and sometimes fantastic character make his life and work an entertaining theme. He was in the battles of Marston Moor, Naseby and Worcester, to say nothing of minor conflicts; during Cromwell's absence in Scotland he was military master of all England; leader in the Fifth Monarchy party and violent in his opposition to Cromwell's arbitrary rule, he was imprisoned by the very men with whom he fought, and at the Restoration of the Stuarts he suffered death on the scaffold rather than seek safety in flight. In Mr. Simpkinson's biography, this unique character, both attractive and repellent, receives a treatment that is at the same time scholarly and sympathetic. Harrison's conceit, his fanciful theories on saintly government, and his extravagant claims to special enlightenment from on high are not allowed to obscure the larger features of the man and his labors.

The story of his share in the armed conflict, in the death of the king, in the attempted settlement under the Commonwealth and in the work of the Fifth Monarchy party is told with skill and good judgment. The book is written in a direct and simple style, which makes it admirably adapted to the public for which it is intended. The value of the work is enhanced by an appendix containing Major-General Harrison's letters.



Complete Index to the Expositor's Bible. By S. G. Ayres, B.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.00.

The first volumes of the Expositor's Bible appeared eighteen years ago, and it is seven years since the last of the series was issued. An index volume at this date is, therefore, somewhat belated. Nevertheless these commentaries are used widely, and are likely to be popular for some years to come and the full and painstaking index of Dr. Ayres will be of good service in either public or private libraries where anything like a complete set is to be found. The introductions to the Old and New Testament sections, by Professors Bennett and Adeney respectively, set forth recent opinions in Biblical criticism. It is doubtful if prevailing scholarly opinion is so favorable to conservative views as these introductions and the preface of Dr. Robertson Nicoll would incline one to think. The best work in the Expositor's Bible is that of Dr. George Adam Smith, on Isaiah and the Minor Prophets, if, indeed, his writings in this series are not the best modern expository works in the English language. Unfortunately the volumes of the Expositor's Bible are quite uneven, and some of them are very little enlightening or inspiring.



Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation. By Edith Sichel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

The leisurely reader, already tolerably familiar with French history in the sixteenth century, will find much that is entertaining in Edith Sichel's studies in that period of civil wars and political intrigue. The essays show considerable painstaking research into the letters and memoirs of the time and give lively

glimpses of the leading characters. This intimate knowledge of contemporary opinion and comment lends no little charm to the chapters on Catherine de Medici, Diana of Poitiers, the Princess de Condé, Jeanne de Navarre and the court life under Henry II and Francis II. The occasional attempts at historical philosophy and the interpretations of large historical movements, however, are not so successful. For example, the author explains the failure of Protestantism in France and Italy by the theory that the people of those countries were "more or less materialist by nature." This is the old assumption of the superior spirituality of Teutonic people—an assumption gratifying to vanity but now given by scholars a secondary place in favor of the political and economic interpretation of the Protestant revolt.

The Children of Good Fortune: An Essay on Morals. By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.30 net.

What is conduct, and what makes it right or wrong, are very old questions. The answers of Dr. Henderson's essay in morals, that conduct includes all human activity and is good when it conduces to the highest human welfare and bad when it leads to something less, are also old answers. They are practically the answers of Aristotle, and Dr. Henderson's ethics are predominantly, not always consistently, Nicomachean. His doctrine is that self-culture to the highest degree is the highest good. The view of life that its supreme duty is the attainment of the greatest possible efficiency lends itself to stimulating discourse, in which Dr. Henderson's pages abound, but as an ethical system it leaves much to be desired. It is a message for the children of good fortune only; it has nothing for the slave, the cripple, or the incompetent. Dulness with Dr. Henderson is a sin. This is not Christian ethics, and we find the author saying that self-sacrifice is unsound morally. Neither is it Hebrew ethics, and many will prefer Amos and Kant, the modern Amos, as interpreters of that which speaks to them in duty who will, nevertheless, find in this essay much that is profitable for instruction in the attaining of good fortune.

Pebbles

NUPTIALS—A wedding which occupies more than a column on the society page.—*Cornell Widow*.

....*He*: "You are the breath of life to me."
She: "Well, suppose you hold your breath awhile."—*Sphinx*.

....*The Clergyman*: "My little man, do you go to church every Sunday?"
Bobbie: "Yes, sir. I'm not old enough yet to stay away."—*Life*.

....A few years ago Henry James reviewed a new novel by Gertrude Atherton. After reading the review Mrs. Atherton wrote to Mr. James as follows:

"DEAR MR. JAMES: I have read with much pleasure your review of my novel. Will you kindly let me know whether you liked it or not?"

Sincerely,

"GERTRUDE ATHERTON."
—*Everybody's Magazine*.

....We spoke to Mr. Chase in his chair, in front of his livery stable, the 17th—on the morning of the 18th he was found dead in bed. He was one of the oldest residents of Englewood, was a good citizen, had overcome much fastened upon him by environment, was entitled to great credit. His old neighbors will miss George from his accustomed place.—*The Daily Rambler, Englewood, Ill.*

....There are n derelict steamers afloat in a circular sea of radius r . The water in the sea is moving northward in a current whose velocity varies inversely as the perpendicular distance from the north-south tangent to the sea on its west beach. Find the probability that a ship crossing the sea on a random diameter will encounter e derelicts during the voyage.—*The American Mathematical Monthly*.

...."The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit; but can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't know that it is important," replied the story-teller. "But if you must know, I believe it was the close of a Summer day."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

....The friendship existing between Father Kelly and Rabbi Levi is proof against differences in race and religion. Each distinguished for his learning, his eloquence and his wit; and they delight in chaffing each other. They were seated opposite each other at a banquet where some delicious roast ham was served and Father Kelly made comments upon its flavor. Presently he leaned forward and in a voice that carried far, he addressed his friend:

"Rabbi Levi, when are you going to become liberal enough to eat ham?"

"At your wedding, Father Kelly," retorted the rabbi.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Editorials

Free Russia

FREE Russia it is, and free Russia it must and will be, not by the grace of Czar, who has not will or wit enough to found the grace upon; nor by the grace of Witte, who has wit and will enough, and who yields with becoming grace to the superior forces which underlie court and army; but by the volcanic subterranean eruption of unsuspected forces that shake thrones and dynasties, formless, but mighty. It is the people, the disregarded common people, the *corpus vile* of the State, the hands that toil, hitherto "food for powder," it is the vulgar, grimy people that shovel coal and tend looms, the boys and girls at school, who have snatched the pen and written the Constitution for Russia, and not the feeble fingers of Nicholas, nor even the resolute brain of Witte.

Do we recall the time when, years ago, the youth Nicholas was visiting Japan, and a Japanese fanatic attacked him with a sword, and he had not the strength and courage to defend himself, and his stout cousin of Greece grappled with the madman and saved the life of the future Czar? There was no madness in the Samurai swords that were waiting to meet his armies later in the onset of war, only cool, merciless decision. And when war came, feeble as their Czar were the armies he sent to the field, and the fleets that were swept from the seas. Well would it have been for his fame if the madman's hand had not failed.

Perhaps it is too late now for Witte's Constitution to save the throne. It is the only chance, but the revolution may reject Czar and Premier and Constitution together, and give us a carnival of blood, and a rule, later, of the people. Much as we, who love democracy, might like the achievement, this may not yet be desirable. Rulers must be fit to rule. Russia has had her experience of a ruler who could not rule. Probably it is best that, for the present, Witte, who is a strong, brave man, fit to be the savior and ruler of his people, should dominate the situation and rule, under a Constitution, Czar and people.

For thus far there has emerged no other man in all Russia fit to rule. For a little instant Father Gapon came forward to lead a forlorn hope, but he was a little man, and was soon snuffed out. Not one other man has appeared to lead the people on Russian soil. There were such men ready at the time of the French Revolution; there were such men in Hungary when almost she achieved her independence; but we hear only of juntas for Russia, hid away from all danger in Geneva or London, who send from safe distance inconspicuous men to fling a bomb or scatter leaflets. There have been students and professors and lawyers enough, and even here and there a prince, who could write resolutions and vote their adoption, but nobody who could turn a *zemstvo* into a regiment. What is needed in Russia is not a Tolstoy to talk, but a man who can organize, lead and fight. It is a poor people that cannot raise such men. They talk of a republic in Russia, and they stir up a hundred disturbances in as many towns, but it all amounts to nothing. When the common sailors in the Black Sea mutinied there was no leader to profit by it. Not a general of the army has bid his soldiers follow him. So Trepoff holds the situation, and there is no need for the Czar to sail for Denmark; and Witte's Constitution, with the Czar held down on a firmer seat, but with the people free to hold him there, is the best solution that can be seen. Really Russia does not want a republic, is hardly fit for it.

And it looks as if no republic would be allowed, even if the people could find a leader. Over the border, sword in hand, fist mailed, stands William. He wants no republics near his throne. He wanted none in Norway. It is believed that he has offered the use of his army to protect the Czar if he is threatened by revolution. Is that the meaning of his late truculent address to his soldiers, or is he threatening France and England? A very different man is he from Nicholas, quite competent to overrule him, and he would hardly shrink from

the terrible task, if occasion there were, to follow Napoleon to Moscow. But that might revolutionize Europe.

He will not be asked. The submission of the Czar is complete. The proclamation is brief, direct and adequate. It promises everything short of a republic. It gives full freedom of the press and the person, and it extends the suffrage for members of the Duma, and it makes the consent of the Duma necessary to enact any law. It is all that could now be asked, for the power will be with the people. Witte is the savior of the nation as well as of the throne. He knows what all Europe has known but Russia, that the people must rule themselves. He has seen the success of popular government in Germany, in France, in England, in the United States. He has seen how a free people can manage their own affairs here in this country, and very fitting and gracious is it that his first word is an appeal to the United States to give sympathy to him and his nation. To no other country has America been less sympathetic than to the tyranny that sent exiles of liberty to Siberia. To no other country will our sympathy be warmer and for none will our hopes be more fervent than for free Russia, land of noble men, land of immense possibilities, to be the most magnificent nation on earth, stretching from the Western to the Eastern ocean, even as we stretch from the Eastern to the Western, but across a broader continent, and endowed with greater possibilities to affect a vaster population of its own, and the uncounted millions of its Southern neighbors. Prophecy cannot anticipate the magnificent future of free Russia, or of the fame of her one great man—Witte.



The Situation in Philadelphia

As the election in Philadelphia draws nigh, fresh disclosures point not only to the wickedness of the ring that has ruled and robbed the city, but also to the intimate association of that ring with those who have controlled the government of the State. The report of Major Gillette and Mr. MacLennan, expert engineers (the first of whom uncovered the frauds committed by Capt. Oberlin M. Carter at

Savannah) shows how great have been the ring's profits upon the filtration and boulevard contracts for work not yet finished. To Boss Durham and his partners the city has paid \$18,750,000 for work of poor quality, altho good work on the same projects could have been done for \$12,400,000, this sum including a profit of 20 per cent. for the contractor. This is not surprising, however, for previous investigation, in connection with the indictment of Engineer Hill, had shown how the ring controlled the bidding, and how frauds of many kinds had been committed.

It is entirely reasonable for the investigators to hold the ring morally responsible for the deaths of 1,200 citizens from typhoid fever, owing to recent fraudulent delays, but there should be added even a greater number of deaths from that disease, due to the inhuman conduct of Boss Durham six years ago, when, as he boastfully said, he prevented for one year a beginning of the work of purifying the water supply, in order that power to award contracts might be exercised by men of his own choice. Two or three thousand graves would be a heavy load on his conscience if such a thing were among his possessions.

Durham held a State office. He was Superintendent of Insurance, and enjoyed the confidence of Governor Pennypacker, who was brought to Philadelphia two weeks ago to abuse Mayor Weaver at one of the ring's political meetings, the purpose of which was not only to win support for the ring's city ticket, but also to promote the election of J. Lee Plummer to the office of State Treasurer. In the Legislature, Mr. Plummer voted for the Ripper bills, which were designed to deprive Mayor Weaver of his power over heads of departments whom the ring was accustomed to use, and also for bills designed to impede the prosecution of the keepers of vile dens in which vice was protected in return for the manufacture of fraudulent votes, of which the ring had use for about 80,000.

Those who are familiar with the history of Pennsylvania State Bosses, and especially with the career and financial operations of the late Senator Quay, know how useful for their purposes the State Treasury has been, with its \$12,-

000,000 apportioned among favored and friendly banks. It was unfortunate for Mr. Plummer and his supporters that one of these banks should be wrecked in the closing weeks of his campaign, and that the suicide of its cashier should be followed by discoveries which make a new and highly interesting chapter in the history of that Treasury "plum tree" which Pennsylvania politicians have been accustomed to "shake."

It is a small bank in Allegheny, to which the Treasury had granted a deposit of \$1,000,000. One Andrews, formerly an assistant and pupil of Senator Quay, obtained from this bank funds for financing a short railway in New Mexico. Andrews is the Territory's delegate at Washington, and he hoped to be elected Senator if New Mexico should become a State. It will be remembered that Mr. Quay's strenuous efforts in behalf of statehood for this Territory were ascribed by some to his friendship for Andrews. But now the bank is ruined, the cashier is dead by his own hand, securities are missing, politicians' notes have been hastily covered up, and the Receiver is suing Andrews for a considerable sum. The relation of the bank to the State Treasury is plain enough; its relation to influential politicians, even some of those in Philadelphia, will probably be established. Those who stand by Mayor Weaver and expect to defeat the ring's city ticket, hope also that Plummer will be defeated thruout the State and that the Treasury will be placed in good hands.

It is unfortunate for the cause of reform that the term of Philadelphia's District Attorney does not expire this year. The present District Attorney's affiliations and attitude have made it difficult for the Mayor to proceed promptly and effectively in the courts against the leaders of the ring. He admitted some time ago that for two years he had been counsel for James P. McNichol and also for the contracting firm in which an interest amounting to eleven-twelfths is held jointly by McNichol and Boss Durham. This is the firm to which nearly all the filtration and boulevard contracts were awarded. He was preparing to defend McNichol in any suits for damages which the Mayor might bring against him. He

is associated in business with the uncle of another contractor who was recently arrested, and his family has been largely interested in real estate benefited by one of the new boulevards whose course was curiously shifted about in order that it might avoid the property of enemies and enhance the value of the property of friends. Therefore it is not surprising that he has persistently declined to initiate proceedings against persons whom the Mayor desires to prosecute in behalf of the city, and that he is regarded as an obstruction in the pathway of reform.

Voters in New York who are hesitating about giving their support to Mr. Jerome should learn from this how important it is that the District Attorney in a great city should not be the creature and servant of a Boss or of an organization which corrupt politicians control.

It is something more formidable than the opposition of a District Attorney, however, that the reformers will strive, successfully, we think, to overcome at the approaching municipal election. It is the deep-seated partisan prejudice of a great number of citizens who are Republicans on national issues and who dislike to turn against the local Republican organization, altho it is dominated by thieves masquerading as Republicans, as Secretary Root said.

The opposition of a financial and professional element affiliated with the United Gas Improvement Company is something, of course, and it must be reckoned with. The labor unions that have formally given their support to the ring ticket must be taken into account. But the attitude of these elements can safely be disregarded if the great mass of average Republican citizens are convinced that thieves who call themselves Republicans ought not to have their votes. In the continuous appeal of the Philadelphia newspapers to citizens of this class there sometimes appear to be indications of doubt as to the conversion of a sufficient number of these partisans to insure victory, even after the elimination of 50,000 fraudulent votes. We hope there is no warrant for such doubt, and that a great majority against the thieves will bear witness to the intelligence and honesty of the people of Philadelphia.

An Irish Bull in the China Shop

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW is a professional shocker. He busies himself with shaking up the social kaleidoscope in the hope that the pieces will fall into a more harmonious pattern. When he exported himself from Dublin to London some twenty-nine years ago he proclaimed himself "an atheist, an anarchist and a vegetarian," arranging these titles, as he explained, in climacteric order, for his attack upon the roast beef of Old England aroused more wrath than his attacks upon church and society. To be rich, popular and respected was, in his opinion, the depth of degradation.

Now, by the irony of fate all these are being thrust upon him. Thru a *mésalliance* with an heiress, he has become rich. Thru the caprice of American theatre-goers he has become popular. These things are, in a way, unavoidable, but with a consistency which nothing in his books would have led us to suspect, he is determined to prevent himself from being respected. As a fanatic, with a following, Shaw would be a dangerous man, but he has too many different ideas to be a fanatic and he makes so many turns that the most agile of disciples could not follow him. The skill he shows in shaking off his followers would make him an ideal hired girl. The cult of "Candida" was barely established in New York when he overthrew it with a parody upon his own play. He manifests the same contempt for a patronizing public that Diogenes did to Alexander.

We have become accustomed to seeing iconoclasts turned into conservatives by being feted, but that is too conventional a rôle for Shaw to play. He is not one of those writers who use their eccentricity as a jimmy for breaking into fashionable society, and then fall asleep in an easy chair. No, he must live up to his reputation as an Ishmaelite. Now that he is no longer a novelty he must continually increase the voltage of his wit in order to shock the public.

His recent outbursts of bad manners show that he is getting hard pushed. He was reported not long since of having said in an address that he could write a better play than Shakespeare. After a scandalized public had discussed this

long enough, he denied the statement in *The Times*, and complained of having been incorrectly reported. What he had said was, not that he could write a better play than Shakespeare, but that he had written many better ones.

And amid the general chorus of eulogy following the death of Sir Henry Irving, he struck a discordant and therefore conspicuous note of harsh criticism, accusing him, quite falsely as it appears, with having solicited knighthood. Now, as Americans, of course, we sympathize in a measure with Mr. Shaw's displeasure at Irving's conduct. He should have shown himself noble enough to disdain nobility. He should have taken Krupp and Gladstone as examples rather than Thompson and Tennyson. As a man becomes great titles drop from him like useless trappings. If he becomes great enough even the "Mr." is left off. Why then should he assume the "Sir"? When a man of the people, who has won his way to the front rank by his own merit, thus acquires a tainted title, he becomes confounded with degenerate scions of noble sires. As Mr. Shaw says, it is inevitable that butlers should be men of better quality than barons, "because the English are extremely particular in selecting their butlers, while they do not select their barons at all, taking them as the accident of birth sends them."

But we are willing to believe, as we are assured by his friends, that Henry Irving did not seek the title for personal gratification, but reluctantly accepted it as a sign of the removal of the stigma which has always in England attached to his profession. But it is a principle of the Shavian philosophy never to credit a man with a good intention when his acts are susceptible of a bad interpretation.

However, if there is any good interpretation that can be placed upon Mr. Shaw's recent tirade against "Comstockery" we fail to see it. It is all the more ludicrous because the supposed action which called it forth, the removal of "Man and Superman" from the open shelves of the New York libraries, was not taken on the ground of obscenity, but of its destructive sociological doctrines. Apparently the mine had been

laid by Mr. Shaw and his stage manager, Mr. Arnold Daly, when the latter was in England last summer, but the mine was exploded prematurely by a misunderstood signal by cable and so partially failed of its purpose, that of getting free advertising for the launching of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Shaw's most unpleasant play. When "John Bull's Other Island" proved a financial failure, Mr. Daly hurried forward this play to recoup his losses, and provoked newspaper discussion of its morality. Its suppression in New Haven last Saturday, whether designed or not, also had the same effect of giving to the play a *succès de scandale*. It is a shame that Mr. Daly, who has done so much, both as actor and stage manager, to promote the intellectual drama, should stoop to such low commercial methods to boom a play.

As for the play itself we do not dispute the defence that it is not so bad as many others. Women of Mrs. Warren's profession, which as Kipling says is the most ancient profession in the world, are familiar characters on the stage and in much more attractive guises, from classic "Camille" to Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case." Every comic opera, every bill board can supply more fuel to the prurient imagination than all the Shaw plays, for in them there are no love scenes capable of arousing any passion, unless perhaps it may be disgust. There is no offensive language used, no *double entente*. On the contrary his offense consists in speaking too plainly and in dealing seriously with topics which on the stage are usually regarded as jokes. His plays shock not because they are immoral, but because they are not immoral in the conventional way. We have no reason to dispute his alleged moral purpose, but we desire to call attention to the fact that the drunken Helot method of temperance agitation is very liable to work the wrong way. Besides is it necessary to administer an emetic to a whole community in the hope of curing those who are sick?

As for Mr. Shaw's charge that we are more prudish than the English, it is sufficient to observe that the play in question cannot be given publicly in England, and also that Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," which was prohibited by the censor of

plays in London, is now being given in New York every night without protest from Mr. Comstock or anybody else, and without attracting the evil-minded. But Maeterlinck is a different man from Shaw, and a poetical drama is different from an acted epigram. Mr. Shaw's standing as a prophet in his own country is indicated by the way the London papers allude to him: "Mr. Shaw, an Irish novelist and an American dramatist."

As to "Comstockery," to use Mr. Shaw's angry creation, it needs a definition. Mr. Shaw uses it to mean prudery. Properly it means the suppression of public indecency, which is Mr. Anthony Comstock's business. It is not a pretty business, for it has not to do with nice things, but it is a useful and honorable one. Mr. Comstock does the same sort of work that scavengers do, and street sweepers, good and creditable work when well done. We are rather proud of our "white-wings" when they parade the streets. And our policemen and constables and sheriffs—yes, and our judges—are in precisely the same kind of work, cleaning out the filth of society. So is Governor Folk and Mr. Jerome and Mayor Weaver, all engaged in scavenging; and to their credit; and Mr. Comstock's work is in the same line—cleaning out filth—for none of which we hope Mr. Bernard Shaw will be responsible.



Going to Sleep

NATURE in the total as well as Nature in all the parts needs sleep and recuperation. Any one who is in intelligent sympathy with the seasons and the years will understand that the trees and the plants cannot carry on such intense toil without periods of recuperation. October is curious for this, that everywhere Nature is putting away her tools, quieting down her forces and getting ready to hibernate. The very air looks sleepy; and while we continue our own work, we do it with less vim and racket than in planting and plowing seasons.

To a careless observer this restful mood comes on almost of a sudden. He has not noted that there are tired sorts of trees in midsummer. Plants are like

folk; some are born tired. The butter-nut does not leaf out until nearly June, and down come its nuts in mid-September; then it throws its leaves with a careless air, and goes to sleep for nearly eight months. Your thorn bushes have hardly blossomed before they lazily turn their leaves brown, and drowse it thru the whole Summer. There are many of these born-tired shrubs and trees, that barely blossom, and then go at once to seed. All the rest of the year they are like Buddha under the Bo tree. Some people mistake this mood in themselves for piety; it does not commend itself to an Occidental mind.

The Virginia creeper has a happy way of wrapping itself in crimson and bidding the world good night. A group of sumac bushes is not very interesting in the Summer, but in September all of a sudden it glorifies the knoll on which it stands with a robe of scarlet and purple.

It is a sleep robe made of the outing cloth that it has itself woven. What can be more intensely beautiful than the hill-sides with these tired shrubs, and the valleys full of goldenrod and asters that barely keep a semblance of life down into October? Some people admire the Autumn-flowering altheas and hydrangeas. They forget that these bushes have slept not only thru the whole Winter, but thru the succeeding Spring and Summer, and have waked up only at the last end of the year. The witch hazel blinks its eyes half way open just as the snow begins to fly, and then goes to sleep again.

The apple tree is our ideal. It is the all-round most complete thing in the vegetable world. It is a trifle deliberate in leafing out in Spring. It never does anything in a hurry. It waits for the plum and the cherry to get thru blossoming. But when their admirers have said enough in honor of the white petals, the big-hearted apple tree quietly opens its great bunches of pink, white and red. The oriole flashes thru it with a cry of joy. What a paradise is this for birds. The bees go home loaded with honey. The dullest human is turned into a poet. The whole homestead is buried in perfume. Ozone, honey, beauty and grace, poetry and prophecy, all these are the work of the

apple tree. Then begins its Summer work. It takes from the air; it takes from the soil; it weaves poisonous gases into beautiful florescence; it breathes out purified oxygen for human beings. And all day, all night the apples grow and gather, and grow from what is gathered, until the tree has done its glorious work. In October, loaded with magnificent fruit—a free gift of the whole apple soul, woven into a harvest of golden and crimson fruit, it deserves rest. Ah, dear old apple orchard; no wonder it is the one spot associated with home, which we longest remember. Your rest is well deserved. The leaves grow sere, but do not hasten to fall until November blasts shake them off for a genuine Winter's sleep.

Everything sleeps, and everywhere sleep is beautiful. When the plants shut their eyes their dreams turn to color. Green is invariably toned into yellow or red. You have seen how the dogwood becomes crimson for the cold months, but it is in a modified degree, the same with all vegetation. There is a perceptible change of young growth toward red or brown. You will see this most markedly in the case of basswood twigs and those of the soft maple. So a sleeping tree or bush has a certain charm to a student, because then the chemistry of nature is working out some problems that are not thought of in Summer. Never are the arms of a tree seen to be so rounded, so muscular, so purposeful as when asleep. They tell of what they have done, and pledge a future of fine achievement. What a job of it Nature has had in this business of the survival of the fittest—and she is yet at it. Fifty years from now there will be new varieties of trees to plant, and some old favorites will be discarded.

Do the trees dream? Is there an unconscious self to a plant, as there is to us? How else will they know just when to wake up? How shall a maple tree know just when to send its sap upward, and meet the spiles, and the bucket that we swing on its side? How shall a hyacinth bulb feel the tap of a sunbeam in April, down under two feet of snow, where the thermometer is below freezing? But they probably are dreaming, and probably have subconscious selves

that are working out problems of just that sort. Everything will come around about right because there are lots of truths packed away in everything that Nature has done—and not in man only.

Birds rest after the nesting period. Everything but the robin stops working some time in August—the robin and a few of the seed eaters and fly catchers, that come late. I do not see that the robin ever stops working; but he does stop his morning orisons about mid-summer—just as the world begins to go down hill. The catbird does not go South until October, but from the 1st of August he neither spins nor sings—just meditates and rests. Once in a while he wakes up for an hour; calls you out of your balcony, and chats cheerfully in catbird prose. The oriole is a fearfully busy fellow when he is about, but almost to a dot he quits work on the 1st of September—and grape growers are glad of it. It is a curious arrangement, whereby the birds divide the year into two working periods—one in the North and one in the South—with two contemplative periods sandwiched in. After all, is not their method of life more rational than ours? Their nests are beautiful; their home surroundings sweet and wholesome, but they do not spend all their lives building a conventional house—which they must keep clean. A new year, a new house; which is a good idea. We have overdone the work of making ourselves a lot of trouble.

Rest is a marvelous and a universal provision of nature. It cannot be overlooked—safely. It is voiced in recuperation, and recreation. We wake out of it with renewed LIFE—that wonderful something that defies the philosophers' definitions. What has gone on during sleep? Not merely a cessation of work, but a something very positive. We are made over again in every fiber of the physical being and in the mental as well. The spirit of rest should brood over our homes one-eighth of each day, and one-seventh of each week. A rest day is worth more than prayers and sermons. That is why Sabbath is a universal law; it is natural. But it only belongs to and can be appreciated by those who obey: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

Public Defense of the Accused

A THORO-GOING reform of the present procedure of defense in criminal trials, long advocated by scientific criminologists, especially by the Italian, Enrico Ferri, and urged by European Socialists in their manifestoes, and just now by Mr. Parmelee, a probation officer connected with the criminal courts of this city, is deserving of serious attention in the United States at the present time.

Theoretically, the District Attorney is an officer of the court, charged with the duty of securing the acquittal of the innocent, no less than with the obligation of securing the conviction of the guilty. Practically, he has become altogether a public prosecutor. And practically there is not a District Attorney in any commonwealth who does not assume that every indicted prisoner at the bar is guilty, and bend all his energies to securing conviction.

Theoretically also, the duty of the State to defend as well as to prosecute is recognized in various other specific ways. The judge is presumed to be impartial, and to guard the prisoner's rights as zealously as he regards the interests of the public. And if the accused is not represented by counsel at his own expense it is the duty of the court to assign counsel at the expense of the State. Practically, however, able and reputable members of the bar will not accept such assignments if they can escape, and practically their personal relations with the bench are of such a nature that judges will not compel them to perform this ill-paid duty. Consequently, public defense falls to lawyers of the less reputable class, who have little more interest in prisoners and their legal rights than the District Attorneys have.

The abuses that have multiplied under these unsatisfactory arrangements are great. They work inevitably to the advantage of dangerous criminals, and to the disadvantage of innocent men unfortunate enough to be accused of crime. Professional criminals, aware that the State has a perfect case against them accept counsel assigned by the commonwealth, and, by advice, enter the plea of guilty, thereby securing relatively light sentences. Innocent men, unable to em-

ploy high-priced counsel, are subjected to systematic pressure by court-assigned shysters to plead guilty. In instances, more numerous than the public suspects, this pressure is yielded to by innocent men discouraged and mentally broken by confinement, anxiety, and endless postponements of trial.

Even worse, in some respects, for the public morals and safety, is the systematic exploitation of sensational cases like the Molineux case, for example, by both prosecuting attorneys and lawyers for the defense, who, one and all, look for a personal advantage rather than for a speedy administration of justice. The prosecution, on its part, delays trial month after month in the hope of obtaining evidence that does not exist, and the defense, on its part, secures delays and new trials if things have gone against the accused.

But worse than all else is the rank injustice of giving to the rich man and to the poor man an unequal standing before the law. The rich man can employ the ablest talent that money can buy. The poor man is at the mercy of a system which in practice has been found to be entirely inadequate to protect the innocent, and, by its nature, advantageous to professional wrongdoers.

The reform urged by Ferri and Mr. Parmelee would consist in the establishment of the office of Public Defender, in all respects on a basis of equality with the Public Prosecutor, thereby abandoning the fiction that the District Attorney can be anything but a prosecutor. This plan has the merit of resting on the facts of human nature as they are, while the present system, ignoring psychological realities, rests on assumptions that are purely visionary. An ambitious man in public office, however conscientious he may be, advances his own reputation and interests by making his office a conspicuous success. As the success of the Public Prosecutor is measured by convictions, so would the success of the Public Defender be measured by acquittals after open trial, rather than by settlements of cases on pleas of guilty. The two offices would be squarely pitted against each other, and in their rivalry the State and the prisoner would find substantially equal advantages and disadvantages. The chance that real justice would be

secured in the end would be a good deal larger than it is now. Moreover, delays and postponements would be materially lessened. The Public Defender would try to force a case to trial when the Public Prosecutor was holding back for new evidence, and the Prosecutor, in his turn would be loath to postpone at the instance of the Defender. The court would have to decide, as theoretically as it decides now; the actual decision would no longer rest, as now, with the Public Prosecutor.

Our whole system of criminal law and procedure is a disgrace to civilization. Nothing in modern society is more in need of root and branch reform. It does not maintain equality before the law. It does not protect the innocent. It does not bring the guilty to punishment, or protect society against its dangerous classes. The theory of punishment that we have inherited from barbaric ages, and the theories of prison reformers who believe that criminals are reformable, are almost equally absurd. But among all these shortcomings and absurdities, there is no feature of the system more thoroly wrong and stupid than the existing relations of prosecution and defense in criminal trials.



Students' Criminal Folly

WE have often spoken of the coarse violence which students in their wise-fool age call fun, or hazing, but which is lawless brutality. We have urged that college faculties do not excuse it, and that police and courts show it no mercy. We would have its victims refuse to submit to it, and defend their persons as they would against the violence of a street hobo.

But there is another kind of student folly, equally criminal, but in which the victim takes a consenting part. We refer to the initiations into silly societies, in connection with which the initiate is required to do ridiculous and illegal things and is subjected to shameful indignities. A case at Kenyon College has just resulted in the death of the student to be initiated.

He was tied—and he allowed himself to be tied—on a railroad track. Doubtless those who tied him intended to remove him before a train came along. But they did not know the schedule, and

a train came along and killed him. He was the victim of his own criminal folly and that of his companions. As this is a serious matter, it will be strange if they are not punished with a term in prison, like other homicides.

We are aware that these boys were only following ignorantly and stupidly the example of older men; perhaps of their fathers, who are members of secret societies which compel candidates for initiation to "ride the goat," or which toss them in blankets, and do other silly and sometimes dangerous things in the way of ridiculous or perilous practical jokes, to get amusement out of the fright or surprise of their victims. There is no apology for this nonsense. Men who respect themselves should not submit to such initiations. When they find what is required they should withdraw, and declare that they will not be members of such a society. Equally is this true of college freshmen. There are decent societies in all our colleges that may have serious, but have no farcical initiations. A student before accepting membership in a society should assure himself that he is not to be mocked and abused for the amusement of its members. It is not manly to submit; it is barbarous to inflict such conditions of membership. It belongs to the period of savagery, which some pedagogians tell us children have to pass thru before reaching a civilizable age, just as does a race—a circle of wild Indians enjoys seeing a captive tortured, and so, it seems do sophomores.

But not all sophomores, much less all college students. Where there are college societies, as at Kenyon and Columbia, which require "stunts" and which duck or drown, or tie or murder their postulants, they should be broken up and forbidden. And this happens to be a "religious" college, under the control and patronage of a Church, to its shame and disgrace. Perhaps this consenting and confessing martyr will not have died in vain. His death will be a fit sin-offering if it teaches our colleges to put an end to the criminal folly of these useless, mischievous, barbarous societies.

Such is our hope; but we remember the boy at Yale who was put blindfolded in the street and killed by the pole of a wagon; and the boy in Cornell who was

run off of a cliff and killed several years ago. Will nothing teach these lessons? Perhaps it is too much to expect it of silly boys, but have their teachers and their trustees no sense?



Denominational Boasts

"Do you know," says the Rev. Minot J. Savage, in his last published sermon, "that in the old Virginia Colony before the Revolution, and, I think, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, to be a Unitarian was a crime punishable by death?" It would be well to verify this statement, and we would like to see a list of the Unitarian martyrs who suffered death in those two colonies. We may learn that the witches were Unitarians.

Dr. Savage tells us another thing, that "during the last seventy-five years more fine, sweet, loving, tender, worshipful, reverential hymns have been written by Unitarians than by all other denominations in the world put together." This is also interesting. No one would wish to deny that a number of such hymns have been written by Unitarians. There is no reason why Unitarians should not be devout worshipers of God, and should not express their devotion in praise. We are all glad to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by Mrs. Adams; Bowring's "God is Love; His Mercy Brightens," "How Sweetly Flowed the Gospel Sound," and "In the Cross of Christ I Glory"; Wreford's "Lord, While For All Mankind We Pray"; Holmes's "Lord of All Beings, Throned Afar," Sears's "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," and, perhaps, several others; but we fail to see that the hundreds of hymns composed for scores of Unitarian hymn-books have added the main bulk to modern hymnology. They can be more than balanced by numbers of hymns of the same period written by those of other faiths, such as Baring Gould's "Onward Christian Soldiers;" Newman's "Lead Kindly Light;" Palmer's "My Faith Looks Up to Thee;" Baker's "The King of Love My Shepherd Is;" Cox's "Oh Where Are Kings and Empires Now;" Charlotte Elliott's "Just As I Am Without One Plea;" Bonar's "Far Down the Ages Now," "A Few More

Years Shall Roll," and "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say;" Miss Waring's "Father, I Know that All My Life," and "In Heavenly Love Abiding;" Hastings's "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning;" Smith's "My Country 'Tis of Thee;" Keble's "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," and others of his, and Neale's wonderful translations, and a multitude of others of similar rank. Dr. Savage's claim that the Unitarians have surpassed all other Christians put together in this field is simply claiming nearly all, when it would have sufficed to claim much.

Dr. Savage goes on, in this sermon, directed against the late action of the committee which failed to invite the Unitarians to the Inter-Church Conference for Federation, to describe the present evangelical faith:

"Nearly all the people in the world today, those that are dying every moment in the year, are being lost—the wisest, the tenderest, the truest, the most intelligent, the most faithful, loving mothers, brave, self-sacrificing fathers, devoted philanthropists—all hopelessly lost because they did not believe the statement of a metaphysical, unchangeable, cruel, hideous, immoral creed."

We wonder that a man who believes this, but who complains that even Unitarians have criticised his extravagant language, should desire to be received into federation with such hideous people.



The New York Elections Next week there will be elections, some of them important, in various States and cities, but none will attract more interest in the country than those in New York and Philadelphia. Of the latter election we have spoken elsewhere. In New York there have been developments since we expounded the situation two weeks ago. Strangely enough Jerome is the center of the situation, the man whom both parties rejected, and whom the Republicans were compelled to put back on their ticket. He will probably be elected by the people and by no party. We can only repeat our previous declaration that Mr. McClellan has made a fair Mayor and could be voted for, but for his backing and his necessary bondage to Tammany. For Tammany now understands that in order to keep her hold of the offices she must put

up a fine figurehead as Mayor, and then she can do what she will. The Republican ticket shows the best man for mayor of the three, for Mr. Ivins is able and learned and has a will of his own; but the Republican ring controls the rest of the ticket. As with the Democrats they had to put up a fine man for the head of their ticket. The Hearst ticket fails or excels in just the other way. Mr. Hearst is sincerely earnest for Municipal Ownership, but his history does not commend him to all sober-minded citizens. His associates on the ticket are all that can be desired. It is by no means impossible that Mr. Hearst will be elected. The people seem to be disgusted with Odell and Murphy.



President Roosevelt to the Negroes How Mr. Roosevelt would treat the negro question in the South was the one delicate matter before him. He went South as President of the whole country, of the white South, which rules the South, as well as of the negroes; and his object was to get the sympathy and help of Southern Democrats in Congress for his policy as to the Navy, the Philippines, reciprocity, and the control of railroad tariffs. It was right that he should emphasize these matters where he could accomplish something, and it was not to be desired and expected that he would talk Crum or Indianola, altho he did avoid Mississippi. But when Governor Jefferson Davis did refer to the negro question the President spoke with no doubtful voice against lynching for any crime. The other speech, which was addressed to negroes, was at Tuskegee, and there he satisfied his hearers. He began—and it is noticeable—by addressing the head of the school by the title denied to negroes in the South, "Mr. Washington," and he repeated it. He told them that it is doubly important to train every available man to be of the utmost use, by developing his intelligence, his skill and his capacity. That covers both manual and higher education. He told them that industrial training, important as it is, does not embrace all that the negro, or any other race, needs, and that it is to the interest of the white man to see that the negro is educated, and that he is pro-

tected in all his legal rights. And here again he spoke against lynching. While his immediate political purpose was with the dominant race, he did not neglect his duty to the negroes, nor his desire that they have equal privileges and rights in education and before the law.



The Pace That Kills Our rush of life was moving at a tremendous pace, said Joseph H. Choate the other day, when he left us to be an Ambassador at London, but on his return he finds we have "set up a pace that kills." He would have more of that "repose and relaxation that prevails in certain other countries." We question whether he is quite correct. The pace that kills is not hard work; it is lack of sleep and exercise. On the farm the hours of work, or the intensity of work, are no greater than they always were, and in the city the eight-hour rule prevails to an increasing degree. There seems to be no lack of "relaxation" at our various Coney Islands, and there is plenty of "repose" on the bleacheries, where the simmering thousands sit to watch the spasmodic activity of eleven men spluttering on a gridiron. It was no "repose" that earned for Mr. Choate his fame and wealth; but when a man has gained his success and has become a social lion, it is easy for him to talk of the "pace which kills," but which did not kill him, and will kill nobody who has the ambition to work, and finds life is not long enough to do all that he wants to do, and who obeys, at the same time, the ordinary rules of health, which include regular hours for sleep and physical exercise.



The Philippine Tariff One of the most important duties of the coming Congress, supported heartily by President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, is the reduction of our tariff against Philippine products. Mr. Taft urges that all Philippine products, except sugar and tobacco, be admitted here free, and that on those the tariff be 25 per cent., instead of 75 per cent. of the Dingley tariff. But why not admit all Philippine products free to this country

—sugar and tobacco included? Partly because our sugar growers and tobacco growers object to it, and partly because of what may be called a sentimental reason. Until 1909 the Philippine Government has to raise its budget by a special tariff, different from ours. By the Treaty of Paris Spain has the same commercial privileges in the Philippines as the United States until 1909. We cannot impose the Dingley tariff in the Philippines, because we should have to pay it there also, as well as Spain. Now, it may seem not quite fair for us meanwhile to have the United States pay a tariff on goods sent to the Philippines, and to have the Philippines get their goods in here with no tariff. To be sure the objection has only the semblance of force, but it can be used against our removing all duties on Philippine products. We agree with Secretary Taft, that it is desirable, as soon as possible, to have absolute free trade with our colonies, and that will be possible in 1909, when we shall be at liberty to impose the Dingley tariff on the Philippines, if we choose, in place of the tariff fixed by the Philippine Commission; and that will give them the necessary income.



Crete The situation in Crete, which was serious enough in the spring, has gone from bad to worse. The attempt made by the foreign Consuls to arrive at an understanding with the insurgents has resulted in failure, and to all appearance the four protecting Powers are now confronted with the necessity of crushing the insurrectionary movement by force. The interest in the situation now lies in the attitude which the Powers may decide to adopt toward the insurgents. It seems desirable that the international troops should occupy the strategic positions in the interior. When once the Powers have given evidence of their determination to act, they will be in a position to present their terms. These will doubtless be accepted by the insurgents, whose main object is to bring their grievances effectively to the notice of Europe. These measures would probably suffice to bring about relative tranquility, but it must always be remembered that the situation is transitional, and that

union with Greece will eventually prove the final solution of all difficulties. The union will probably be brought about by instalments, by successive concessions, and in offering to withdraw half their forces the Powers appear to have this policy in view. Too many cooks spoil the broth, and the sooner that Crete can be united to Greece the better for all concerned.



Menace in Turkey

The conditions in Turkey are far from reassuring. Private correspondence and the reports of the press agree that there is menace of massacres even in Constantinople. There have never been any massacres of Christians in Turkey that have not been purposely provoked by the Government. Usually the Turkish censorship is extremely careful to forbid any account of threatened uprisings or outrages, but now the newspapers are encouraged to report discoveries in various places of bombs and infernal machines, all intended to stir up the passions of the Moslems. This appears to be a part of the scheme to prevent the European Powers from carrying out their plans for reformation in Macedonia. It was agreed between the European Powers that they should undertake to manage the finances of Macedonia, but the Porte has refused to allow the European officers to begin their work; and his usual means is here employed, the threat that the fanatical Moslems will rise and kill the Christians. In order that this may work, it is necessary to rouse the Turks to the proper pitch of passion, and this is done by these stories of discovered bombs. This plan may work, for it is clear that Germany now hesitates to carry out her part in the agreement, always aligned, as she is, with the "Unspeakable Turk," and against the Armenians and against the sympathies of France and Great Britain. For Germany is playing a deep game for her aggrandizement, looking to the break-up of the Austrian Empire, when German Austria shall become a part of the German Empire; also to Russia, when she shall get the consideration due for aid against the revolutionists; also to Turkey, where commercial supremacy is the end immediately looked for.

Conditions are evidently not quite what they ought to be in South Africa since the Boer War. Altho the natives behaved with most commendable prudence, they seem to suffer the most. The missionaries in Natal, one of the more quiet and progressive of all the colonies, have gathered their representatives of all societies in a conference to try to defeat the policy of the Government, which forbids the erection of any native church, or the residence of any native pastor where there is not a white missionary in residence. Under this policy a number of chapels, built by the Zulus, have been destroyed by the police. We ask what British Christians will say to that. It is an unspeakable tyranny.



That figure of speech by which we add emphasis by understatement is well understood by accomplished writers, and President Roosevelt has employed it a number of times in repeating the statement in his Southern addresses that the average American is "a pretty decent fellow." We like the expression with its show of moderate praise. To say that one is "a decent woman" is more than to say that she is "a very decent woman." Mr. Roosevelt also knows how to use the other and less artistic kind of emphasis when he thinks the occasion calls for it.



We could not believe the story that in applying the "third degree" to compel a thief to divulge the hiding place of his booty the Pinkerton officers compelled him to walk up and down the floor, not allowing him to sleep. That would be torture, forbidden by our primary laws, and the story of mischievous reporters was as false as it was incredible.



We never use the words *Romish*, *Romanist*, *Popish*, etc., which seem intended to express discourtesy. We observe, however, that Mr. W. H. Mallock, himself a Catholic writer of much distinction, indeed, now the most distinguished Catholic literary man in England, does not hesitate in his article on "Christianity as a Natural Religion," in the September *Nineteenth Century*, to speak of "Romanists and Protestants."

Insurance

The Insurance Investigation

INTERESTING developments regarding the Mutual's Literary Bureau were brought out last week before the Armstrong Committee. Inquiry reports at \$1 or \$2 a line, according to the testimony, appeared in certain papers throughout the country. These were always favorable to the company interested in having the reports published. The spirit of investigation being in the air the Mutual Company has now resolved to investigate itself and a committee of three has been appointed for this purpose. This committee, as originally constituted, was made up of the following members, viz.: W. H. Truesdale, President of the Lackawanna Railroad; Effingham B. Morris, President of the Girard Trust Company of Philadelphia, and John W. Auchincloss, a director of the Illinois Central Railroad and other corporations. Mr. Morris later announced his inability to serve in this capacity, which fact is regretted by all those interested, as it was felt that his high standing in Philadelphia's financial circles made him a particularly desirable member of the investigating body. The committee has power to fill vacancies in its membership, however, and it is not expected that any permanent difficulty will be encountered in obtaining a good man to fill the place of Mr. Morris. The name of H. McK. Twombly has been among those mentioned in connection with the existing vacancy.

The committee will probably meet for organization, for the transaction of other business and to take up the matter of the proposed investigation within the next few days or upon the return to this city of William H. Truesdale, who is now expected to have the chairmanship of the committee. The meetings of the committee will, according to the present program, be kept secret. In the publication of the committee's report, the matters considered by it will first have publicity.

Richard A. McCurdy, the president

of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, will probably be the first witness. The plan and scope of the Mutual's self-examination and investigation is to be large and the investigation will doubtless be continued during the sessions of the Armstrong committee—possibly longer.

Formal notice of the proposed investigation has been given to the public by Mr. McCurdy, and he has issued the statement which follows:

"The President called attention to the inquiry by joint committee of the Legislature of the State of New York into the affairs of the company and to the widespread public interest and comment with respect thereto.

"He urged that the board should take cognizance of the testimony elicited with a view to such action as might be found advisable in the interests of the company and its policyholders.

"The President then offered for the consideration of the board the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a committee of three be, and they hereby are, appointed as a committee to examine into the organization and management of the affairs of the company and to report from time to time to this board their recommendations in reference thereto, with power to add to their number and to fill vacancies.

"The resolution was then moved by a member of the board, with the additional suggestion that Messrs. Truesdale, Morris and Auchincloss constitute the committee and, being duly seconded, was unanimously adopted.

"The committee will proceed at once to discharge its functions and to report speedily to the board.

"RICHARD A. MCCURDY, President."

THE Auditor of Nevada, as well as the Superintendent of Insurance of Missouri, have reconsidered their decision to revoke the license of the New York Life to do business in those States, to which reference was made in these columns on October 12th. Both officials will await the outcome of the New York legislative committee's investigations before taking any action. John R. Hegeman, President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, will be the first witness to be examined by Mr. Hughes before the Armstrong Committee when it reconvenes.

Financial

Railway Rate Conventions

POPULAR interest in the President's railway rate policy will be stimulated by the two conventions held last week in Chicago. A convention was called by the Interstate Commerce Law Association with the avowed purpose of supporting the President's policy by formal indorsement. Five hundred commercial organizations were invited to send delegates, upon the basis of one for every one hundred members, and Governors were asked to appoint a delegate for each Congressional District. Just before the date of the meeting (the 26th) the leading members of the Association ascertained, as they believed, that an attempt to pack the convention in the interest of the railroads had been made. Therefore they decided that no delegate should take part who would not approve, by his signature, the President's policy, as set forth in an extract from one of his messages. The result was that two conventions were held. Nearly half the delegates, under the leadership of David M. Parry, of Indianapolis, were excluded from the meeting because they would not sign the prescribed pledge at the entrance door. These then went to another hall and held a convention of their own. In the regular convention it was asserted by ex-Governor Van Sant and other prominent speakers that the delegates thus excluded had been sent in the interest of the railroads.

On the following day, the regular convention passed resolutions declaring its agreement with the President. The other convention's resolutions express confidence in the President's wisdom, integrity and high purpose, ask for the most rigid enforcement of existing laws against discrimination by rebates or otherwise, and then declare unalterable opposition "to conferring upon the Commission, or upon any other appointive agency, the power to prescribe specific rates for transportation." Both conventions provided for organization in all the States and for work in support of their respective platforms. The old association's executive committee will be led,

as heretofore, by E. P. Bacon. If statements made by Chicago newspapers are well founded, it is true that a considerable number of the excluded delegates represented railroad interests directly or indirectly. The competitive efforts of the two organizations will promote discussion of the important question involved, and the effect of such discussion will be beneficial. Due weight will eventually be given to motives as well as to arguments.

....The number of passengers carried in the New York Subway during the first year of operation, which ended on the 27th, was 106,000,000.

THE value of special franchises in the State of New York, as appraised for taxation, is \$356,829,555, against \$302,688,757 one year ago. For New York City, the value is \$302,193,550.

....Returns for the nine months ending with September indicate that for the full calendar year the imports of manufacturers' materials, together with the exports of manufactures, will for the first time amount to \$1,000,000,000.

....A bulletin issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission shows the following accident record for our railways in the year ending on June 30th: Passengers killed, 350 (an increase of 117); injured, 6,498; employees killed in train accidents, 798 (a decrease of 106); injured, 7,052.

....Dividends announced:

Atch., Top. & S. F. R'way (Common), \$2 per share, payable December 1st.

Buff. & Susq. R'way Co. (1st Mort. 4½ per cent.), Coupon No. 5, payable November 1st.

Nassau Bank (Semi-Annual), 4 per cent., payable November 1st.

Fourteenth St. Bank (quarterly), 2 per cent., payable November 1st.

Minn. & St. Louis R. R. (Consol. Mort., 5 per cent.), Coupons payable November 1st.

Am. Chiclé Co. (Common), 1 per cent., payable November 20th.

U. S. Leather Co. (Debenture Coupons), payable November 1st.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R., 1¼ per cent., payable November 15th.

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Survey of the World

Senator Knox on Railway Rates At the White House, last week, the President conferred with Senators Cullom and Dolliver as to the approaching contest in Congress concerning his railroad rate policy. These gentlemen will probably be leaders on his side of the question in the Senate debate. Another Republican, Mr. Clapp, stands with them in the Senate committee, where Messrs. Elkins, Aldrich, Kean, Foraker and Millard are counted in opposition. The attitude of the five Democratic members is not yet clearly defined, but it may be that all of them will be found with Messrs. Cullom, Dolliver and Clapp.—An address delivered by Senator Knox (formerly Attorney-General) at a dinner of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce on the 3d has attracted much attention. It was completely in accord with the President's views. From the time, he said, when the railroads began to concentrate in the hands of a few men their power to tax transportation it was evident that the National Government ought to exercise supervisory control over this tax. The abuse of this power, under any circumstances whatever, should be prevented by comprehensive legislation:

"It is the duty of Congress to regulate commerce so as to prevent injustice and imposition by the carriers. The proposition to correct unreasonable railroad rates and practices goes no further than this. It is tantamount to the proposition to correct injustice and imposition. If you provide the remedy, the evil will largely disappear. The tendency for some time has been toward fairer dealing by the railroads with the public. One makes a mistake who assumes that the best railroad conscience of the country approves the extravagant propaganda now being carried on to convince the public that any regulative legislation would be unjust to the railroads. There is no railway

in the United States that can be in the slightest degree affected by legislation giving relief from unreasonable rates and practices unless it is guilty of unreasonable and unjust practices. There is no practice of any railway that it adopts or sanctions that can be declared to be unreasonable or unjust until it is challenged in a quasi-judicial proceeding, and proved to be unjust and unreasonable after the fullest hearing and argument."

The railways, he continued, enjoyed a complete remedy against injustice, and it was not proposed that this should be taken away; but the public had no effective remedy. Every order of the Commission, under the proposed legislation, would be subject to review in the courts. "Probably no law could be enacted that could prevent the courts, if satisfied that injustice had been done to the railroads, from staying the operation of the order until the courts had passed upon the merits of the controversy." Congress supposed that in the original Interstate Commerce act it had provided an effective remedy to be used by the public, but the Supreme Court decided that it had not done so:

"The administrative features of the power inhering in Congress to fix reasonable rates for transportation may lawfully be vested in the Interstate Commerce Commission. This includes the power to vest in the Commission authority to substitute a reasonable rate for one found by it to be unreasonable."

Congress could not vest the power to fix tolls in any constitutional court, that being a legislative act:

"It is equally clear that Congress cannot give an appeal from a non-judicial or administrative body to a judicial body for the purpose of reviewing administrative acts by correcting them by decreeing a new act, as in a judicial appeal; and this disposes of what I understand to be the main contention between the advocates of the proposition that a rate fixed by the Commission should go into effect at once, and the advocates of the proposition

that it should not go into effect until approved by a court upon appeal. It is perfectly evident that if the court in the first instance could not perform the legislative act of fixing a reasonable future rate it could not perform the same act upon appeal. No device can cure the objection to suspending the operation of the Commission's finding until passed upon by the courts."

Of course, however, the court, in an independent proceeding, could enjoin the enforcement of a decision until a final hearing. It was not proposed, he continued, that the Commission should be empowered to initiate rates. Enlightened by the evidence of experts, it would be competent to pass upon the reasonableness of challenged rates:

"A very short and simple law would reach the root of the trouble. It should provide that the tolls collected by common carriers and the practices pursued by them should be just, fair and reasonable. The power to determine these tolls and practices should rest with the railroads and not be interfered with except upon complaint and after full hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission should have the power, if it finds the complaint well founded, to declare what shall be a just, fairly remunerative and reasonable rate or practice to be charged or followed in place of the one declared to be unreasonable. This order of the Commission should take effect within such reasonable time as shall be prescribed by the Commission in the order and should be final, subject only to attack for unlawfulness in the Federal courts, where it would have to stand or fall upon its merits."

He was sincerely convinced that the time had come when Congress, in justice to the public, must exercise more fully its power in respect to railway rates, and he believed that no relief would be obtained in the immediate future unless some such simple measure should be adopted.

Private Car Companies At a hearing concerning the practices of private car lines, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the 1st, J. S. Leads, general manager of the Santa Fé Refrigerator Dispatch, which operates 4,550 cars, testified that his company gave rebates to certain shippers. The practice was of such long standing that he could not undertake to end it, and it could not be stopped without causing a war of rates. Other companies, as he knew, gave rebates. The 4,550 cars are owned by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company.

The stock of the two corporations is controlled by the same interests, and both have the same president.—Two days later George B. Robbins, the president of the Armour Car Lines (a corporation operating 12,500 cars), refused to answer the Commission's questions as to the practices and business of this company, upon the ground that the Commission had no jurisdiction over it. When asked whether the company gave preferential rates to Armour & Co., he replied that even if it did so, this was a private matter as to which the Commission had no right to inquire. Traffic Manager Sproule, of the Southern Pacific, refused to answer questions concerning a pooling agreement (forbidden by law) alleged to have been made by that company with other companies in California, and to be in force now.



National Topics In his proclamation setting apart Thursday, the 30th, as a day of thanksgiving, the President speaks of the hardships and privations of the early settlers among whom the custom originated. "We live in easier and more plentiful times," he continues, "than our forefathers, the men who, with rugged strength, faced the rugged days; and yet the dangers to national life are quite as great now as at any previous time in our history." Turning to "the abundant mercies received," he says:

"During the past year we have been blessed with bountiful crops. Our business prosperity has been great. No other people has ever stood on as high a level of material well being as ours now stands. We are not threatened by foes from without. The foes from whom we should pray to be delivered are our own passions, appetites, and follies, and against these there is always need that we should war."

—Charles A. Stillings, formerly of Boston, but for some time past the manager of the Printers' Board of Trade in New York, has been appointed Public Printer, to succeed Oscar J. Ricketts, who has been the acting Public Printer since the removal of Mr. Palmer. Mr. Stillings is 34 years old, is a practical printer, has had a varied experience in business, and was recommended by many of the large printing houses of the country. The appointment was made

without regard to political influence.—Seven well known residents of North-eastern Colorado, including Peter Campbell, formerly Register of the land office at Akron, have been indicted for getting possession of public land by forgery and perjury. Additional indictments are expected, altho the official investigators report that many offenses discovered by them are now outlawed.—William Warner, the new Senator from Missouri, in a public address last week announced his purpose to support the President's railway rate policy. He also said:

"I am not a pessimist. I have no patience with those who cry out against the accumulation of wealth. But I believe there should be a limit upon the getting of wealth—that limit is reached when wealth is accumulated unlawfully. Today there are trusts that arbitrarily fix rates and prices, stifle competition, and strike down the opportunities of your sons and mine. Such trusts are one of the evils of the age. And I do not believe it a compensation for wealth wrongly acquired to give princely gifts to the charities of the country."

—By order of Secretary Hitchcock, when Indian lands inherited from those to whom they were allotted are sold hereafter, the deeds must contain provisions forever prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor on them.—During the five months ending with August, the officers appointed by our Government to collect customs dues in Santo Domingo deposited in New York \$462,496, to be used in making payments on the foreign debt.—State Senator T. J. Emmons, of San Francisco, convicted of receiving a bribe designed to affect legislation concerning building and loan associations, has been sent for five years to the penitentiary, where two other Senators, bribed at the same time, are undergoing similar punishment.—The Canadian Tariff Commission has decided to adopt in its revision the principle of a maximum and a minimum tariff.—Another interesting plea in bar has been filed by the indicted beef companies at Chicago. They assert that Commissioner Garfield promised them that, with respect to such information as they should give him without being under oath, and such documentary evidence as they should voluntarily submit to him, they should have the same immunity as would be given if they should testify under compulsion. The understanding was, they

add, that the evidence was not to be used as a basis for prosecution. They declare that it has been so used, and therefore they claim immunity under the pending indictment.



The Anglo-Cuban Treaty

It appears that the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain is desired by many in Cuba because, in their opinion, such an agreement would tend to perpetuate the independence of the island by preventing the United States from obtaining control of the shipping interests. The Agrarian League supports an appeal to the Senate in behalf of the treaty, written by Rafael Fernandez de Castro, a prominent sugar planter, who says that plantation interests would oppose any differential allowance on goods carried in ships of the United States. He has been appointed a member of the committee representing the seven economic associations and instructed to work for a new treaty with the United States providing for such differential concessions as he opposes. The discussion of the pending treaty has been marked by bitter attacks in the press upon our Minister, Mr. Squiers, who is accused of being engaged in a plot to promote annexation. He has found it expedient to assert that he has never advocated annexation. Opponents of the treaty express the opinion that if it should be ratified the United States would not renew the present treaty of reciprocity at the expiration of its term, two years hence.



Reception of Prince Louis Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, commanding the second cruise squadron of the British Navy, arrived at Annapolis on the 1st, and the reception of his ships was one of the most interesting and brilliant naval spectacles ever seen in American waters. Eight of our battleships (the "Maine," "Missouri," "Kentucky," "Kearsarge," "Alabama," "Illinois," "Iowa" and "Massachusetts") lay at anchor in single column, 200 yards apart. Outside of this column were the armored cruisers "West Virginia," "Colorado," "Pennsylvania" and "Maryland," and at some distance, near the shore, was a flotilla of five destroyers. The visiting cruisers came to anchor in line parallel

to the column of battleships, and there was begun a series of the salutes prescribed for such occasions. Passing from the "Drake," his flagship, to the "Maine," Prince Louis was received there by Rear Admiral Evans. On shore he was welcomed and entertained by Rear Admiral Sands, Superintendent of the Academy, and Governor Warfield. Accompanied by his staff and many American officers the Prince went to Washington by special train on the 3d, and was formally received at the White House, where he delivered to the President a written message of good will from King Edward. A round of brilliant entertainments followed. Among the guests who dined with the Prince that evening at the British Embassy were Secretary Root, Admiral Dewey, General Chaffee and Rear Admiral Evans. It was at a luncheon given on Saturday by General Chaffee that the Prince said: "Next to their loyalty to their King, every British officer cherishes the President of the United States. The King first, but the President next." That evening he was the guest of honor at a state dinner in the White House. Having passed Sunday quietly in Washington, he returned on Monday to his flagship.

Philippine Problems

It is now expected that efforts at the coming session of Congress to reduce our tariff duties on imports from the Philippines will be made in connection with two bills—that of Mr. Curtis, making the duties on sugar and tobacco one-quarter of the present Dingley rates and placing all other Philippine products on the free list; and that of Mr. Payne, making all the products of the islands free of duty in 1909, when the treaty agreement with Spain will expire. Mr. Curtis's bill will have the approval of Secretary Taft, and the Bureau of Insular Affairs is preparing evidence in support of it. The Denver Chamber of Commerce has invited other similar organizations in the West to send delegates to a convention, whose purpose will be to prevent the proposed removal or reduction of the duty on Philippine sugar.—It is provided by statute that our coastwise navigation laws shall be applied to trade between the islands and the States in July next. This

restriction, excluding foreign ships, would increase freight charges, it is said, by at least 25 per cent. Secretary Taft will strive to secure a delay of three years. Notice is given by representatives of the Merchant Marine League, interested in the promotion of subsidy legislation, that delay will be sharply opposed by the shipping interests.—Owing to the depressed condition of agriculture in the islands, the Commission has decided to suspend the land tax during 1906. It amounts to about \$1,000,000 a year.—Governor Wright sailed for San Francisco on the 4th. Speaking at a banquet given in his honor, he said that he had been true to the policy of President McKinley. Filipinos, he continued, should trust Americans and welcome the investment of foreign capital. The purpose of his journey, he added, was to get rest and to advocate in the States measures for the good of the islands.—Major Kennon, who had charge of the construction of the road from Manila to Bagio, in the highlands of Benguet, has arrived at San Francisco. He is reported to have said that the cost of this road was in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.—Dispatches from Rome say that Vatican prelates explain that the Vatican was unable to require the friars to leave the land money in the islands because the greater part of it was paid to corporations to which the friars sold the land several years ago. In explanation of the fact that the agreement as to the withdrawal of the friars has not been fully kept, it is said that there is a great scarcity of other priests, and that the Church finds it necessary to keep all the parishes covered, owing to the Aglipay secession and the work of Protestant missionaries. Appeals to the courts for the property held by Aglipay have not been made, it is said; because the Church cannot bear the expense of litigation, but if our Government will settle the claims for Church property occupied during the insurrection, the money so obtained will be used in supporting suits against Aglipay and his followers.

Finland Regains Her Liberties

A general strike in combination with a well managed revolutionary movement resulted within five days in

the practical overthrow of the Russian authority in Finland, and the restoration by the Czar of the constitutional rights of the Finnish people. A meeting of the Constitutionalists, held in Helsingfors on October 31st, sent a deputation to Prince Ivan Obolensky, the Russian Governor-General, demanding that the administration of the Grand Duchy of Finland be conducted in accordance with the agreement made by Czar Alexander I, on March 27th, 1809, when he became its ruler and confirmed by the coronation oath of every succeeding Czar. They also demanded the convocation of a Diet, and the abolition of the Senate, an appointive body which had become a mere tool in the hands of the Government for the Russification of the country. The Senators handed in their resignations and joined in the petition to the Governor, who promised in the name of the Czar that the Diet should be immediately called, and that in the meantime the troops should not interfere with public meetings and peaceably disposed persons. The strike put a stop to all methods of communication; telephone, telegraph, postal, railway and steamboat service was interrupted. A citizens' guard of several thousand men was organized and armed for the maintenance of order. The Russian flags were hauled down from the public buildings and the Finnish flag substituted. Processions of students and workmen visited the vestibule of the Senate as tho it were a shrine, to see the spot where Shaumann last June killed the Governor-General, Count Bobrikoff. Ten thousand Russian reservists were started for Finland from St. Petersburg, but were recalled because they manifested revolutionary sympathies and could not be trusted. Prince Obolensky sent a report to St. Petersburg on a torpedo boat, with the result that on November 4th an imperial manifesto was signed which granted all the demands of the Constitutionalists. All the legislation which has been passed in the last six years for the purpose of destroying the independence of Finland, and making it an ordinary Russian province has been abrogated. The resignations of the Senators have been accepted, and elections

will be held soon for a Diet to meet December 20th, which will have power to extend the suffrage. The Diet will henceforth have control of the budget, which has hitherto been arranged by the Russian Government. Four warships conveying 10,000 troops have been sent to Helsingfors, and artillery is so posted as to command the city to prevent any movement toward complete independence. The city is in the control of a Committee of Public Safety appointed by the Municipal Council, and acting in concert with the Strike Committee. The Socialists are not satisfied with the concessions, but demand universal suffrage immediately.

Massacre at Odessa

The publication of the Czar's manifesto, so far from pacifying the people, was followed by outbreaks of almost unparalleled atrocities in many Russian cities. The extent and causes of the riots are yet imperfectly known, altho the conditions are such as to render some disorder inevitable. The authority of the autocracy has been weakened by successive and obviously forced concessions. The Government, under Count Witte, is not yet organized, and its policy is uncertain. The local authorities are unwilling to use strong measures to suppress mobs because their acts may be disavowed by the new Government. The revolutionary Socialists are intoxicated with power, and insist upon impossible demands. The bureaucracy is pleased to have their prophecies of the uselessness of concessions and the need of a strong hand demonstrated by this increase of disorder. The Liberal leaders distrust Witte, and refuse to take office under him. The patriotic and religious feelings of the orthodox and loyal Russians were in many cases shocked by the public insults to the Czar's portrait which accompanied the rejoicings of the Socialists in the streets over their victory, and, since many of the Socialists are Jews, the slumbering anti-Semitic hatred, based on racial, religious and financial antipathies, has been aroused to fury, and resulted in massacres exceeding in ferocity those of Kishnef. The worst of these took place in Odessa,



Odessa, the Scene of the Recent Massacres.

where, it is estimated, that in the four days of riot 3,500 persons were killed and 12,000 wounded. At first the city was given over to a general jubilation on account of the Czar's proclamation. Crowds filled the streets and passed before the palace of the Governor, where General Kaulbars, Commander-in-Chief of the military district, appeared in a balcony, saluted the red flag and congratulated the people upon the attainment of political freedom. In accordance with a demand of the Committee of Public Safety, formed from the city council and the delegates of the revolutionary societies and trades unions, he withdrew his troops from the city. A citizens' police force was organized, but proved inadequate to prevent the mob violence which at once began to break out. The streets were left in darkness thru the failure of the gas and electric lights. The pillaging of the Jewish shops was not checked by the Cossacks or police, and the vigilance committees

and students who attempted to defend the Jews were powerless against the thousands of infuriated roughs, incited; it is claimed, by priests and police in disguise. The large dry goods and department stores were looted, causing a loss of several hundred thousand dollars. The mob spared neither women nor children in their attack upon the Jewish quarter. Women were disemboweled, killed by driving nails into their heads, or cast from the roofs of their houses. The ruffians dashed out the brains of children against the walls, or tore them asunder by pulling their legs apart. Many aged and sick of both sexes were hidden by relatives in cellars, but they were found by the mob, who poured petroleum upon them and burned them alive. The Jews barricaded their homes and defended themselves as much as they could with bombs and revolvers. Martial law was again established in the city by November 4th, and the Civil Governor returned to his post.

Count Witte's Task Count Witte is working hard, day and night, to reconcile the warring factions of the empire and to establish an efficient government on lines laid down by the Czar in his recent manifesto, but so far with no certainty of success. The revolutionists denounced the manifesto as an attempt to mislead the people by introducing dissension, and presented their ultimatum as follows:

"The manifesto of October 30 is proclaimed without political amnesty, to the accompaniment of martial law. The rights bought by the people at the price of countless lives can be assured and promulgated only by them, and the sole way effectually to give real appeasement to the land and the people lies in the immediate convocation of a Constituent Assembly, elected by the universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrages of all adult citizens without distinction of sex, creed, or nationality, and by the provision of all the guarantees of civic freedom."

The Zemstvoist committee, which Count Witte summoned for consultation from Moscow, took the same ground. Many of the leading Liberals to whom he has offered positions in the new cabinet have refused to take office. Nevertheless, he has made some excellent appointments. Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff, Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, who has exercised a powerful reactionary influence on three Czars, has resigned, and the Liberal Prince Alexis Obolensky has been appointed to succeed him. Count Witte's experience in railroad matters enabled him to come to an agreement with the strike leaders on the following terms:

"First—The remuneration of all railroad employees is increased and the budget of 1906 will be revised to provide therefor.

"Second—The creation of a commission, on which the employees are to have elected representatives, to consider questions of improvement in their condition.

"Third—Permission is given to railroad employees and workmen to have a co-operative organization based on models in Western Europe and the United States.

"Fourth—The abolition of military regulations applying to railroads.

"Fifth—Freedom of meeting for employees of railroads to discuss strike questions without notice being given to the police.

"Sixth—Inviolability of the persons of strikers and the re-employment of men dismissed for striking.

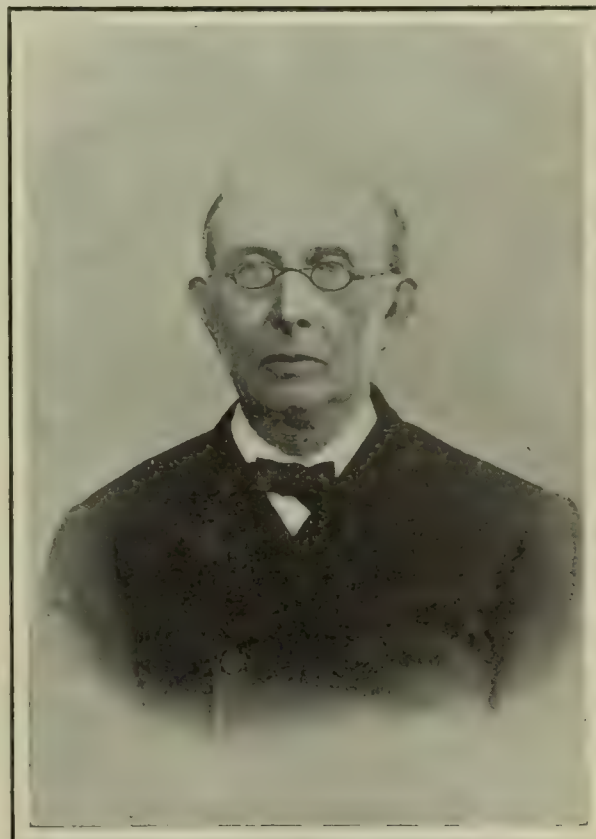
"Seventh—The canceling of all circulars limiting the employment of Poles on the Polish Southwestern and the Western Railroads and

the giving of permission to use the Polish language in private."

The trains are again running on most of the roads. He explained that the omission of a mention of amnesty in the Czar's manifesto was an oversight, and secured from his imperial master on November 4th a new manifesto, granting pardon to many classes of political prisoners, and promising immunity for participating in strikes and breaking contracts. Persons convicted of crimes committed over ten years ago will be released from prison and sent to Siberian colonies. Persons arrested by administrative orders are to be released. On two points demanded by the Revolutionists Count Witte is inflexible: He refuses to permit the organization of a national militia, and will not dismiss General Trepoff, who has so far succeeded in maintaining fair order in St. Petersburg.

The Report of the Kongo Commission

The Commission appointed by King Leopold of Belgium to investigate the charges of the English and American missionaries as to the brutal and oppressive treatment of the



Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff, Who Has Been for Twenty-five Years Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod and Has Now Been Removed by Count Witte.

natives in the Kongo Free State has made its report. The inquiry has been in progress for fifteen months, of which five months were spent on the Kongo, in taking testimony from officials, commercial agents, missionaries and natives. Some of the evidence brought before the Commission is given on another page of this issue of THE INDEPENDENT. In general the report confirms the charges of cruelty made by the missionaries and the British agent, Mr. Casement, but exonerates, as far as possible, the administration from responsibility in them. The cutting off of hands is said to be an ancient custom of the natives, and no whites were concerned in the mutilation of living natives. The Commission condemns the detention of women as hostages for the payment of taxes. The requirements of timber cutting and transport from the natives are held to be excessive and onerous. The rubber tax is not regarded as unjust, altho it may be made easier by extending the times of payment. The labor tax is approved as the only practicable method, but the statutory limit of forty hours a month should not be exceeded. Most of the abuses are traced to the use of native foremen and military expeditions by the commercial companies. The work of the Government is eulogized in the following language:

"Our voyage to the Kongo produced an impression of admiration and wonder. Security reigns today in a country which twenty-five years ago was plunged in barbarity, plundered by Arab tribes and strewn with markets for human flesh.

"The slave trade has now disappeared, cannibalism seeks hiding, and human sacrifice has become rare. Villages have sprung up, railroads have been constructed to the head of the equatorial forests, steamers navigate the rivers, the post and telegraph operate, hospitals have been established, and Governmental administration proceeds effectively in that vast territory.

"The State was warranted in appropriating large tracts of vacant lands, but this led to abuses by which the natives were confined in narrow limits."



American Missionaries Murdered

The mission of the Presbyterian Church at Lienchau, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, 300 miles inland from Canton, was attacked by a Chinese mob and five of the party killed. The specific cause is not known, but it is undoubted-

ly another manifestation of the prevalent anti-American hostility. Practically all the Chinese in the United States came from the Province of Kwang-tung, in which Lienchau is, and the people have been roused to hatred of all Americans by the harsh methods of enforcement of our exclusion laws. It is reported that Dr. Machle requested the removal of a street theater, which had been erected near the hospital, on account of the noise. The crowd entered the hospital and, finding a skeleton, paraded the streets with it as an example of what the foreigners did to their patients. The mob then attacked and burned the hospitals, residences of the missionaries, and schools, mostly new buildings, and including a church just completed, seating 700 persons. Dr. Machle, Mrs. Machle, their ten-year-old daughter, Amy, Dr. Eleanor Chestnut, Mr. and Mrs. Peale, and Miss Patterson, took refuge in a cave. The mob followed and killed all of them except Dr. Machle and Miss Patterson, who escaped to the Yamen of the Prefect for protection. Dr. Machle is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and was sent out with his wife, formerly Miss Ella M. Wood, on January 21st, 1899. Miss Eleanor Chestnut was graduated from Park College, Mo., and Women's Medical College, Chicago. She has been a missionary since 1893 and has treated over 5,479 patients in the Women's Hospital at Lienchau. The Rev. Mr. Peale is an honor graduate of Lafayette College and Princeton Theological Seminary. He married last May Miss Gillespie, of Port Deposit, Md. Consul-General Lay, with two American missionaries and a doctor, have gone up the river to Lienchau in a gunboat to investigate. The Chinese Government has ordered the Viceroy of Canton to inflict exemplary punishment upon the perpetrators and guilty officials.—Rear Admiral Charles J. Train, commander-in-chief of the American Asiatic Fleet, with his son, Lieutenant Train, were attacked by a Chinese mob near Nanking, where they were shooting pheasants, because the Admiral had accidentally hit a Chinese woman with birdshot. The American marines rescued them with some difficulty.



Group Showing Mutilation by Native Soldiers Because the Townspeople Failed to Furnish a Sufficient Quantity of Rubber to the Kongo State Officials.

The Evidence Before the Kongo Commission

BY THE REV. C. B. ANTISDEL

[The appalling facts published in this article were presented to the Belgian Commission to investigate the Kongo atrocities in consequence of the exposures of Mr. Morel and Dr. Morrison. The latter's articles appeared in our issues of July 9 and Dec. 3, 1903. Mr. Antisdel is a missionary of the American Baptist Union and is now in Liverpool on his way to his mission field. These advance extracts from evidence given to the Commission are obtained from an authentic source and have not hitherto been published. In the face of such testimony as this it is no wonder that the Commission found difficulty in whitewashing the Kongo administration as completely as it was expected to do. We give an abstract of the report of the Commission in our "Survey of the World" and discuss it editorially in this issue.—EDITOR.]

A CONSTANT and ever increasing stream of charges of misdeeds perpetrated in the Kongo Free State has been pouring in upon the world for years. These were denied or explained. Finally the British Consul to the Kongo, Mr. Roger Casement, was instructed by his Government personally to investigate conditions. In his official report Mr. Casement more than confirmed the reports of misdeeds, so grave as to be justly called "atrocities," committed in forcing the natives to supply provisions, rubber, etc. The British Government, as one of the signatory Powers that had appointed Leopold, King of the Belgians, to be Sovereign of the Kongo Free State, thereupon made representations to the Kongo Government, which resulted in the appointment of a Com-

mission to go to the Kongo to investigate conditions.

This Commission went to the Kongo last year and returned to Belgium early last March. Its report has not yet been made public, but the evidence furnished to the Commission by many witnesses has been obtained from those witnesses themselves and part of it is summarized in this article.

The Commission seem to have heard with fairness and impartiality the evidence placed before it. Their coming was heralded far in advance of their arrival, however, so there was ample opportunity for the accused to have everything in their district most favorable for the investigation. For example:

"On Sunday, December 4th of 1904, when the Commission of Enquiry was expected, the

white agents at Boyeka endeavored to bribe the surrounding villages in the matter of atrocities committed upon the people. They sent the sentries (Noongola and Loyeka) to call natives from the village of Ingando to come to the station to be given 100 blankets, but the villagers, knowing that the Commission was coming, refused to go or to receive the blankets."

Also at some places important native witnesses had been sent hither and thither. "On the arrival of the Commission the sentries went to the towns of Bavaka and Boyela and compelled the rubber men to go to the bush at once." These witnesses were thus gotten out of town and to places where they could not be summoned. Nevertheless, much valuable testimony was obtained at many places.

The first of real importance was at Bolobo. This is where Mr. George Grenfell is located. He, it will be remembered, has frequently been quoted by the Kongo State as having testified in its behalf. I believe at times in past years he has said some good things about certain features of the Government. From those past statements in regard to particular things the State has endeavored to make the world believe that Mr. Grenfell unqualifiedly approved the entire administration. This is what Mr. Grenfell said to the Commission:

"He expressed his disappointment at the failure of the Kongo Government to realize the promises with which it inaugurated its career. He declared he could no longer wear the decorations which he had received from the Sovereign of the Kongo State."

Mr. Scrivener, of the same station—Bolobo—confirmed published reports from him, relating the horrible conditions in the *Domaine de la Couronne*, as seen by him in a journey through part of it. He produced native witnesses.

"One of the saddest incidents in the examination occurred when the Commissioners asked a rather youthful witness: 'How is it you know the names of the men who were murdered?' This unexpected reply came: 'One of them was my own father.'"

The investigation brought out the fact that the country was being depopulated very, very rapidly. Bolobo, in 1887, had a population of about 40,000; in 1900 it was less than 8,000. The population of Lukolela, in the same time, was reduced from 5,000 to 352. In every place from which I can obtain statistics 60 per cent.

to 80 per cent. of the people have disappeared. Testimony brought out that this was due directly and indirectly almost exclusively to methods of enforcing the enormous "taxes."

The State has declared that only forty hours labor each month were required of each native. However, the Commission was told that

"The forty hours' work supposed to be given to the State is entirely a misrepresentation of the facts. The collecting of fire wood alone occupies more than that time."

Some of the testimony by Mr. Harris brought out conditions even worse than the British Consul reported. These occurred in the territories controlled by the trading society known as the A. B. I. R. In this Society the Kongo Government has held all these years one-half the stock and has even placed its military forces at Bassankusu at the disposal of the A. B. I. R. The Government has not only known that this trading company has compelled the natives to bring in stated quantities of rubber, by imprisoning natives (called taking hostages) in case of failure, who are held and misused even to death, at times, until demands are complied with by the other people of the towns, but the Governor-General in Africa has even authorized this Society to "take hostages" to secure the rubber.

I wish to quote a few extracts from Mr. Harris in regard to his testimony before the Commission:

"I stated that no village in the district had escaped murders under Mons. Tagner's régime; called attention to the public floggings of practically any and every one; quoting, for instance, seeing with my own eyes six Ngombe men receive one hundred strokes." Another man, Mr. Charles Padfield, writes that because a chief, Jongi by name, of the village Boyeka, did not work rubber himself on the ground that he was a chief and that his people were supplying fish, minsumbu, etc., he was seized by the white men at that village "and furiously thrashed. When they had finished with him, as he did not rise, they kicked him, but found that he was dead. One white man was charged with holding the chief and the other with beating him."

Mr. Harris confirmed all of the often repeated charges, such as herding hostages, men, women and children, in one filthy shed where many had died, and imposing on them excessive and indiscriminate fines. (A village of 40 males and 50 females was fined 4,000 rods be-

cause they failed to trap the pig (wild boar) required of them).

Then Mr. Harris tells graphically how the natives testified:

"Sixteen Esanga witnesses were questioned one by one. They gave clearly the details of how father, mother, brother, sister, son or daughter was killed in cold blood for rubber. Then the big chief of all Bolima stood boldly before all, pointed to his twenty witnesses, placed on the table his one hundred and twenty twigs, each twig representing a life for rubber. 'These are chiefs' twigs, these are men's, these shorter are women's, these smaller still are children's.' He tells how the white man fought him, and when the fight was over

"Lomboto shows his mutilated wrist and useless hand, done by the sentry. Isekansu shows his stump of a forearm, telling the same pitiful story. Every witness tells of floggings, rape, mutilations, murders and imprisonments of men, women and children and of illegal fines and irregular taxes."

The Commission despaired of getting thru the crowd of witnesses and accepted as proved

"That hundreds of people have been killed in this district alone for rubber."

I wish to quote from the testimony of Mrs. Harris, also, given before the Commission.



State Soldiers.

handed him his corpses and said: 'Now you will bring rubber, won't you?' To which he replied, 'Yes.' The corpses were cut up and eaten by Mons. Forcie's fighters.

"Here Bonkoko came forward and told how he accompanied the A. B. I. R. sentries when they went to murder Isekifasu and his wives and little ones; of finding them sitting peacefully at their evening meal; of the killing as many as they could; also the cutting up and eating the bodies of Isekifasu's son and his father's wives; of how they dashed the babies' brains out, cut the body in halves and impaled the halves. Again he tells how, on their return, Mons. Forcie had the sentries chicotted (beaten) because they had not killed enough of the Bolima people.

"Whilst the men were in the forest trying to get rubber their wives were outraged, ill treated and stolen from them by the sentries." Boali, a woman of Ekorongo, appeared before the Commissioners and showed her maimed body. Because she wanted to remain faithful to her husband, who was away collecting rubber, and would not submit to be outraged by a sentry called Ekolonda, she was shot in the abdomen, which made an awful wound; the intestines partly protruded, and it seems a miracle that she survived. The scars are plainly visible, and the sight of the old wound has the appearance of an enormous tumor. She fell down insensible, and the wretches were not yet satisfied, for they then hacked off her foot to get the anklet she was



Women of Ikoko, Opposite Bikoro, Who Had to Clear Roads Two Days in Every Week.

wearing. It is a pity that woman's mutilated body cannot be seen at home as we have seen it and her pitiful story reach the ears of all."

The testimony of Mr. Weeks was especially valuable, as it not only cited cases similar to the instances given above, but also showed that white men, even proven guilty, are not punished. The last defense of the Kongo Government, being forced to admit that atrocities did occur, so conclusive were the proofs, is that those proven guilty shall be punished. How they are punished is seen from the testimony of Mr. Weeks before the Commission:

"I then referred to the killing of twenty-two men, women and children by M. Mazy (Mabata was the name given him by the natives) in the Bokongo section. They (the Commissioners) said that M. le Juge Grenade had fully confirmed my accusation and had sup-

plied more details than I had given. Charge proven."

Mr. Weeks got his charges in the hands of the authorities at Boma, which place it will be recalled is the capital of the Kongo Free State, and is near the mouth of the Kongo, thru which all persons must pass in leaving the country, and where all whites must be tried. But Lieutenant Mazy, with these charges filed against him at Boma, was not held for trial, but allowed to proceed to Europe; and once outside the Kongo Free State no one, no matter how great a criminal, can be called into account for his misdeeds on the Kongo.

Mr. Weeks also testified to the futility of attempts to get justice for the natives. Mr. Weeks had written a strong appeal to the Commissaire of the district that he

should relieve the natives of some of the grievous burdens.

"I told them that three officers of the State came and investigated my complaints, found my charges true, but nothing was done to relieve the natives.

"I then referred to my letter of the 13th of June, 1903, which I sent to the Commissaire, and received no answer. I then forwarded a copy to the Governor, and after waiting ample time for an answer, I then forwarded the letter to the public press. The Commission said I was fully justified in so doing.

"I then pointed out the date of the publication of my letter, relative to the excessive character of the taxes, the date of the arrival on the Kongo of the published letter (Dec. 11, 1903), and the date of the reduction of taxes (January, 1904). I gave them a list of the old tax, as instanced in the case of sixty-seven men, women and children in the Creek towns, who paid 4,000 odd rods fortnightly formerly, now reduced to 200 odd rods for the same period. They thought that the result had justified my action and that if I had not published my letters there would have been no reduction."

Publicity seems to be the only thing that will move the Government, hence the efforts to acquaint the world with conditions on the Kongo, that civilization may bring pressure to bear upon Leopold.

How much less can the natives themselves get justice is shown by Mr. Padfield's testimony before the Commissioners.

"When they (the sentries) reached the village, the rubber was short, and two men were seized. One of the men caught possessed 200 rods (native currency), and these the sentries took, but one of the native paddlers (Yambolenga) tried to return the rods to the man to whom they belonged. The sentries ordered him to desist, and thrashed him severely with the chicotte, also striking him in the back and chest with the butt of a gun. When they returned to Boyeka the paddlers reported the outrage to the agent, who replied that they were telling lies. Two days after the paddler who had been thus treated died from the effects. His relatives took the corpse to the agent, who dismissed the matter, asserting that the man had died from ordinary sickness."

How difficult it is to convict a white man is seen from the following:

"White men must be tried at Boma. Natives sometimes must travel 1,000 miles if they wish to act as witnesses, and have at times been

absent from home ten months on this mission. Mr. Scrivener writes: 'The witnesses I sent down to Boma last December, in connection with the trial of Massard, are still there. (They may be on their way up, but I think not.) I have written to the Director of Justice, beseeching him to use his best endeavors to bring about their speedy return to their homes. For the poor old chief this long absence is very trying. One of the boys I sent down has died there.'

Mr. Harris writes as follows in regard to the alleged re-arrest of Messrs. Pilaet and Thomson:

"In these cases a hundred native witnesses have been asked for. This has had the effect of closing the mouths of all those aware of atrocities. In the case of a white man charged all witnesses must go to Boma, which is equiv-



Woman Carrying Supplies to Soldiers.

alent to a white man going from Europe to China—different language, different food, different customs, &c. It is a monstrous iniquity, devised to conceal the truth and liberate the subordinate officials."

Last year the British Government was assured by the Kongo Government that it would send a Royal High Commissioner to the Kongo, who would effect all necessary reforms. Until his arrival the Commissioners thus interpreted the Kongo law:

"Before a tax was fixed an enumeration of the people must be made.

dicted. In the meantime what effect has the visit of the Commission had upon the treatment of the natives? The Royal High Commissioner, M. Malfeyt, has arrived upon the Kongo, but instead of effecting reforms he announced that he "had no power to act, and only came to see and hear."

After the Commission had left Baringa, Mr. Harris wrote the President of the Commission some new facts. He said:

"The people were killed by hanging, spear-



State Station on Lake Mantumba Near the Kongo River at the Equator.

"No native was to work more than forty hours a month.

"The paying of their taxes in either of certain commodities was at the option of the natives."

As has been already said, the Commissioners seemed very fair and ready to do all in their power to ameliorate conditions. Of course an investigating committee can do little else than investigate and report fairly. The world, however is patiently awaiting the publishing of their full report. Unfortunately, the publishing rests in the hands of King Leopold, who is so strongly in-

ing, cutting the throat, but mostly with the rifle. Some of the women were tortured to death by forcing a pointed stake into the abdomen. I knew of other such instances, but in order to test the chief who was reporting murders committed in his town, I asked him for an example. 'They killed my daughter Nsinga in this manner; I found the stake in her!'

I now quote from a letter sent by Mr. Harris on January 17th to the Vice-Governor-General:

"The young woman Imenenga was tied to a forked tree and chopped in half with a machet, beginning at the left shoulder, chopping down through the chest and abdomen and out at the

side; this was how the sentries punished the woman's husband."

Bolumba, wishing to remain faithful to her husband, was treated with a pointed stake as the women above mentioned; as this did not kill her, she was shot. Thus it is seen that affairs are not improved. In fact, the following extract from a letter of Mr. Stannard's, of April 4th, in which he relates an interview with M. Delvaux, director in Africa of the A. B. I. R., indicates that the Commission was not even properly respected.

"He spoke of the Commission of Inquiry in a contemptuous manner, and showed considerable annoyance about the things we had said to the Commission. He declared the A. B. I. R. had full authority and power to send out armed sentries, and force the people to bring in rubber, and to imprison those who did not."

And the A. B. I. R. Trading Society so does. The law as interpreted by the Commissioners is disregarded. On April 20th, Mr. Harris wrote:

"It is terrible to watch these poor people being massacred almost daily to force the rubber. Undoubtedly things are worse today."

One more extract from the letter of Mr. Harris to the Vice-Governor-General. Mr. Harris had visited some natives and then wrote:

"The chimpanzee is better housed and fed than these people, and in greater safety, too. The old chief said: 'White man, I am full of shame; I cannot give you a fowl to eat for yourself, or manioca for your men; I am ruined.' The only present the mother of a boy with me could give her son was a few leaves of pottage. Before I came away, one young chief stepped out and said: 'Tell them (the rubber agents) we cannot find rubber and therefore will not; we are willing to spend our strength at any work possible, but rubber is finished. Our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers have been murdered in scores for rubber; every article of any value has been stolen from us—spears, knives, bracelets, fowls, dogs, &c., and we are now ruined; if we must either be massacred or bring rubber, well, let them finish us right off; then we suppose they will be satisfied.'

"It was touching to see the old chief as he wrung my hand again and again. 'Oh, Inglezia, don't stay away long; if you do they will come; I am sure they will come, and then these enfeebled legs will not support me; I cannot run away. I am near my end; try and see to it that they let me die in peace; don't stay away.'"

The British Government is bringing some pressure to bear upon Leopold to put a stop to these atrocities; if the United States would do likewise the combined effect of such action on the part of these two powers could not be resisted by Leopold.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.



Life's Vision

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

I READ that in the vanish'd days of yore
 Ten thousand Greeks, victorious, tho defeated,
 Across the Asian table-lands retreated,
 Beset by insolent foes behind, before;
 Fierce heat and fiercer cold, and dearth they bore,
 And then, at last, their long, hard task completed,
 The far faint blue line of the Sea they greeted,
 And shouts of "Thálassa!" the welkin tore

So I, who have these many years contended
 With Sin and fierce Temptation's hosts assailing,
 While ragged rocks and poisoned brambles tore me,
 With weakened powers, with Hope and Courage failing,
 At last have reach'd Life's hight:—a vision splendid,
 Eternity's vast Ocean lies before me!

OCUNQUIT, MAINE.



President Roosevelt and the South

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

AUTHOR OF "THE LOWER SOUTH IN AMERICAN HISTORY," "GENTLEMAN OF THE SOUTH," ETC.

IF the President's Southern tour had been nothing more than the sentimental pilgrimage which it partly was, the country would nevertheless have followed it with interest. Mr. Roosevelt is by no means the first President since the war, he is not even the first Republican President, to visit the South, and to be received there with enthusiasm. As far back as 1877, President Hayes crossed Mason and Dixon's line on a distinctly conciliatory mission, and found nothing churlish in his welcome. When President McKinley visited Atlanta, he was welcomed still more heartily, and there was no mistaking the signs of a real liking for him among his overwhelmingly Democratic hosts—a feeling which, it may be added, has not died out or even diminished since his death. Nor was this President Roosevelt's own first essay, as President, of the South's hospitality. But his spectacular progress through the heart of the old Confederacy was a bolder and more direct challenge to the Americanism, the sense of nationality, of the Southern people than any of these earlier presidential visitations.

That, no doubt, was what he meant it to be, whatever other and more specific objects he may have had in mind, a kind of reconnaissance in force of Southern public opinion, a test of the attitude and animus of the South towards the National Government, towards the policies of his administration, towards himself. No President since the war has been without a strong desire to be somehow assured that the entire country is one in sentiment and aspiration, but Mr. Roosevelt has doubtless felt himself peculiarly drawn to an adventure, not of nationalism only, but of the force and

charm of his own personality, against the conspicuous recalcitrancy of the South. Always frankly solicitous of popular approval, he was the last man in the world to disregard the South's marked dissent from the country's otherwise well-nigh unanimous acceptance of him last Autumn. Neither, it is safe to say, has he forgotten the Southern people's uncommonly friendly disposition towards him when he succeeded McKinley. He has made no concealment of his concern over the many manifestations of their swift change of heart the instant he touched the race issue. He is himself half Southern by birth; he is the first President since the war young enough to have had no part whatever in the great sectional conflict; he is undisguisedly, and no doubt unaffectedly, fond of Southerners. Quite likely, he has taken the South's intense resentment of certain of his acts and moods more deeply to heart than any other of the rebuffs to his administration. It is reasonable, therefore, to treat his tour as a characteristically intrepid thrusting forward of his personality into the only serious breach in his popularity yet effected by the opposition to any of his policies.

Viewed that way, it would seem to have been brilliantly successful. If crowds and plaudits, if popular demonstration of every imaginable kind, if the fervid oratory of Southern Mayors and Governors, and countless other equally fervid expressions from Southerners, are not altogether meaningless, the excursion went far to overcome whatever dislike of Theodore Roosevelt the man there may have mingled with the detestation of the Republican President who appointed Dr. Crum Collector of the Port at Charleston, closed the post office

at Indianola, and sat at meat with a negro in the White House; who by these acts, and by certain utterances bearing on the race question, stirred up a frenzy of race feeling such as the South had not exhibited since Reconstruction. Since none of the President's speeches contained anything that can be considered a distinct recantation or apology, we may perhaps infer that the South is willing not merely to ignore party but to forget its peculiar problem when it is called on to attest its nationality by doing honor to the nation's Chief Magistrate.

If this were the only inference to be drawn from the entire episode, it would still have been quite worth while. The good feeling it evoked does not need to be justified by any practical results. Stirring occasions serve a good enough purpose in life if they do no more than lift participants and spectators out of themselves, quicken sluggish sympathies, broaden narrow horizons. The South is entitled to the exhilaration to be got from merely seeing and hearing our buoyant President; one need not begrudge the President his delight in the new flavor of the incense of the South's applause. Least of all need one look about for any practical justification of occasions that have served to warm the hearts of veterans of the great war, Union and Confederate alike, with fresh assurances of honor and remembrance.

The President played his part in a way to confound such as have always thought him wanting in tact. He seems to have captivated all his many audiences, not by eloquence, for that he has not, but by mingling caution with boldness, and particularly by the wisdom of treating the Southerners as like other Americans, like other men, and appealing constantly to their most broadly human sympathies. He went among them, apparently, in a spirit even more catholic than that in which Lowell, nearly sixty years ago, remonstrated against the narrowness in the anti-slavery propaganda. "Hath not a slave-holder hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as an abolitionist is?" The Southerners, on the

other hand, if they are right in their own interpretation of their enthusiasm, found nothing else in the President so likable as his likeness to themselves, the warmth of his temperament, the quick and boyish way he had of responding to situations—in a word, the Southerner in him.

All this is pleasing and encouraging. But it is not novel, not to be greatly marveled at. Similar recognitions of kinship and discoveries of mutual liking have been going on between Northern and Southern people ever since the war. "Bridging the bloody chasm" is a somewhat hackneyed emotional experience. Novelists and writers of short stories are deserting the theme, while *per contra*, the irresponsible newspapers on both sides seem to be finding it less and less profitable to pander to the old sectional animosities.

But this is not all. There was more, one feels confident, in the President's appeal, and more in the South's response, than sentiment and a keen appreciation of a somewhat dramatic political situation. The President, by his speeches—by what he left out of them as well as by what he put in them—may fairly be said to have taken a new attitude on the Southern question, even tho he has announced no new policy nor expressly renounced the old; the South's enthusiasm was something more than a mere rattling of the rusty chain of its provincialism.

What above all else had made such enthusiasm possible was the fact of material prosperity. It is impossible to imagine a poverty-stricken, despairing South welcoming any Republican President as Roosevelt was welcomed. A busy, prosperous, hopeful South accepts him as part of a political and industrial situation which it finds decidedly endurable. This new mood of hopefulness is a thing worth dwelling on.

For forty years, keenly as the Southern people have been concerned about things political, they have been much more keenly and constantly concerned about things material. Most men everywhere give to politics, to the public affair, but a slight residue of the time and energy they mainly devote to the struggle for existence, for wealth. In the South, since the war, that struggle has

been exceptionally absorbing, because it has been exceptionally hard. The outlook has often been to the last degree dismal. Progress has been slow and halting. But of this side of Southern life the North for a long time knew little. It heard more of the South's political unrest than of the radical and difficult transformation of its system of agriculture, more of its race riots than of its railroads, more of its lynchings than of its beginnings in manufactures. Only such as have observed the long struggle closely, from within as well as from without, can understand how it has changed the Southern people themselves—their standards, their aspirations, their whole habit of thought. Thru it all, it is true, they have clung, with a tenacity that compels admiration, to certain social and political ideals that differentiate them from other Americans. But the mass of them no longer hold those ideals fanatically. They have come naturally to appreciate highly—perhaps too highly—the good things of life. Nowhere will one now find a keener sense of the advantages of wealth. Tho they do not neglect politics, it is the effect of political policies on business that they consider first. Now that better times have come at last, they are more than ever minded to "play the game" as it is, to make the best of their ever-improving industrial opportunities.

The effect on their attitude towards the North, and towards the Republican party, is marked. Frankly covetous of the prosperity of other sections, they nevertheless take their relations with the rest of the country less and less in the temper of political controversy, more and more in the temper of business. They no longer look on the Republican party merely as the instrument of Northern malevolence, but perceive it to be chiefly an agency for promoting economic ends, and consider its policies with an eye first of all to the probable effects on their own economic future. Thirty years ago, a President who had angered them over the race issue would have found it hard to divert their attention to such topics as rate-fixing and the Panama Canal. Today, more confident of their ability to control their own peculiar social arrangements, they listen with as much interest

as the people of any other section to the discussion of practical problems in which the whole country is concerned. By devoting so much of his time to such subjects, the President in fact paid them the compliment which in their hearts they most desired, for he thus recognized their full membership in the Republic in its character of a vastly successful industrial community.

Moreover, they sympathize strongly with his views and aims on the two subjects which he presented most prominently. The South is mightily concerned over railroad rates. It is, like the West, dependent on railroads for the prosperity of most of its industries. Comparatively free from the corrupting power of other kinds of corporations in its politics, it feels and resents the political power of railroads all the more keenly. Anti-railroad agitation is easily effective. Almost equally keen, tho not so widespread, is the interest in the Canal. The behavior of Southern Senators and representatives, and of several legislatures, when the Panama Treaty was under discussion, has already showed how much the South has the enterprise at heart, and how little disposed it is to let partisanship or constitutional theories and scruples interfere with a great material interest.

On the entire subject of our foreign policy, it may be added, and particularly on the question of expansion, the President and his party doubtless represent the Southern people better than the opposition does. Apart from their interest in the growth of our Pacific commerce, they feel instinctively that every extension of our political system Southward and Westward makes against interferences with their own social order. An aged Southern public man, a man of national reputation, being asked once for an explanation of his consistent jingoism ever since the war, put it on the ground of sectionalism, pure and simple. The South, he maintained, can hope to regain its old weight in national politics only by the annexation of regions with race problems like its own, which will naturally fall into alliance with it.

Here is sufficient explanation of the South's readiness to hear President Roosevelt, without imagining so vain a

thing as that it is converted from its way with the race question. If there has been any conversion on that subject, it is rather the President than the South that has seen a new light. If there is, as has been said, nothing in his speeches expressly contradictory of his earlier pronouncements, there is nothing inconsistent with the general views in which an increasing number of Northern people seem to concur with the mass of intelligent Southerners. The negroes, one would infer from the Tuskegee speech, are to look to their own exertions and to private philanthropy, rather than to government and to party, for the betterment of their state and perhaps for the gradual recovery of their political rights. It is hardly conceivable that the President will countenance any attempt of his party, either to restore the ballot to the mass of them at once, or to carry out the plank of the party platform which demands a reduction in the South's representation in Congress.

What the episode seems to foreshadow politically is rather a *modus vivendi* between the South and the Republican Party. Whether or not the

President gains among Southern representatives and Senators the allies he needs in the approaching contest with the Stalwarts in his own party in Congress, we may look to see less narrow partisanship among the Southern Democrats at Washington. They will, let us hope, co-operate more and more with the more liberal Republicans, and waste less of their own time and the country's patience with shrill defenses of a social order which no considerable body of Northern public opinion now seriously threatens. If, meanwhile, the negro shall seem to be sacrificed, it may be well for his political champions to consider whether, after all, political championship is what he at present most imperatively needs. Many, to whose professions of friendship for the race we need not deny sincerity, hold that in the present stage of its development it would profit less from any share it could conceivably have in the political control of the Southern States than from the vision of political privilege held out as an incentive to steady progress, in industry, in education, in right living.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



The Crisis in Hungary

BY FRANCIS KOSSUTH

[Our readers will remember several articles we have already published by the son of the famous revolutionist, Louis Kossuth. He is now the leader of the Independence Party in the Hungarian Parliament and was one of the five Hungarian statesmen who, as he mentions, were in September called before the King at Vienna to receive the royal rebuke and refusal.—EDITOR.]

THE struggle which is being fought out at the present moment in Hungary is the struggle of parliamentary government against the will of the sovereign, and of constitutional rights against the "*Sic volo et sic jubeo*" of kings.

The struggle has shifted its position since it began; it is no longer merely a battle for national rights; it has become a collision between royal autocracy and the liberty of a people.

Now, what is the state of affairs that prevails at the present moment? The

great majority demands for the country a right which is not only a right innate in all the countries of the world, but is, furthermore, founded, in Hungary, on laws that are enacted and that are yet violated and thrust aside, as if they were of no account.

After the last general elections those who demand the exercise of this right obtained a large majority in the lower branch of the legislature. Nevertheless, this majority is not allowed by the Crown to hold office unless it consent to abandon the program which constitutes

the foundation upon which it was elected.

The majority naturally refuses to commit an act of such political immorality as to change its program by order of the King, and thereupon the royal autocracy, rather than accept the will of the great majority of the nation, prefers to have the country governed by a ministry which has not a single adherent in the Chamber, and which, in order to govern, must violate, every day, the laws in force.

The leaders of the majority were summoned, quite recently, to meet the King, who handed them a sheet of paper, without signature or initials, upon which were transcribed conditions in accordance with which they were invited to form a government; as to some of these conditions it would not be easy to harmonize them with the constitution in force, and not a single one of them was in agreement with the program of the majority.

It is evident that it was one of the gravest faults, regarded from the standpoint of the principles of constitutional royalty, to bring the King and nation face to face in this manner, without shielding the person of the King and the responsibility of the Crown behind a responsible ministry.

And it was a still graver fault to set down in writing matters that come into collision with the constitution and the existing laws.

Luckily for the public peace, constitutional sentiment is so deeply rooted in Hungary that the people have always abstained (and still abstain) from attributing to the sovereign the responsibil-

ity for these faults; they are satisfied with condemning, in the name of the laws and of the constitution, the unknown advisers who prevailed upon the constitutional King of Hungary to give such an invitation to the majority of the Chamber elected in accordance with the laws, an invitation implying the renunciation of their principles and their program.

Some time ago the F  j  r  y Cabinet, on the suggestion of Kristoffy, the Home Secretary, determined to try to divert public opinion from the national

cause by springing the watchword of universal suffrage, which the so-called "Liberal" party, of which F  j  r  y was for more than ten years one of the ministers (and all his colleagues have been members of it ever since their appearance on the political horizon), has combatted so violently that this same party and all those same gentlemen with it would never consent even to the enlarging of the suffrage. As a consequence, the total number of electors, amounting to 1,200,000 in 1848, when



FRANCIS KOSSUTH.

Louis Kossuth liberated the serfs and, at the head of his colleagues, proclaimed civil and political equality, fell as low as 800,000, and the number of electors has since been increased only once, under the Sz  ll ministry, and then not by the free will of the Liberal party, but as the result of an agreement forced on the party of the Government by the triumphant opposition. The effect of this was to introduce a reform which carried the number of electors up to 1,000,000.

The Minister Kristoffy was one of those who made violent speeches in the Chamber against the principle of uni-

versal suffrage, and it is only now that he has been, at length, suddenly struck, as if by a divine inspiration, with the grand truth of the rights of man.

The principle of universal suffrage has, moreover, for many years been one of the articles of the program of the party of Independence, and yet this converted minister succeeds in hurling the mass of Anarchists and Internationalists, who are numerous in Budapest (80,000, all workmen) on that very party of Independence which for thirty-eight years has been persistently struggling for the rights and liberty of the people.

Indeed, it is with the party of Independence especially that this unscrupulous minister has a quarrel, in view of the fact that it forms two-thirds of the coalition.

So, after the famous royal audience, at which we were summoned to turn our backs on our principles and on our political program, upon the basis of which we were elected, it appeared to this most malignant of ministers that it would be advantageous to prove to the world that a part of the people was opposed to the coalition, and, as he did not know where to find this people, he repeatedly incited the Anarchists and Socialists against us at Budapest.

To cap the climax, every day, in the open daylight, along the streets of our capital city, printed matter is distributed with impunity, signed by the leaders of the subversive party and bearing the name and address of its publishing house, in which the Anarchist workmen are encouraged to stab our deputies and break the heads of patriots. The police stand unmoved during this distribution, and even the Royal Attorney General does the same.

It has come to this with us, then, that it has grown possible, in a civilized country, for printed sheets, signed by their authors' names, and urging the people to commit crimes against the law, to be circulated in the full light of day. The civilized world may well ask itself, as, indeed, we ourselves are constantly asking, whether it can be possible that the authorities are ignorant of the fact that hundreds of thousands of such documents are being distributed openly in the public thoroughfares, often within a few feet

of the police, who remain quite impassive while this distribution is going on.

In the meantime, the Anarchistic Socialists who break the windows of the hall where the deputies of the majority assemble, and who break the heads of the people and of the university students that applaud the defenders of liberty, are baptized, as if by enchantment, in the press of every country by the pompous name of Nationalities in a state of revolt against the "arrogance" and oppression (a thing that never has existed in Hungary) of the Magyar race, which has always granted to all the nationalities every right it has won and preserved for itself, aye even to those nationalities that in their time aided tyranny in its struggle with liberty. And the liberty, torn from the hands of tyranny by the Magyars, was shared with *them*.

In fact, all the political and civil rights possessed by the Magyars in Hungary are equally possessed by all the nationalities, whose languages and customs have been so scrupulously respected that some of them (as, for instance, the Saxons of Transylvania, the occasion of so much outcry by the malevolent), numbering only 211,000, have been able to keep intact for eight hundred years (they entered the country in 1141) their language, religion, customs, schools and autonomous institutions. What other country is there in which the dominant race would have respected so scrupulously, and during so many centuries, the rights of a race so small and isolated? Hungary is the only land in which such a state of things has ever existed.

A few words further on the subject of the cardinal point of the crisis.

The Hungarian army forms forty-three per cent. of the common army; it is recruited in Hungary and maintained by Hungary. The King has the supreme command of it, in virtue of the sovereign rights conceded to him by the law of 1867, and he is bound to exercise it constitutionally, for such is the tenor of the law.

The Emperor of Austria has the same rights over the Austrian army, which, with the Hungarian army, forms the common army, except that these imperial sovereign rights are considered of "right divine."

The two rights, then, are not of the same nature. Every right springs from the national will in Hungary, and the Hungarian constitution has never been *granted* by the kings; it has been voted in due form by the nation and sanctioned in the same way by the kings. In Austria the constitution was *granted* by the Emperor.

The law which concedes to the King the supreme command of the army says nothing on the subject of the language in which the words of command are to be given.

I ask where is the law in the United States which ordains that the American army should be commanded in English? It is a natural right of every country, and has not been enacted in the laws of any country, because it is regarded everywhere as an axiom.

The King of Hungary, however, has kept up an abuse, which first began to worm its way into the Hungarian regiments in 1740; this abuse was maintained in spite of a fundamental law of the country (1790), which is still in force and which ordains that in all the services of the realm the official language must be the Hungarian.

The majority of the country has tolerated this state of things, tho opposed to natural right and the written law; it was afraid of engaging in a long and painful struggle with the Crown.

However, in 1901, the military government wished (at the very moment when there was an agricultural crisis so acute that corn had to be distributed among the inhabitants of the fourteen provinces to save them from starvation) to increase the number of recruits and to increase the taxation also, in excess of the \$112,000,000 for new cannon.

All this aroused great emotion in the country, the new law excited the strongest dislike, the opposition resisted

it, and its resistance was backed by the whole people. The Government, nevertheless, was unwilling to give way; it refused even to allow the budget to be discussed before the bitter pill was swallowed. Certain fundamental laws were, therefore, violated by the Government, and the right of the country (granted by law, 1867) to settle the conditions with regard to the vote for recruits was audaciously violated.

Then began the struggle which still continues, altho it was interrupted in 1904 by an agreement between the Tisza Government and the party of Independence, which ceased obstruction upon the formal pledge of Tisza to reform the electoral law and make a considerable extension of the suffrage.

When everything was peaceful, Count Tisza upset matters by attempting to change the rules of the Chamber in such a fashion as to limit considerably the rights of debate on the budget and on recruiting, and, when the Chamber opposed him, he made his *coup d'état*, which resulted in the dissolution of the Chamber and the new elections. The elections gave the opposition, which was defending the laws in force, a large majority, and, ever since, the constitutional *régime* has come to an end in Hungary.

The conflict is becoming daily more intense; on the one side there is a violent assault on the laws of the country; on the side of the coalition, a desperate defense of the laws, the constitution and liberty, and in this defense the humblest citizens are united with the proudest magnates, names the most obscure with the most illustrious. All have only one thought, the thought of the Fatherland abused, and all have only one desire: to defend the rights of Hungary and the liberty of all, without distinction of nationality or of race.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.





Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg

Prince Louis, nephew of England's ruler and the bearer of a special message from King Edward VII to the President of the United States, who, with his fleet of six armored cruisers, arrived at Annapolis on November 1st, is a son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, who married Countess Hauck of Poland. One of his brothers was Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and the other married Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria. Prince Louis is somewhat tall in stature, with well set shoulders. He wears a black beard just beginning to thin and turn gray. The Prince is of a very democratic manner, and has naturally become a great social attraction. From Annapolis the Prince, with the admirals and captains of the British and American squadrons, went to Washington, D. C. New York City and other places will be visited by the Prince during his present trip.

The Principles of Osteopathy

BY DR. A. T. STILL

[Nine months ago we called attention to the fact that no American has yet received one of the five prizes of \$40,000 each, which are annually awarded by the Nobel Foundation of Sweden to the men who have made the most important discoveries in chemistry, physics, physiology and medicine; have produced the most distinguished work in idealistic literature, and have done most to promote peace. This naturally raised the interesting question whether we have in this country men sufficiently great to rank with the twenty-four Europeans who have received these awards, and we asked our readers to nominate those among our American scientists, authors and peace-makers whom they considered most worthy of this honor. This invitation was most enthusiastically responded to by the osteopaths, who circulated petitions and postal ballots with such zeal in behalf of the claims of Dr. A. T. Still, as the American citizen most deserving of the Nobel Prize for discoveries in physiology and medicine, that all other candidates were soon "snowed under." In consequence of the great interest in Osteopathy, as indicated by this, we have asked its founder, Dr. A. T. Still, to contribute an article to THE INDEPENDENT on his discoveries. In the following issue, November 16th, we will print a reply by a "regular" physician, and on November 23d we will report the result of the voting for candidates for the Nobel Prizes. Dr. Still was aided in the preparation of this article by his nephew, Dr. G. A. Still, one of the instructors of the American School of Osteopathy.—EDITOR.]

WHICHEVER side of the case, "Religion vs. Charles Darwin et al.," one wishes to take; whether one believes that man was made from dust, in a finitely short time, by an infinite being, or whether he was made from protoplasm, in an infinitely long time, by the action of finite forces, one must admit that the result has been a practically perfect creation. The wonderful mechanical arrangement of the human system was a marvel to me from the time I studied the meager course in anatomy as prescribed by the medical schools of my day; and yet as I continued to study and took a "special" course in dissection on the "borrowed" bodies of Indians, on the plains of Kansas, I was also struck with the wonderful simplicity of the system. No matter how complex a structure or function was, it was explainable, when thoroly understood, by the simple principles of mechanics.

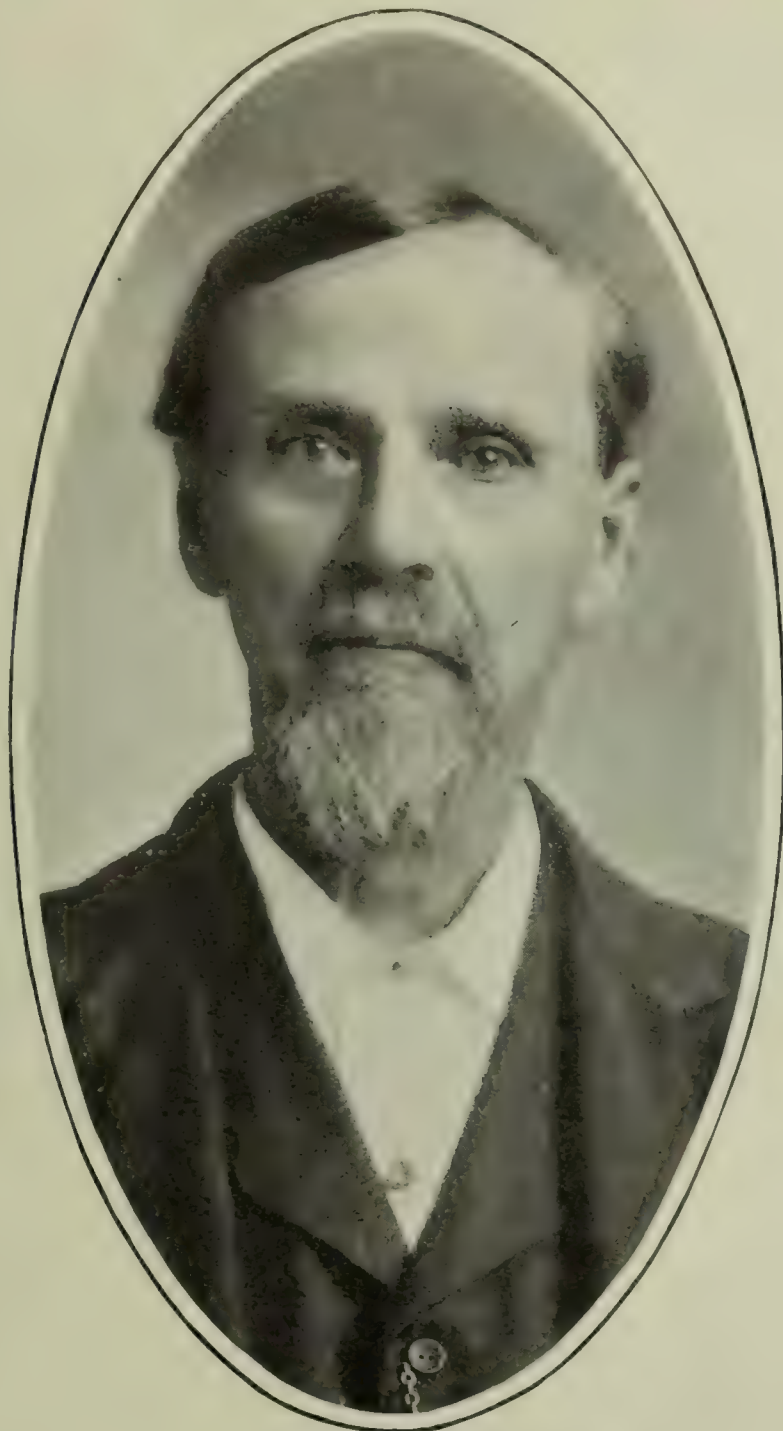
In this little description of my science I intend to give the reader, in a small way, the facts on which and the reasoning by which, thru many years of adjustment, I finally evolved Osteopathy. I believe that if the reader will follow me he will find I am stating nothing as a fact that science will deny, and I also believe that the thoughtful reader will admit that with these facts my conclusions are inevitable. As for the prac-

tical side of the question, the thousands of "incurables" that I have treated and cured speak for themselves.

My examination and study of the human mechanism showed me that it differed from the jelly-fish and such animals in but one respect—it had a bony skeleton. The jelly-fish had a brain and nervous system, muscles, organs, blood-vessels, etc. The difference here was only one of degree. The jelly-fish had no bones, and I found that for any high development in the animal world bones were essential. They constitute the stability of the system, and just as the "osteons" or bones differentiate man from the jelly-fish, so is Osteopathy differentiated from the jelly-fish systems of therapeutics which, like the boneless ink-fishes, hide their weakness and stupidity in a cloud of long, meaningless words and outlandish symbols taken from the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians. I found these bones to consist of a fibrous tissue, compactly infiltrated with the phosphates and carbonates of lime, with traces of other salts. Two hundred and six of them adjusted together went to make up the so-called skeleton. They were arranged according to the very best mechanical principles: the long bones, whose function was to act as pillars or supports, were hollow, the lines of cleavage were arranged to give the least possible chance

of fracture and they were slightly curved when needed to lessen the jar of locomotion or other physical contact. When needed, I found that motion was arranged for perfectly acting, self-lubri-

tionally light and elastic; the bones of the skull, with the brain to protect, were made with the correct curves, were composed of two plates, overlapping each other, and in every detail constructed to



Dr. A. T. Still, Founder of Osteopathy.

cating joints; such bones as the vertebra, with the extra strain on them and the delicate organs to support, were supplied with elastic connective tissue pads, or bumpers, between them which entirely prevented any jar; the ribs, constantly moving in respiration, were made excep-

best withstand external injury and force. Thruout the entire normal body, in fact, I found the construction to be according to the highest laws of mechanics.

Attached to the bones, I found a set of contractile organs whose function was to move the body; to help it secure food

and other needed substances; to protect it from its enemies, either by fight or flight, and to help it build dwellings for protection from the elements. They were, in other words, the muscles which, using the bones as levers, fulcrums and points of attachment, made complicated motion possible, and distinguished the animal from the vegetable.

The continued source of energy and, in fact, the nourishment of the entire system I found to be a dark red fluid called blood, which was laden with oxygen from the lungs, combustible food from the digestive system and various strange chemicals from the several internal organs—all necessary to the healthy functioning of the system. This blood was brought by a system of elastic tubes called arteries, and after exchanging the oxygen and food for carbon dioxide and waste material, was carried away to a central, four-valved force pump, passing through the lungs on the way for reoxidation and purification. I found that thruout life this pump sucked in its cavity full of blood from the veins of the lungs and forced it out again into the main artery at the rate of seventy times per minute. From the main artery this blood passed thru smaller ones until, by way of the tiny capillaries, it either directly or thru its serum bathed every tissue cell in the body. In its course I noticed that it gave an extra good supply to the various glands or internal organs situated thruout the body. These organs, it seemed, each had its own particular substance or list of substances to take from or give to the blood. Some, like the kidneys, with their thirteen miles of microscopic tubules, would select urea and other waste or poisonous products and discharge them from the system, while other organs perfect chemical laboratories, furnished some essential substance for the system, which substance it made out of the ordinary foods which it selected from the general blood stream. Some of these chemicals helped regulate the general blood pressure, some helped in the intermittent production of normal sleep, some furnished special food for the muscles, some for the brain and nervous system, some for the sexual and reproductive organs; and one system of glands,

called the lymphatics, connected by tubes almost as extensive as the blood system, furnished the blood stream itself and the other tissues with millions of tiny cells called phagocytes, constituting the organized scavengers and germ-killers of the entire system, and also the tissue serums filtering thru the glands were made aseptic and antitoxic.

In all, I found the human body to be a self-feeding, self-cleaning, self-oiling, self-governed mechanism, provided with organs for the selection and procuring of its food or fuel; an alimentary system which could extract from the crude foods all the needed elementary chemicals for the system, while the four groups of elementary chemicals—carbohydrates, fats, proteids and inorganic salts—could be transformed into every needed complex chemical by the various glands or synthetic chemical laboratories of this complex system. The haemolymph and lymph glands, the red marrow, the pituitary body, suprarenals, thyroid, spleen, liver and pancreas, each furnishing its quota of substances, some for reagents at other places, some for energy production and others for antitoxic and bactericidal action, were all more or less interdependent on each other for various compounds, and the disease of any of them would affect, to an extent, all others, while the death of any essential gland would cause death of the entire organism. The interchange of all these thousands of compounds, and the chemical equilibrium of the system depended entirely on a stream of ever changing fresh blood, propelled thru all the organs and tissues by the life-long "lubb-dub" of the little engine in the thorax. The very structure and characteristics of the individual, I found, were dependent on one set of tissues getting essential elements from the most remote organs; for instance, the growth of the long bones and the height of the individual depended on a secretion formed in a gland in the neck called the thyroid. The blood stream was the common carrier for the entire system, enabling the different specialized tissues to help each other in the formation of essential chemicals and carrying away from them all their waste products. Its cessation of movement for even an instant, I learned,

meant death, and this applied not only to the individual when the entire blood stream was stopped, but if the supply to an organ or part were entirely occluded, the death of that part followed, and the line of demarcation between life and death was the exact place where the occlusion occurred.

Understand that I do not claim to have discovered the circulation of the blood and such other known facts that I have mentioned. Others did that before me and were punished for it. Dr. Harvey

of post-mortem specimens, I found this to be true in every case: that is, there was some derangement of the blood supply, either causing or accompanying all disease processes. From this fact came the first postulate of Osteopathy: "An unobstructed, healthy flow of arterial blood is life." With this in mind I began to treat my patients by manipulations, to stir up the blood supply of those organs, such as the liver and bowels, which were easily reached. I got some results, but realized that I was only on



American School of Osteopathy. Main Building and Students.

was turned out of the English medical societies and burned in effigy when he demonstrated the circulation of the blood, and if I, building on these facts, demonstrated others and was therefore unpopular, why should I complain? Knowing that the death of any structure depended on the cessation of its blood stream and that death could not occur without this, I reasoned that disease, which is really a fractional death, must be due to a partial cessation of the blood flow from some mechanical obstruction to the artery or vein of the organ primarily affected. Studying hundreds

the first round of the ladder. I had not yet found the real underlying cause of disease.

I knew that it was due to the comparative purity of the blood in three men who, when exposed to the same disease, one died, one recovered and the third did not even become ill; but what was back of this condition of the blood? In my day very little was known of vaso-motor nerves, sympathetic ganglia, brain and spinal centers for the different viscera and organs and special centers for special functions. Nerves were supposed to carry motor impulses to the

muscles and to carry back sensations from the periphery, and beyond this little had been worked out.

To the men who have demonstrated in the laboratory by hard work the recently discovered cord tracts, brain centers and ganglionic functions, I and my followers give due credit, just as we expect credit from all true scientists for what we have demonstrated. From my dissections and studies, then, I learned that the spinal cord gave off thirty-one pairs of nerves which joined with the gangliated cord or sympathetic nervous system lying in front of the spinal column, and then penetrated every organ and tissue in the body, whether there was any apparent need for it or not. I found that in general the nerves accompany the blood-vessels, and then I learned that the size of the blood-vessel and the amount of blood it was to furnish to any part or organ depended on the vaso-motor nerves.

The nervous system controlled the rate of the heart and lungs; it controlled the selection and absorption of the food; it attended to the internal digestion and activities; it told each gland how much of its secretion to discharge and how much of another to take up. Every process in the entire organism was under the control of this all-penetrating telegraph system, with its great central battery and its multitude of smaller sub-batteries or sympathetic ganglia. If, then, there were any disease processes in the system they must be due to very strong mal-influences or the nervous system must be out of order—some mechanical derangement must exist. The system has but three enemies, namely, the unorganized poisons or chemicals, the organized poisons or bacteria, and traumatism. Its ability to cope with these depends at all times on the health of the nervous system, which, controlling the internal secretions and the blood stream, must furnish the elements to counteract the poisons, both organized and unorganized, and also to repair the injury done by trauma. Under ordinary conditions, then, there must be some mal-condition of the nerves to an organ or to the bactericidal organs before there could be local or general disease, and if there was such a condition disease would

soon appear, because the body is always exposed to more or less disease producing elements.

Further study of the nervous system showed me that all the bodily functions were carried on by and had centers in the cord which gave off from these a pair of nerves between each pair of vertebræ to control the sympathetic system and the organs and viscera of that segment of the body. These nerves passed out thru very small openings, called foramina, and thru these same openings between the vertebræ passed in the blood-vessels supplying the cord. Thru these tiny openings, then, went all the vital impulses between the cord and viscera, and also the gross nourishment of the cord. Thru them went life.

Here, as nowhere else, would an apparently minor condition cause widespread results, and here I found most of the mechanical derangements that I knew must precede disease. I say most, because other mechanical lesions, such as contracted muscles, tumors causing sciatica, constipated colon causing varicocele, etc., do occur, but at these foramina we find the seat of ninety-five per cent. or more of the lesions. The lesion consists of a slip or sub-luxation of a vertebra causing a change in the size of the foramen and consequent interference with the nerves and vessels. This theory has been proven a fact by examination, treatment and cure of thousands of cases. That it is possible, no one but a fool can deny; that it is a fact, no one who has thoroly investigated will deny.

The basis of Osteopathy seems simple, but to understand it, to prove it, to be able correctly to practice it, one must thoroly understand the entire system, one must study it like the best men of other systems of therapeutics study it, and so in our schools we teach all that they do, depending principally on normal and morbid anatomy and physiology, leaving out only materia medica. Our course is twenty-seven months—as long as the average medical school. We are not masseurs and we don't "rub" any more than the artist "dabs" the paint on the canvas for a Madonna, or the sculptor "chops" on a block of marble. We believe that man is mortal, and that if he

drinks or absorbs enough prussic acid he will die; if he has his head cut off he will die; some time after senility begins he will die of old age in spite of any treatment, but we believe that the diseases of which most people die today before their time are due, not to a lack of some sort of a pill or tincture, but to the mal-working of some organ or set of organs, and that this, in turn, is due to mechanical interference with the nerve supply, and we have found most of these interferences at the vertebral foramina, and that we

can remedy them is shown by the thousands of otherwise incurables that we have cured.

To end with, believing as we do, that the mechanical displacement of the bony vertebræ constitutes most of the lesions causing disease, and since the vertebræ are bones, and since *osteon* means bone, we do not think that "Osteopathy" is such a misnomer for our science as some critics would try to indicate by saying that we believe all diseases start in the bones and are cured by rubbing them.

KIRKVILLE, MO.



Waiting for the Verdict in England

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

HERE in the British Islands we represent just now such a condition of things as that illustrated by a once popular English picture called "Waiting for the Verdict." Our political parties do not seem able to turn themselves with genuine earnestness to any plan of campaign while waiting for the opportunity for a trial of strength thru the medium of the General Election. The one thing certain is that the General Election must come before very long, but then, nobody knows how soon it may come, or how long it may be put off, and in the meantime our leaders of parties do not seem to know very well what to do with themselves. On both sides of the field there appears to be an equally strong conviction as to the result of the election. I have not heard from any lips or read in any newspaper the slightest expression of a doubt as to that result. The Liberals, the Tories and the Liberal Unionists seem alike possessed with the conviction that there can be only one issue to the coming struggle, come when it may, and that that must be the complete defeat of the present government. One must, indeed, amid all this unanimity of conviction recall to mind the aphorism that the unforeseen always comes to pass, but most assuredly, if the proverb could be justified in this instance it will be the very culmination of the un-

foreseen's triumph. Assuming, however, as I think we may all fairly assume, that the Conservatives are destined to be defeated at the General Election, and that the Liberals will come into power, a very serious question then arises as to the sort of Liberal Government we are likely to have in the first instance, and how long it will last.

For myself, as an outer observer, not, however, altogether unacquainted with politics, I cannot see how the new Liberal Government is likely to hold together long, or while it holds together to be popular with the greater number of the Liberal constituencies. It seems to me that the new Government will at the outset have to include some men who, while influential among their own immediate supporters, have not for a long time been popular among the Liberals generally. These men are still professing Liberals, and have held high offices in former Liberal administrations, and I do not see how they can well be left altogether outside the door while the new administration is being arranged, and on the other hand I do not see how any Liberal Ministry can go on for long with such men controlling some of its departments.

I am referring now, of course, to such men as Lord Rosebery, and to those who are commonly described as Liberal Unionists, statesmen who drew back

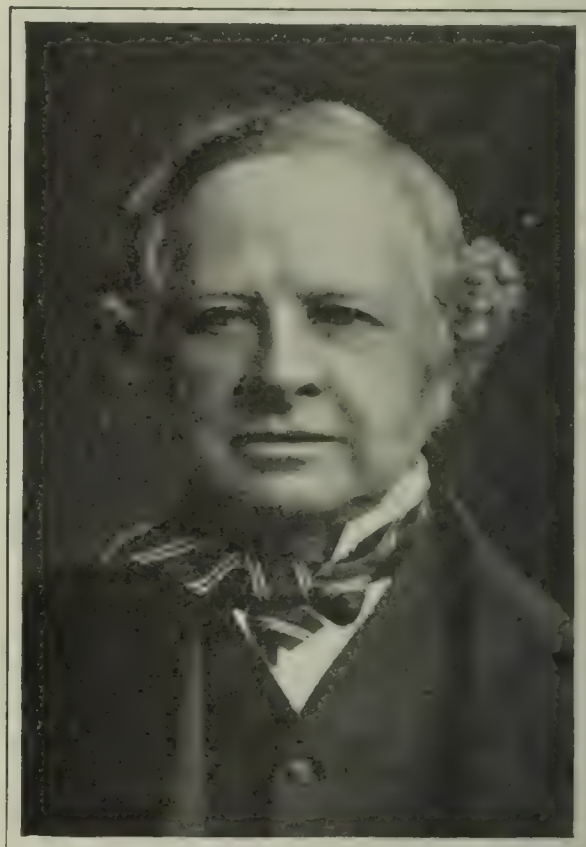


PERCY WHITE.

from the Liberal party during its struggle for one of its most important reforms, and have ever since been drawing farther and farther back from the front of Liberal politics. We have now no statesman whose genius could hold a great party together with power like that exercised by Mr. Gladstone, and we have seen how Mr. Gladstone himself was not able to keep the Liberal party together while it still had in it such men as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, and others of a like uncertain Liberalism. Just now we have no man who can lay claim to anything like such a commanding authority over the Liberal constituencies. Such a man will, no doubt, come in time, but he has not shown himself as yet, nor is it even easy to venture on conjectures about him, and in the meanwhile one can hardly expect that the most triumphant victory for the Liberals at the coming elections will make everything safe, steady and smooth for the Liberal Government then to come into office.

Even since I began to write this article I have heard the sad news that Earl Spencer has been stricken down by a sudden attack of illness. Now, it has been understood for some time that Lord

Spencer was to be the Prime Minister of the expected Liberal Government, and Lord Spencer is undoubtedly the one man who could hold, if anyone could, the Liberal Party together at present, and in whom all sincere and advanced Liberals could put an absolute trust. Only the other day, as chairman of the committee charged with the ar-



EARL GRANVILLE.

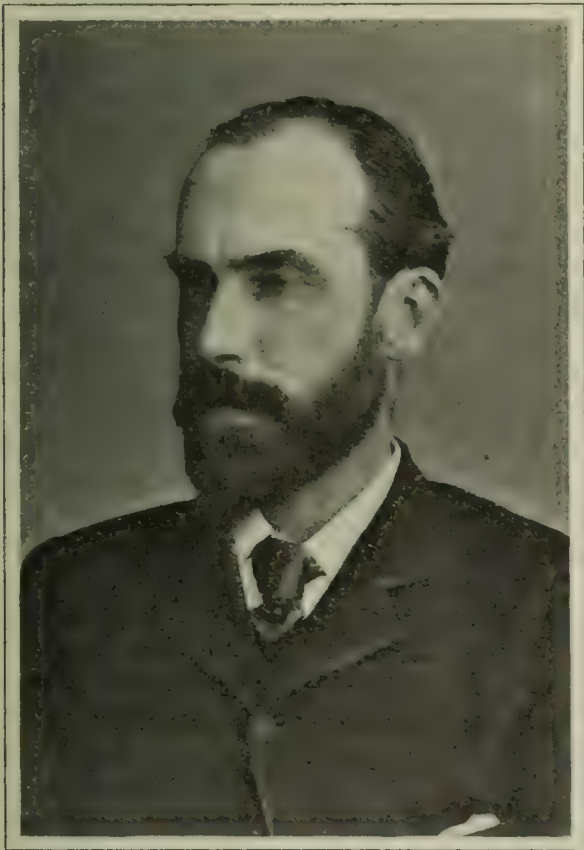
rangements for the opening of the national monument to Mr. Gladstone, Lord Spencer issued invitations for the ceremony, which is to take place in London on Saturday, the 4th of November. There is something peculiarly melancholy about this sad coincidence at the present crisis. The whole country, and, indeed, the whole civilized world, will join in the sincerest hopes that Lord Spencer may come safely out of his present danger, and be spared to his people and to the Liberal cause. I am relieved to hear that later accounts become more and more hopeful.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, who has made himself conspicuous by his most valuable services to the cause of international postal reform, is now exerting himself in the creation of a league for

the establishment of universal penny postage. The object of the league as he describes it himself is:

"that any inhabitant of our planet, white, black or yellow, may be enabled for the sum of one penny to communicate with any other, at the lowest possible rate and the highest obtainable speed; Englishmen with Frenchmen, German, Italian or Russian; European with American; Asiatic with Australian or African; so that when one soul has something to say to another, neither color, nor religion, nor greed, nor diplomacy, nor national antipathy, nor latitude, nor longitude, nor poverty, nor any other barrier shall stand between them."

Twenty years ago I had the honor and the satisfaction of voting in the House of Commons in support of Mr. Henniker Heaton's motion for a system of universal penny postage, and since that time he has carried his work to complete success so far as the English and the Colonial system is concerned, so

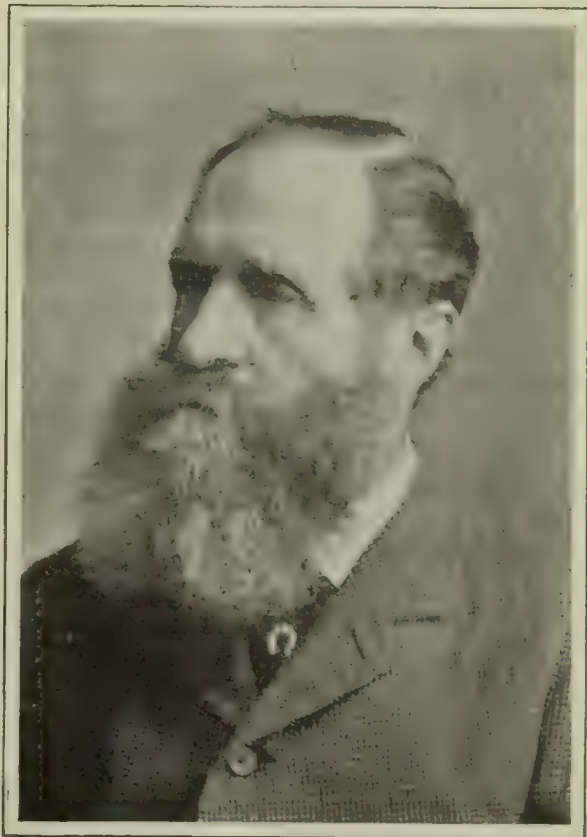


LORD EDMUND FITZMAURICE.

that now a penny postage stamp will carry a letter from England to Canada, to India, to the British settlements in China, and all over Australasia. Complete success cannot surely be far off.

One of the most interesting books we have had for a long time in this country is the "Life of Lord Granville," by Lord

Edmonde Fitzmaurice. The book, which is in two volumes, has just been published by Messrs. Longmans. The late Lord Granville was a Liberal statesman all thru his remarkable career, and he held some of the highest offices in Liberal administrations. He was intensely earnest in all his political convictions, but, like some other very earnest men with whom history makes us acquainted, he appeared to the outer world as a man full of genial humor, taking all things pleasantly, smiling at difficulties, and making danger the subject of a bright jest. He accepted the principle of self-government in some form for Ireland even before Mr. Gladstone had become a convert to that faith, and, like Mr. Gladstone, he remained a fearless Home Ruler to the end of his life. It was my good fortune to have some opportunities of meeting with Lord Granville during the later years of his career, and I shall ever retain the impression made upon me by his genial manners, his delightful humor, his sparkling wit. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, his biographer, has already had a political career of some distinction, for he was Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs during a Liberal administration, and was entrusted with impor-



EARL SPENCER.

tant powers in the rearrangement of the European provinces of Turkey under the Treaty of Berlin. He was for a time private secretary to the late Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke, whose life he has written, and he has indeed won distinction in literature as well as in politics. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice had the immense advantage of being allowed to publish a great number of letters passing between Lord Granville and many men of the highest influence and position, and many letters even passing between Lord Granville and the late Sovereign, Queen Victoria. It is easy to see that in many instances the writers of these letters never could have imagined at the time of writing them that there was the slightest likelihood of their ever being published for the edification of the general reader, and some of them are indeed delightfully and humorously characteristic. Some of the letters of the Duke of Devonshire, when, as the Marquis of Hartington, he held office in a Liberal Government, are particularly amusing because of the frankness with which the writer describes the continual puzzlement of mind brought upon him by the suggestions and the arguments of Mr. Gladstone in Cabinet council. The piquancy of some of these letters would of itself secure readers for Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's volumes. But the volumes could not fail to impress their value on the reading public, even if they had not contained any of these unexpected revelations. The work is, in fact, an admirable specimen of biography, and will probably make known thoroly to the world at large for the first time the full capacity and the highest qualities of the eminent statesman who was so commonly regarded in his own time by the outer world as a brilliant wit and a careless humorist. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has a style at once clear and vivid; can make a shrewd and sound estimate of capacity and character, and altho not given to mere outbursts of enthusiasm, he is ever ready to warm with a full and generous admiration for political earnestness and for genuine statesmanship. Some of the London critics have already said that this "Life of Lord Granville" will take rank fairly with John Morley's "Life of Gladstone." The English states-

men and parliamentary orators who were great in Lord Granville's time have now all, or nearly all, passed away, and it is a satisfaction to know that some of them at least have found biographers capable of accomplishing such a task. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is himself, I must say, a man held in close esteem and warm regard by all who have had the good fortune to be admitted to his friendship. He was out of the House of Commons for some years because of the weakly condition of his health; but he has lately recovered his physical strength, has found again a seat in Parliament, and is already regarded as certain to be offered a place in the forthcoming Liberal administration.

I have just heard the sad news—news which will fill the American as well as the English world with sadness—that the great English actor, Henry Irving, is dead. The death seems to have been sudden and utterly unforeseen. Some little time ago Sir Henry Irving made public announcement of his purpose to retire from the stage, when he should have completed the fiftieth year of his dramatic career, and it was then understood that another season in America was to be accomplished by him before his withdrawal into private life. And now, on the very eve of that intended American visit, the great dramatic career has come to a close. I had the honor of knowing Sir Henry Irving well since the earlier days of his renown in London, and I had the highest admiration for his sincerity, his unselfishness, his many exalted qualities of character, as well as for his artistic genius. He ever devoted himself to the genuine advancement of the dramatic art and the theatrical profession, he was always anxious to give a chance on the stage to any young man or woman of genuine promise, and he had ever a ready, helping hand for a distressed brother or sister in the profession. Long years have passed since so heavy a loss has befallen the English stage as that so suddenly brought about by Henry Irving's death. I have just had an opportunity of conversing on the subject with Sir Squire Bancroft, and that eminent actor and manager expressed to me his full conviction that no man in our time had accomplished such

great work for the tragic drama in its presentation on the stage as had been done by Irving, and that no man was ever more ready to hold out a hand to his comrades in the profession, and to those who showed good claim to be welcomed into such companionship. The name of Henry Irving will be ever remembered in the history of the English stage. The remains of the great actor are, it is now announced, to repose in Westminster Abbey.

I wrote in my last article for *THE INDEPENDENT* that a new novel had just been published by Mr. Percy White, "The Patient Man" (Methuen & Co.), and that from what I had heard it would seem to be one of his best. I had not read it at the time, but now that I have read it I certainly think it is one of his best, altho the story is in itself more serious, and more actually painful, than any of his that has gone before it. The story has what one always finds in Percy White's novels, some wonderful character drawing and bright, realistic pictures

of contemporary social life. The men and women whom the author brings before us are, whether good or bad, always real living men and women, and never seem out of the range of our sympathy, or at least of our comprehension and recognition. Stephen Gale, the patient man, is, I fear, a somewhat unusual type of personage, but Mr. White succeeds in making him seem human and natural, and one sympathizes so much with his romantic and unselfish love for Drucie that one is rejoiced when the story ends happily for him. The other characters are effectively drawn, Drucie's mother, Reggie Heathcote, and "Pete" Hunter, look at us out of life.

Mr. Robert Hichens, author of the famous "Garden of Allah," has just published thru Messrs. Methuen, a new volume. It is called "The Black Spaniel and Other Stories." I have not yet read it, but I hope to give the readers of *THE INDEPENDENT* my opinion of it in my next article.

LONDON, ENG.



Books Post Mortem

BY AMOS R. WELLS

I CARE not that some other man,
When I am dead and gone,
Will play my part upon the stage
That I have trod upon;
Will lord it in my very house,
Will tend my bit of ground,
Will do my work in just the same
Perpetual pleasant round.
I'll let him use my desk, my pen,
And all my household nooks;
But I shall haunt him if he dares
Lay hands upon my books!
To think that some unheeding boor
May soil my Aldrich fair,
Or break my Chaucer's back, or mar
My Hazlitt debonair!
To think that some unhallowed thumb
May dogsear all my Lamb,—
My soul will shiver in dismay,
No matter where I am!

I see them in their piteous plight,
Their pages torn and frayed,
Their binding loose, their covers bent,
I see, and cannot aid.
I even see them—at the sight
My heavenly harp will fall—
Exposed among the "second-hands"
Upon a sidewalk stall.
I see them marked a paltry dime,
I see the careless throng
Pause casually to tumble them,
And sneering pass along.
Ah me! Ah me! I do not mind
That shrouds are pocketless;
My little gold, my bank account,
I leave with willingness;
But oh, that some celestial van,
Some spacious van were given,
That I might put my books therein,
And pack them off to heaven!

AUBURNDALE, MASS.

The Story of a Handicapped Life

[The minister who tells this story is now in the Methodist Itinerancy of one of the great Southern States. For obvious reasons he does not care to sign his name. We comment upon his story in our editorial columns.—EDITOR.]

I WAS born in a fine old county of one of the Southern States. My father was a German, and came to this country when a young man. He was a steady, industrious, frugal man, and made many friends in his new home. He worked on one of the first railroads built in the South, serving in the capacity of a "track-raiser," or section foreman, for more than a dozen years. He then bought a farm and moved to it when I was about five years old, and it was on this farm that my childhood was spent. My mother belonged to one of the oldest families of the county, and was a woman of good sense and decided character. There were eight children of us, three sons and five daughters. My mother had two brothers who were afflicted with cataract. And this same infirmity showed itself in our family in one of those strange freaks of heredity. My oldest brother developed cataract on his eyes several years after birth, while in my younger brother and myself it was congenital. And my case was the worst of the three, and worse than either of my maternal uncles. One of my earliest and most vivid recollections is the first of four operations on my eyes for this trouble. It was before I was five years old—and long before the days of local anesthetics. I was placed full length on a bench, tied hand and foot, my head was grasped firmly, and my eyes, first one and then the other, were held open, while the doctor inserted a sharp needle, and attempted to cut up the cataract, hoping that the particles would be taken up by absorption. It was only after the third of these operations that I experienced any great benefit. I was then thirteen years old, and large enough to submit quietly to the operation. I remember it all so well. It was a day in May. I sat down before a window, and the doctor inserted his needle in the right eye. A moment later he had pressed the cataract from over the sight. And then, as if a dense fog had suddenly rolled

away, there burst upon my view such a vision of field and sky and sunlight as I had never looked upon before. I forgot the pain of the operation, and broke out into rapturous exclamations of delight. That was over forty years ago, but that day in May and that afternoon hour marked an epoch in my life. Afterwards I could see to read ordinary print.

But the sight these successive operations left with me was far from perfect vision. The reading I was enabled to do, and that which I have done all my life, was with the right eye—there is still some cataract on the left eye—and by the aid of the strongest glasses that could be had. These glasses were double convex, and looked like the lenses of a microscope.

I entered school at thirteen. The teachers were very kind to me, and took much interest in putting me forward in my studies. These were war times in the South, and spectacles, like many other things, were not easily obtained, so my younger brother and myself were forced to use the same pair of glasses in school. But I learned many of my lessons thru the eye of others, especially two girl cousins of mine, and got on pretty well. By the end of the first year I could read readily, and had taken some lessons in geography and history, as well as arithmetic.

I attended school a part of every year after this until I was twenty-one years old, during which period I read some, or all, of the works of Hume, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Washington Irving, and many books by authors of less note and ability, and acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, a little knowledge of Greek, went into geometry in mathematics, and gained a pretty thoro acquaintance with the English branches. It was my hope that when I should be ready to go, I could enter the old college, whose bell we could almost hear from our home. But my father died very suddenly in June, when I was in my twenti-

eth year, and while he left an estate of several thousand dollars, our affairs were not well managed, and I did not have the opportunity of completing my education in this way.

When I reached twenty-one I was confronted by a serious question: What should my life work be? Farm work was out of the question, the printer's trade, which I should have preferred to everything else, was equally so; no merchant wanted a clerk who was too blind to wait on his customers, and school-teaching seemed as impracticable as any of the rest. Thru the help of an uncle, I got a little school, which was taught in one end of an abandoned log cabin. This lasted only a few months, and was the beginning and end of my experience in the work of a teacher.

Ours was a religious home. Family prayer was one of the institutions of the home, and my part in this—after I was ten years old—was to set the hymns, which my father lined out in the good old way of our ancestors. And I was a religious child. I often prayed that I might see well, and it would have been no surprise to my childish faith if the Heavenly Father had taken me at my word, and allowed me to open my eyes on the world with the sight that others had. I was consciously and satisfactorily converted when I was in my sixteenth year, and some time afterwards connected myself with the Methodist Church. Because I showed a religious bent, perhaps, and possibly because they could see nothing for me but the work of the ministry, my friends and family used to tell me that they thought I ought to preach. But what they said rather hindered than helped me. I believed then, as I do now, that every true preacher is called of God, as was Aaron, and to preach because I could do nothing else, seemed little less than sacrilege. But after a hard and very honest struggle over the question, I decided to give my life to the ministry, and was licensed to preach at twenty-two. A year later I was recommended for admission on trial in the itinerancy, but the presiding elder under whom I was licensed to preach, told me very plainly that he did not think I could see well enough to be a traveling Methodist preacher. He was a brother

of one of the bishops, and a man of much influence, and there seemed no appeal from his decision.

This decision quite upset me. My mother's affairs were in such a condition that I could no longer depend upon her for my living. But what should—rather, what could—I do? There was still left to me my license as a local preacher; but there was nothing in this work in the way of an occupation, and no compensation whatever. And while I was willing enough to preach the Gospel "without money and without price," I must live the while. For some months this year I had the very uncomfortable consciousness of living a useless life. In the Spring, however, a distant kinsman, whom my father, several years before, had set up in business, offered me a position in the railroad station and post office in the village, two miles away, saying as he did so: "I will give you your board at first, and if everything works well will give you some clothes later." I accepted the place at once, and went to work in five minutes after the offer was made. I worked here nearly six months before I received more than my board. I remained here three years and a half, the highest salary I received at any time being only twelve dollars a month, out of which I paid seven dollars a month board. My duties were miscellaneous. I helped to load and unload freight, handled many a bale of cotton during the season from September till April, lifted numberless bags of highly scented commercial fertilizers, looked after the post office, and did just anything my employer could find for me to do. I had much leisure in the Summer, which, with odd times at other seasons, I spent in reading and writing. I went over the Bible every year, took up the course of study for young preachers, and did what preaching I could, often walking five or six miles to an appointment. All the time I was longing and hoping against hope that one day I might be admitted to the Conference, and give my whole time to the ministry. At last this longed-for opportunity came. Some of my friends took it into their heads that I could see sufficiently well to do the work of an itinerant preacher, used their influence with the presiding elder, the

same one who had kept me waiting over three years, and just as I was nearing my twenty-seventh birthday I found myself enrolled as a member of one of the Conferences of my Church—and about the happiest man in it.

My experiences at the first annual Conference I ever attended were of the superlative degree. I alternated between hope and fear at first as to whether I should be received, and after this suspense was over, I wondered with fear and trembling what my appointment would be. And when, on the last day of the session—appointments are always read out just before the Conference adjourns *sine die*—I sat with two hundred men, who, like myself, were waiting for the Bishop to announce our fields of labor for another year, I think I must have had some of the feelings of a soldier just on the eve of battle. The Bishop read slowly, allowing the secretary to copy his announcements—first the name of the charge and then the name of the preacher. I was sitting with a neighbor-boy who, like myself, had just been accepted by the Conference. The Bishop came to his name first, giving him a place as junior preacher on the hardest work, perhaps, in the whole territory embraced in the Conference. And then, after some time, which really seemed very long, he came to me. “———,” he read, and then, after the secretary had written the name, he read out my name. And I was delighted. The town was only twenty-five miles from my home, the circuit seemed very desirable for many reasons, and I really felt flattered by the appointment. But my rejoicing was not for long. I discovered in a little while that the course of the itinerant is like the course of true love, in that it doesn’t always run smoothly.

I left home about the 1st of January with a small trunk that held a few clothes and a small number of books, and about three dollars in money, which some of my friends were kind enough to give me. The welcome I received was about as cold as the day’s ride in an open buggy had been. Things were in confusion. The town church had been cut off from a strong circuit, and associated with it were three weak churches. The people

of the town church had held a meeting and passed resolutions to the effect that, “if they were not restored to their original circuit, they would withdraw from the connection.” There was nothing for me to do but to wait until the proper authorities decided the question at issue, and to go on with my work with as little friction as might be. On Saturday before the first Sunday I walked four miles thru the snow, facing a bitter northwest wind, to one of the country churches, and found two brethren awaiting me. To these I talked on some verses of the Thirty-fourth Psalm. The next day more came, and I preached on Philipians 3: 13, 14. That first week I visited and prayed with fifteen families, walking five and six miles a day thru the mud and melting snow.

I remained on this circuit about three weeks, when I was ordered by my presiding elder to go to the ——— mission. Here I had some new towns on a new line of railroad, with two country churches, to which I walked over roads that were little better than bridle paths. The country was hilly and much broken, the people outside of the towns lived in very plain houses, often with only one room, my fare for days together, when away from home, was only coarse corn bread, fat bacon, and coffee without cream or sugar—and not a church on the work had a stove, or was ceiled. One of them was even without a door shutter. But the people were kind, open-hearted folk, my boarding place was very agreeable and I was quite contented. I remained here two years, receiving an average salary of about \$165 a year. I paid my landlady ten dollars a month, from which she deducted the time that I was away from home. I bought as many books as my salary would warrant, but it was years after this before I had a full set of commentaries on the Bible, or anything in the way of an encyclopedia. This lack forced me to be my own commentator, which I have continued to be most of my life since. I have found that it is better to read the Bible than to read about it.

The next year I had a circuit with two towns and four country churches, and which paid me less than \$150. The fourth year, however, I got on better. I

had a charge that embraced six churches, all in a rough country, and twenty-five miles from one extreme to another. I rode this circuit on a mule, which, together with board, washing and the kindest attention, was furnished me by Brother H——, for eight dollars a month. My home was in the country, three miles from the post office, and I did the most satisfactory year's reading of my whole life. Brother H's wife was the hardest worked woman I have ever known, I think. She cooked, did her washing and house-cleaning, milked a cow or two, looked after three small children, and found time to help her husband in the field. I received about \$300 this year, and saved enough out of it to buy a beautiful pony the next year.

I spent the next three years in the county of ———. Here I had much success in my work. A great revival swept over the county, in which others were more useful than myself, and I received about 175 into the Church. Five young men, who are now preachers, took their start in religious work during these years, and I call them "my boys."

After being in the itinerancy nine years, I decided to marry. I had received an average salary of \$200 a year, but I was assured by my presiding elder that if I would marry, better provision would be made for me. I found a sensible, religious country girl, who, after some persuasion, consented to share my itinerant lot, and so, just before Conference met, we were married, and went to the session a very happy bridal couple. And we got a good appointment.

Our first parsonage was a three-room cottage, unpainted, with only one room ceiled, and a little veranda, on which morning glories were trained to grow in great luxuriance that summer. We remained here two years, during which the church prospered greatly. About a hundred members were taken in, and the finances of the charge improved considerably; and our salary of some \$450 a year gave us a comfortable support. Our first child was born this year, a boy, who is nearly eighteen now.

The most trying period of my life came some years later. We spent some

time in a malarial section of the State, and my nervous system was so much affected by this poison, that I was unable to preach for several months. And before I had fully recovered from this attack the mother of my children sickened and died of rapid consumption. She left me with three children, six, nine and twelve years of age respectively, with no settled home, and health much broken. But I was among my kindred at the time, my old mother came to my house, and after a year and a half, I found another good woman as my wife, and the mother of my children.

I have now been an itinerant Methodist preacher almost twenty-eight years. My salary, since I was married, has averaged \$380 a year, exclusive of house rent. I have only once or twice left a circuit in debt to any one in it, and am today free from financial embarrassment. I am now serving my twentieth pastoral charge, and these frequent changes from one pastorate to another, which have in one or two instances involved moves of two hundred miles or more, have greatly added to the expenses of the work. I have paid out three or four hundred dollars in railroad and hack fares, and in freight charges, besides the loss incident to breaking up and moving from one place to another. I have kept a horse fifteen years, and a buggy about a dozen, have had one horse to die and another to go blind, and the buggy I now have is almost like the wonderful one-horse chaise, just before that classic vehicle went to pieces. My sight is sufficient to enable me to drive over plain and familiar roads.

We find it necessary to be economical. Our living is simple. In the morning we have biscuit and butter and bacon gravy, with a little ham now and then, and chicken in the Summer, and fresh pork—when our neighbors furnish it—in Winter. We also have coffee for my wife and myself, and "kettle tea" for the children. At dinner, we have vegetables, such as beans, potatoes and corn, during the summer, with good bread, home-made, and sometimes a simple dessert. At supper, which we generally have about night-fall, we have bread and butter, with fruit, when we can get it, and milk or tea. We have occupied nine

different parsonages, and attached to these have generally been lots large enough for a good garden and sundry patches. On our present lot we hope to make a light bale of cotton this year. I usually buy one good suit of clothes every two or three years, which I save for marriages, funerals and strictly Sunday wear, making less costly clothes answer for everyday wear. These best suits usually cost about fifteen dollars, and I get them ready-made out of the stores. My wife usually makes her own dresses, and does most of the sewing for the family. We keep no servants, but put out the washing and ironing, which costs about fifty cents a week. We generally rise about six, have breakfast an hour later, the little girls go to school, after washing the dishes—my son has been away from home most of the time for a year, attending school—and my wife and I put things to rights in our room, and then sit down for a quiet morning's work. I find the hours before twelve o'clock in the day much the best time in the whole twenty-four for study. I find it hard to be regular in my habits of study. A trip of six to twelve miles in the country must be made every other week to preach at the churches away from my home, and the demand for visiting is a constant draft on my time. My preaching has been plain, and extemporaneous, after careful general preparation. I have tried to take the great themes of the Bible and present them in such ways and words as would bring them within the comprehension of the common people. I have had pastoral connection with about one hundred different congregations, in twenty-four different counties of my native State, and I am sure I have preached to at least fifty thousand different people. I have received about one thousand members into the Church, and have seen a number of gracious revivals. I have reason to know that I have done some good and reason to believe that I have done some of which I have had no knowledge. A few years ago, at a Conference session, I was introduced to a young preacher, who said, "Why, I know you already. At ——— campground, some ten or twelve years ago, I heard you preach on Sunday night. Under that sermon I

was convicted and converted, and so were fifteen others." And this man had been preaching several years, tho I had never met him before.

I have gathered a collection of good books, but have not been able to buy many new works as they have come from the press. I have not yet gotten over my penchant for literary work, and recently have written a novel, which seems not good enough, or mayhap, bad enough, to meet the demands of publishers. It deals with a living question, tho it is not a "problem" novel. The scene is laid in the South, but there is not a "Colonel," nor a "Judge" in it, a fact which ought to commend it to the favor of intelligent people.

I suppose I have been hindered in my work by my defective sight. At any rate, I have been told a number of times that nothing but this stood in the way of my promotion. But it has not hindered me from traveling some of the largest and hardest circuits in my Conference. But it has saved me from the envy and jealousy of other preachers, and that is something to be thankful for. This same defective sight has had its compensations in many ways. The world in which I have lived has had more mysteries in it than the world of those who see well, and larger room for imagination, and for those poetic fancies which give the earth and sky and sun and stars a beauty that is not otherwise their own. And there have been other compensations. The very effort necessary to acquire the knowledge that I have gathered has made me husband it all the more carefully. I could not lightly throw away that which cost me so much.

I have been a conservative in thought and faith. Two great facts in my experience, my conversion and my call to the ministry, have served as mordants to my faith. I have believed that it was my business to find out the truths, and not the errors of the Bible. My observation of men, and my reading of history, have taught me that the men who have had largest influence with God and their fellows, have been the men who have adhered most steadfastly to the standards of faith. Upon the whole, as Horace Bushnell says, it has been a great thing to me to have lived.

Literature

A History of Egypt*

PROFESSOR BREASTED has unusual qualifications to write a history of Egypt. He has not only made prolonged study of the monuments in the museums of Europe and in Egypt, but has edited a series of four volumes of Egyptian historical texts translated into English. He is a student not merely of the hieroglyphic texts, but also of the figured monuments.

It is to be expected of every student that he will emphasize, if not exaggerate, the importance of his own department of study. We see an instance of it in Professor Breasted's Preface, in which he speaks of the influence of the Valley of the Nile on the earliest civilization of Southern Europe. He says:

"Had the Euphrates flowed into the Mediterranean likewise, our debt to Babylon would have been correspondingly as great as that which we owe to the Nile Valley. It is to Egypt that we must look as the dominant power, in the Mediterranean basin, whether by force of arms or by sheer weight of superior civilization thruout the earliest career of man in Southern Europe, and for long after the archaic age had been superseded by higher culture."

This is an extreme statement. The Euphrates Valley, including Chaldea and Assyria, controlled and influenced the Asiatic and Ionian coasts and islands for a much longer time, and much more intimately than did Egypt. Greek mythology and art owe more to the Euphrates than to the Nile. To be sure, for a period of two or three centuries of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, Egypt ruled Syria, but even then Egyptian correspondence with her subject rulers was by the Babylonian writing and language. One is surprised to see how little Egyptian influence there is in the early Minoan period of Cretan art, and even down to the close of the Mycenaean period. Professor Breasted finds an Egyptian priest holding a sis-

trum and leading the agricultural procession in the wonderful bowl of Phaestos, but we can see no more Egyptian influence in it than in the shouting figures that follow. Indeed, the early Cretan art surprises us by its native originality.

This is a most valuable and interesting work. It gives us what, until very lately, it was impossible to get—a sane idea of the prehistoric period, and of the first dynasties. The earliest recorded date the author makes to be 4241 B. C., when the people of the Delta introduced the calendar year of 365 days. Menes, founder of the First Dynasty, united the two kingdoms of the Delta and the Upper Nile about 3400 B. C. It will be seen that these figures are not as preposterous as those which we used to hear of, and which depended on Manetho.

Perhaps the most interesting figure in all Egyptian history is the Heretic King, whom the author calls, Ikhnaton, but who has usually been called Khuenaten. To his reforms especial attention is given, and his attempt to introduce a purer monotheism, the worship of the Supreme God, under the form of the rays of the sun. The author considers him as a religious dreamer, at a time when a statesman was needed. But dreamer as he was, he did more for both religion and art than any other man Egypt ever produced, and is a fascinating character in history, altho the time was not ripe for such a reformer.

We must not fail to mention the wealth of illustrations excellently selected. For special features we must go to other volumes, such as those that figure for us, as does Budge in his two sumptuous volumes, the representations of the gods. But nowhere can we find a clearer account of the general history of Egypt, as known to us by the latest studies and excavations carried on by the numerous societies and individuals at work in the Nile Valley. Fortunately the rule of Great Britain now makes it easy to do this work, and the Government gives free permission, under wise supervision.

* A HISTORY OF EGYPT FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PERSIAN CONQUEST. With two hundred illustrations and maps. By James Henry Breasted, Ph.D., Professor of Egyptology in the University of Chicago. 8vo. Pp. xxix, 634. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

The Principles of Heredity*

THERE is no department of the biological sciences in which there are more loose ideas with regard to heredity than in medicine. As the general public derives not a little of its information and most of its suggestive expressions, with regard to this important subject, from physicians, this is especially unfortunate. It is not unusual to hear it said: "It is not surprising that So-and-so is suffering from stomach trouble or from heart disease, since his mother or his father before him suffered from the same affection." It is not realized that this suggested relation of cause and effect presupposes that acquired characteristics are the subject of inheritance; that is, that some accidental modification of a living being can be transmitted to the immediate descendants. For this there is absolutely no evidence in biology, and the whole problem of heredity, so complex in its details, would be wonderfully simplified if such expressions were true.

It seems especially fortunate, then, that Dr. Reid should have written his book on heredity mainly for the members of the medical profession. As he says, little or no direct instruction in this important subject is given to medical students, and, in English at least, there does not exist even a text book on heredity to which they may refer. It is with the idea of supplying this unfortunate lacuna that his book has been written. There is no doubt that he has made an extremely interesting and suggestive volume. Most of the wonderful details of inheritance, of structure and instinct that are the very fairy tale of biology find their place in his treatment of the subject, and what he has written is evidently the result of wide reading and serious logical thinking with regard to the many intricate questions involved. At the same time his work is seldom technical, and will be nearly always readily intelligible even by those who are not familiar with the strictly biological terminology of the subject.

In treating of heredity for physicians certain medical aspects of questions have been very naturally insisted on. The

facts of acquired immunity and consequent evolution against disease are used to make clear certain of the underlying principles of a correct theory of heredity. There is no doubt that after a time nations acquire a certain immunity to disease by exposure, and that, on the other hand, tribes and peoples like our Indians, and the South Sea Islanders, who have not been so exposed, fall ready and almost infallible victims even to such comparatively mild diseases as measles and whooping cough. Even the severer diseases of civilization, such as tuberculosis and smallpox, rage with excessive virulence among peoples that have not hitherto been exposed to their ravages.

Dr. Reid's unflinching application to social problems of Weismann's theory of the non-inheritance of acquired characteristics has aroused a great deal of discussion because some of his deductions cast grave doubts upon many of our sociological, educational and philanthropic methods. For example, he opposes all prohibitive legislation on alcoholic liquor on the ground that the only safety is the acquired immunity of the race which comes from long "exposure" to alcohol, causing the extirpation of the drunkards by bringing them to early graves:

"We have seen that just as all races undergo protective evolution against other stringently selective agents of elimination, so various races of mankind have undergone evolution against certain narcotics" [and] "are now happily injured by the presence of almost unlimited supplies of alcohol (or other lethal narcotics). Nature, in effect, has carried on a great and successful scheme of temperance reform, but on lines opposite to those advocated by human reformers. She has eliminated drunkards; temperance reformers propose to eliminate drink."

Another of his paradoxical conclusions challenges the common opinion that a race degenerates by living in cities:

"Country blood does not strengthen city blood. It weakens it, for it has been less thoroughly purged of weak elements. . . . The history of civilization is, in effect, the history of the gradual evolution of the power to resist the lethal influences which surround the town dwellers. . . . Slum life weakens individuals exposed to it; but this acquired weakness is not transmitted to offspring. On

* THE PRINCIPLES OF HEREDITY, with some applications, By Archdall Reid. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.

the contrary, owing to the increased elimination of the unfit, slum life strengthens the race."



For Tourists in Great Britain

WE are not a nation of walkers for walking's sake; our trolley systems have spoiled us, and most of us are strangers to the wayside. To Wordsworth and his sister, a twenty to thirty mile walk was a mere bagatelle; yet only the other day we exclaimed marvellously because a college president went from New York to Princeton afoot.

The literature of travel becomes much more vital when connected with personal interest. Who would not rather read Dorothy Wordsworth's journals, than the most accurate matter-of-fact record of the Scotch Highlands, accounting for every stick and stone? And all this as a preamble to the statement that in the new volume belonging to the "Highways and Byways Series." J. B. Firth¹ has described sympathetically the Derbyshire country, so that he who walks may read. There are maps to point the roads, there are detailed scene pictures, there are pen drawings by Nelly Ericksen, done with feeling, but not with the delicacy of Joseph Pennell—and there are literary allusions that sprinkle the way with legendary and human interest—but above all, there is a style that stamps the book as more than a guide, yet takes nothing away from its usefulness. The author loves the region he describes.

We are yet too young for our cities to realize their history; we tear down landmarks and put up new steel structures in their stead. New York is a notable example, and it is whispered even in England, that trade is rapidly producing a new London. Mr. Hemstreet has, in his "Literary Landmarks of New York," given us the city of Irving's day, of Poe's day—so changed from that of the present. But in such a book as *Shakespeare's London*,² written by Professor Stephenson, of Indiana University, the historical value is all in all to the tourist who attempts to trace the town of Queen Bess's time. The streets are very faithfully detailed, and fact is sup-

plemented by ample quotations from various writers. And for general reading interest, the chapters on the Elizabethans, the theatres, and taverns and tavern life, prove themselves of uncommon value. The volume is compact, and is intended more for the library than for the satchel.

There is another way of taking a section of a country; by applying the methods of Cuvier, in constructing that far-famed annual of his. This is what Gordon Home, in text and picture, has done in his *The Evolution of an English Town*³—where he tells the story of Pickering in Yorkshire. We are carried from glacial times to 1905, while forest and vale are discussed, century by century, and legends are unfolded generation by generation. The book is one of student spirit, and tho Mr. Home is himself very close to the region he describes, the antiquarian value overshadows the natural feeling and the sociological unity. The book commends itself to special readers more than to the general traveler.

The historical perspective of Edinburgh is admirably given by Oliphant Smeaton⁴, who surveys the city from Arthur's Seat to the Castle, and from King Edwin of the Seventh Century to King Edward of the Twentieth. Like all the other volumes of this "Medieval Towns Series," the book is compact, comprehensive and portable, and conveniently arranged in walks to points of historic, literary and ecclesiastical interest in the city and its environs.

Yet in these several accounts we detect a happy departure; the tourist literature must, or ought to, create feeling as well as supply fact, foster interest as well as meet utilitarian need. And these new books seem to do this. The interest in travel they create is a good influence, for the intimate knowledge of foreign countries and strange peoples is in itself a liberal education. There has always been discussion with us about reducing carfare from five to three cents. On our suburban lines, let us raise the fare exorbitantly in the hope of creating *walkers*. Then away with the dry-as-dust guide books!

¹ HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DERBYSHIRE. By J. B. Firth. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

² SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00 net.

³ THE EVOLUTION OF AN ENGLISH TOWN. By Gordon Home. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

⁴ THE STORY OF EDINBURGH. By Oliphant Smeaton. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.20.

Shelburne Essays. Third Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

This new volume of literary studies, originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *THE INDEPENDENT* and the *New York Evening Post*, following so soon after the Second Series, gives reason for hoping that American literature may yet have twenty-seven volumes of *Lundis* to compare with Sainte-Beuve's. In many respects Mr. More is of the same type of mind, and when we find in his essay on Sainte-Beuve the following passage on the importance of the work of the literary critic, as compared with the creative writer, we are justified in regarding as in some degree Mr. More's *apologia pro vita sua* in devoting his talents to criticism.

"No stigma attaches to the work of the historian who recreates the political activities of an age, to a Gibbon who raises a vast bridge between the past and the present. Yet, certainly, the best and most durable acts of mankind are the ideals and emotions that go to make up its books; and to describe and judge the literature of a country, to pass under review a thousand systems and reveries, to point out the meaning of each, and so write the annals of the human spirit, to pluck out the heart of each man's mystery and set it before the mind's eye quivering with life—if this be not a labor of immense creative energy the word has no sense to my ears. We read and enjoy, and the past slips unceasingly from our memory. We are like the foolish peasant: the river of history rolls at our feet, and forever will roll, while we stand and wait. And then comes this magician, who speaks a word, and suddenly the current is stopped; who has power like the wizards of old to bid the tide turn back upon itself, and the past becomes to us as the present, and we are made the lords of time."

If Mr. More is able to realize his ideal of the high calling of the critic he will eventually be able to exert an influence on American literature like that of Brunetière on French. His method is, however, very different from what Brunetière's professes to be, "impersonal, objective, scientific." It is Mr. More's personal austerity of mind which leads him, for example, to revolt at Browning's glorification of the physical nature of man, and to hold that an uncloistered nun like Christina Rossetti is a more normal type of womanhood than Mrs. Browning, with her frankly expressed passion. The last essay in the book on the quest for something per-

manent in this universe of flux and change is of especial interest because it follows closely the lines of Karl Pearson's familiar argument in "The Grammar of Science," yet he comes to a very different practical conclusion.



Five Years in a Persian Town. By Napier Malcolm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

Mr. Malcolm does not profess to write a book of travels; but he has lived in Yezd, one of the most important cities of Central Persia, long enough to form an accurate conception of the character of the inhabitants and to study their manners and customs, their material organization and their social, economical and religious life. He has done so with a thoroughness that would have been impossible if he had to deal with a wider arena. The picture he draws of the Yezdi is not very flattering, and perhaps he is a little too much inclined to judge them according to European standards. But he has the seeing eye and the capacity to make us see what perhaps we might not have been able to see for ourselves if we had his experience. There are some charming descriptions of the scenery and scenic surroundings of the city. Mr. Malcolm believes that the peculiar landscape and atmospheric effects of the desert in which Yezd is situated influence the character of the people. A keen, but quiet and unobtrusive, sense of the humorous aspects of things runs thru the author's pictures of Yezdi life and enhance the attractiveness of the volume.



American Insects. By V. L. Kellogg. New York: Holt & Co., pp. 673, 812 text figures, 13 colored plates. \$5.

In this book Professor Kellogg, of Stanford University, endeavors to provide, in a single volume, a general systematic account of all principal groups of American insects, together with special accounts of their structure, functions, embryological development, metamorphosis and their economical and environmental (ecological) relations. The general principles of insect structure and function are set forth in the first three chapters, which the author strongly recommends to those readers who want to dip here and there into the ac-

counts of habits and kinds of insects given in later chapters. However, it is true that, open it at random, the book is "easy reading" and entertaining to one who has a general interest in insects. Following twelve chapters devoted to the description of American representatives of the various insect orders, there are interesting chapters on the relation of insects to flowers, colors and their uses, insects as carriers of diseases affecting man and certain domesticated animals, and notes on collecting and rearing insects. In short, it seems that nothing needed to make this a complete guide to the study of our American insects has been omitted. The style of the book is in general popular and adapted to the average intelligent reader. Technical terms are used when necessary, but they are fully explained in the text, with convenient references in the index for the use of casual readers. *American Insects* will be useful to the enthusiastic amateur entomologist, who wants a general natural history of insects, to the library where a popular reference book is needed, and to the special laboratory of zoology and entomology. In this special library the book may well take its place beside the famous "Guide to the Study of Insects," by the late Professor Packard, and the "Manual of Insects," by Professor Comstock, of Cornell University, which for a number of recent years has been the standard reference volume for students of American insects.

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Kipps. *The Story of a Simple Soul.* By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Was Mr. Wells ever a draper's apprentice? He must have been, to get the intimate knowledge of the psychology of this species of human being, which he shows in "The Wheels of Chance" and this new novel. It is a picture of English life, with all its snobbery and conventionality, as-seen thru the eyes of one of a despised class, who suddenly finds himself, like Christopher Sly, raised above his "proper station." Kipps's misery in the London hotel where, in spite of his newly acquired wealth, he felt the contempt of those around him, who all knew how to eat and what to wear, and where he could not maintain

his self-respect by the most lavish tipping, is vividly described in a chapter wherein humor and pathos are mingled, or rather combined, in a manner worthy of Dickens. The futile attempt of his wife, Ann the ex-housemaid, to build a little house and convenient for work, is one of many amusing incidents which show how impossible it is to have one's own way in this world, even tho one has plenty of money. Doubtless they do things better in Utopia. Altho Mr. Wells has promised to stop making excursions into the future in his time machine, he has not dropped his interest in social questions, for the sharp satire, which underlies this amusing tale, shows that he is still the reformer.



Mount Desert. *A History.* By George E. Street. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

Many who have visited the interesting island of Mount Desert, have wondered what the early history of that region might be. Most timely is this book by Dr. Street, which is the only history of the island ever written. The first colony in Mount Desert was established by the Jesuit priests at Somesville, in 1613, but was destroyed next year by the English. A century and a half passed before the first permanent settlers came from Massachusetts. In 1814 an attempt by the English to land and burn the ships, drawn up on the beach, was repulsed with heavy losses by the scanty but loyal population. In recent years the island has become one of the favorite Summer resorts on our Atlantic Coast. The book is well illustrated with views of the island and contains also an excellent map.



Persons and Places. By Joel Benton. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.25.

"And did you once see Shelley plain?" is the constant demand of each generation upon the preceding. It is this desire to form a living connection with distinguished individuals that calls forth such reminiscences as these. Mr. Joel Benton came into casual contact with many people we want to know about—Emerson, Thoreau, Matthew Arnold, Horace Greeley, Barnum and Bryant—and he chats about them in a pleasant

way, tho without contributing anything very novel or important to our knowledge of these men.



Literary Notes

THE "Martineau Year Book," published by J. H. West Co., Boston (75 cents), contains extracts from the sermons of Dr. Martineau for every day in the year.

.... McClurg & Co., Chicago, are publishing a "Library of Standard Biographies" in light, convenient volumes at 50 cents each, in stamped red cloth binding. Recent issues are Agnes Strickland's "Queen Elizabeth," Lockhart's "Sir Walter Scott," Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell" and Lockhart's "Robert Burns."

.... Adirondack Murray, the apostle of outdoor life, should not be forgotten now that his call to the wild is obeyed by so many thousands. Mr. Harry V. Radford's brief biographical appreciation of the man and his work should therefore find a welcome. (Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 50 cents.)

.... The announcement that Scribners have published a new edition of "Fisherman's Luck," by the Rev. Harry Van Dyke, is not startling news. Many editions have been coming out in the six years since it first appeared, and will continue to be published for an indefinite number of years to come, for it is one of the most charming books of outdoor life ever written.

.... Tourists in Italian art galleries generally find their chief deficiency is a lack of knowledge of ecclesiastical history and legends, which prevents them from understanding and appreciating what they see. "Franciscan Legends in Italian Art," by Emma Gurney Salter (Dutton, New York. \$1.50), is very complete in its account of the Franciscan pictures in the chambers and galleries of Italy.

.... "The Rulers of the South," Marion Crawford's delightful history of Southern Italy and Sicily, has been reprinted by the Macmillan Company, in one volume for \$2.50, with the original illustrations and maps. It was first published in 1900, and reviewed in THE INDEPENDENT in volume liii p. 677. Nothing has appeared since to displace it as the most readable history of Southern Italy.

.... Stevenson lovers—and this term includes all sensible people—will be glad to be reminded again of Scribner's "Biographical Edition" of Stevenson's complete works, with prefaces by Mrs. Stevenson. Three new volumes recently issued contain "The Wrong Box," the strange adventures of a corpse, written in collaboration with Lloyd Osborne; "Complete Poems," and "St. Ives," his last and, as he thought, his greatest work, which is here completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch. These handy volumes are sold at \$1.00 in cloth, or \$1.25 in limp leathers.

.... A book which we earnestly desire should have a large circulation is Frank Vizetelly's

"The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer." (Funk & Wagnall's, New York, 75 cents). It would save editors a great deal of trouble if the information it contains were more generally known to those who write. (An author would not have to make very many corrections in his proof sheets to find his bill for such avoidable changes amounts to a dozen times the price of his book.) We are glad to see that the author lays emphasis upon the recommendations of the American and British Philological Associations and United States Board of Geographical Names, to secure simpler and more uniform spelling



Pebbles

BART HASWELL, who was married last week, came out on his front porch this morning and kicked the dog twice. Is marriage a failure?—*Waitsburg (Mo.) Record*.

.... A number of people were seated at a hotel table eating dinner. A man put cream on honey. "That's a funny dish," a woman said. "Well, if it's funny," the man replied, "let's laugh."—*Atchison Globe*.

.... A man wished to sell a pig. So he wrote a bookseller, "I have an animal for sale, do you buy animals, and what do you give, and if you buy, how do you pay, in cash or trade, and do I pay the freight or do you? Answer quick as I have quoted the animal to five or six other dealers, and the one that will give the most takes the animal. Yours to command. G. Wash. Spooks." N. B. (By dealer). Note that he does not mention the animal by name. How tender hearted!—*The American Grocer*.

.... Once upon an evening dismal.

I handed her a paroxysmal
Kiss, and spoke her name baptismal,
Spoke her name—it was Lenore;
Ah, she was a scrumptious creature,
Glib of tongue and fair of feature,
But, alas! I couldn't teach her,
For she had been there before—
And she winked at me and murmured,
Murmured the one word: "Encore!"
Only that—and nothing more.

—*Chicago News*.

.... The Bishop of Manchester, at the Episcopal Church Conference in Weymouth, England, last month, defending religious instruction in the schools, and urging that it should be specific church teaching, solemnly warned his hearers that "fear of proselytism waters the weekly religious lesson down into the dry bones and dust of a somewhat hazy Jewish history." That is rather more complicated than the prayer of an evangelist welcoming the first fruits of a revival: "We thank thee for this spark of grace. Water it, O Lord. water it." But both these efforts were outdone by a political speaker warning the public against the imposition of heavier tariffs on imports, when he said, "If you don't stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, you'll pump it dry."—*Congregationalist*.

Editorials

A Further Hope for Russia

WE still believe and hope the best for Russia. We still believe in Witte. We still believe that out of this horrible confusion, out of these warring factions, these riots and massacres, the young century presages liberty, political reorganization and peace.

Why do we believe it? Partly because it is what we want to believe. We have faith that what ought to be, will be, if there can be half a chance for it. When a country is aroused the right has essential force beyond its share of physical force. There is a general law of God that right shall prevail. Mightier even than the sword of Launcelot, is that of Galahad, "because his heart is pure."

And it looks as if the hour has come for the victory of liberty in Russia. This week has seen rapid progress. Last week we rejoiced to chronicle the announcement of representative constitutional government. This week we have to add, under the same compulsion of the people, amnesty for political prisoners and the full restoration of her ancient rights to Finland. Here again the Czar submits to the clamorous will of his people. We believe—we choose to believe—that Witte does this willingly. Whether the Czar Nicholas does it willingly is no matter for consideration, because he has no will to be considered. Of course, the Grand Ducal cabal of corruptionists and enemies of all good are bitterly against it, and are fighting it all they can. We choose to believe that in this year of grace for Russia Liberty is stronger than Despotism.

There are two extremes of antagonism to the present movement for constitutional government led by Witte. One is the party of Socialists, the radicals, guided by exiled patriots, who have no faith in Nicholas or Witte, who wish to overthrow the entire structure of monarchy and put in its place an absolute republic of their own making. They declare the constitution to be a coward's pretense, and they resent and resist it

with violence and refuse to be pacified. On the other hand are the reactionaries, who trust in gatling guns when the policemen's whips fail. They would rule by Trepoff. They are enraged at the concessions, and they join hands of violence with the radicals to discredit Witte's whole policy. It is their cue to prove to the Czar that these concessions will not bring tranquillity, and tranquillity they will not have if they have to provoke uprisings and massacres to prevent it. In no other way is it easy to explain the disturbances in southern Russia. It is not so strange that in the Baku region the Moslems should attack the Armenians, but that in Odessa and Kishnef the mob should pillage and murder the Jews, was at first surprising. The Jews would be sure to be with the revolutionists, and ought to be safe from their associates. But here some one stirs up the mob to attack the Jews, and the police look on with pleasure; so that they seem to have had orders from above. Those orders could not have come from Witte, who married a Jewess. They are believed to have come from the Grand Ducal officials, who still hold the offices and are slow to give up their power. So here are two extreme factions opposed to peace, whose interest it is to keep the pot boiling, violence and murder in the centers of population; the one party that they may overthrow the dynasty, the other that they may restore its privileges and perquisites.

Between them stands Witte, who seems to be the only man that has yet risen above the horizon. If the radicals had only developed a man they might have driven the Czar to Denmark. Or if one of the opulent Grand Dukes or any minister of theirs had shown any force equal to the emergency, he might have dominated the Czar and the situation. But only Witte there is, who possesses sense and will, the two elements that make a man. He knew enough to yield, and he, the man who knew not how to yield at Portsmouth, has known enough now to yield further. He had to

prove to the better and saner people that the Russian Reformation had come, the renaissance of liberty. It took a brave man to create the constitution when it was almost too late; it took a brave man to accept immediately the verdict of the people that if he were in earnest in granting the constitution he must prove it by liberating the political prisoners and exiles; and he added to the proof by restoring her rights to Finland.

With Witte will stand the middle class, the most influential, we believe and hope. They are putting an end to the strikes; they have set the railroads running. They are the ones who rejoiced and sang in the streets and filled the churches with joy when they first heard the great announcement. The next day the revolutionaries had their innings and tried to persuade the people that they could not trust the promises so often broken. Now, we believe, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, the two cities which will decide the matter, peace seems to be returning, and there are soldiers enough to prevent any such violence as has killed a thousand men in Odessa. The provinces do not count for much, so long as the army finds no leader, such as seized thrones in the time of the Roman Empire. That would be civil war; but here it is only seditious violence, which will not disturb the two capitals, but only adds noise as accompaniment to the tune which Witte sings.

The people, we believe, will give these promises one more trial to learn if they will be kept. If within one month the prisoners are released; if elections to the Duma are ordered on the basis of a general suffrage; if Trepoff is removed and a firm man with a gentle hand takes his place, and really allows freedom of the press, freedom of worship, freedom from arbitrary arrests; then the people of Russia will be content to leave the semblance of power in the feeble hands of the Czar. But woe to the Czar, and to Witte also, if the people have to rise again, and again use that now terrible weapon of the political strike, and fill the streets, and call the soldiers to fraternize with them, and send the last of the Romanoffs to end his peaceful days on a foreign shore.

More Martyrs in China

BUT why were they killed? That is the question for us.

It was chiefly a medical mission. Now hospitals are popular in China. The natives come to them in multitudes. Thousands had been treated in this hospital at Lienchau. There was no local ill will towards this hospital or these missionaries. We only have the first, most unsatisfactory reports of the occasion of this outbreak. One report has it that a female missionary tried to take an idol away from people that were worshipping it. Other reports are as improbable as this. All we seem to know is that there was a great celebration in the city, which probably brought in a number of outside people of the turbulent sort, and in some way they were excited against the missionaries and the hospital; that they attacked it and found there a skeleton used for instruction, and carried it into the street as a proof of the cruelties to Chinese practiced in the hospital. They then tried to kill the entire force of Americans. The missionaries fled to a cave, and there five of them were taken and killed, and two others escaped, wounded, to the prefect's house. One of those who escaped was Dr. Machle, who had lived peaceably as a medical missionary for thirty years, but his wife and daughter were killed; also the female physician, Dr. Chestnut, and the Rev. Mr. Peale and his wife. The buildings were destroyed.

But, again, why were they killed? It is impossible to doubt that this was an ebullition, stirred up by fanatic patriotism, of the fresh outbreak against all Americans on account of our treatment of Chinese. A letter was received in this country from Mr. Peale, just after he had been killed, which anticipated trouble. He said:

"The interest in the boycott is vital to the missionaries. Heretofore the Americans always enjoyed special favor, and to fly the American flag meant protection; but it is different now. No personal violence has been attempted, but the people are less cordial and more suspicious. People in China are not asking that their coolies be allowed entrance into the States, but they only ask that the Americans cease treating the Chinese with contempt and allow her merchants and students the same privileges that other foreigners receive."

This letter throws light on the matter. Some trifling affair was the excuse for the outbreak, but the occasion back of it was the general anger against the United States, expressed in the universal boycott, and aroused by the treatment which our United States laws and United States officials have given to respectable Chinese visiting this country. It is the San Francisco Sand Lots that are responsible for this massacre, and the politicians who are afraid of these political hoodlums. We are glad to recall that THE INDEPENDENT has from the beginning opposed and condemned the legislation which has had the approval of both parties. We have seen no reason why a yellow man should not have the same right to come here and work and live as has a German or an Englishman, nor any reason why a yellow man should be forbidden the privilege of American citizenship. On this matter we make no compromise, no concession.

These five men and women were murdered by our American Congress. This boycott which is now costing our merchants so much was fomented by our American Congress. Every man who voted for exclusion and humiliating treatment of Chinese at our ports of entry, and every delegate in national conventions who urged Congress to take this action, must accept his share in these murders and this boycott. We take none.

This movement in China against America is no act of a minority; it represents entire China, in all its ranks, protesting against a treatment which dishonors the yellow race. The highest officers of the Chinese Court are in this matter, are with the common people. We ask our readers to read between the lines the following communication sent last August to the American Minister at Peking:

"The Chinese merchants have full liberty to buy or refuse to buy American or other merchandise. Altho we have exhorted these merchants not to act as they have, our appeal has been without effect. We declare that this opposition is not directed by our Court, and we beg your noble Government not to charge us with it. We strongly desire that our Empire maintain friendly relations with your mighty Republic; and we earnestly pray that your generous President will interpret as liberally as possible the Chinese-American treaty rela-

tive to the immigration of Chinese laborers in America, in order that the Chinese-American commerce may remain prosperous."

Thus the court officially acknowledges that it cannot prevent the boycott, and in the same breath says that it is justified. Thus the entire people, from top to bottom, are turned against this country. Not in China alone, but in Japan, Tonkin and Cochin China the Chinese merchants have joined in the boycott. In China itself we hear of meetings called against the Americans even in small towns; of children running thru the streets and crying, "We will have no more American merchandise"; of a girl tearing off her garments on a public road because she learned that they were made of American stuff, and of placards against Americans affixed to the walls. And now comes the mischievous report that the Russians are charging that the boycott is organized by the Japanese so that they can drive out American competition. Meanwhile a Chinese writer in a native Tien-tsin paper congratulates his people that they "have shown themselves so civil and courteous in their opposition to the prohibition of Chinese laborers in America." We make no complaint of the civility or the justice of the Chinese boycott; but murder of Americans is another thing, and our Government will take a strong course in the matter, as we did when, five years ago, American citizens were murdered in Paoting-fo. And yet we are ashamed before China for our country in this matter. We have not been Christians. It is we that, by alien hands, have slain our own citizens.



Economic Independence

THE deepest feeling entering into the revolt of the people against "the money power" is the passionate love of every strong man and woman for independence. Whatever circumstance or tradition makes one human being the creature or "man" of another, arouses and should arouse the instincts of rebellion.

To men and women of the right sort it seems incredible and intolerable that slavery, serfdom and ecclesiastical tyranny should have been destroyed thruout the civilized world, only to make way for an economic dependence. The man who is

induced by existing industrial conditions to ask for employment, or to work for a salary, at the pleasure of an economic superior may have chosen his lot, but he is free only as a man is free on an ocean steamer. More comforts he undoubtedly does have, but he is even less secure. And we have to face the fact that modern industrial evolution is forcing a larger and larger proportion of the productive population into economic dependence.

Thus far in human history perfect economic independence has been enjoyed only by those individuals and communities that have obtained their livelihood directly from nature. Fisherfolk, hunters, pastoral communities and farmers owning the land that they till are in the strictest sense independent, so far as the economic life is concerned. Rarely have they been well-to-do. Nature has yielded them scant reward for much toil and brave daring. But they have been their own masters.

The desire for a more comfortable existence moves the many, and visions of wealth allure the ambitious few, to attempt other ways of livelihood. Men with the instincts of the trader develop business enterprises and draw around them craftsmen and laborers to work for hire. For a time the business man is as independent, in most respects, as the woodsman or the yeoman farmer, while his employee has sold his birthright of independence for a pottage of gewgaws and conveniences. But sooner or later the business man himself, the employer, the entrepreneur, ceases to be economically free. He finds that by his enterprise he has stimulated rivalry and built up busy towns and cities. These react upon him with resistless pressure. They subject his operations to rules and restrictions. He is told when, how and where he may trade. He is forced to combine with his competitors, to become a factor in a corporate whole. From that moment he is no more his own man than the wage earner is. He may any day be forced out of the very business that his own brain and enterprise have created.

All this transformation has its good side. Combination and the division of labor increase productive power and material well-being. The necessity of "getting on" with one's fellowmen de-

velops the social and moral sympathies. But these gains are bought at the price of an increasing subordination, and increasing uncertainty of employment.

There are two possible ways of resisting the tendency toward economic dependence. One lies thru combination among those whose initiative and security are endangered. It may be industrial or political. Sooner or later it becomes both industrial and political, and takes the form of a socialistic movement. The other way is the more radical program of a return to nature.

The socialistic plan is now ascendant. It is making a tremendous appeal to hard-pressed millions in every civilized land. It seems to offer both independence and material well-being. Its promise is great, and much of its promise will be made good. But it has its unalterable limitations. It can never restore full independence to the individual. By its very nature it demands a large absorption of the individual in the mass.

It is an interesting question, therefore, why there is so little zest for the radical reassertion of independence thru a return to Nature. There still remain enormous areas of workable but unoccupied land on the earth's surface, and the occupied land, not half tilled as yet, can be had for absurdly low prices. Why is there not a strong and swelling current of fearless, liberty-loving men from the dependent occupations into the great natural opportunities for independent life?

The trite answer to this question is, that "farming doesn't pay." Crops must be gotten to market, and the railroads and the middlemen, standing between the farmer and the consumer, absorb a large part of the husbandman's product. Now, this answer, perfectly true from one point of view, is from another, and far more important point of view, not true at all. It is not necessary to send crops to a market. The pioneer settlers of the Atlantic coast, of the Mississippi basin, of the Pacific slope, did not depend upon markets. They were not robbed by middlemen or by transportation companies. They produced for their own consumption, and consumed what they produced. The prevalent belief that under such conditions there can be no division of labor, no specialization, and,

therefore, no production beyond the bare necessities of life, is fallacious. In John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy" there is an interesting account of the extended barter and division of labor in Swiss agricultural communities that practically neither buy nor sell beyond the boundaries of the Canton. Yet they enjoy not only abundance, but also substantial comfort. Every mechanical craft is represented by its skilled artisans, every farmer exchanges produce with his neighbors. This is the home market idea and practice in its legitimate form. It is a spontaneous and natural co-operation "on the spot," whereby producer and consumer are really brought together, and all middleman's profits are saved.

It is not therefore because of any objective impossibility in the plan that thousands of economic dependents in modern industrial towns do not achieve independence thru the return to nature. It is because the imperious wish and the efficient will are lacking in themselves. They have lost the pioneering spirit of their forefathers. They have been dependents so long that they dread to act for themselves. They do not care enough about independence to enter upon a healthily strenuous life in order to get it.

We have no great fear of the socialistic movement, and we anticipate that it will achieve much by way of restoring independence to the multitude. But we also believe that the socialistic movement itself will need to be chastened by forces of quite another sort, if it is not itself to become tyrannical. We should like to see it balanced by a strong and steady movement back to nature and the primitive independence that life in immediate contact with nature insures.



The Salt of the Earth

THE stories of the lives of real men and women, which appear from time to time in THE INDEPENDENT, have, in many instances, been founded upon unhappy experiences. Apparently the authors choose to illustrate by the disappointments and hardships of their own lot the reason why the whole scheme of things is wrong. Reading the chronicles

of the women, the question is how they can possibly endure the martyrdoms they describe, as servants, or wives or even church workers. And it will be remembered that one man explained that he left the ministry in order to preserve his self-respect. There is nothing stimulating in the contemplation of such existences, no matter how much they appeal to our sympathies. It is not even healthy to wish to be like the best of them. One might wish to emulate the life of a hero, but it is morbid to want to become a martyr.

But in this issue the "Story of a Handicapped Life" shows why things hold together in spite of the fact that so many people are unhappy, abused or discouraged. There is a heroic leaven among us, men and women who know the power of overcoming. And more particularly the story shows in what elements the strength of the Methodist itinerancy really consists. A church composed of Bishops and prospective "great preachers" would not last from one General Conference to the next, because there would not be enough "good appointments" to go around. This is no reflection upon the head lights of the Methodist Church, nor of any other Church. A bishop may be, and often is, as good as any other good man; but he has his peculiar limitations. He is not fitted by grace to travel a "one-horse" circuit composed of six churches on a salary of \$150 a year. And nobody ever heard of one getting called to do such a thing. He may accomplish harder, greater things, but not that kind. It is only God who calls a man to the missions and poor churches described by the author of "A Handicapped Life." And no one but God can keep him in such service for twenty-eight years on an average salary of \$380. He could have earned more money making brooms and escaped the hardships of the roads which lay between those "one hundred congregations."

But it is not what a man wins always that makes him great; it is what he can afford to miss. And this preacher has missed most of the glories of this present world. He has never had even the "hope of advancement" which stimulates many a man in the ministry to

study harder and preach better than he would have done otherwise. But since there was no high place for him to look forward to occupying, he could afford to put his whole heart and mind in that "call" from just God. Doubtless he has enjoyed as many spiritual luxuries as any presiding elder he ever had. And he has been "a conservative in thought and faith." That is to say, he has missed the intellectually titillating sensation of enduring faith by the rational process. And possibly he has some erroneous ideas about the Old Testament Scriptures. But what does that matter to a man who has discovered that "the men who have had largest influence with God and their fellows have been men who adhered steadfastly to the standard of faith"! Many a philosopher who knows everything else does not know that. And it is not what a man knows that counts for so much, but it is what he hopes for and what he believes in.

He thinks he may have been "hindered in his work by his defective eyesight." Really it was a great help, because he was thus enabled to travel cheerfully "the largest and hardest circuits," when, if he had been less hindered by his misfortune, he might have been praying for "better appointments." This same defective sight, he has been told, is the only thing that stood in the way of "promotion." But it has "saved him from the envy and jealousy of other preachers." Being human, preachers are subject, like other men, to these infirmities of disposition; but it is especially fortunate to be delivered from their short-comings along this particular line; because, just to deceive themselves, preachers mix the finest kind of piety with their expressions of "envy and jealousy." They are never so disinterested in their opinions, so charitable in their criticisms, so damagingly right in their judgments, as when they take a notion to fetch a brother minister back who succeeds in getting too far ahead in the ecclesiastical procession.

But returning to our friend with the blessed handicap. He imagines people have been kinder to him because of his infirmity. It is astonishing how much good a blind man can find out about his fellows in this

wicked world which others with better vision never discover. The stories that have been told in THE INDEPENDENT harrow the mind with the revelations they contain of cruelties inflicted by everybody from husbands to deacon pillars in the church; but here is a man who has had to live and bring up a family upon a pittance, who has staggered blindly from one hard job to another because his more able-sighted brethren had the advantage, and *he* knew that people have been kinder to him because of his infirmity! The point is, he belongs to the number of those elect, for whom all things work together for good.

When God "calls" a man, he does not see an easy time even if he has good eyes; but there are compensations. If he holds "steadfastly to the standard of faith," it is not such a terrible thing to be blind, and not to have much to eat, and to be obliged to wear cheap clothes. Hereafter he shall be fed on manna, he shall have vision of the heaven of heaven, and he shall have the wings to match.

Finally this preacher's life is exceptional only in his lack of sight. There are thousands in the Methodist itinerancy and in the ministry of other Churches, and out of them, whose lives are as hard, whose hearts are as faithful, and who, being so abundantly blessed of God, have just as little to complain of. That is one of the evidences by the way of their high calling—they do not whine. It is the ambitious, clear-sighted ones, thinking they are not "promoted" fast enough, who are most likely to complain of injustice and a lack of appreciation. And of course the wayfaring disciples have their limitations, too. They do not know much except along the hidden way they have to go. Many of them have never gotten proper control over their religious emotions. Now and then one will shout over the conversion of a hardened sinner, for the same reason that his secular brother yells at a "political rally"—because he is so informally glad. But no braver men are to be found in the battle-lines of this world than these shabby-looking, eager-faced preachers who serve backwoods churches, and no other class of men make as little fuss about being brave.

Salaried Daughters

"How to Keep the Boys on the Farm?" was a question much debated a few years ago. Many solutions were offered; none very adequate, if we may judge from the census returns of the growth of cities. "How to Keep the Girls in the Home?" is a very similar and more important problem now demanding attention. That it is desirable that a daughter should remain in her father's house during that period of indefinite length that comes between the end of school life and the beginning of matrimony is generally agreed. She is better protected there, physically and morally, and her parents feel that they have a right to her companionship, since they have, perhaps, deprived themselves of it for years while she was at school, and they must anticipate another and more complete separation in the course of the next few years.

At the same time the feeling that leads the young woman to leave the home to seek economic independence is a normal and creditable one. Every adult, able-bodied and capable individual ought to earn his or her own living and in such a way as to realize it. No matter how useful a daughter is in the home she usually thinks, and usually not without reason, that her work is not appreciated at its full value. To ask a father for money is as disagreeable as to ask a husband. If she earns it, she ought not to have to receive it as a gift. When we are young we clamor for justice; when we get older we are more humble and glad to be treated with generosity. The daughter in the home knows that she will receive the same treatment whether she is good natured and helpful or disagreeable and lazy, and who has an ethical nature so stout as to resist such a demoralizing influence as this?

At this period of her life, when she is most energetic and ambitious, and most needs work and responsibility, the young woman is either not given anything of importance to do, or receives no specific compensation for her indefinite and voluntary services. Feeling that she is not appreciated or needed at home, she listens favorably to any young man who professes to appreciate her and declares

that he needs her. Or she is tempted by her talents into the professional study of art or music, not realizing that fingers that are nimble at the piano can usually be made more useful in other ways, and that she can exercise her gift for acting without going on the stage, in making herself agreeable when she is feeling cross.

If there is nothing for the daughter to do in the home except to amuse herself, she had better get out of it as soon as possible. It must be acknowledged that household industries are being taken away by the factories so fast that it is increasingly difficult to find really profitable employment for women in the home. But in many cases where the daughter leaves home wholly or for the day to do teaching, typewriting, or other work in office, shop or factory, there is need of her work in the home, and often help has to be hired to take her place. In such cases, the daughter should be given a regular salary, approximately the equivalent of what she could earn outside after making allowance for board, room rent and the numberless privileges a girl has in her father's house. The salary should be at least equal to what would have to be paid for the same work if a stranger were called in to do it, and the duties should be as distinctly defined and as promptly and efficiently performed. This is a very different thing from an allowance without definite duties.

We know of several families where this plan has worked successfully. In one instance the daughter, while unmarried, became a capable housekeeper and manager, buying all supplies and relieving both parents of care and annoyance, for which she received a housekeeper's wages at the end of every month. Another, whose mother is an invalid, gets a weekly envelope containing the same amount that would have been paid a nurse. Both these salaried daughters were happy, contented and efficient, and each had a feeling of independence and self-reliance never to be attained under the "allowance" system or the usual haphazard appeal to father for money to gratify needs or whims.

Her earnings the salaried daughter can use as she pleases, spending it for

her clothes, and in gifts, charity and pleasures. If she puts part of it in the savings bank, as she should, she provides her own dowry, just as many girls now do by outside work. This is a return in a novel way to the good old plan of primitive times, when no girl was eligible to marriage until she had a "hatching-chest," full of linen and clothes of her own spinning, weaving and sewing. In those days daughters were thus given an opportunity to earn their own dowry in the home, altho they received no cash. Whether the work of the salaried daughter be as housekeeper, nurse or social secretary, it is a better preparation for married life than most outside occupations. The plan does not in any way abrogate filial affection or its implied duties. Where a daughter stays at home from a sense of duty to her mother, the approval of a good conscience and the verbal recognition of her value are not always sufficient to alleviate the feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest caused by her desire to realize her economic entity.

It is, after all, only a phase of the general difficulty that parents, and mothers especially, have in knowing that their children have grown up. Mothers are apt to try to prolong the little Lord Fauntleroy period as far as possible, and they keep their daughters in short dresses until they look like ostriches. It is a rare woman who can delegate responsibility, even to hired help, and it is much harder for her to take her daughter into partnership than it is for a father to take his son.



Opening the Railway Books

AFTER the admissions made last week by certain officers of railways and private car companies, and the refusal of other officers to answer the reasonable questions of the Commission, it is difficult to see how any member of Congress can oppose legislation for an effective supervision of railway rates and practices.

The General Manager of one private car company which uses 4,550 cars, said that he had given rebates and was still giving them, because this was the common practice of all corporations like his. The separate existence of his company

appears to be a kind of corporate fiction. The 4,550 cars are owned by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company, as to whose practices Mr. Paul Morton has testified. Both companies have the same president and are controlled by the same group of capitalists. The cars move across the continent, from one ocean to the other, but the amazing claim is made that they are not engaged in interstate commerce, and that for this reason the Commission has no right to inquire whether the company that operates them is violating the law!

By the Armour Car Lines, a company operating 12,500 cars, and moving them from one State to another, the same extraordinary claim was set up, and on account of it the President, Mr. Robbins, refused to answer the Commission's questions about this company's business. Did the company give rebates or special low rates to Armour & Co.? No, he replied, but if it did, this was a "private matter," as to which the Commission had no right to seek information. Questions about the company's secret telegraphic code book (now in the possession of the Commission), containing instructions as to the giving of rebates, were resented with some indignation, Mr. Robbins not asserting that the book was a forgery, but complaining that it had been stolen from the company's office. And then the Atchison Company's traffic manager declined to say whether that company had recently been a party to a pooling contract (in violation of law), or whether such a contract between it and other companies was still in force.

It was a timely exhibition of the defiant attitude of those whose transportation business the Government seeks to control in the interests of justice. This claim of the great car lines that they are not under Federal jurisdiction seems to us to be an absurd one. But if there is any legal foundation for it, a bill subjecting them to the Commission's supervision should be passed by unanimous vote in the first week of the coming session of Congress.

There should be no delay about extending the Commission's jurisdiction over all such lines, all incorporated side-tracks

and private terminals, and all other devices by which the requirements of existing laws may be evaded and unjust discrimination may be concealed. It is by means of such devices that a few men have been unjustly enriched at the expense of many competitors and the public.

But after every device of this kind, and every subsidiary corporation engaged in interstate transportation shall have been surely placed under Federal authority, how shall the rate discrimination now concealed (except when admitted by the officers who are guilty of practicing it) be prevented? It must first be detected. If the Commission be empowered to substitute one general and published rate for another challenged and found to be unreasonable, this will not enable it to ascertain whether its substituted rate, or any other, is reduced secretly for the benefit of one or more favored shippers. How could the Commission have found out that these rebates were being paid on the Atchison road, if General Manager Leads had not told about them, last week, on the witness stand?

Only by examination of the railway companies' books can the information be obtained. This we pointed out in *THE INDEPENDENT* last year, and now provision for such examination is to be made in the bill which the supporters of the President's policy will ask Congress to pass. "We want Government auditors who can go into the railroad offices and find out from the books whether they are discriminating," said President Stickney six weeks ago. He is a railway officer of thirty-five years' experience. At Raleigh three weeks ago President Roosevelt said:

"I hope that by law power will be conferred upon representatives of the Government capable of performing the duty of public accountants, carefully to examine into the books of railroads, when so ordered by the Commission, which should itself have power to prescribe what books, and what books only, should be kept by railroads. If there is in the minds of the Commission any suspicion that a certain railroad is in any shape or way giving rebates or behaving improperly, I wish the Commission to have power as a matter of right, not as a matter of favor, to make a full and exhaustive investigation of the receipts and expenditures of the railroad, so that any violation or evasion of the law may be detected."

No part of the new rate bill which

Congress will be asked to pass will be of greater importance than the section embodying the provisions thus recommended by the President. It will have greater practical value than the section empowering the Commission to substitute a maximum rate in place of one challenged and found to be unreasonable. Such a grant of power would not enable the Commission to reach and suppress the greatest of railway evils, which is unjust and unlawful favoritism in freight charges. Only by expert and searching official inspection of the accounts can the laws which forbid such favoritism be enforced.



The Inter-Church Conference

THE great Conference for Federation will meet in this city next week. It is pregnant of more good for our Christian Churches than any other religious meeting ever held in this country. We have had great meetings, such as the International Evangelical Alliance over thirty years ago, or the International Missionary Conference three years ago; and we have had great meetings of the Pan-Presbyterian, Pan-Methodist and Pan-Congregational bodies, but those were limited in their interest and scope. But this Conference includes the representatives, some five hundred of them, appointed by the national bodies of our principal denominations, representing eighteen million communicants. The largeness of such an embracing constituency is most impressive.

And what will this Conference seek to do?

While doing its business and preparing a plan for wide fellowship it will hold public meetings for eight days, at which the most representative men of these denominations will take part. They will reach the great public, and will show the need and value of union in Christian life and work, both for the Church itself and for the State. This is something for immediate popular effect. It calls attention to the importance of the union in some form of the dissevered branches of the Church.

But the chief work of the Conference will be its decision as to the organization of a permanent Federation of our Prot-

estant Churches. We need a visible bond of union between them. They should be brought together, formally, officially, as one solid body, for the influence they may exert and the work they have to do. It is said to be a serious question now whether the Christian Church has lost its influence in the world. We do not believe it has. We believe that it never had more power than now. But a good part of that influence is dissipated. When we consider the sad exposures of the last year in public life in St. Louis, in Philadelphia, in New York, involving great financial institutions controlled by many church members, as well as in political life, we begin to wonder if we are not mistaken in supposing that the Church can control the moral tone of the community. We need to bring the total religious power of the country to bear on the great problems that are before us, and which not only concern the comity of denominations and the conversion of the world, but the moral quality of our whole community. What the several denominations attempt to do raggedly and discordantly, they can plan to do harmoniously and far more effectively by federated fellowship in the nation and in their several localities. Such a work is well worth an attempt, and we believe it will succeed and accomplish great results.



Sir
Purdon Clarke We welcome Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, no longer as a British knight, but as an intending American citizen, and Director of our great Metropolitan Museum. The museum has had a splendid history under General di Cesnola; it will have a greater one under Sir Purdon. General di Cesnola was by habit and taste a collector; Sir Purdon is an educator. General di Cesnola brought together a great collection, of course not balanced and even—that could not be in the beginning, and depending on gifts—a show place to the admiring multitude. Sir Purdon will make it a school of both arts and crafts. It will do what South Kensington has done for British instruction, and what Professor Ives has best done in this

country in the St. Louis Museum. And yet we do not anticipate that he will fail to see the value of the historical side of our museum. For we do not yet divorce the department of instruction from that of history and archæology, as South Kensington is divorced from the British Museum. The extension of the building will give room for both. We do not want to have Egypt and Greece supply us simply with models of architecture and sculpture for present day use. The museum begins its new career with the first number of a quarterly *Bulletin*, which will describe important additions, and explain how the museum can be made to serve the public.



The Kongo Investigation We publish this week an article which outlines some of the evidence presented to the commission appointed by the King of Belgium to investigate the alleged horrible cruelties inflicted by the Government of the Kongo Free State. During the week we have the cabled account of the report made by the commission. It was appointed to gloss over everything as far as possible, and it has done so; but it has been obliged to recognize some cruelties inflicted, but not, it is careful to say, by white men, but by native soldiers. But these soldiers were appointed and directed by white men. Some reforms are recommended of evils that could not be denied. An attempt is made to discredit the testimony of prejudiced missionaries. But who else is there to take the side of the natives if not the missionaries? We now look to see what the British and other Governments will do which are responsible for recognizing the Kongo Free State, and which have a duty to see to it that the conditions are fulfilled. We fail to see what right the King of the Belgians has to come into the country of these natives and, under pretext of keeping order, compel every native to pay a heavy rubber tax or labor tax, such as the commission approves. The Belgian rule has been a horrible disgrace which discredits Christian civilization. It is no improvement on paganism.

Insurance

The Dryden Inquiry

SENATOR DRYDEN, of New Jersey, the president of the Prudential Insurance Company, has submitted four questions relating to Federal supervision. We subjoin the inquiries, with such replies as express our opinions:

Q. 1. Do you endorse the suggestion of President Roosevelt, that insurance companies engaged in interstate insurance business should be regulated and brought under the control of the Federal Government?

A. No, unless that means Government ownership and operation of all insurance, for which we are not yet ready.

Q. 2. Do you hold the insurance business to be a national rather than a local interest, and properly entitled to the solicitude and care of the National Government?

A. The question is complex, its terms irrelevant. Insurance in this country is a business carried on by private corporations created under the laws of the several States. It is not of more interest, locally or nationally, than any other business and, therefore, not more "entitled to the solicitude and care of the National Government." As a sociological institution, however, it should be of universal interest.

Q. 3. As a matter of personal opinion, do you hold the business of insurance to be commerce, or an integral and indispensable element of commerce, in the sense in which this term is used in everyday language?

A. Particularly "in the sense in which this term [commerce] is used in everyday language," insurance is neither an integral, nor an indispensable, element of it. The common acceptation of the term embraces the handling, buying, selling and exchanging of tangible commodities. Insurance is not a commodity. It is a system of contracts, providing, in a more or less scientific manner, for the equitable distribution of losses. In "*Hooper vs. California*," and in "*New York Life vs. Cravens*," the United States Supreme Court went so far as to declare that not only was insurance not commerce, but that "the contract of insurance is not an instrumentality of commerce." In "*Nut-*

ting *vs. Massachusetts*," marine insurance is described as "a mere incident of commercial intercourse."

Q. 4. Are you in any way apprehensive that it would be inexpedient or inadvisable to increase the power of the Federal Government to the extent implied in the regulation of insurance by Congress?

A. Yes. It could eventuate in the subversion of popular liberty by centralizing in the control of a few individuals not directly responsible to the people the vast wealth accumulated by policy holders. The net result of increasing the power of the Federal Government in this direction would probably be to render impregnable the positions and power of a comparatively small number of men in the insurance business who would co-operate in controlling the Federal Bureau, just as they have controlled, during a long series of years the insurance commissioners and legislatures of certain States. The strength of the present system of State supervision lies in the fact that the supervisory power is wielded by fifty State officials whose terms of office are constantly expiring. Finally, we are not aware that there is any concerted demand on the part of the policy holders of the United States for Federal supervision of insurance.

Some of the Largest Fires in This Country

THE following interesting and highly instructive table has been compiled by *The Insurance Agent*. A glance at the figures entering into it will show that the conflagration hazard is ever present as a possibility. It certainly is a factor to be carefully considered in the fine art of rate-making:

Date.	Place.	Loss.
1835	New York.....	15,000,000
1845	New York.....	7,500,000
1845	Pittsburg, Pa.....	10,000,000
1851	San Francisco, Cal.....	13,000,000
1871	Chicago, Ill.....	168,000,000
1872	Boston, Mass.....	75,000,000
1889	Seattle, Wash.....	5,000,000
1889	Boston, Mass.....	6,000,000
1892	New Orleans, La.....	6,000,000
1893	Boston, Mass.....	4,500,000
1899	Dawson City, B. C.....	3,000,000
1899	Ottawa and Hull, Can.....	15,000,000
1901	Jackson, Fla.....	11,000,000
1902	Paterson, N. J.....	7,000,000
1904	Baltimore, Md.....	75,000,000
1904	Toronto, Can.....	10,000,000

Financial

To Avert a Trade War

GERMANY desires to make a new treaty of commercial reciprocity with this country. Unless one is made before March next, our export trade with Germany will not only be subjected to heavy new taxes but also be exposed to depressing competition with the exports of several other countries which will enjoy preferential tariff rates. Germany's new tariff will go into effect in March. It consists of maximum and minimum rates, and the latter are granted to seven Continental countries, with which, in connection with the new general tariff legislation, Germany has made reciprocal agreements. Even in the lower of the two schedules the duties upon our chief exports to Germany, and notably upon agricultural products, are considerably higher than those now imposed. But only by means of a new treaty of reciprocity can we obtain these rates for our products. If there be no such treaty, the higher rates, in many instances prohibitive, will be imposed.

The German Ambassador at Washington, under the instructions of Prince Von Buelow, formally gave notice to Secretary Root, last week, that he was ready to negotiate a treaty, and the Prince has given to the press a long statement, saying that he desires to reach an agreement. The Secretary will try to find out what kind of a treaty, if any, the Senate would accept. In all probability the Senate will not grant such concessions as Germany will demand. But if our products are excluded from Germany by the very high duties of the new maximum schedules, Congress may retaliate. In that case the two countries would be involved in a tariff war.

Such a war ought to be avoided, but certain German economic writers, among them Prof. Julius Wolf, of Breslau, err in asserting that it would be far more injurious to this country than to Germany. Our exports to Germany last year were \$214,000,000, of which \$194,000,000 represent food in various forms and the raw materials of manufacturers, including \$109,000,000 worth of raw cotton. On

the other hand, our imports from Germany were only \$109,000,000, distributed over a large field of production. The \$27,000,000 worth of raw materials and the \$76,000,000 worth of manufactures we could obtain elsewhere with little inconvenience and possibly at no greater cost. But the exclusion from Germany of our cotton, breadstuffs and provisions would be extremely inconvenient to German manufacturers and the German people. Still, we should strive to prevent a tariff war, for we should surely suffer in some degree during the progress of it, and it would embitter our relations with Germany, and possibly with other countries. Prince Von Buelow suggests that an agreement might quickly be reached by a mixed commission composed of ten competent men from each country. It is a suggestion that deserves consideration at Washington.



Financial Items

CAPITAL invested in Southern cotton mills amounts now to \$225,000,000, against \$60,000,000 in 1890, and \$21,000,000 in 1880.

.... Since the passage of the supplemental national bank act of March 14th, 1900, 2,702 national banks have been incorporated. During the same period the authorized capital has been increased by \$195,717,000, and the outstanding circulation by \$270,005,000. There are now 5,858 national banks.

.... Net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for the quarter ending with September were \$31,240,582, against \$30,305,000 in the second quarter of the year, and \$23,025,000 in the first. In the corresponding quarter of 1904 they were only \$18,773,000. Unfilled orders on hand October 1st were for 5,865,377 tons, a quantity which breaks the record.

.... Dividends announced:

Niles-Bement-Pond Co. (Preferred), 1½ per cent., payable November 15th.

Rubber Goods Mfg. Co. (1st Preferred), \$2.29 per share, payable November 1st.

Rubber Goods Mfg. Co. (1st Preferred), 2 per cent., payable October 31st.

Rubber Goods Mfg. Co. (2nd Preferred), \$1.50 per share, payable October 31st.

The Independent

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Survey of the World

The Elections National questions were laid aside at the elections that took place on the 7th, except in Massachusetts, where tariff revision was involved. In other States, and in the cities, purely local issues engrossed the attention of voters. The results show a general and powerful protest against the rule of party machines and Bosses, as well as a determination to stamp out corruption. This protest caused some interesting political reverses. For example, in Ohio, a Republican Governor whose plurality two years ago was 113,000 will be displaced by a Democrat whose plurality is 43,000; and in Pennsylvania a Republican State Treasurer who was elected by a plurality of 268,000 in 1903 sees a Democrat now chosen for the office by a plurality of nearly 100,000. In Philadelphia the reformers have overcome the ring. In New York, Tammany's Mayor has a plurality so small that investigation of charges of fraud may reduce it to nothing, and District Attorney Jerome shows a plurality of 13,000 to the Bosses who would not have him on their tickets.—The rule of Senator Gorman in Maryland appears to be ended. His Constitutional Amendment for the disfranchisement of negroes, which was the sole issue of the State campaign, was rejected by a majority of about 30,000, and 20,000 of this was given in Baltimore, where the Republican city ticket (one nominee excepted) was elected, and more than half the city's members of the State Legislature will be representatives of the same party. In the Legislature the Democratic majority will be so small that it will not be able to pass any similar Amendment over the Governor's

veto. Mr. Gorman and his disfranchising project were opposed in his own party by Governor Warfield, Senator Rayner, the Attorney-General, and many who followed them. It was asserted that the Amendment gave registrars power to disfranchise many whites as well as the negroes.—Altho John M. Pattison, Democrat, has a plurality of about 43,000 over Governor Herrick, the Republicans of Ohio retain the remaining State offices by pluralities ranging from 27,000 to 35,000. Owing to his course with respect to a local option bill, last year, and to a widespread belief that he was in political alliance with George B. Cox, the Republican Boss of Cincinnati, Governor Herrick was opposed by the churches and the advocates of temperance, while Pattison had their support. After Secretary Taft's memorable speech at Akron, in which he said he would vote for Herrick but against Cox and Cox's ticket in Cincinnati, the protest against bossism gained force in the campaign. Cox's recent majority of 40,000 in Cincinnati was swept away, and Judge Dempsey, a Democrat, was elected over Cox's candidate by 6,500. Whereupon Cox announced his permanent retirement from active politics. A Constitutional Amendment providing for biennial elections was adopted. Governor Herrick says to the public that the people of Ohio have been "swept away from the moorings of truth by a wave of prejudice and suspicion," and that "the greatest danger now confronting the American people is the readiness in response to some sudden whim or pretext to desert party principles and allow some individual who claims, sometimes with sincerity, often with hypocrisy, to

represent a cause that is higher than party fealty." Senator Foraker says that the party must return to the old-fashioned practice of having real conventions in which the people's wishes are fairly represented.—In Massachusetts the Republicans elected their candidate for Governor, Mr. Guild, by a plurality of 23,000, but E. S. Draper, their candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, had only 2,300 more votes than his opponent, Henry M. Whitney, an earnest and competent advocate of tariff revision and of reciprocity with Canada, which were the leading questions of the campaign. Boston produced another Jerome in the person of John B. Moran, who made a successful independent canvass for the office of District Attorney of Suffolk County (which includes the city), altho his opponent, District Attorney Sughrue, had been nominated by both of the great parties and was supported by the bar and the press. Moran made an aggressive campaign against bossism and graft, promising to prosecute the guilty, whether they were rich or poor. His plurality was 4,300.—Dr. Garvin was beaten again in Rhode Island, where the Republican plurality was increased. George H. Utter was elected Governor. A Constitutional Amendment, providing for a reapportionment in the direction of more equitable representation in the Legislature, was lost.—In New Jersey the election of county officers and members of the Legislature showed large Republican gains. Everett R. Colby, who defied the Bosses and stood for reform in franchise legislation, was elected to the Senate from Essex County by a plurality of 20,000. Mayor Fagan was re-elected in Jersey City, altho opposed by corporation influence and a party machine. The Republican plurality was increased in Nebraska.

Reform Victory in Philadelphia

To a decided victory for the reform party in Philadelphia was added the defeat of the Republican nominee for State Treasurer, J. Lee Plummer, by William H. Berry, a Democrat, who was supported by the Prohibitionists, the Independent party, and the Lincoln party, the latter being an organization of Republicans thruout the State, who desired

to assist the Philadelphia reformers. Berry's plurality is nearly 100,000. Mayor Weaver and the City Party carried Philadelphia by 43,000, against the ticket (for sheriff, commissioners, etc.) of the local Republican organization, which was still controlled by Boss Durham and the ring, and whose plurality two years ago was 136,000. Two days before the city election, Sheriff Miles, one of the Durham group, announced his purpose to appoint deputies for the preservation of order at the polls. Whereupon Mayor Weaver in a long proclamation denounced him as "the official head of a criminal combination" that was "planning unlawful acts," showed that the law forbade him to appoint deputies for service at the polls, warned him to desist from his "lawless purpose," and gave notice that "resistance to such pretended authority was both the right and the duty of the citizen." Miles, who is chairman of the Republican Committee, then decided to appoint no deputies. The Mayor appointed 2,000 special policemen, among whom were sturdy college football players, other students and prominent business men. These, with the regular police, who worked as earnestly for justice as in past elections they had worked to promote fraud, gave the city an election in which not many fraudulent votes were cast. But attempts to commit frauds caused hundreds of arrests to be made. Mayor Weaver was warmly congratulated by Secretary Root and Governor Folk. In February next there will be an election to fill about half the seats in the City Councils.—For the first time in twenty-five years the State Treasury will be taken from the control of the Republican party, and Mr. Berry promises that "the whole plum-tree system shall come down." His election was promoted by the recent and disastrous failure of a bank in the Western end of the State, with which, altho it had only \$300,000 in capital and surplus, more than \$1,000,000 of the State's money had been deposited, apparently for the use of Republican politicians, one of whom, William L. Andrews, is Delegate from New Mexico. Mr. Plummer had voted in the Legislature for the bills of the Philadelphia ring, and his associations were such that it was believed

that under his management there would be no change for the better in the disposition of the State's surplus of over \$12,000,000.—Following the election, Governor Pennypacker, who had publicly assisted the city ring's political projects, experienced a change of heart and called a special session of the Legislature (for January 15th), to consider bills providing for personal registration, for repealing the Philadelphia ripper act (which he approved some months ago), for reapportioning the State, and for guarding the State's money by preventing the use of it by favored banks for the benefit of politicians. Such legislation the reformers have demanded for years past.



The Contest in New York

At the close of an exciting campaign in the city of New York, the election gave Mayor McClellan a plurality of 3,485, on the face of the returns, over William R. Hearst, candidate of the Municipal Ownership League. The Republican nominee, Mr. Ivins, had only 137,000 votes, or 88,000 less than the number of those counted for Mr. Hearst. The latter asserts that he really was elected, and has taken measures for a thorough investigation. In Brooklyn Borough his plurality was 16,000, and several of the League's candidates in that borough were elected, one of them being ex-Comptroller Coler, to be Borough President. Tammany, with the re-election of its Mayor in doubt, has lost the Board of Aldermen, in which the Republicans and the League have a good working majority. In the city's Board of Estimate, which will dispose of more than \$800,000,000 during the coming four years, in addition to franchises probably worth hundreds of millions more, Tammany (if Mayor McClellan has really been re-elected) will have twelve out of sixteen votes, but in the minority will be Mr. Coler, who has done good service in the past in opposition to objectionable projects. By local alliances with the League, the Republicans gained several members of the State Legislature, and these alliances are believed to have reduced Mr. Ivins's vote. It is also understood that a considerable number of Republicans deserted Mr. Ivins for Mayor McClellan when it was

seen that Mr. Hearst was to receive a very large vote. The latter's canvass was marked by notable enthusiasm. After the election, Mr. Ivins volunteered to assist him in procuring a recount and in exposing frauds alleged to have been committed in the interest of Tammany. A large mass meeting has been held, at which addresses in support of the demand for investigation were made by prominent clergymen and others. Resolutions were adopted for the appointment of a committee of seventy to assist in the movement. Upon the application of Mr. Hearst, Judge Gaynor ordered the ballot boxes to be transferred from the custody of the police to the Board of Elections. The transfer was attempted in the middle of the night, and the boxes were on trucks in the streets for hours, because the Board was not ready to receive them. It is charged that some of them have been tampered with or lost, and that frauds of various kinds were committed. Probably the contest will be taken to the courts. About 600,000 votes were cast.—The independent campaign of District Attorney Jerome for re-election in New York County attracted more attention outside of the city than the Mayoralty contest. No one of the parties would nominate him, and therefore he was nominated by petition. He was triumphantly re-elected by a plurality of 11,450. There will be a vigorous attempt to amend the present ballot law, which assists party tickets and makes independent voting difficult and dangerous. Although Mr. Flammer, Republican nominee for District Attorney, had withdrawn in favor of Jerome, 13,348 votes were cast and counted for him because his name remained on the straight party ticket.



In Other Cities

In San Francisco Mayor Schmitz was elected for a third term by the workingmen, who gave him a majority of 11,500 over John Partridge, the nominee of both the Republican and Democratic parties. On the other hand, in Bridgeport, Conn., Denis Mulvihill, known as "the stoker Mayor," failed by 800 votes to gain a re-election, and in Ansonia Mayor Stephen Charters, another workingman, was defeated by the son of a wealthy manufacturer.—The American Party, organ-

ized for the express purpose of overcoming the influence of the Mormon Church, in local politics, elected Ezra Thompson Mayor of Salt Lake City by a plurality of 925 and obtained control of the Council. A Republican ticket was supported by Senator Smoot, but a majority of the Mormons appear to have voted for the Democratic nominees. Dissension in the governing body of the Church is said to have been caused by the Senator's political controversy with Apostle Penrose.—In Chicago the Republicans elected their entire ticket, but the prominent municipal officers were not involved. Constitutional Amendments adopted prolong the Mayor's term to four years and empower the Council to fix the price of gas and electric light.—The followers of the late Mayor Jones in Toledo elected Brand Whitlock, lawyer and novelist, Mayor by a majority of 6,000 over his Republican opponent.—In Cleveland, Mayor Tom L. Johnson was re-elected by a majority of 13,000. He gave notice that his efforts to procure three-cent railway fares in that city and the municipal ownership of street railways thruout the State would be continued.

Diplomatic and Consular Reform

By executive order two new rules of considerable importance affecting appointments in the diplomatic and consular service were adopted last week. One relates to the office of secretary of embassy or legation, and provides that vacancies shall be filled hereafter either by transfer or promotion from some branch of the foreign service, or by the appointment of a person who, "having furnished satisfactory evidence of character, responsibility and capacity, and being thereupon selected by the President for examination, is found upon such examination to be qualified for the position." The examinations are to be both oral and in writing, and they will relate to international law, diplomatic usage, and modern languages. Familiarity with at least one foreign language will be required. This one may be French, or the language of the country in which the embassy or legation is located. The other rule, which affects the consular service, requires all candidates for appointment in

that service, except for those posts which pay less than \$1,000 a year, to take examinations conducted by a board of three persons to be appointed by the Secretary of State. It is the purpose of the Administration to take the consular service out of politics and make promotion as well as appointment dependent upon merit alone. Secretaries of embassy or legation are to be selected with great care, and the new rule relating to the appointment of them has been adopted with the view of making in the service an opening for diplomatic careers to those who desire to qualify themselves for the work.

Relations With Cuba In his message to Congress, which assembled on the 6th, President Palma added no comment to his mere mention of the negotiation of the Anglo-Cuban treaty. Information at hand led him to believe, he said, that the long pending treaty with the United States concerning the Isle of Pines would be ratified at Washington. The chief opponent of this agreement has been Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, whose influence has been affected by the defeat of the ring in Philadelphia and of the nominee supported by him for the office of Treasurer of Pennsylvania. Some think that the fate of the Anglo-Cuban treaty may depend upon our Senate's action with respect to control of the Isle of Pines. Referring to the recent political controversies, President Palma expressed a conviction that Cuban patriotism would never permit a few extremists to disturb the nation. Praising the conduct of the Rural Guards, he urged that the number of them should be increased from 3,000 to 5,000. The island's death rate last year was only 16.57. Imports were increased by \$14,000,000, and exports by \$6,000,000.—In the House, after a sharp debate, it was decided by a vote of 28 to 7 to discuss in the near future the recent killing of Enrique Villuendas, a prominent Liberal member, in Cienfuegos. The motion was made by his brother, a member from Santiago, who asserted that Enrique had been treacherously and designedly murdered by the police, at the instigation of persons in high authority. It was urged by the Moderates that the affair should

be left to the courts.—On the 6th Senator Cullom directed the attention of President Roosevelt to the Platt Amendment, alleging that the Cuban Government was not keeping its promises as to sanitary improvements. Minister Quesada, in reply, pointed out the low death rate of the island, saying that for more than two years no case of yellow fever had originated there, altho in this country we had had an epidemic in Louisiana. On the 10th, however, three cases in Havana were reported. One was that of an American who had recently arrived from New York and who has since died, and the other was that of an Italian, who had come from Spain by way of New York. It appears that the source of infection was one Lopez, a Spaniard, who had come to Cuba from an infected Mexican port.—Delegate Larrinaga, of Porto Rico, will ask our Congress, at the coming session, to impose a duty of five cents a pound upon coffee (for the benefit of his island), to make Porto Ricans citizens of the United States, and to give them an elected Senate with power to confirm or reject the appointments of the insular Government.



The Visit of Prince Louis Coming North, Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg and his ships were received last week in New York harbor by the same fleet of eight battleships and four cruisers that had greeted him at Annapolis. These had preceded him and were at anchor in the Hudson River. After the formal courtesies attending his arrival, the Prince became the chief figure at a series of banquets, luncheons and private dinners. On Saturday he went to West Point and saw a football game. On Sunday he dined with the Mayor at the latter's home. The following evening saw him with Admiral Evans at Coney Island, attending the dinner given by 1,200 American bluejackets to as many from the British ships. Thousands of visitors have been attracted to the long line of warships in the river. In the Prince's brief public addresses he has gratefully expressed his appreciation of the warm welcome given to him, as well as his admiration for President Roosevelt. On the evening of the 9th there was a large meeting of Irish-Americans

at Cooper Union, protesting against any attempt to involve the United States in an alliance with Great Britain. The presiding officer was Justice Dowling, of the Supreme Court, and the resolutions adopted called King Edward "a disturber of the peace of the world."



Labor Questions

The Supreme Court at Washington, sustaining a decision of the highest Court of Missouri, upholds a law of that State making eight hours a day's work in mines. The court's reasons have not been made known, but it is thought that the power of the State to enact and enforce such legislation is confirmed because the work to which the law refers is hazardous and unhealthful.—A canvass of three of the anthracite districts shows that the miners at the convention to be held in December will refuse to be bound after April 1st by a renewal of the terms of the Strike Commission's decision or award unless the operators formally recognize the union. They will insist upon this, in addition to the eight-hour day. The bituminous miners of Pennsylvania have decided to demand a wage increase of 12 per cent. in January.



Norway Elects a King

On Sunday and Monday, November 12th and 13th, the Norwegian people voted on Prince Charles of Denmark as King of Norway, and he was chosen by an overwhelming majority of nearly four to one. The returns are not all reported as we go to press, but in 418 precincts 233,935 votes were cast for Prince Charles and 62,739 against him. The Republicans are greatly disappointed in the small vote against the monarchy, as they hoped for at least 33 per cent. of the votes and they only got about 21 per cent. The country districts of the interior and the north furnished most of the Republican votes, while in the city and coast districts, especially in the vicinity of the capital, monarchical sentiment predominates. In Christiania a large crowd assembled in the streets at night when the returns were being received, and cheered the portraits of Prince Charles and Princess Maud. Premier Michelsen and President Berner, of the Storting,

addressed the crowd from a window of the palace and congratulated them on the victory. The Republicans complain that the shortness of the campaign, two weeks, did not give them time enough to educate the people upon the momentous question, and that the issue was not presented to them in such a way that they could vote on the form of government. On the other hand, the Monarchists hold that Norway is by its constitution a monarchy, that the Storting is not empowered to change the form of government, nor to submit such a question to the people, and that to make any unnecessary changes in a crisis like the present would throw the country into a chaos. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer, and Dr. Björnsterne Björnson, the poet and dramatist, who are Republicans in principle, and leaders in the movement for secession from the Union with Sweden, have exerted a strong influence in the present campaign thru their speeches and letters in favor of a king for Norway. Minister of Foreign Affairs Loevland said that if the monarchy were abolished there would be the choice between the three kinds of republic: the monarchical Republic, as in France, where the President is a king with a limited reign, the Czarist Republic, as in the United States, where the President is an autocrat, and the republican Republic, as in Switzerland, which would be the preference of the Norwegians.

Mutiny at Kronstadt

A mutiny among the sailors at Kronstadt, Russia's strongest fortress, and the key to the capital, caused great alarm in St. Petersburg because the chief barrier

against the flood of revolution has been the steadfastness of the military. It was at first reported that all the soldiers had joined the mutineers, and that together with the workingmen, armed from the arsenals, they were marching to the Peterhof Palace, where the Czar now is, and afterwards the city would be attacked from the southwest, while its own garrison in the barracks on the east would simultaneously revolt. But the mutiny, like that on the warships in Odessa, failed for lack of purpose and organization. The outbreak started with the sailors of

the Seventh Equipage, who revolted on account of mistreatment. They left their barracks, raided four vodka shops, and then, crazed with liquor, set fire to the buildings of the town and the shipping in the harbor, and seized arms and ammunition. One battalion of artillery also revolted and mounted their machine guns behind the barricades. Altogether some 3,000 joined in the mutiny. The Russian officers are reported to have deserted their posts almost to a man and fled to Peterhof. Some wealthy residents of Kronstadt and the wives of offi-



PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.
Elected King of Norway.

cers paid hundreds of rubles to be taken to Oranienbaum, a few miles across the bay. The Cossacks as usual remained firm and showed no hesitation in firing upon their fellow soldiers. As soon as the news of the mutiny was received in St. Petersburg a force of some 7,000 Cossacks and troops of the Imperial Guard were sent to Kronstadt, and before morning, November 9th, the uprising was under control, altho the Fourth and Seventh Equipages held their barracks for three days against the loyal troops by means of machine guns in the windows. The commander of the

Seventh Equipage committed suicide at the beginning of the outbreak. Ten of the officers were killed by the mutineers, and altogether some 200 lives were lost in the affair. The naval vessels at Kronstadt left the harbor in order to prevent their own sailors taking part in the mutiny, and the sailors of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Equipages, stationed in St. Petersburg, were locked in their barracks and surrounded by Cossacks. Court-martials condemned 151 of the ring-leaders to death, and the sailors as a whole will be punished by being taken on a long, hard cruise. Vice Admiral Birileff, Minister of Marine in Count Witte's Cabinet, admits that the sailors had some just grievances and that the contractors had robbed the Government and furnished the crews with food unfit to eat. The demands of the sailors were for a reduction of the term of service from seven to five years, two dollars a month pay, proper food and clothing, permission to attend meetings and better treatment by the officers. A new mutiny is reported among the infantry at Krasnoë Selo, a great military camp near St. Petersburg. The Czar is about to leave Peterhof for Tsar-

koë Selo, but will not return to the Winter Palace in the city, because, it is said, he fears the fate of Louis XVI in leaving Versailles for Paris.

The Nationalist Movement in Poland

During the war and since there has been much disorder and bloodshed in Poland, but it has been chiefly due to industrial causes and the incitement of the revolutionary Socialists. The Polish Nationalists, whose ultimate aim is the independence of Poland, have held aloof from the agitation, feeling that the time was not opportune for open rebellion, altho they have taken advantage of the embarrassment of the Government to obtain many concessions, such as the use of the Polish language in the schools. Now, however, the ease with which Finland has recovered its lost liberties by the industrial strike has demonstrated the weakness of the autocracy, and has incited the Poles to attempt to regain, by similar methods, the autonomy which was taken from them after the rebellion of 1863. The city of Warsaw is decorated everywhere with Polish flags, and a procession of



Map of St. Petersburg and Its Environs.

250,000 recently paraded the streets with bands playing the national airs so recently prohibited. Among the speakers was Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," and the trilogy of Polish historical novels which were avowedly written to revive the patriotism of his people. The Socialists take little interest in nationalistic movements in Poland or elsewhere, and since many of them are Jews and workingmen, while the leaders of the Polish party belong to the Catholic aristocracy, the racial, industrial, political and religious antagonisms between the two classes have kept them apart. If, however, as is reported, they are now working in harmony for a freer Poland, the movement is formidable, and is very likely to spread to the Polish subjects of the Kaiser, who would probably have no hesitation in using his troops to quell disturbance on either side of the boundary. His speeches of late have had a very warlike tone, and he is believed to have offered the services of his army to the Czar on several occasions recently. As soon as he heard of the mutiny at Kronstadt he sent a wireless message to the Czar placing the German Baltic Squadron at his disposal. It is supposed to be due to his influence that Count Witte, who is more German than French in his sympathies, rejected emphatically the petition brought to him by a delegation of Polish political leaders, and that an imperial ukase was issued on November 13th, declaring all Poland under martial law. General Trepoff has at last resigned his position of Minister of Police of the Empire, and has been made Governor of the Palace at Peterhof, where he will guard the person of the Czar.



Chinese Labor in South Africa Very conflicting reports continue to come from the Transvaal in regard to the practical workings of the experiment in the use of Chinese labor in the mines, and these are being made the most of in England as party weapons. Those who favor Chinese labor call attention to the increase in the prosperity in the Transvaal in consequence of the opening of the mines. According to the Government reports during the year ending June, 1905, the value of the Trans-

vaal imports rose thirty-three per cent. and railway receipts forty per cent. Machinery to the value of fifteen or twenty million dollars has been brought in, and, so far from driving out white labor, as the opponents of the measure foretold, the number of white laborers has increased at the rate of 300 a month for seventeen months. The supply of black labor fluctuates considerably, and has recently dropped ten per cent., about what it was before the Chinese came. There are now less than 100,000 natives employed in the mines, and about 45,000 Chinese. It was anticipated by some that their wages would be a dead loss to the country, as the money would all be sent back to China, but it is found that they spend their money freely. Out of \$1,585,500 paid to the Chinese in wages during the first six months only \$80,000 was remitted to China thru the Government Bureau. On the other hand the outcry in England against "slavery under the British flag" does not cease, and is fed by rumors of the brutal treatment of the coolies in the compounds. At the Witwatersrand Mine the average number of Chinese flogged daily, including Sundays, was forty-two. At the Nourse Deep every boy who did not drill his thirty-six inches per shift was whipped unless he could show that he was physically incapable of doing it. When flogging was stopped by orders from England, the coolies were tortured by stringing them up to a beam by the wrist so they had to stand upon their tiptoes for two hours. Many of the Chinese have deserted and, wandering in small bands thru the country have put the people on the farms in such peril that they have asked the High Commissioner, Lord Selborne, to furnish rifles for self-defense. The total number of Chinese convicted of desertion up to July 31st is reported to be 1,735, not counting 21,205 cases of unlawful absence from work not prosecuted. Mr. Lyttleton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in a recent speech defended the Government in permitting the introduction of Chinese into the Transvaal, stating that only 275, or less than one per cent., of the Chinese had deserted, and that most of these had simply wandered away from the mines thru curiosity and got lost.

A Federal Congress of Churches

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D.D., LL.D.

[The portraits accompanying this article are of men who have been active in calling the Inter-Church Conference in Carnegie Hall this week. Dr. Cady is President of the National Federation of Churches, which has invited the Conference. Dr. Roberts is Chairman of the Committee that has made the plan and arrangements for it, and Dr. Sanford is its Secretary, as also of the National Federation. Dr. Tipple, of the Methodist Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., is Chairman of the Hospitality Committee; Dr. Devins, Editor of *The Observer*, of the Press Committee; Dr. Ward, Editor of *THE INDEPENDENT*, of the Program Committee; and among other active members of the Committee of Arrangements are Dr. North, Secretary of the New York City Church Extension Society; Dr. Calvert, an editor of *The Examiner*; Dr. Thompson, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and Dr. Wenner, President of the New York Lutheran Evangelical Synod. Bishop Greer represents the speakers at the Conference.—EDITOR.]

THE present Inter-Church Conference for Federation represents our main American Protestant Churches, with 18,000,000 communicants. It is the first attempt ever made to unite these Churches officially in a single body. This Conference cannot itself accomplish this. All that the representatives of the denominations invited can do is to draw up and recommend a plan for federation, and refer it to the national bodies of the several denominations, to be approved by them. The last of these will meet in 1908, after which time the representatives chosen by them can meet and organize the first Federal Council of our American Protestant Churches, and the various smaller bodies, a hundred of them, can be invited to join, if in sympathetic fellowship.

This is an attempt to bring the Church partially back to its condition of unity in the time of the Apostles.

Our Lord's last prayer, "That they may be one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent me," seemed to anticipate the greatest evil that threatened the early Church, and that has for centuries paralyzed its activities. Very soon did the danger of schism appear. The first Church Council at Jerusalem was a victory of union over division. There was imminent peril that the Church would be torn asunder in its very infancy; and that would have meant its death, as truly as in the case of Solomon's decree to divide the infant between the two mothers. No question of difference that has since separated Christians has been deeper than that

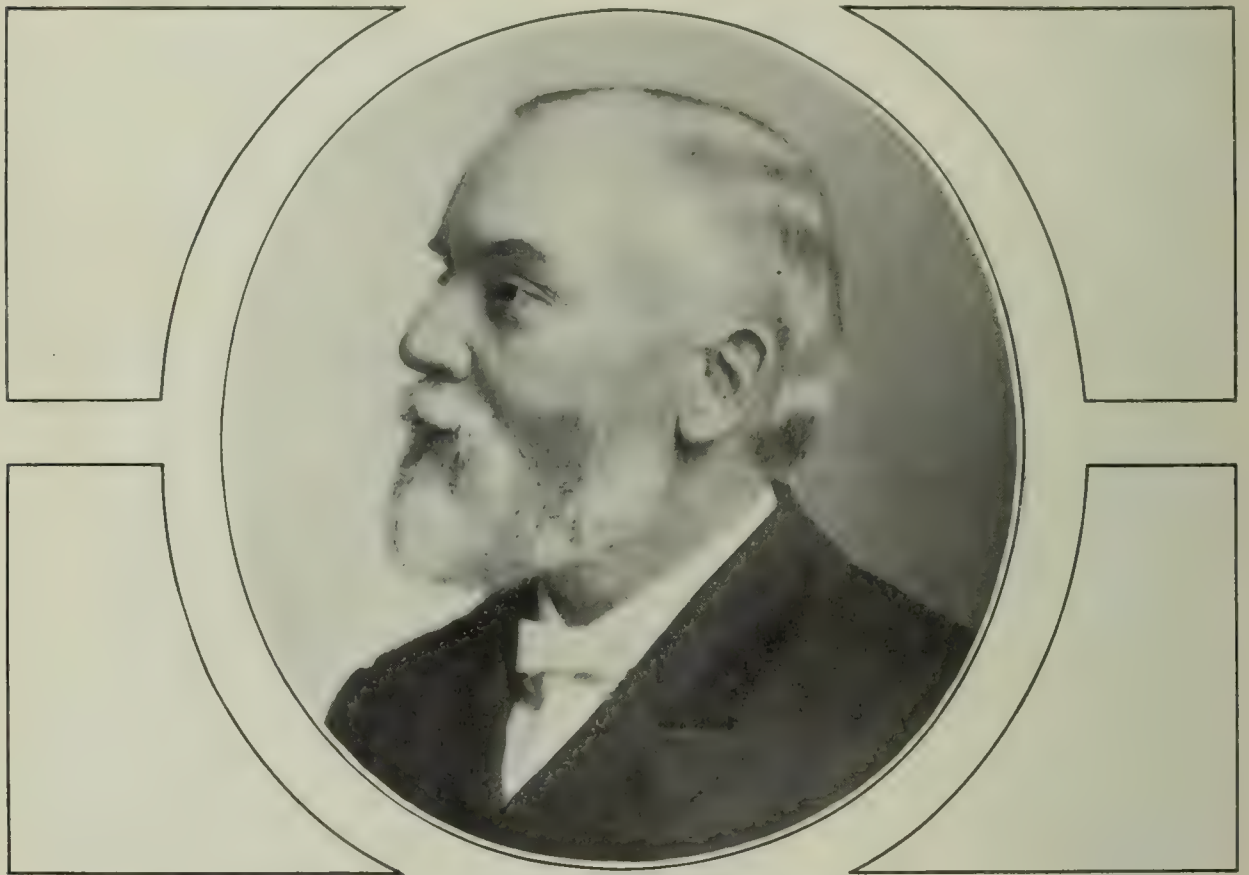
which separated Paul and Barnabas and Titus from the Jews at Jerusalem, of the sect of the Pharisees who believed, presided over by all the Apostles who had followed our Lord in the flesh. It was the question whether, or not, Christians must be Mosaic Jews, whether Christianity was ceremonial, or only spiritual. Over that question they came together, and Paul debated it, first privately with them that were of repute, and then publicly in the great Council of the Church, until finally they agreed on a temporary compromise, Peter and James and John yielding as to circumcision, and Paul yielding as to things sacrificed to idols, things strangled and blood, and all guided in their decision by divine inspiration. "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," they said, in a letter which is not only the earliest written portion of the New Testament, but out of the whole Bible the section most thoroly accredited by inspiration. Of this only are we told that "it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us"; for we know that the word "us" embraced both parties in the Church, and the inspired writers of nearly all the New Testament, certainly Paul, Peter, James and John, and probably others. All this inspiration was devoted to the maintenance of Church fellowship; and for Church fellowship compromise was necessary and allowed.

But still more, the principle accepted and announced was not uniformity, but liberty. The liberty then allowed was something amazing. It seemed to overthrow, and it did annul, the most sacred code of Sinai. We can hardly conceive

anything more revolutionary. But such was the necessity of unity, and such the force of the spiritual element as the root of Christianity, that even this amazing concession was inscribed on the banner of religious liberty. The lesson was then taught to the Church—what a pity it was not learned!—that disciples of Jesus Christ could yet differ in serious matters of doctrine, and in the chiefest modes of worship, and yet be in the communion of the one Christian Church.

But in a century or two the immediate memory of those who had walked and

question of the date of an event, and the dominant Church created new dogmas, and enforced personal centralization under the name of Peter, and enforced conformity by the rack of the Inquisition. No man was allowed to stay in the Church who doubted or disobeyed its accretionary decrees, and those who dared to disobey and could flee its tyranny hid in "mountains cold" or fled across the seas—driven to separate from, because not allowed to remain in, the old Church. Only liberty within the essential faith, such as Paul and Peter al-



REV. W. H. ROBERTS, D.D., LL.D.
Chairman of Executive Committee.

talked on earth with Christ passed away, and the yielding spirit of liberty in union gave way to the intolerance of enforced uniformity and subordination. Then came the period of what we usually call Church History, which is the history of separation, division, and damnatory decrees. Sects were driven off, generally to perish, to lapse into heartless compulsory submission, or into paganism, or to organize new Churches like the Nestorians. The great Eastern and Western Churches divided on a miserable

lowed, can give us a united Church.

No book, no library, has yet written the story of the hundreds of sects of Christendom. Not even a list of them would it be easy to make. The Census of 1890 found 140 in this country, and they nearly all sprang up a hundred years ago, or in sections of the land still belated and medieval. That was the age of division; we have now come into the era of union, tolerance and liberty.

It is a fact, not sufficiently considered, that the spirit of unity has grown out of

the zeal for evangelism. These are the two notes of the Church of the present day—evangelism and union—which distinguish it from the Church of a century ago; the sense of the duty to convert the world, and the sense of the duty to come together that we may convert the world—"that they may be one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent me." So our first home and foreign missionary societies were union societies, supported equally by the Congregational, Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches of the Northeastern States, and such they remained, union societies, for over sixty years, until another union, that of the Old and the New School Presbyterian Churches, by a sort of back-action, put an end to this earlier, if not premature, union. But other wider union societies, organized about the same time, the Bible, Tract and Sunday School societies, still held their principle of fellowship against a strengthening denominational spirit.

The first effect of a growing sense of the duty of evangelism is the effort to spread one's own pattern of organization. A restricted vision cannot look abroad. It imagines that its churchianity is the only true Christianity. So the magnificent denominational growths of the beginning and middle of the last century were blessed, if imperfect, effects of that spirit of consecration which attempted to convert the world, each of the dozens of denominations holding practically, if not confessedly, that its own organization was the one correct Church, and must have its own boards of missions for extension at home and abroad. A certain indefinite common basis was blindly admitted to exist—as if Christ were something indefinite!—but in few cases was it considered fit that a minister could freely pass from one denomination to another.

Yet propinquity leads to love, and common needs which no one Church could supply compelled union in certain lines of common effort. Hence the magnificent growth of the Young Men's Christian Association, which, in all our cities and most of our larger towns, has its stately and well-equipped buildings, and extends its activity now all over the world. In all this there is no official action of denominations, but individuals,

locally consenting, organize themselves on the simple basis of fellowship, disregarding their minor differences of faith and polity, and combine to do their part in common evangelism. It is a beautiful illustration of the two notes of the true Church, evangelism and unity.

And from the young men the spirit passed to the youth, to the children, indeed, of both sexes. The Christian Endeavor and its allied organizations wholly or partly ignore denominational barriers. In many tens of thousands of churches are they found, and millions of young people are banded together, refusing to be shut in walls of sect, fellowshipped in praise and service, led by the hand gently into the public confession of Christ, which they had already learned to make, in their little circles, by word of Scripture and utterance of consecration. A blessed example have they given to their fathers and teachers.

Equally impressive has been the movement for the union created by the spirit of evangelism in the foreign mission field. It is especially marked in its progress at the present day, while its history is forming. At home we somehow fail to see immediately the ridiculousness of having a hundred denominations with a hundred mission boards and a hundred secretaries, but when the missionaries meet in the presence of militant idolatry, each separately resisted by the united force of false religions they ask, Why should not we, too, unite? Why should we set up church against church? Why should we not help instead of hindering each other? So before the boards at home were ready the missionaries abroad began to ask for union, and now the boards are learning and consenting. In China, in India, in Japan, they unite first in conferences like this; they agree, as we shall agree, to harmonize their action, to fix their bounds, and as far and fast as possible to consolidate their colleges and seminaries, their publishing work, and to establish great national Churches that shall have no memory of Western divisions, or names that mean nothing to Orientals, but shall give the people a great Christian Church of Japan, or China, or India. All this is partly done; it is partly in the process of doing, but it is moving, it is coming. Why should the

Hindu cling to the names of Luther and Calvin and Cranmer and Wesley? Why even of Paul and Cephas? Only Christ!

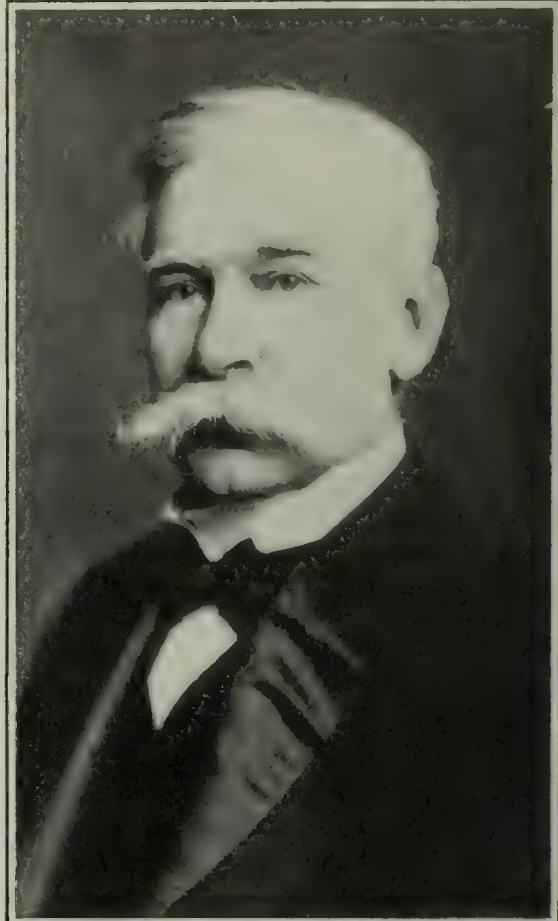
In the mission fields union is coming both by federation in work and by the corporate union of denominations. This is true also in Christian lands. Dr. Glad-den's articles in *The Century* some years ago gave an ideal picture of the beauty of union of churches in the service of a town or city. Soon Federation began to organize itself in this and other cities, thru

and federation. There the Christian connection, the Baptists, Free Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists—united on a recognized basis, with representatives from each body, agreeing to prevent unnecessary interference of churches and hurtful rivalries. This has continued thirteen years with the happiest results, and has been partially repeated in Vermont and Michigan. Perhaps the brethren in Maine do not know how widely their example has been rec-



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Secretary of the Executive Committee.

voluntary action, and then was formed the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers to establish State and city federations. But all these, and other movements that might be mentioned, besides numerous conventions, published articles and addresses, represented mostly voluntary work rather than official federation of denominations. In Maine, however, a beautiful example was set of absolutely official co-operation

and what has been its influence leading to the present Conference.

But on a larger scale a federation of the Free Churches in England has been doing a similar work. It has brought the Churches embraced in it close together, and has given them enhanced power for the social and religious reformation of their country.

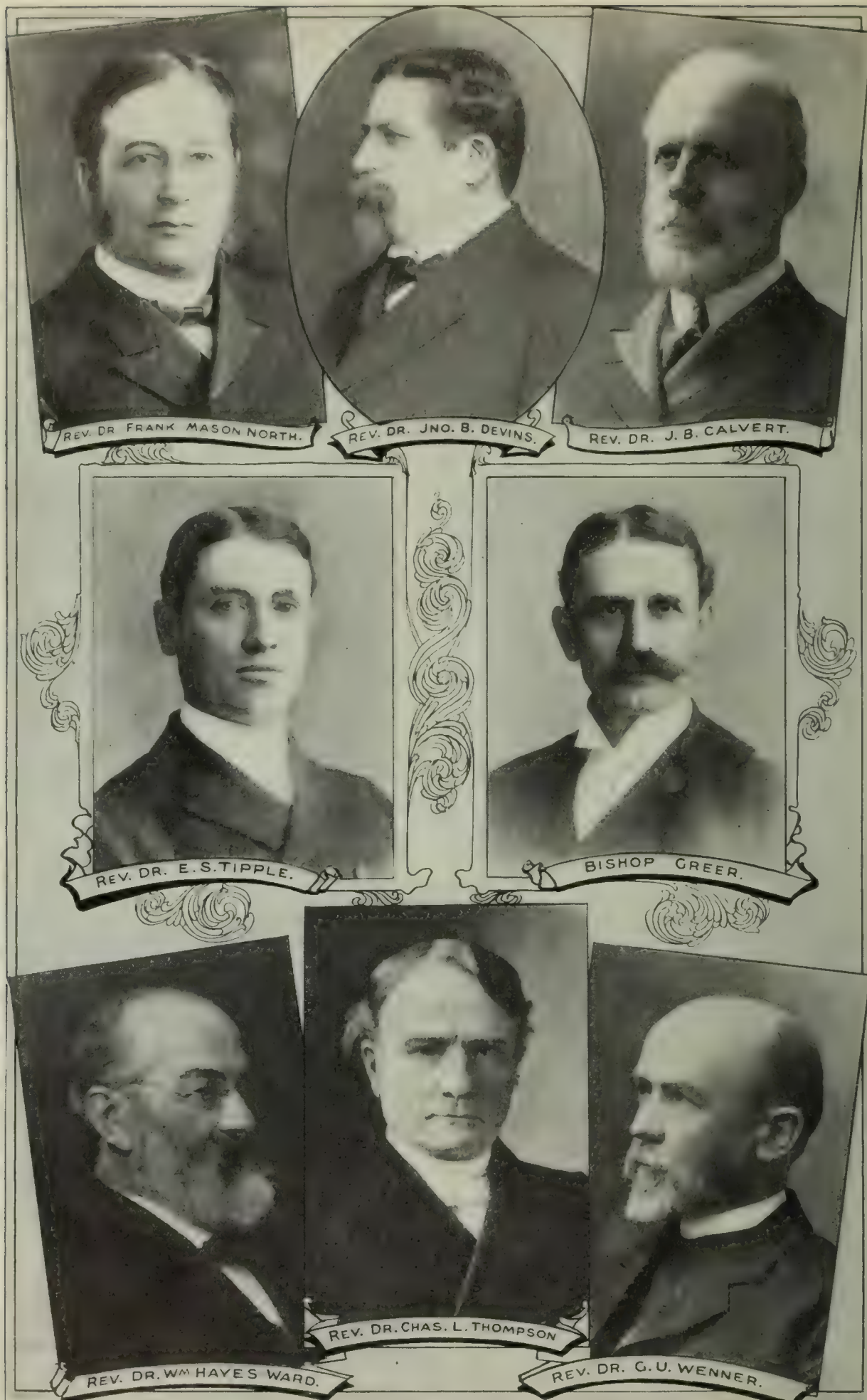
The examples thus set have been followed and even bettered in many direc-

tions; for while federation is good, corporate union is better, whenever it can bring together those Churches that are nearly allied. The union of the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches of Germany in a single German Church is an example in point. More lately, only five years ago this month, with great rejoicing, the Free Church and the United Church of Scotland came together, greatly to the benefit of both. In Canada we see the process of an extraordinary consolidation going on of Presbyterian, Congregational and Wesleyan Churches in a single organization. Similar unions are being accomplished in Australia and New Zealand. The same spirit which has brought the colonies of Australia into a single Commonwealth is bringing equally the denominations together. But to return to this country, the two Reformed Churches have been seriously considering union with each other, or with some other body; and the Presbyterians and the Cumberland Presbyterians, and one or two minor bodies are approaching corporate union, which is sure to come in the end. The Congregationalists, United Brethren and Methodist Protestants will meet in February next to settle how nearly they can combine in some way their forces, and other denominations have a similar union under serious consideration. In some way or other the blessed spirit of union seems to have descended like a dove upon our Churches, and all are asking how they can come closer together.

There have been other attempts at union, which might, perhaps, be better called propositions for union—on some general basis. These have taken the form of "quadrilaterals," so called, and have had much value, notwithstanding their failure, and, perhaps, the expectation that they would fail. But they have brought before the Christian world the simplicity of the essential Christian faith. First, the Episcopalians in Chicago, in 1886, approved by the Bishops of the Church of England, at Lambeth, suggested four conditions of union: the Holy Scriptures, the Apostles' Creed, the two Sacraments, and the historic Episcopate. Then the Disciples, in 1891, followed with three propositions as a basis for unity. Congregationalists,

in 1895, followed with their four conditions as a basis. Of these only the Episcopalian received any serious attention. For several years there was conference on the basis of the Lambeth Quadrilateral with the Presbyterians, but it came to nothing accomplished, beyond the increased desire for some basis on which the essential unity of the great Christian Church could be expressed. The attempt at formal, organic unity was shown to be for the present impossible, except in the consolidation of two or more allied denominations, so that the alternative remained of a federation, in which there should be no compromise of the several creeds or forms of government, of the full right of each to serve God in its own way, while fellowshipping and aiding all the others. Out of this desire has come the present Conference, in which no denomination takes the lead, called by a body representing all the denominations, and in which no company of believers is asked to yield one whit of its cherished faith or inherited customs or autonomy.

This rapid and general view of the movement of the Christian Churches toward closer fellowship shows us the various ways in which fellowship may be achieved. It may be by compulsion of law, whether by the supreme force of the Inquisition, the less stern repression of Russian sects, or the milder social attraction of a State Church. But all these methods are sure to fail, and they only make more positive the action of a free conscience, and the schism of the separated sects. Nowhere are the Jews so rigid as in persecuting Russia. Fellowship may also be sought by absorption. So has the Roman communion taken in Eastern sects, and is seeking further accessions. This means submission, and destroys the differentiations of liberty, except when, as is sometimes happily the case, changes of formula or feeling have obliterated old distinctions. The great and successful fellowships and unions that we are now achieving at home and abroad are on the old basis set by the example of the Apostles at Jerusalem, on the liberty of the several bodies of believers to wear their own colors, whether they choose to march as separate companies, or consent to lock step



in the same regiment. Thus we express both sound fellowship and yet the consent of separate convictions. On this basis of individual freedom as established at Jerusalem, it is now proposed to create a visible and recognized expression of our essential oneness. Something more organic and permanent than the Evangelical Alliance which blazed out so magnificently thirty years ago, and then gradually departed into cometary space, or than the admirable great Missionary Conference which lately met in this hall. This present alliance could never be accomplished, except as the spiritual forces of the Church, working outward for the conversion to Christ

of the multitudes of unevangelized souls in so-called Christian lands and in the dense populations of paganism—unsaved after nineteen centuries of separation and schism—have brought us closer together, union by evangelism, as of old. Out from Christ, as from the sun, radiate multitudinous forces of life in multitudinous directions. But as we accept that life and grow in it, we are drawn closer to our central Sun; and the closer we come to Him, by force of that nearness we come closer to one another; and we shall come closer together until we shall know and see that we are one; and, then, the world will know it, and knowing it, will know the Son and the Father.

NEW YORK CITY.



Osteopathy and Practical Medicine

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

[Last week we published an article by Dr. Still, the founder of Osteopathy, on his discoveries. This week Dr. Walsh, a "regular" physician, replies. Next week we shall report the result of the voting for the candidates of the Nobel Prize, in which contest the Osteopaths entered with such zest. Dr. Walsh is Adjunct Professor of Medicine at the New York Polyclinic School for Graduates in Medicine, Professor of Nervous Diseases and of the History of Medicine at Fordham University Medical School, New York City, and of the Editorial Staff of the *Medical News*, New York, and of the *International Clinics*, Philadelphia.—EDITOR.]

DR. STILL'S article on Osteopathy is typical of that recent departure in medicine in many ways. Altogether there are probably about 2,000 words in his contribution, and considerably more than one-half of it is taken up with what every medical student knows at the end of his second year, while not more than 500 words are employed to state the supposed groundwork of Osteopathy, its methods of treatment, and its claims for recognition. Dr. Still tells the public so glibly that

"The nourishment of the body I found to be a dark red fluid called blood, which was laden with oxygen from the lungs, combustible food from the digestive system and various strange chemicals from the several internal organs—all necessary to the healthy functioning of the system. This blood was brought by a system of elastic tubes called arteries, and after exchanging oxygen and food for carbon dioxide and waste material, was carried away to a certain central four-valved pump, passing thru the lungs on the way for reoxidation and purification. I found that thruout life this

pump sucked in its cavity full with blood from the veins of the lungs and forced it out again into the main artery at the rate of seventy times a minute. From the main artery this blood passed thru smaller ones until, by way of the tiny capillaries, it either directly or thru its serum bathed every tissue cell in the body."

But this precious information has been with us for several centuries at least. It is nearly 300 years since Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, tho he waited twenty years to publish his discovery; about 250 since Nicholas Stenson taught us that the heart was a muscle, and some 200 since Malpighi demonstrated the existence of the capillary connections between veins and arteries.

With regard to these older medical teachings Dr. Still is sufficiently correct. This is not quite so true, however, when there is question of some of the more recent advances in medicine. For instance, he suggests "that the growth of the long bones and the height of the indi-

vidual depends on a secretion formed in a gland in the neck called the thyroid." Now, there may be some truth in this, but it is not the whole truth. There is a small gland situated at the base of the brain and called the hypophysis, or pineal gland, which certainly has as much to do with the growth of the skeleton as the thyroid. Practically all of the giants are found to have had an enlargement of this gland. Patients who suffer from a disease of this gland in later life usually present a distinct enlargement of all the ends of the body, the hands, the face, the feet, and there can be no doubt that this comparatively unimportant looking organ, of which we know so little, has a great deal to do with the regulation of the growth of all parts of the body.

To pass over these details, however, that may seem unimportant, tho they are characteristic of the half-knowledge which professors of the various "pathies" outside of regular medicine are so ready to display ostentatiously, we may come to Dr. Still's declaration of the essence of Osteopathy. Dr. Still says that he found in the vertebræ "most of the mechanical derangements that I know must precede disease." "At these foramina" (the holes for nerves and arteries in and out of the spinal canal), to quote his own words, "we find the seat of ninety-five per cent. or more of the lesions" (the bases of disease). That is to say, ninety-five per cent. of all the diseases to which human nature is heir is due to some pathological condition of the spinal column. To quote Dr. Still once more: "The lesion consists of a slip or subluxation of the vertebræ, causing a change in the size of the foramen and consequent interference with the nerves and vessels." All that is necessary, then, for the medical attendant in ninety-five per cent. of human diseases is to correct this subluxation or slip of the vertebræ. This is, according to the founder of Osteopathy, the whole secret of his school of explaining and treating disease. Practically all that has ever been discovered in medicine has been a delusion, or at least it has been so superficial as to be useless. Here is absolute truth at last—ninety-five per cent. of all disease is due to a slip of the parts of the backbone. This new etiology is at least simple enough for all to understand.

Is it possible that physicians all down the centuries, notwithstanding their careful investigation of diseased conditions, have missed this casual factor for ninety-five per cent. of all disease, until it was revealed to the investigating genius of the father of Osteopathy? It is perfectly true that in the history of medicine discoveries almost as revolutionary as this have been made, tho not in recent times. They met with opposition, too, at first, but the conservative spirit of the medical profession has by this disinclination to novelty kept 999 absurdities from being foisted on mankind for every real discovery whose acceptance it has delayed for a time.

Has the attention of the medical profession ever been especially directed to the spinal column and to the lesions that occur in connection with it? Have many autopsies been made by investigators long before Dr. Still began his studies, in which attention was devoted mainly to the condition of the vertebræ and to their possible interference with the nerve supply to the various organs, or with the blood supply to the spinal cord itself?

I may say at once that the vertebral column has been the subject of much careful study. The condition of subluxation and of slipping of vertebræ in various degrees occurs constantly in the various forms of tuberculosis of the spinal column, which is usually called Pott's disease. The subjects of this affection are very frequently seen. The disease was even more common in the past than it is at the present time. Practically all of the people whom we see on the streets with humped backs have suffered at some time, usually in very early years, from tuberculosis of the bones of the spine. As a consequence of this, the bodies of the vertebræ, the main portion of these bones, have been eaten away and the vertebræ have slipped over one another, producing luxations, subluxations and the most curious twisted deformities.

Now here are a set of cases in which it might be expected that the symptoms which the osteopaths claim to cure by manipulation of the spinal column would surely appear. If the principle that even very slight deformities of the spinal column surely lead to serious symptoms in the abdominal organs, because of inter-

ference with their nerve supply, then we would expect humpbacked victims of Pott's disease to be invalids of the worst kind. As a matter of fact, they are usually quite healthy. It is true that they often suffer from a special form of heart disease, spoken of as the Kyphotic Heart, from Kyphosis, which means hunch-backed, but this is because of the mechanical difficulty which the heart experiences in performing its function in the crowded position which it has to occupy because of the bent back. As a rule, these people continue in good health unless the tuberculous process begins over again, and then, of course, they are likely to fall victims. Here we surely have the lesions suggested by Dr. Still, but the symptoms supposed to be due to them are absent.

The man who runs and reads might think from Dr. Still's article that there had been very little time and study devoted to diseases of the spinal column before osteopathy began its work. As a matter of fact, however, medical literature teems with investigations of all kinds devoted especially to the spinal column and its various pathological conditions. Some three years ago, in writing the article on "Tumors of the Spinal Cord" for the "Reference Hand Book of the Medical Science," I was surprised to find how much medical literature in the various languages had accumulated with regard to affections of the spinal column in the five years since I had previously reviewed the subject, tho in the meantime I had considered that I was keeping myself reasonably familiar with the details of contributions to this subject. The medical journals show hundreds of careful studies of the spinal column made every year with the most careful search made for any such causes of disease as Dr. Still speaks of, with young men in every country only too anxious to obtain reputation by some such startling observation, yet without confirmation of his ideas.

Dr. Still refers to the number of cures that have been made by osteopaths as the incontrovertible proof of the truth of his doctrine of the origin of disease, and of the efficaciousness of his method of treatment. He must know very well, however, that it is always to the cures

effected by him that every quack and charlatan in medicine appeals. A century ago, when Perkins' Tractors were so popular, it was exactly because of the number of so-called cures they had effected that their inventor succeeded in making a fortune. About the same time the famous John St. John Long was making a wonderful series of cures of chronic rheumatism and pains and aches of many kinds by means of his wonderful liniment. This remedy was thought to be so efficacious that the British Government finally bought the secret of it from him, paying many thousands of dollars for it, in order that it might be given to the public and enable them to free themselves from most of the chronic ills to which flesh is heir. The mysterious remedy proved to be only a combination of turpentine and white of egg, with some other equally familiar substances, and, of course, just as soon as it lost the power that its mystery had commanded for it, it ceased to be effective.

As a matter of fact, most people who suffer from chronic ailments can be cured by almost any means from which they confidently expect relief. It is from among this class of persons that the cures made by Christian Scientists are recruited. The healers only persuade their patients that they have nothing the matter with them, and straightway they begin to get better, and eventually are entirely relieved. At least as many patients have been cured by Christian Science as by osteopathy in this country. Were the ailments of such persons, therefore, imaginary? Not entirely. Their sense of discouragement, however, prevented their nervous system from exercising sufficient control over certain tissues to enable them to throw off low grade pathological processes. If the mere influence of suggestion, the only remedy of Christian Science, can accomplish so much, it is easy to understand how much may be expected from similar suggestion aided by the influence upon the mind of the repeated, systematic manipulations of an osteopath in whom confidence is reposed. The chronic sufferers who become the vaunted cures of the osteopath now belong to the same class that have always in all

ages enabled the irregular practitioner of medicine to point with pride to his cured patients, and so gain new adherents for his system. In all the history of medicine, however, not a single therapeutic measure of enduring value has ever been introduced to the notice of the medical profession in this way.

The general public seems to think as Dr. Still hints, that the regular medical profession is opposed to Osteopathy as a method of treating disease. Any manipulations that will aid in the cure of disease, any rubbings that by favoring the circulation to certain parts will relieve symptoms, any massage or other physical measures that will help suffering humanity, the medical profession is not only perfectly willing, but ever ready to

accept and adopt. There is only one reason for the opposition to legislation that would allow osteopaths to treat disease. The human body is, as Dr. Still says, an extremely complex machine. Those who spend a lifetime in its study are only too ready to acknowledge how little they know about it at the end. If physicians are to practice medicine and treat disease with any hope of success, they must as far as possible know all that is known up to the present time about the body and its diseases. If the osteopaths will but pass the ordinary State Board examinations in medicine, the regular profession will be only too willing to let them practice the cure of disease as they think best.

NEW YORK CITY.



Soul vs. Body

BY F. S. DAVIS

Tho Age is fifty years from me,
And Youth as close to me as breath,
My Soul too clearly can descry
Whither by Body journeyeth.
Whither my Body journeyeth:
A level land, a sober land.

Where I shall walk with stumbling feet
And listless eyes and groping hand;
Where I shall half forget my name,
And stand an hour long, seeking it;
Where I shall freeze, and o'er the flame
Half shuddering, half scorched, shall sit,
Thither my Body journeyeth.
Blood, drop by drop, for toll I pay:
Tho rich with that red coin to-night,
Youth wastes it bravely day by day.

But, oh, my Soul, my ageless Soul,
Already winged for voyaging,
Why canst thou not fly far, to Youth,
When Body grows a dreary thing?
And as to-night thou mournest Age,
Although my Body laughs and leaps,
Why canst thou not laugh up to Heav'n
When Body aches, and numbs, and creeps?

My Soul! I trust my joy to thee;
More strong art thou than aged Death!
With thee I fear not to descry
Whither my Body journeyeth.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

The Real Biography of Count Witte

BY SOPHIE WITTE

[We are pleased to give our readers this brief and authentic biography of Count Witte, the man of the hour in Russia, from the pen of his gifted sister, Sophie Witte. In Miss Witte's letter to Mr. Herman Bernstein accompanying the article she says: "I am sending you the true biography of my brother. Somehow or other the truth as to his ancestry has always been distorted in the accounts of his life. No one should be ashamed of his ancestry, however humble it may have been, and in the case of a man who has attained the highest honors in public life it is even flattering; but the truth is dearer than all, and therefore I consider it but proper to deny *flattering untruths*."—EDITOR.]

SERGE YULIEVICH WITTE belongs to the ancient nobility which has given many useful and gifted people to Russia. He was born in Tiflis on June 17, 1849. His father, actual Councilor of State, Yuly Fedorovich Witte, was director of the Imperial estates in the Caucasus. A descendant of the highest nobility of Courland, he was in spirit and in faith a true Russian, who was greatly esteemed and loved by all classes in the Caucasus, where he is to this day remembered for his high qualities as an administrator and as a sympathetic man.

Serge Yulievich's mother, Catherine Andreyevna Witte, is the daughter of Privy Councilor Andrey Mikhailovich Fadeyev, whose memoirs, published in the *Russky Archiv*, testify to his sterling qualities as a man.

Serge's grandmother, Yelena Pavlovna Fadeyev, a daughter of Count Dolgorukov, the last representative of the older branch of this historical family, was well known in the scientific world for her extensive knowledge and education. Serge's uncle, General Rostislav Andreyevich Fadeyev, a brave warrior during the last twenty years of the Caucasian war, was widely known throughout Europe for his

writings on military subjects. Another uncle of his, Privy Councilor, Senator, Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Government of Warsaw, Fedor Fedorovich Witte, whose noble efforts in

the spirit of the highest Russian ideals were fully appreciated by Emperor Alexander II, died in the prime of his life, before he had carried thru his great educational projects. Serge's older brother, Alexander, was a young colonel of the Niznigorodsky Dragoon Regiment, whose heroic exploits during the Turkish war in 1877-1878, in Asiatic Turkey, won him the Orders of St. George Vladimir and Anna. He died from contusions on the head, caused by one of the enemy's bullets. Serge's second brother, Boris, is



COUNT SERGE Y. WITTE.

Assistant Public Prosecutor in the Department of Justice at Odessa.

From his very early childhood Serge Yulievich was instructed at home by the best teachers in Tiflis, even while he studied at the classical Gymnasium. The greatest attention was given to the spiritual and religious education of the children, and thus Serge naturally grew up a true Christian, a Russian in soul and mind.

In the middle of the sixties Serge and

Boris entered the Novorossisk University at Odessa. Serge chose for himself the physico-mathematical faculty—he always showed unusual ability in mathematics—and he graduated with honors in 1871.

Altho by birth, by the station of his relatives, by his education and his natural endowments he could always count upon a successful career, yet, following his own inclination, he connected himself with the steamship and railroad company

then under the supervision of Admiral Chikhchov, and at the same time entered the Government service in the office of Governor Kozebu.

Since then Serge Yulievich Witte owes his advancement his great popularity as a railroad expert, and as a statesman entirely and exclusively to his natural endowments, to his indefatigable activity, to his inexhaustible moral energy, and to his boundless devotion to his work.

ODESSA, RUSSIA.



The Smart Set in Winter

BY ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

[We have published many sociological studies of life in the slums and we add as a supplement to them this authentic account of how the ultra fashionable people pass their time during the season in town, which opens this week with the Horse Show, "the great gilded cage in which society is posed for the populace to gaze at." The author of the article is one of the Four Hundred and consequently speaks with authority.—EDITOR.]

AS it is women who set the key note of fashionable society, the diary of a woman's day will serve as my introduction to the doings of the smart set.

The following, in substance, is the diary of an ultra-smart woman at the height of the metropolitan season.

Coffee served at eleven a. m., before rising. Breakfast consisting of fruit, rolls and coffee and eggs or a chop served in room. Two maids in attendance, one to assist with the toilette and the other with the breakfast. The hair-dresser and the manicure come today by special appointment, the former to retouch with a "regenerator" a few strands of my lady's golden locks, which have faded within a week. The last thing before retiring, her face was massaged and enameled with cold cream by her own French maid, who now causes its color to be heightened with an application of a liquid beautifier—"Venus tint," a first aid to the complexion, the secret of rosy cheeks. The luxurious matron skims hurriedly over the contents of the *Herald* and the *American*, the latter to see if its pages contain anything satirical about the smart set. No

matter, if it be the day of a Presidential election, or wars be raging in the four quarters of the globe, it is the society columns in both these sheets which are scanned before the big headlines of the day's important news.

Ensconced in her cozy boudoir, or in the living room, our queen of the mode peruses her morning's mail and her book of engagements in the company of her secretary and dictates replies, if any are urgently needed. The secretary, who is well versed in the art of being agreeable, and is often a person of fashion who has fallen from grace, for financial reasons, manages to have as few charitable appeals as possible come to the notice of the mistress of the mansion. Next in order, the housekeeper or *maitre d'hôtel*, is commanded to appear to receive a few directions, perhaps, about the menu for the dinner, or the marketing, or any special entertainment to be given in the house. When the grande dame herself thus takes a personal interest, there the best cuisine is almost always to be found. To live like the Gerrys, for instance, has become the Lucullan proverb of the day.

If the day be Monday, my lady as likely as not, will while away an hour or

so at Bagby's musical morning, at the Waldorf-Astoria, of course always coming late and having only a jumbled up idea of the music. Afterwards she is prone to lunch informally with friends at Sherry's or the St. Regis, or at the Waldorf, if in a publicity mood.

Perhaps her morning program has been altogether different and there has been an appointment with the dressmaker or with the modiste, or she has taken a general shopping tour. A word about shopping. Not a few ultra-fashionable women, I regret to aver, are overbearing and difficult in the extreme in their dealings with tradespeople. A woman who will graciously draw her check for a couple of thousand for the services of a soloist from the Metropolitan Opera for a musicale or dinner, as likely as not will dicker with her dressmaker to an exasperating degree about the cost of making a gown. "You must stop to consider the value of our name to you," she will argue, when haggling about the price.

But to get back to our diary. In six out of a dozen fashionable houses, the daily lunch is a light *negligée* function. The men are down in Wall Street in the throes of the stock market and the women of the family will seize upon any pretext to pick up a few intimates and drop into the St. Regis, or Sherry's, instead of lunching at home. Of course, elaborate lunches in one's own house, followed by bridge, are from time to time given for women. The spell of the remorseless god of chance—the bridge whist craze—has taken hold of the smart set in America with a degree of fervor far in excess of that of London and Paris. The American temperament is so much more extreme anyway. Furthermore, the London ultra set have generations of baccarat and poker playing for high stakes behind them. Americans, on the other hand, have not had an ancestral backing of society gamblers and rush in hot-headed, and having much more money to spend than Englishmen, they play for proportionately higher stakes. And one must play high, or be set down as mean or pharisaical. A fashionable woman at a lunch the other day, having lost all her pin money at the bridge table, was trying to pledge a superb jewel-bedecked watch, an almost priceless heirloom, as collateral

for a thousand dollars, and at a recent house party a young man, trying to make a hurried exit after losing two thousand dollars at the game, which he had not paid up, was practically held up by a daughter of the house.

But to revert to the daily routine of the town house. Tea is regularly served at five o'clock. And to people whom the hostess does not wish to receive, she blandly says, "You will find me in any day from five to six o'clock," and goes her own sweet way for a drive or to an afternoon musicale. To those whom she really wishes to see, she will say, "Drop in on Sunday afternoon at five o'clock for a cup of tea," but issues no cards to that effect. Evening calling has gone out of fashion. Some complain that the change makes life unsocial. It does for straying aspirants whom the smart set does not care to receive. Of an evening, a modish woman, as likely as not, will don a *negligée* gown after dinner, if at home, and deny herself to all callers, for in the season she is supposed to be giving a dinner, or attending one, or be going to the opera or the play. Of the opera, she invariably cuts the first act, for she must be supposed to have dined fashionably. There is no greater social desideratum than to be the fortunate possessor of a parterre box at the opera. But it is better to occupy orchestra chairs down in the parquet than to be cynosures in a box in the "grand tier," above the parterre boxes, for that is looked upon as simply aping the real thing. The smart set is admirably clever in various ways, but as a rule densely ignorant about music. On the other hand, the amount of erudition numbers of them have about pictures, architecture, house decorating and furnishing, and even about landscape gardening, is at times surprising. But music is the most ideal and spiritual of the fine arts, as Hegel truly observed. And many a member of the ultra-smart set is anything but ideal and spiritual. The talk is largely about stocks, horses and the things that money will buy.

One of the signs of the times is the tendency of the smart set to dip into the multiform kinds of trade and "side-business." One is a paint manufacturer, another a wine merchant, another a florist, and even a drummer on the road—a

commercial traveler—made a bid for social recognition at Newport last Summer! To the student of social life, it will be of more than passing interest to note the effect which the two great fortunes in dry goods of Marshall Field and Henry Siegel will have upon metropolitan society within the next three years. Both these merchant princes and wizards of finance have wives who by birth, personal beauty and social talent are fitted to become leaders of society. Mr. Marshall Field is soon to have a sumptuous house built in this city. And last year the Henry Siegels kept up the following list of establishments: one of the handsomest villas in the Riviera near Cannes, a London town house in Park Lane, a country house near Taplow-on-the-Thames, a country house on Orienta Point at Mamaroneck, N. Y., and a town house at Madison avenue and Eighty-second street, for whose furnishings half a dozen palaces on the continent of Europe have been despoiled of some of their choicest tapestries and other works of art.

What with the automobile races and horse shows galore in various quarters of the great Republic, society has evinced, especially within the past twelve months, a tendency to broaden out and recruit its ranks with material which a couple of years ago would have been thought quite alien. The social policy of the youngest Vanderbilts, for instance, is neither conservative nor snobbish. Society, at the present hour, is goaded on by a feverish and voracious activity—an uncontrollable impulse to be here and there and everywhere, almost symptomatic of physical neuritis, to indulge in a paradox. It is largely due to this geographical malady of healthy men and women that our metropolitan social season is so chopped up. On the psychic side, conservative nerves are receiving harder jolts than ever before, resulting in all sorts of reversals of ordinary social judgments. A redeeming feature of the ultra-smart frame of mind is its merited degree of tolerance. Of course, society never before had so much to tolerate. Still society is far more forgiving and not nearly so touchy as it was under the Knickerbocker ascendancy, when bitter family feuds were ever and anon engendered. Nowadays fashionable memories have

grown weaker and diplomacy is given loose reins, leaving friends to adjudicate their own quarrels. The young Duchess of Marlborough, during her recent stay in the United States, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Belmont, but her itinerary of other visits at the country seats of several of her mother's avowed and bitter enemies, affords a pleasing commentary on the prevailing social diplomacy of today.

To such an extent has the ultra-fashionable set succeeded in making a fine art of social life that crowned heads are heaping social honors upon its representatives, thus cheapening their thrones in the eyes of their subjects and really paving the way for their final downfall.

To speak of a different matter, an ultra-fashionable woman vies with the classic Greek in the physiological care of her figure and physical charms. She will subject herself to the strenuous ordeal of the Sandow exercises, to reduce weight, if fashions decree. The new Colony Club, now being built in Madison avenue, under the patronage of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the Vanderbilts, Whitneys and other women of the smartest set, with its swimming pools and gymnasium, will reach the high water mark in feminine athletics in this country. Of course, its members will not bear even a faint analogy to what is termed a club woman on the upper west side of New York City, for a society woman and a club woman are two totally distinct creations of Almighty God, altho the latter often tries to palm herself off for the former.

A word about ultra-fashionable manners. Altho not so stately and ceremonious as those of our forefathers, they are more simple and direct and facilitate social intercourse in these days of storm and stress, of telephoning, automobiling and annihilation of time and space. An up to date member of society will either treat another cordially, or have nothing to do with him, and is quite devoid of snake in the grass New England stiletto heart to heart and hand to hand dispositions. Formal introductions are exceedingly difficult to obtain among the smart set. But if an introduction is granted, a person of fashion never indulges in the

offensive practice so rife among Bostonians and Knickerbockers of following the presentation up with an artfully devised set of questions, which go to show that he is judging and sizing you up. In six out of a dozen fashionable houses, as in England, the *entrée* to the house as a guest virtually introduces one to the other guests, who are perfectly free afterwards to drop the acquaintance, without inflicting the slight which might follow a formal introduction.

I am asked time and time again whether one needs to keep a yacht, to have a box at the opera, or how many dinners one needs to give in a season, to move in the ultra-smart set. There are plenty of people who are invited to the notable social events of the highest fashion the year around, who have never owned a yacht or even leased one, or had a box at the opera, and whose dinners are few and far between. Aside from the personal qualities which one possesses, one thing is exacted above all others—one must be well dressed. The average man is expected to spend any amount varying from one to five thousand a year for clothes; a woman, from three to ten thousand, not inclusive of jewels. Another prime necessity is that a family shall live in genteel quarters in a fashionable section of the city, as near the Fifth avenue court end of Central Park as possible; the upper West Side of the city means practically ostracism from the smart set. The women of the family must have horses, or an automobile hourly at their command. Aside from these other externals, nothing is more helpful socially than being able to own or lease a parterre box at the Metropolitan Opera. Social power and influence, as well as money, are requisite to secure one in the parterre horseshoe, for it is tacitly assumed that such a box holder belongs to the *crème de la crème* of society. As for fashionable dinner giving, it is better to abstain from it altogether, unless one's entertainments can be fully up to the standard of the set in which one moves.

In view of the short and more and more peripatetic society season in town, an increasing number of ultra-smart matrons, especially those who have grappled with the vexed servant problem, are be-

ginning to chafe and fret over the care of keeping up so many establishments. An ideally complete *ménage* requires at the lowest estimate, besides a chef, a cook and kitchen maid, a second kitchen maid known as a scullery, one or two laundresses, a parlor maid, and three or four men, viz., a butler, second man, third man and fourth man; the third man to do dining-room work and valeting, the fourth useful work like cleaning. For such a simple act as serving a cup of five o'clock tea to a solitary guest, there must be two grooms in attendance, one to bring in the tea things and the other to wait on the door.

Now, no matter how competent one's housekeeper or *maitre d'hôtel*, all this means responsibility for the mistress of the manse. And almost the only deliverance from it is the palatial family apartment hotel, such as the St. Regis or the Warrington. As a social leader said the other day, "I want a few months' rest. Between our week-end house parties, which we expect to keep up out at our place on Long Island, to say nothing of our taking up bag and baggage for Aiken or Europe in Lent, we just want a *pied à terre* in town. Our friends will accept twice as eagerly an invitation to dine with us at the St. Regis as they would if the dinner were prepared by our own chef in our own house." The Alfred Vanderbilts set the fashion of living in a family apartment hotel in Winter by taking a suite at the Warrington a season or two ago and the precedent is slowly but steadily gaining adherents among the smart set.

The week-end Winter house party out on one's estate in the country, which has lately been imported from England, will be more than ever the correct thing to do this season. By parity of reasoning with the smart set of London, it is beginning to be no longer thought exactly ultra-smart to pass Sunday in town—and, above all, Easter Sunday. The ultra-smart host and hostess, alike with the rest of the men and women with whom they move, are so goaded on by the anxiety to crowd into one life the pleasures and experiences of two or three existences, that as likely as not, on the arrival of some of their week-end guests, they may be out fox hunting or golfing, and

the guests will be shown to their rooms by the footman or maids. A Knickerbocker, -or conservative host or hostess, thinks it a point of honor to be punctiliously present to receive guests, and to personally conduct them to their rooms. It is not always specified nowadays by what train one is to arrive, and he is often left to provide his own trap, instead of finding a carriage in waiting. One thing is definitely posited about a week-end visit—when it is to end—and one needs to acquaint himself with his railroad time table in advance, or he may be asked about his train on Monday morning in a way somewhat different from the old-time sentimentality of speeding the parting guest: but that is the English of it. It is irreproachable form to ask a guest point blank what train he is going to take.

A country house over a week-end, if we are up to date, is treated in some ways more like an hotel than a private residence. If a woman is really modish, she takes her own maid along with her and her husband his valet. There is no place where the young man of slender purse feels more on pins and needles and altogether *de trop* than at a house party of this description, unless he be such a surpassing bridge player that he is almost indispensable to help keep things moving along. To say nothing of the high stakes he is expected to wager at bridge, contemplate the fine look of disdain depicted on the faces of the servants who have ministered in any way to his comfort if a tip of less than five dollars apiece be forthcoming upon his departure. The house party has entailed extra-hard work on these menials. The servants who accompany guests give themselves grand airs and sit about and do nothing for the common weal. Take, for example, one item of drudgery for the servants of the house into the computation—the work of

preparing breakfasts for, say, twenty guests. More than likely, fifteen or sixteen different breakfasts have to be served to the guests in their rooms. These repasts, when of the simplest description, consist of fruit, coffee and rolls and eggs. Besides these, a much more hearty breakfast, made up of a variety of hot dishes, has to be served down in the dining-room for those who wish it, from half-past nine to eleven o'clock.

On Saturday night the real state dinner of a week-end is given, where the most elaborate dressing is *en règle*, and it is followed by a tournament at bridge which lasts close up to the Sunday morning danger point. In consequence most of the guests rise very late on the Lord's day. Of course, certain athletic enthusiasts of the house parties will be early risers and stroll out to the golf links, if the weather be propitious. But at a suitable hour the big family omnibus will be in waiting for such as desire to go to church. In common with the etiquette of the English country house, few omissions are held to be more of a breach of decorum than a failure to provide the means of transportation for guests who desire to attend church.

After lunch on Sunday, however, there is nothing to prevent the bridge tables from being as thronged and the scene of as much wrangling and dissension as they were the Saturday night before, when it has more than once happened that the winnings of the hostess have more than defrayed the expenses of giving the house party, and at the finish of the game she is clutching such a roll of greenbacks that she is unable to shake hands good-night with her guests, several of the female portion of whom will take flyers in Wall Street by telephone early Monday morning to try to recoup themselves.

NEW YORK CITY.



A Review of the Important Books of the Year

It is our custom at this season to give a succinct and comprehensive survey of the more important or significant books published during the past year in certain departments of literature, in order that they may be briefly discussed in a comparative way. Such a review of reviews or literary crop report has been found very useful in the past to many of our readers in the selection of books for their own reading or public libraries. Those who are interested can refer to the more detailed reviews which have been published in back numbers of THE INDEPENDENT of most of the books here listed

Fiction

- The House of Mirth.* By Edith Wharton. Scribner. \$1.50.
Our Best Society. Putnam. \$1.50.
A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope. Stokes. \$1.50.
A Dark Lantern. By Elizabeth Robins. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Miss Bellard's Inspiration. By W. D. Howells. Harper. \$1.50.
The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper. \$1.50.
The Dryad. By Justin Huntley McCarthy. Harper. \$1.50.
The Beautiful Lady. By Booth Tarkington. McClure, Phillips. \$1.00.
The Conquest of Canaan. By Booth Tarkington. Harper. \$1.50.
The Fool Errant. By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan. \$1.50.
The Divine Fire. By May Sinclair. Holt. \$1.50.
The Shining Ferry. By Quiller-Couch. Scribner. \$1.50.
The Secret Woman. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan. \$1.50.
The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens. Stokes. \$1.50.
Pam. By Bettina von Hutten. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.
The Mother. By Duncan Dutton. \$2.00.
The Missourian. By E. P. Lyle. Doubleday. \$1.50.
Return. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cook. Page. \$1.50.
Isidro. By Mary Austin. Houghton. \$1.50.
Memoirs of an American Citizen. By Robert Herrick. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Pole Baker. By Will Harben. Harper. \$1.50.
The Little Hills. By Nancy Banks. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Sanna. By Mary L. Waller. Harper. \$1.50.

When we contemplate the year's fiction, there is much for which we should be thankful, not in the fiction, but in the people who read it. Few of them have been injured by it—not that the authors have preserved anything like a decalog attitude toward the issues of life, but most of us are sufficiently sophisticated by this time to overcome the suggestions

of romantic writers in the conduct of real living. It is several years now since the young woman confessed that she "went wrong" because she read Swinburne's poetry and Balzac's novels. In fact, if there is anything in literary line upon line and precept upon precept, Mrs. Wharton's novel with the scenes laid in the Vanity Fair circles of New York life should detain many a belle in her downward course in that world of splendid shams and hollow mirth. The heroine, who was the most beautiful woman of the year in books, lies dead on the last page, but not before she had suffered her way up thru more shortcomings of nature and ambition than any other, and held out against greater odds of the world, the flesh and the devil. But it was a sort of blind, disabled survival of the good over the strong. And the sequel is in the form of a warning, not a hope. And, when we consider the damnation threats which surround us all from the cradle to the grave, that is the flaw in Mrs. Wharton's splendid sermon. People rise quicker to a hope. To offer a warning is like giving a stone when they ask for bread.

Society novels are the clever books this year. That is their distinction, just as it is the chief distinction of the men and women who "move" in society. It requires wit to found a life or an art upon pastime and nothingness, the two elements which go further than any other toward making up such existence. *Our Best Society* is an illustration to the point. This is not a great novel, nor even a good one, but it counts because the author has caught the real levity of mannerism in that filmy world. It is another pagan "Potiphar" testament to the foolishness of such living, written without those pangs of regret which makes Mrs. Wharton's novel almost painful to read. There are more undercurrents to be considered in producing his kind of fiction than the author would have in writing the wildest story of intrigue and adventure, more distinc-

tions to be made between right and wrong than our clergymen suspect, and Anthony Hope gets them all in when he presents his *Servant of the Public*. She is an actress whose gift consists in showing off all the charms of innocence and virtue which she does not really possess. She has a dramatic talent for producing the illusion of what she is not, and it is one found in other women besides these servants of the public. The actress, however, has become an essential character in the society novel. She is no longer "off

the part she undertakes. This is a new way of dispensing with modest, not to say moral, scruples, and it is very cleverly done. We are getting badly mixed these days. People do wrong so beautifully in fiction that it has become a literary art to make what they do seem right. *Miss Bellard's Inspiration* is mentioned merely chronologically in these connections, and not because Mr. Howells ever would or could offer a lady to the public in a manner unbecoming a father and a gentleman. But this young woman shows the



From Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan." Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers.

color" there as she used to be, but she is the color, the rainbow of personality in which society shows all its shades. She is the star, who entertains us by making virtue fly out of every man; and she is the cocktail element in this year's fiction, of which the novelists appear to have imbibed very freely. The heroine is simply the good little lay-figure around which the author weaves the decent threads of the story.

A Dark Lantern is a novel of English society which offers a pathological explanation of why the beautiful and virtuous heroine goes to live with her doctor without being properly married for

kind of inspirations that still cling like entangling fairy-webs to a woman's mind who has evolved into the poetically philosophical altitude.

The Marriage of William Ashe is the most notable book of the year, and will perhaps be the only one to survive. For two reasons: It has an historical value, because of the veracious presentation the author makes of London society a hundred years ago. And the interpretation of Lady Kitty Ashe's character is the first ever given of the type which she represents. With them passion is a form of mental excitement. They are Circe souls, deformed in that they have no

physical sense, no right apprehension of sex. Their self-consciousness is incomplete. There is a secret which Nature withholds from them, and they pursue it in all their flirtations with men. To claim, as some have, that Mrs. Ward's purpose was to show the relations and obligations of a wife to her husband's political career is to take a superficial view of this novel. It is a great study, and a real contribution to the sum of the little we know about that eternal stranger in us all, human nature.

A certain class of novels are founded upon fancy and inspiration. The author's purpose is not to improve or excuse any one's morals, but simply to write a story without much wisdom of words. It is a delightful form of romantic adventuring and never fails to interest the reader. *The Dryad* is a notable example of this fairy art in fiction. But Booth Tarkington, who has always been a master hand at it, is disappointing our expectations, which we confess may have been improperly high. He is beginning to imitate himself, and in *The Beautiful Lady* to accentuate his own little French mannerism of expression. His *Conquest of Canaan* does not read as well in book form as in the magazine, for this reason; it contains some admirable chapters of life in a small, gossipy, spiteful town, and the characters, all of them, including the dog, are alive and interesting, but it is clumsily put together and weakly conventional in the concluding portion. Like Mr. Tarkington himself, the book begins better than it holds out. This novel is not so much better than "The Gentleman From Indiana" as it should be. He should hire a rigorous critic to sit at his elbow and keep him up to his best work.

In his story *The Fool Errant*, Maurice Hewlett has simply amplified the chivalric idea upon which his short story, "The Lion Chase," was founded. Many think this author comes nearer making a fine art of fiction than any other living writer, but he is in danger of portraying the same subjects and of producing the same effects too often.

It is the fashion now for characters in fiction to discuss art in all its forms of madness with more wit than people ever bestow upon the subject in real life.

This is a way the poor authors have of freeing their minds and justifying their existence. This acid is to be found in May Sinclair's *Divine Fire*. But aside from the literary shop talk in this novel, the author has touched the heights and depths of inspiration. This is why parts of the book seem to sag so wofully. She goes further occasionally than she can carry the whole burden of human dross in the tale. Only the greatest writers among us can ever afford to interject religious spirituality in their books. This is why so many novelists have trailed off into a more convenient agnosticism; it does not call for such high imaginative powers. But we have a genuine revival of religious emotions in *The Shining Ferry*. The book is a heavenly hymnal written out in a few human hearts. *The Secret Woman* is a great story of the wrong kind, and it has a fitting background in the wild wastes of Dartmoor. Phillpotts would be at his wits' ends if he were obliged to write a story and lay the scene of it in a healthy, good-tempered landscape. His people carry the sad, tragic, sullen hearts of the old Dartmoor tors in their frail human bosoms. *The Garden of Allah* is another illustration of how significant natural scenery may become in the portrayal of tragedy. The passion-stained monk could have found no more fit setting for his love and remorse than the Great Desert, with its terrible loneliness, its dreadful nights and its burning days. Wilful, capricious, unfortunate *Pam* is one of the living characters in this year's fiction, so much alive that it should be condemned as an unwarrantable case of vivisection to crush such an attractive creature in the wheels of iron circumstance in order to prove the trite thesis that free love entails penalties upon the second generation.

The Missourian is that vintage of manhood in the South which matured during the period of the Civil War. But the scene of his adventures is laid in the golden eddies left by that great struggle on the shores of another country. The McGowan sisters have written the most accurate and entertaining Colonial novel of the year, but the sequel of *The Return*, which they made up out of the romantic ends of cer-



Elizabeth Robins, Author of "The Dark Lantern."

tain social traditions, is a sort of anticlimax. *Isidro* is an old-world epic dealing with Indian and Spanish legends in the West, and is a masterpiece in the particulars of literary style, and time-old spirit.

The socio-political novel is a popular, but inadequate way of conveying unpleasant impressions of our national life. Mr. Herrick wrote the most significant novel along this line last year, but his late book, *Memoirs of An American Citizen*, is not in so happy a vein. The author sees things too big, and he has not enough confidence in the virtue of the American people, which will outlast transient vices.

And, finally, there are a few novels of homely, simple life, good to read. The characters are real human beings, who will never be known in the world of fiction because they belong to the corners and cross-roads of life itself. Some are to be found in Harben's new story, *Pole Baker*, and *Among the Little Hills*, and especially in *Sanna*.

We have never outgrown our early pioneer relish for the life of adventure, and no American novelist knows this better than does George Barr McCutcheon. He can write better stories of another kind, but in his last novel, *Nedra*, he has swung out more fully than ever in the

brisk business-like manner of expression which often takes the place of literary style in this country, and he has given us the kind of story Americans like, incredible, daring, delightful and a little absurd.



History and Biography

- The Cambridge Modern History*. Vol. III. The Wars of Religion. Vol. VIII—The French Revolution. Macmillan. \$4.00 each.
- The Historians' History of the World*. Edited by Henry Smith Williams. Outlook. 25 vols.
- Seventy Centuries of the Life of Mankind*. By J. N. Larned. Springfield: Nichols. 2 vols.
- A History of All Nations*. Vols. I to X. Lea Bros.
- A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe*. By David J. Hill. Longmans. \$5.00.
- A History of Egypt*. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Vol. III. Scribner. \$2.25.
- A History of Egypt*. By James H. Breasted. Scribner. \$5.00.
- Roman Society, From Nero to Marcus Aurelius*. By Samuel Dill. Macmillan. \$4.00.
- The American Nation. A History From Original Sources*. By Associate Scholars. Edited by A. B. Hart. Harper. 10 vols. \$2.00 each.
- History of the United States*. By Edward Channing. Macmillan. \$2.50.
- A History of the United States and Its People*. By Elroy M. Avery. Cleveland: Burrows. 12 vols. \$6.25 each.
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- A Short Constitutional History of the United States*. By Francis Newton Thorpe. Little. \$1.75.
- The Philippine Islands*. Translations and Reprints of Historical Documents. Edited by Emma Helen Blair and James A. Robertson. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clarke. \$4.00 per vol.
- Journals of the Continental Congress*. By Worthington G. Ford. Library of Congress.
- Early Western Travels*. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clarke. \$4.00.
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- Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*. Doubleday. \$2.50.
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- A History of Modern England*. By Herbert Paul. Macmillan. 5 vols. \$2.50 each.
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- England Under the Stuarts*. By G. M. Trevelyan. Putnam. \$3.00.
- Adventures of King James II of England*. Longmans. \$4.80.
- Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork*. Dutton. \$5.00.
- The Coming of Parliament*. By L. Cecil Jane. Putnam. \$1.35.

The demand for historical literature, which seemed to have reached high-tide last year, has not yet begun to ebb—or, if the demand is less, production and supply have not yet heeded the changing conditions. The great boom given American history by the national pride in the outcome of the Spanish-American war, and the consequent elevation of our position in the world's eyes, has extended still further to the increase of our interest in the history of other nations.

Still prominent among the general history enterprises is the *Cambridge Modern History*. The volume on the "Wars of Religion" has the characteristics of preceding volumes—a fine, scholarly catalog of events, with little sense for literary form or emphasis. It is learned and fair, but cold and unsympathetic; useful as an encyclopaedia, and having little dramatic interest. Of more service to the lay reader is the *Historians' History of the World*, which is a mosaic of bits taken from many well known historians. Tho the choice of materials shows a greater sense for literary than historical merit, yet, for popular use, that is more essential. Larned's *Seventy Centuries of the Life of Mankind*, a shorter attempt to tell the world's history, makes the serious error of a chronological arrangement regardless of the logical sequence of events, and he divides time into periods measured by the lives of great men—a method destructive of real historical unity. The *History of All Nations*, a carefully edited translation of the *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte*, has not developed far enough to be judged as a whole, but the first ten volumes are authoritative and a much needed guide to the study of ancient history. It is very handsomely printed and illustrated. *Hill's History of Diplomacy* is a carefully written summary of European international history.

Two important and original contributions to Egyptian history are made by Dr. Flinders Petrie's new volume and Dr. Breasted's more complete and popular work. Dill's *Roman Society* is so interestingly written and contains so much that is new to the ordinary reader that it is reaching a remarkably wide audience.

Of general histories of the United States the year has brought forth nearly every kind, long or short. The most elaborate undertaking is the *American Nation Series*, edited by Professor Hart. Ten volumes of the total twenty-eight have appeared, each written by a specialist in the particular field treated by that volume. With one or two exceptions the writers thus far have shown literary skill as well as special study. Nearly all are teachers of history in some one of our largest universities, and as their work compels them to take a survey of the whole field of American history they have not exaggerated the importance of their own specialty in its relation to the whole subject. Tho the series cannot escape some of the limitations of the monographic method, yet it has already taken the place which it will hold for many years of the most important reference history of our country. Professor Channing, of Harvard, has at the same time issued the first volume of his *History of the United States*, which promised to be the most scholarly work, covering our whole history, produced by a single author. It is the ripe product of long and deep research, masterful in



Edith Wharton, Author of "The House of Mirth."

scholarship, and clear and simple in its literary style. As a study of the growth of the nation, from the political, institutional, industrial and social point of view, it stands without a rival. Mr. Avery's like attempt falls far short in depth of knowledge, and, while accuracy of detail has been secured thru several revisions by specialists, the emphasis is bad and the literary style often stilted. There is no effort to settle controverted points, all positions being stated and none chosen. Of shorter attempts to tell our nation's story that of E. E. Sparks is of the greatest value. It is chiefly a study of the westward movement, the increase of the sentiment of union, and the material growth of the nation. Thorpe's *Constitutional History* exhibits an immense amount of learning on that subject, ill arranged and almost devoid of historical sequence.

One of the most notable facts about the publication of American historical literature is the printing of original documents and the reprinting of valuable Americana. The Blair & Robertson translations and reprints of documents relating to the Philippine Islands, and Ford's new edition of the *Journals of the Continental Congress* are fine examples. Six or eight volumes more of Thwaites's *Early Western Travels* have appeared during the year, and they continue to furnish the most vivid accounts of Western social and economic conditions before 1850. The *Trail-Marker's Series* offers in cheap form good and well-edited contemporary accounts of heroic first explorers of the interior of our continent. A fine reprint of Lahontan's *New Voyages to North America*, edited by Thwaites, makes generally available the most entertaining and instructive—in many respects—of the early accounts of the Canadian and

Northwestern wilderness about Lake Michigan and the upper Mississippi. Most interesting of all the reprints, perhaps, is Olmsted's *A Journey to the Seaboard Slave States*, the most faithful picture of the worst side of the South in slavery days (1852-3). It still has a value in the study of the great problem of our time, and for historical purposes is invaluable.

Besides the general histories of the United States and reprints of documents, there has been some very valuable work upon limited periods and phases of our

history. The fifth volume of Rhodes's monumental work, *History of the United States from 1850*, has all the thoroness of scholarship and excellence of literary execution that has marked the earlier volumes. In this volume closes the story of the Civil War, and this masterful accomplishment entitles Mr. Rhodes to the first place among American historians. The minds of the most competent critics are made up, and difficult, indeed, will it be for any future historian to displace Mr. Rhodes—certainly in his own field. The



Herbert Paul, Author of "A History of Modern England."

other histories of special subjects are more modest in their character. Mr. Lowery has added another scholarly work to his studies in Spanish colonization by the publication of his *Spanish Settlements: Florida*. A worthy place among these special studies is held by Friedenwald's *Declaration of Independence*, which is a careful and deep study of the evolution of the spirit that produced that famous document. Other studies of this character are the biographies of eminent Americans. Miegs's *Life of Benton* is, perhaps, the best of these, written by a student for students. Clay, as a statesman and country gentleman of impulsive and chivalrous Kentucky, is studied by Mr. Rogers in

an interesting way, but lacking in dramatic arrangement and wanting in painstaking accuracy of statement. A charming work, which should be read by every Northern man who finds himself intolerant of Southern heroes is *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, by his son, R. E. Lee. Barrett's *Lincoln* is the last of four lives of the great President written by the same author, and shows calmer judgment than those written as campaign documents or the one issued after Lincoln's death.

England's history in recent years has been interestingly written by both Herbert Paul and Sir Spencer Walpole. The former, beginning with 1846, with the triumph of free trade, gives a brilliant review, tinged with the convictions of a pronounced free-trader, a liberal in politics, and an opponent of the Church of England. Walpole's work is diffuse and wordy, but interesting and useful, showing wide use of the original sources. His personal experience in administration lends to the book the charm of intimate knowledge as to much that is told. Trevelyan's *England Under the Stuarts* is one of the best pieces of historical writing that has appeared in recent years. The younger Trevelyan is evidently a chip of the old block. McKechnie's very readable book on the *Magna Carta* is not so much a history as a commentary from the point of view of a constitutional lawyer. In biographical work in the English field there is at least one notable contribution, Frederic Harrison's *Life of Chatham*.



Sociology, Economics, Politics

- The Foundations of Sociology.* By Edward A. Ross. Macmillan. \$1.25.
Elements of Sociology. By Frank W. Blackmar. Macmillan. \$1.25.
A Text Book of Sociology. By James Q. Dealey and Lester F. Ward. Macmillan. \$1.30.
General Sociology. By Albion W. Small. University of Chicago. \$4.00.
History of Matrimonial Institutions. By G. E. Howard. University of Chicago. 3 vols. \$10.00.
Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions. By H. Munro Chadwick. Macmillan. \$2.50.
Democracy and Reaction. By L. T. Hobhouse. Putnam. \$1.50.
A Modern Utopia. By H. G. Wells. Scribner. \$1.50.
Betting as a National Evil. By B. Seeböhm Rowntree. Macmillan. \$1.60.
The Liquor Problem. By the Committee of Fifty. Houghton. \$1.00.
The War of the Classes. By Jack London. Macmillan. \$1.50.
The Diseases of Society. By G. Frank Lybston. Lippincott. \$3.00.
The Americans. By Hugo Munsterberg. McClure. \$2.50.

- The Women of America.* By Elizabeth McCracken. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Poverty. By Robert Hunter. Macmillan. \$1.50.
The Principles of Relief. By Edward T. Devine. Macmillan. \$2.00.
Modern Methods of Charity. By C. R. Henderson and Others. Macmillan. \$3.50.
The History of the Standard Oil Company. By Ida M. Tarbell. McClure. 2 vols. \$5.00.
Trusts, Pools and Corporations. Edited by William Z. Ripley. Ginn.
Government Regulation of Railway Rates. By Hugo Richard Meyer. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Restrictive Railway Legislation. By Henry S. Haines. Macmillan. \$2.50.
Rise and Decline of the Free Trade Movement. By W. Cunningham. Macmillan. 75c.
The Bank and the Treasury. By Frederick A. Cleveland. Longmans. \$1.80.
Lynch Law. By James E. Cutler. Longmans. \$1.50.
Industrial History of the United States. By Katherine Cowan. Macmillan. \$1.25.
The City the Hope of Democracy. By Frederick C. Howe. Scribners. \$1.50.
Labor Problems. By Thomas S. Adams and Helen S. Sumner. Macmillan. \$1.60.
The Industrial Problem. By Lyman Abbott. Jacobs: Philadelphia. \$1.00.
The Negro. By Thomas Nelson Page. Scribner. \$1.25.
The Problem of the Immigrant. By J. D. Whelpley. Dutton. \$3.00.
The Russian Jew in the United States. Edited by C. S. Bernheimer. Winston. \$2.00.
The Principles of the Administrative Law of the United States. By Frank J. Goodnow. Putnam. \$3.00.
Civics: Studies in American Citizenship. By Waldo H. Sherman. Macmillan. 90 cents.
International, Civil and Commercial Law. By F. Meili. Macmillan. \$3.00.
The National Administration of the United States. By John A. Fairlie. Macmillan. \$2.50.
The Civil Service and the Patronage. By Charles Russel Fish. Longmans. \$2.00.
Constitutional Law in the United States. By Emlin McClain. (American Citizen Series.) Longmans. \$1.50.
A History of Political Theories From Luther to Montesquieu. By W. A. Dunning. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Social and industrial subjects come in for a greater contribution even than that of last year; and the character of the contribution is on the whole higher. The public is concerning itself increasingly with these subjects, and an army of writers is busily engaged in supplying the growing demand for books. We can mention only a part of the year's publications.

Under General Sociology we have Dr. Ross's brilliant but somewhat capricious *Foundations of Sociology*, which will doubtless take high rank as an inquiry into the nature and scope of the science, and a criticism of much that has heretofore been laid down as sociological truth. Dealey and Ward's volume is a popularization of the matter in Dr. Ward's great work on *Pure Sociology*, which appeared two seasons ago. The abridgement has been excellently done. Dr. Blackmar's contribution is arranged in the form of a working manual for students. It is comprehensive in scope, is written in simple and direct diction,

and the arrangement of its parts is sequential and orderly. Professor Small's *General Sociology*, just received, is a work of such importance that we shall be compelled to review it at length in a few weeks.

There are several important numbers in the class of what may be called Sociological Studies. Professor Howard's *History of Matrimonial Institutions* is a scholarly and profound inquiry into the various forms of marriage, and their environing social conditions. Chadwick's *Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions* is another notable work. Mr. Hobhouse's inquiry into the apparent reaction from democracy has attracted great attention in America, as well as in England. Mr. Wells reaches probably his highest work as a theorist on the future state in his *A Modern Utopia*. Mr. Rowntree treats of the evil of betting in the thoro and dispassionate manner he has employed in his other studies. London's *War of the Classes* develops the Socialist attitude on modern social antagonisms in his characteristically forcible and striking style, while Professor Münsterberg gives himself free rein in a comprehensive description of the American people, especially as compared with the German.

Under Economic Studies (tho the dividing line between this and the previous class is often difficult to fix), we have Mr. Hunter's remarkable volume on poverty in the United States, and a long list of other entries, many of them of marked excellence. The most approved methods of organized charity are explained and discussed by Dr. Devine, the head of the Associated Charities in New York in *The Principles of Relief*, and by a group of experts in *Modern Methods of Charity*, both valuable aids to the philanthropist. Dr. Ripley has collected a number of monographs on particular trusts, pools and corporations, and has built up a book of very considerable value. Miss Coman supplies an old want by her *Industrial History of the United States*, a carefully executed work, packed with information. The Adams-Summer volume on *Labor Problems* is comprehensive in scope and thoro in treatment, and will be found indispensable to all students of industrial questions. The negro is discussed from a moderate

Southern standpoint by Mr. Page, while the immigration problem claims two notable entries. Dr. Howe, in a spirited and striking description of the American city, interprets its myriad phases from the economic standpoint. The increasing interest in railway regulation is indicated by two notable contributions. Dr. Meyer's work reveals a marked reaction toward the more individualistic attitude, and maintains that any phase of Government regulation of railways is unwise. Professor Haines takes a more progressive view. The substance of this book was delivered last April and May in twelve lectures before the Boston University School of Law. A critical attitude toward State regulation is evident thruout, but it is conceded that Federal regulation of some sort may be beneficial.



Religion

- Die Quellen des Lebens Jesus.* By Paul Wernle. Jesus, by Wilhelm Bousset. Paulus, by William Wrede. Halle: Gebauer-Schwetschke. Each, 40 pf.
- The Beginnings of Christianity.* By Paul Wernle. Putnam. \$2.50.
- Christian Life in the Primitive Church.* By Ernst von Dobschütz. Putnam. \$2.50.
- Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries.* By Adolf Harnack. Putnam. 2 vols. \$2.50 each.
- The Religion of the New Testament.* By Bernhard Weiss. Funk. \$2.00.
- Messianic Hope in the New Testament.* By Shailer Mathews. University of Chicago. \$2.50.
- The Eschatology of Jesus.* By Lewis A. Muirhead. Armstrong. \$1.75.
- St. Paul's Conceptions of the Last Things.* By H. A. A. Kennedy. Armstrong. \$2.25.
- Messages of the Apocalyptic Writers.* By F. C. Porter. Scribner. \$1.25.
- Jesus and the Prophets.* By Charles S. Macfarland. Putnam. \$1.50.
- Who Then Is This?* By Harris G. Hale. Pilgrim Press. \$1.25.
- The Witness to the Influence of Christ.* By W. B. Carpenter. Houghton. \$1.10.
- Christ.* By S. D. McConnell. Macmillan. \$1.25.
- The Story of St. Paul.* By B. W. Bacon. Houghton. \$1.50.
- The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia.* By W. M. Ramsay. Armstrong. \$3.50.
- Bible Problems.* By T. C. Cheyne. Putnam. \$1.50.
- The Criticism of the Fourth Gospel.* By William Sanday. Scribner. \$1.75.
- A Commentary on Amos and Hosea.* By W. R. Harper. Scribner. \$3.00.
- The Priestly Element in the Old Testament. The Prophetic Element in the Old Testament.* By W. R. Harper. University of Chicago. \$1.00 each.
- Early Hebrew Story.* By John P. Peters. Putnam. \$1.25.
- The Religion of Israel.* By R. L. Ottley. Macmillan. \$1.00.
- The Jewish Encyclopaedia.* Vols. IX, X, XI. Funk. \$6.00 each.
- Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals.* By F. M. Davenport. Macmillan. \$1.50.
- The Gospel and the Church.* By Alfred Loisy. Scribner. \$1.00.
- The Freedom of Authority.* By J. MacBride Sterrett. Macmillan. \$2.00.
- The Church and Its Organization, in Primitive Times*

and Catholic Times. By Walter Lowrie. Longmans. \$3.50.
Die Doppelhe des Landgrafen Philipp von Hessen. By William Walter Rockwell. Marburg: N. G. Elwert. Seven marks.
John Knox and the Reformation. By Andrew Lang. Longmans. \$3.50.
John Knox: His Ideas and Ideals. By James Stalker. Armstrong. \$1.00.
John Knox. By Henry Cowan. Putnam. \$1.35.
The Twentieth Century New Testament. Revell. \$1.00.
Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Children. By Georgia Louise Chamberlain. University of Chicago. \$1.00.
How to Conduct a Sunday School. By Marion Lawrence. Revell. \$1.25.
The Wonders of Life. By Ernst Haeckel. Harper. \$1.50.
Ideals of Science and Faith. Longmans. \$1.60.
De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. Putnam. \$1.25.
From Epicurus to Christ. By Wm. DeWitt Hyde. Macmillan. \$1.50.

No one who considers fairly the output of religious books of the past twelve

life of the present. Perhaps nothing in English equals the very remarkable series of *Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher*, popular treatises based on the historical method, which have been appearing in German. Brief and clear, of abundant mastery of the facts of the subject, full of sharp formulas and illuminating criticism, such works as Wernle's *Introduction to the Gospels*, Bousset's sketch of the *Life and Work of Jesus*, and Wrede's essay on Paul, are as illuminating and helpful presentations of the results of scholarly Biblical research as have ever been made. They have had large sale in Germany and are exceedingly



Arabe Veillant le Corps de Son Ami—Fortuny. From Sturgis's "Appreciation of Pictures." Copyright, 1905, by The Baker & Taylor Co.

months can doubt the fruitfulness of the critical and historical method. The time has gone by when treatises on Biblical and religious subjects can be sneered at as "Sunday School literature," and the sarcasm of George Eliot in her treatment of "Evangelical Teaching: Dr. Cumming" would be very unjust if applied to the theological productions of the past year. Instead of the "unscrupulosity of statement" and the "alliance between intellectual and moral perversion" with which the keen essayist treated the evangelical preacher to an unmerciful flaying, we have today in the religious writers whose works secure most consideration thoroughness of research, carefulness of statement, and real grip of vital questions in religious history and in the religious

cheap, costing in America only about ten cents a volume. Unfortunately they have not been translated, but works of the same critical skill and insight are available in English in the translations of Wernle's *Beginnings of Christianity* and Von Dobschütz's *Christian Life in the Primitive Church*. The former is taking its place as a standard work on the rise of Christianity, and the latter is interesting as a study in the neglected field of early Christian morals. Prof. James Moffatt has completed his translation of Harnack's *Mission und Ausbreitung des Christentums*, which, since its appearance in 1902, has won recognition as a standard and authoritative work on the missionary character and missionary efforts of Christianity to the time of

Constantine. It is an indispensable work of reference as to Christian activities in that period.

Dr. Weiss's *Religion of the New Testament* is from an older generation of the German theological faculties, and will not be found so illuminating.

One of the sure results of historical criticism is the recognition of the large place which apocalyptic and eschatological ideas held in the thought of Jesus and his apostles. A very able treatment of this theme, conservative in spirit, yet thoro in research, is Professor Shailer Mathew's *Messianic Hope in the New Testament*. Two Scotch scholars, apparently without pre-arrangement, divided the subject, Mr. Muirhead writing on the *Eschatology of Jesus*, and Professor Kennedy on *St. Paul's Conceptions of the Last Things*. Both works are of high merit, the latter securing for its author his transfer from a manse in Callendar, Scotland, to a theological chair in Toronto.

Professor Porter's *Messages of the Apocalyptic Writers* borders on the same fascinating and important topic of Jewish and Christian population on the future, and is, perhaps, the best introduction to the study of Daniel and Revelation available.

A further enlightening contribution to the study of the life of Christ is found in Dr. Macfarland's *Jesus and the Prophets*, a careful and scholarly examination of the relation of Jesus to Old Testament prophecy, and an endeavor to distinguish between Christ's own use of the prophets and that of the evangelists. Mr. Hale's endeavor to set forth the mind and spirit of Jesus is on many pages suggestive, and Dr. Carpenter's *Witness to the Influence of Christ* exhibits his well-known versatility and literary skill. The Rev. S. D. McConnell interprets Jesus as a teacher of the dogma of conditional immortality.

For many years the relation of the Acts of the Apostles to the Epistles of Paul has perplexed New Testament scholars. Professor Bacon's *Story of St. Paul* is the clearest and ablest presentation of this subject yet made by an American. Professor Ramsay endeavors to throw light on the *Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia* by consideration of

political and social conditions in Asia Minor at the time of the writing of the book of Revelation. Some of his interpretations may be questioned, but the wealth of information and fact makes his book valuable for reference. Canon Cheyne's *Bible Problems* seeks to prove that the accounts of the Virgin Birth, the Descent into Hell, and the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus had their origin in Babylonian myths.

The authenticity of the Fourth Gospel has been very ably and earnestly defended by the learned and distinguished Oxford Professor, William Sanday, under the title *The Criticism of the Fourth Gospel*. Stress is laid upon the internal argument for the authenticity.

If one may judge from the books issued, the center of interest is passing from the Old Testament to the New. The contributions to the Old Testament study are not as numerous as a few years ago, while the number of books on the New Testament has increased largely. However, President Harper's *Amos and Hosea* fully sustains the reputation of American Old Testament scholarship, and are the best and fullest exposition of those most important prophets. The same author's *Priestly Element in the Old Testament* and *Prophetic Element in the Old Testament* are also valuable. Wealth of archæological information lends special value to Dr. Peter's scholarly *Early Hebrew Story*, an examination of the narrative portions of the Hexateuch. Ottley's *Religion of Israel* is a compact, semi-popular account of the development of Hebrew religion, as understood by a cautious and moderate critic. The *Jewish Encyclopædia*, of which three volumes have appeared during the year, has many articles on subjects connected with the Old Testament, written by competent scholars and in a scientific and catholic spirit.

The important discussion called out by Harnack's "What is Christianity" has been continued in Loisy's *Gospel and the Church*, a very searching critique of Harnack from the brave leader of the French liberal Catholics, and also in Sterrett's *Freedom of Authority*, a criticism of both Loisy and Harnack from the point of view of a Hegelian and Broad Churchman. The method of organiza-

tion in early Christianity receives the most searching examination in recent years in Lowrie's *The Church and Its Organization in Primitive and Catholic Times*.

Among biographies of religious leaders international recognition has been given to Rockwell's work on the bigamy of Philip of Hesse. A German treatise of formidable size, yet written by a young American scholar, it has been hailed in Germany as shedding new light on the character of Luther.

In Philosophy, the materialistic monism of Haeckel has had further vigorously combative announcement in his *Wonders of Life*, an answer to criticisms and replies on the widely read "Riddle of the Universe." On the other hand, in *Ideals of Science and Faith* six eminent scientists and four leading theologians seek to show that the antagonisms between science and religion have been greatly exaggerated. The trend of current feeling is more with Sir Oliver Lodge and these essays than with the aged Haeckel. Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* is one of the saddest, most terrible, yet most fascinating books of recent times, a philosophy of suffering in the form of a confession. The ethical principles of antiquity, their modern modifications, and their relation to the moral teachings of Christianity are handled in untechnical language by President Hyde in *From Epicurus to Christ*.

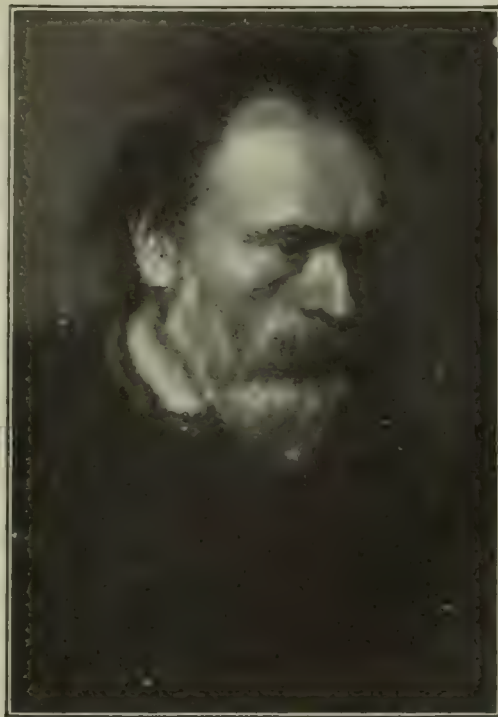
Music and Art

- Grove's Dictionary of Music*. Vol. I. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Macmillan. \$5.00.
Theodore Thomas, A Musical Autobiography. 2 vols. McClurg. \$6.00.
Beethoven and His Forerunners. By D. G. Mason. Macmillan. \$1.50.
The Art of the Musician. By Henry G. Hanchett. Macmillan. \$1.50.
The Story of the Violin. By Paul Stoeving. *The Story of the Harp*. By W. H. Grattan Flood. Scribners. \$1.25 each.
The Study of the History of Music. By Edward Dickinson. Scribners. \$2.50.

- Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*. Vol. V. Macmillan. \$6.00.
The Library of Art. Medieval Art, by W. R. Lethaby; Verrocchio, by Maud Cruttwell; Albrecht Dürer, by T. Sturge Moore; Giotto, by Basil de Selincourt; Constable, by M. Sturge Henderson; Pisanello, by G. F. Hill. Scribners. \$2.00 each.
Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B-J. Macmillan. \$6.00.
G. F. Watts. Reminiscences. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. Macmillan. \$5.00.
Old Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox. Fox, Duffield. \$1.50.
The Appreciation of Pictures. By Russell Sturgis. Baker & Taylor. \$1.50.

The past season's books on music, painting, sculpture, and on their eminent practitioners, surpass those of any preceding year. Only the barest mention of the best can be attempted in the space at our disposal.

Among those concerned with the "no-



SIR E. BURNE-JONES.

blest of the arts" the most important is the first of five volumes of a revised and enlarged reissue of Sir George Grove's monumental *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. This is practically a new work (twenty-five years have passed since the original edition was published), ably and judiciously edited, and it promises to be an indispensable compendium for those who are genuinely interested in music or in music-makers. The *Musical Autobiography* of the late Theodore Thomas is a fascinating record of

a noble life. It is accompanied by 1,200 of the great conductor's programs, a collection of the highest value for its indication of the development of musical taste and appreciation in America.

Dr. Williamson's revision of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, now concluded with the fifth volume, gives to the world another great and invaluable work of historical narrative and critical comment, ranking in its field with *Grove* in the field of music. The new issues in that excellent set of monographs, "The Library of Art," are notable for a free exercise of individuality by the contributors that makes each of the volumes a sympathetic interpretation of the

work of the artist discussed. The memorials of *Edward Burne-Jones* by his widow, while making no pretense to a critical knowledge of art, give a remarkably clear and sympathetic account of the emotional life of Burne-Jones, Morris and others of their set, out of which their art sprang. Mrs. Barrington's personal reminiscences of *G. F. Watts* constitute the most important book about that painter yet published, giving an intimate portrait of the man and some account of the development of his art. For incisive analysis and illuminative appreciation Mr. Cox's little book of essays, *Old Masters and New*, is the most significant and the most valuable work in art criticism pure and simple issued in many a long day. Every lover of art should have it. Mr. Sturgis's *Appreciation of Sculpture* is a good, helpful and instructive book by an authority whose long and careful study of the arts has equipped him with a wealth of knowledge.



Poetry, Biography and Criticism

- Poems of Swinburne.* Harper. 12 vols. \$6.00.
Byron's Complete Poetical Works. Houghton. \$3.00.
The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips. Macmillan. \$1.25.
Fenris, the Wolf. A Tragedy. By Percy Mackaye. Macmillan.
Cain. A Drama. By George Cabot Lodge. Houghton. \$1.00.
Love Triumphant. By Frederic Laurence Knowles. Estes.
Music and Other Poems. By Henry VanDyke. Scribner. \$1.00.
Emile Zola. By E. A. Vizetelly. Lane. \$3.50.
Honore de Balzac. By Mary F. Sandars. Dodd. \$3.00.
Theodore Watts-Dunton. By James Douglas. Lane. \$3.50.
An Irishman's Story. By Justin McCarthy. Macmillan. \$2.50.
Autobiography of Moncure Daniel Conway. Houghton. 2 vols. \$6.00.
Autobiography of Andrew D. White. Century. \$7.50.
Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton. Longmans. 2 vols. \$9.00.
Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Elliot Norton. Houghton. 2 vols. \$4.00.
Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Southworth. Edited by his Wife. Macmillan. 2 vols. \$4.50.
Complete Works of Emerson. Centenary Edition. Houghton. 12 vols. \$1.75 each.
A History of Criticism. By George Saintsbury. Dodd. 3 vols. \$3.50 each.
The Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors. Edited by Chas. Wells Moulton. Buffalo: Moulton. 8 vols. \$5.00 each.
Shakespearean Tragedy. By A. C. Bradley. Macmillan. \$3.25.
Shelburne Essays. Second and Third Series. By P. E. More. Putnam. \$1.25 each.
Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects. By S. H. Butcher. Macmillan.
Tragic Drama in Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare. By Lewis Campbell. Longmans.
English Men of Letters. Sidney Smith, by G. W. E. Russell. Adam Smith, by F. W. Hirst. Thomas Moore, by Stephen Gwynn. William H. Prescott, by Harry Thurston Peck. William Cullen Bryant, by W. A. Bradley. Hobbes, by Leslie Stephen. Edward Fitzgerald, by A. C. Benson. Macmillan. 75c. each.

The year's crop of memorable verse has been unusually small—so much so as hardly to deserve a place by itself. If we omit the complete uniform edition of Swinburne in twelve volumes, with a dedicatory letter to Mr. Watts-Dunton at its head, and Paul E. More's well-edited volume of Byron's poems, there remains little or nothing of first rate importance or of any great promise. Even Mr. Phillips, from whom something at least poetical may be expected annually, has proved a good deal of a disappointment this last season. Not that his *Sin of David* is without its splendid romantic passages; but its dramatic shortcomings are singularly conspicuous, as also the peculiar flatnesses into which he falls when he attempts, as apparently he often does, to chasten his romantic proclivities by a sort of classical discipline or regimen. With this exception the brief impulse toward a classic reaction, which, tho slight, was still perceptible a year ago, seems to have ceased; and if anything, the pendulum appears to incline to the opposite extreme. Mr. Mackay's *Fenris, the Wolf*, and Mr. Lodge's *Cain* both belong to the category of barbaric; the former by its subject and treatment, and the latter by its general spirit. There is some good, if rather grandiloquent, verse in these productions, which, together with a ferment of spirit, and a bewilderment of moral ideas, justly entitles them to the designation. Amid lighter and less pretentious verse may be mentioned, with regret for the untimely loss of its author, Mr. Knowles's *Love Triumphant*. When it comes to the expression of thought, however, for our own day, there is something lacking. In spite of his popularity even Dr. VanDyke, who attempts to supply our want of a reflective poet, leaves much to be desired in depth and significance.

Of books about books and the makers of books, on the other hand, there is no lack. Indeed, the kind of literary criticism and biography, which is not itself literature, is so rapidly on the increase that it seems as though its subjects must soon be exhausted at the present rate of original production.

Mr. Vizetelly's biography of Zola possesses little critical value; prob-

ably the time has not yet come for a just estimate of Zola. But it has the merit of being written by Zola's English press agent and translator, a personal acquaintance of the author's besides; and tho wanting in concision and proportion, is likely for some time to be an authoritative source for the facts of the novelist's life. Miss Sandars, too, is the first to publish in English anything like a consecutive and reasonably complete biography of Balzac. She is unfortunate in writing at the height of a reaction in favor of her subject, particularly as she herself is very much under the dominance of the great attitudinarian, so that she occasionally fails to distinguish the man from the pose, as is not too inexcusable in the case of one who hoaxed himself quite as often as others. In default of any collection of Mr. Watts-Dunton's writings, Mr. Douglas's account of that critic and his work ought to be reckoned in with these other volumes under the head of useful literary information. Mr. Douglas writes in a vein of obsequious laudation, which would be disgraceful if it were not merely silly; but his book is valuable, nevertheless, as containing selections and extracts from much of Mr. Watts-Dunton's best criticism not generally accessible elsewhere.

In the nature of a mean between history and criticism, sharing to some extent in the nature of one and the manner of the other, and supplying material indifferently to both, should be mentioned here the autobiographies, memoirs, letters, and the like, which have recently been rising in shoals on every quarter. If the *Academy's* classification of the *genre* into autobiography and ought-not-to-biography is to be sustained, a great many of these productions may be lightly dismissed as belonging altogether to the latter class. Most of the remainder are more or less journalistic or anecdotal in their appeal, sketches of men, manners and incidents, like those of Moncure Conway and Justin McCarthy, to be taken up later, in part, perhaps, into our social histories. Of those the letters of J. H. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," form one

of the most significant collections to the student of the individual, probably by reason of his limitations fully as much as his achievement.

It is a striking illustration of the elasticity of the term, criticism, that it should seem as capable of including the Centenary Edition of Emerson, which is certainly criticism of the broadest sort, and, perhaps, of the best sort, too, in dealing directly in life without the intervention of books, as Professor Saintsbury's *History of Criticism*, which, in spite of its author's rather slap-dash fashion, is on the whole a valuable, even an indispensable compendium for students of that very special criticism which is concerned with books almost exclusively, while the *Library of Literary Criticism* illustrates the same subject for the general and less technical reader. Professor Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*, an interesting discussion of the four great plays, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lear" and "Macbeth," is the best piece of Shakespearean criticism published for some time. Professor Bradley's general manner and principles of criticism are Aristotelian. He criticises from the craftsman's point of view; and in the first part of his work, in which he writes of Shakespeare's dramatic conceptions and construction, he is largely indebted to Aristotle for his ideas. But his criticism, for all its formality and tendency to reason about a play as though it were fact, not fancy, is thoroly sound and serious. Between these two poles, as effecting a sort of compromise between them by turning a fresh stream of life upon literature, and a fresh current of ideas upon life, should be set the second and third series of Mr. More's *Shelburne Essays*, among which the Lafcadio Hearn and the Sainte-Beuve are, perhaps, the most remarkable for the depth and penetration of their analysis. Nor should mention fail of what seems something like a reviving interest in classical criticism in the publication of Professor Campbell's *Tragic Drama*, a sort of transcription from the writer's note-books, but not wanting in suggestion, and Professor Butcher's very readable *Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects*.



Revision of the Copyright Laws

BY HERBERT PUTNAM, LITT.D.

Librarian of Congress.

THESE have recently been held in New York two remarkable conferences. Their intent was to consider the imperfections of our present copyright laws; and they were composed of representatives of various interests supposed to be affected by them. That the laws as they stand are imperfect is admitted. They are not a modern creation based upon a deliberate and scientific consideration of modern conditions; but in large part merely accretions upon the original act of 1790. This act, passed by the first Congress "for the encouragement of learning," took account of the statutory law of England and of particular enactments passed in most of the colonies. It specified as the subject matter of copyright only "maps, charts and books." It was later extended by the inclusion: In 1802, of designs, engravings, etchings and other prints; in 1831, of music; in 1856, of dramatic compositions; in 1865, of photographs; in 1870, of "paintings, drawings, chromos, statuary, and models or designs intended to be perfected as works of the fine arts." The act of 1870, in transferring the copyright business to the Library of Congress, provided for certain formalities not theretofore prescribed. But the statutes of 1873, tho nominally revisions, were, as regards copyright, in effect but a reiteration of existing law. The act of 1891 extended the privilege within certain limitations to foreign authors. Certain other acts affected the term, providing for renewals, and certain others have contained modifications and additional special provisions. The need of these is evidenced by no less than twelve amendatory acts since the revised statutes of 1873, and by no less than five bills pending last March, proposing further amendment.

The result of incessant amendment instead of radical revision has been to introduce into the laws textual contradictions and inconsistencies which have perplexed author, publisher, their legal counsel and the courts, and have greatly

embarrassed the administration of the Copyright Office itself. The replacement of the existing laws by one general copyright statute and the incorporation into this of provisions to meet modern conditions has been a recognized necessity. A commission to consider revision has been urged upon Congress, but Congress from its experience with other commissions has been reluctant to create a new one for this purpose. In its stead there was suggested an endeavor to secure an agreement by the various interests practically concerned in a revision of the law, and it was with this endeavor in view that the two conferences referred to were called together.

They were called by the Copyright Office, whose first decision had to be as to the organizations which should be selected to participate as having "practical concern" in the project. The Conference was to be limited to these, for its purpose was not an ideal perfection, but an *amelioration*. Any changes agreed upon to be necessary were to consider principle, especially principle as embodied in foreign legislation, but it had to recognize the limitation of expediency as embodied in the policy of our own existing law, and also the practicable as embodied in the recognized disposition of Congress and of our public.

In such a conference abroad the participation would be apt to be limited to authors and publishers, but with us it had properly to include all creators of artistic as well as literary property, and those concerned not merely with the publication of the original, but all reproductions in various subsidiary forms. There was an attempt also to secure an expression from the general public thru the National Educational Association and the American Library Association, and the counsel of the Bar in the American Bar Association. The resulting list included no less than twenty-seven organizations, and it was so notable in the scope of these, the variety of their interests and

the character of their representatives that it alone furnished the best prospect of success. It comprised, for example, in addition to the three organizations mentioned above:

The Authors:

The American (Authors') Copyright League (represented by Messrs. R. R. Bowker, vice-president, and Robert Underwood Johnson, secretary).

The National Institute of Arts and Letters (represented by Messrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Brander Matthews).

The Dramatists:

The American Dramatists' Club (represented by Messrs. Bronson Howard and Joseph I. C. Clarke).

The Composers:

The Manuscript Society (represented by Mr. F. L. Sealy and Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins).

The Artists:

The National Academy of Design (represented by Frank D. Millet).

The Society of American Artists (represented by John La Farge and John W. Alexander).

The Sculptors:

The National Sculpture Society (represented by Karl Bitter).

The Architects:

American Institute of Architects, and the Architectural League of America.

The Publishers:

American Publishers' Copyright League (represented by Messrs. Appleton, Putman, Scribner and their counsel).

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

The Periodical Publishers' Association of America.

The Association of American Directory Publishers.

The International Advertising Association.

The Music Publishers' Association of the United States.

The Photographers' Copyright League.

The National Association of Photo-Engravers.

The Print Publishers' Association.

The Lithographers:

The Reproductive Arts Copyright League.

The Printers:

The United Typothetæ of America.

The Typographers:

The International Typographical Union.

Even the *theater managers* were represented at their request for the purpose of submitting a particular suggestion.

A representative of the Treasury Department was present thruout to decide as to the practice of the department in the important matter of importations.

The American Bar Association appointed a committee, consisting now of three members of the Bar who have given special attention to copyright and who both participated and are prepared to lend criticism and counsel. Additional criticism from the legal standpoint has been secured in an informal way from several other members of the Bar specially versed in copyright law and experienced in copyright legislation. Beyond all of these there will be available the criticism and revising judgment, from the legal standpoint, of the Department of Justice itself, which has had proposed provisions under consideration and the proceedings of the Conference under observation.

The conferences were therefore remarkable, first, for the variety and character of the participants. (The total number of delegates, including those from the Government, the Librarian of Congress, the Register of Copyrights, etc., reached nearly sixty). No such congeries of interest, of opinion and of judgment have ever been secured to consider a copyright law for the United States. But they were additionally remarkable for the character of the proceedings themselves. During three days in June last and four days in November the delegates sat practically without interruption, submitting their suggestions and discussing proposed provisions. With the stenographic record of the first session in June and other accumulated data, including additional suggestions in writing from the same sources, various particular suggestions from other sources, its knowledge of existing legisla-

tion abroad, and the experience accumulated in its administration of the present laws, the Copyright Office drafted a statement for consideration at the second session of the Conference held in November. For convenience in discussion it took the form of a bill, which included no less than 15,000 words. During the four days of the second session, this was gone over section by section. A new draft is now being drawn which will in turn be submitted for criticism and suggestion and final discussion at a third session, to be held in Washington after the opening of Congress.

The limitations, as well as the opportunities of the Conference were indicated in the opening remarks of the chairman (the Librarian of Congress) at the first session:

"The origin, the occasion, and the purpose of this conference are indicated in the call. The origin is a general agreement that our present copyright laws are defective in definition and imperfect, and perhaps inconsistent in expression. The occasion is an intimation from the Senate Committee on Patents that at the coming session of Congress the committee proposes to submit a bill for a codification of these laws. Such a bill would naturally be drafted in the Copyright Office. If so, it would be the desire of the Copyright Office to have upon it the criticism of the various interests concerned with copyright protection. But the Office sees in it also an opportunity to submit to Congress in a systematic and orderly way various suggestions for the perfection of the laws where it is claimed they are now unjust or defective, and this conference is to give expression to these suggestions. Such of them as survive discussion will be noted for the attention of Congress in connection with such a codification. We invite them. We shall try to secure fair consideration for any of them that seem obviously just or to be supported by a considerable opinion. But we would not have our abilities in the matter nor the abilities of this conference overestimated. The conference, of course, is not a commission appointed by Congress to revise or even to codify the law. It is not in a formal way appointed by Congress at all. It has been invited by the Copyright Office, at the suggestion, to be sure, of the chairman of the Senate Committee on Patents, but without any express direction or mandate of law. It will, of course, be advisory to the Office, and through the Office it may reach Congress with recommendations, but, of course, its expressions can be no more than recommendations, and the recommendations to be effective ought, of course, to be kept within reasonable limits likely to be adopted. The District Attorney of New York has remarked that our statutory laws ought to be in two parts—the first of laws to be followed and the second of "moral yearnings." In our pro-

posals for copyright we had better, I think, leave the moral yearnings to a later generation, or at least a later session of Congress. The conference is composed of organizations concerned with copyright protection, but it is composed of typical organizations only—important ones, but typical ones only. It cannot claim, therefore, to be completely representative of the community. It has not been composed with reference to balancing interests possibly conflicting. A majority vote of its members would not determine a proposal to be just nor would a unanimous vote determine it to be expedient. In fact, any mere vote of the conference would have small significance. Now, these are serious limitations. We think they ought to be clearly before you at the outset, but we do not believe that they should prevent a work here of high service and of profit, and a work of which there is urgent need, and we cannot but believe that unanimity of opinion in a body such as this, so nearly representative and including interests so important, must have great weight with Congress.

The "decisions" of the Conference (*i. e.*, the proposals which appeared to be sustained by the predominant judgment of the representatives, including the Copyright Office itself and its legal advisers) will take the form of a bill to be presented to Congress. Pending the final draft of that bill, the publication even of the provisions which seem now to be settled would be premature. Certain of the subject matter which has been discussed at the Conference has, however, properly enough, been commented upon in journals representing certain of the interests participating, and may without impropriety be indicated here.

One question of general concern was that of the duration of the copyright. The present law, providing for a minimum term with a renewal in case the author or his wife or children be living at its expiration, is admittedly inconvenient in its operation, and imperfect in the benefit which it proposes. The author will probably desire to sell and assign his right. The condition that he or his wife or children must be living at the expiration of the original term raises an uncertainty as to whether he will have a renewal term to dispose of; and thus limits the price which he can secure in a sale of it. Opinion is all in favor of a single term as against one with provision for renewal.

Omitting the provision for renewal, the question still remains as to length of

term. There is still, of course, contention for a perpetual term, and those who urge it can point to several countries which recognize it. No proposal, however, for perpetual term came before the Conference. In this country it would require not merely an act of Congress but an amendment of the Constitution of the United States; for this provides only for the grant of copyright monopoly during *limited* periods. There is, however, a widespread feeling that a term which will leave the author without benefit in his old age of work produced and published in his earlier years, or even after his death deprives his minor children of this benefit, is not just and cannot be wholly fair, nor, indeed, within the spirit of our laws. It is certainly inconsistent with the policy of various foreign countries deemed most enlightened. No less than fifteen of these continue the protection thru the author's life, and for a period of fifty years after his death.

A characteristic of the United States statutes as against those of foreign countries has been their insistence upon certain formalities as a prerequisite to copyright. In so far as these consist in the registration itself and due notice, they are fundamental to the policy of our laws; but they have gone further than this and made the deposit itself of the two copies of the publication, which inure to the benefit of the Library of Congress, a condition without which the other proceedings will be ineffective; and they have further provided that unless the deposit be made on or before the date of publication, the other proceedings will be void. For failure to perform an act which is not an essential part of the registration itself, they have thus imposed a penalty which is the entire loss of the copyright; and this penalty of forfeiture becomes absolute if the date of publication has passed, for there is no means by which the omission may be made good. A modification of this harsh condition is therefore sought.

The remedies secured to the copyright proprietor in case of infringement seem to require to be enlarged, strengthened and made more clear; and the penalties upon the infringer to require more adjustment. The principle of penalties as against damages has required serious

consideration; particularly that involved in a division of the penalty between the state and the copyright proprietor, as is now, in certain cases, provided by law. The general principle of our common law is that in any actions alleging trespass upon such a property right, the damages recovered shall depend upon the injury suffered by the complainant, together with consideration of the profit which has accrued to the trespasser. It is, on the other hand, asserted that there are cases of infringement of a copyright where neither the injury to the proprietor nor the profit to the infringer can be definitely proved in dollars and cents. Whether in this case it be proper for the law to provide a fixed penalty which, as liquidated damages, should go to the copyright proprietor, or a penalty which as a criminal penalty should go solely to the state, is under discussion.

The proof of the infringement itself should, it is claimed, be simplified, and the existing provision which in some cases limits all recovery to a certain sum for every copy of the article "found" in the possession of the infringer is asserted to be insufficient, seeing that it is the copies sold by him and already distributed which have constituted the substantial injury.

Certain subject matter clearly within the intent of the law appears to need additional specification. It is in part the result of modern reproductive processes, which could not be foreseen by the original framers or in connection with the earlier statutes. The dramatization of novels, the novelization of dramas, the inclusion among "authors" of the projectors of collective and encyclopedia works have each required further expression. The fine arts in particular have felt grievances under the existing law. On the other hand, the administrators of the present law have been perplexed to determine as between the Copyright Office and the Patent Office at what point an artistic creation, for instance an artistic design, was an appropriate subject for copyright rather than for patent right. This perplexity arises particularly where the design is applied to certain material and the protection sought is in effect for the resulting product. The design may retain all its artistic qualities; but the

resulting product may be a utensil, and the protection sought be really for the design as thus applied, and not for it as a "work of the fine arts." It is the belief of the Commissioner of Patents that such cases should form a group by themselves, to be protected as "design patents." This would cause their registration in the Patent Office, but, he would recommend, under a modification of the conditions and fees exacted in the case of ordinary inventions. Underlying all consideration of subject matter is the suggestion of a subsidiary as against an original creation, the latter being of course the source, but the former introducing new species, each of which may be entitled to recognition and specific protection; and the right of the original creator, whether author or artist on the one hand, and of the reproducer who does not desire to *misappropriate* but has a right to know what he may lawfully appropriate, require to be fairly adjusted. The reproducers would claim that the notice of a reservation should be adequate, and on the other hand the artist and the playwright claim that mere exhibition or performance, as the case may be, should not of itself be held to presume a dedication to the public.

"Presumptions" indeed were touched in the discussion at several points; particularly in connection with a group of suggestions defining the right of author and publisher respectively in the absence of specific contracts. The purpose of the suggestions was to safeguard authors who thru ignorance or inadvertence had failed to define specifically the property privileges which they ceded, or to provide for reservations to themselves which they might reasonably have secured. It was, however, the clear opinion, and of legal counsel the emphatic one, that the copyright law should abstain from matters

which may be regulated and customarily are regulated by private contract.

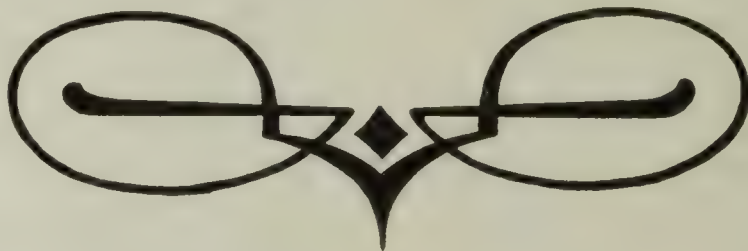
The administration of the copyright office itself requires additional specification, which also has to be considered in the draft. The prodigious accumulation of copyright deposits beyond the needs or the interest of the Library of Congress as a library or the ability of the building as a storehouse requires some provision for elimination that will yet take due account of the requirements of the law of evidence in case of copyright litigation. There are now in the cellars of the Library building some 1,400,000 articles received from copyright but not drawn up into the Library proper because not necessary to its immediate purposes as a library. Much of this material is worthless. Some specific provision for eliminating this fraction is an urgent necessity.

Such are some of the questions that have come to this Conference. They are noted as indicating the practical nature of its deliberations. That absolute agreements should be reached upon all of them was not to be expected. The promise, however, for a copyright law which shall be a great improvement upon the existing law lies in part in the scope and character of the representation, to which I have already adverted, and also in the general spirit of co-operation and of fairness which prevailed at the sessions, and which led an observer* to remark at the close of the first one:

"Results of surprising unanimity were reached in a minimum of time and without waste of talk. . . . It was the unanimous feeling that unhopd for progress toward an excellent, if not ideal, copyright code had been made possible, and that the results would probably be quicker and better than if the plan of a (copyright) commission had been adopted."

* The Editor of the *Publishers' Weekly and Library Journal*, himself a participant as a representative of the Copyright League.

WASHINGTON, D. C.





Mrs. Rose Harriet Phelps Stokes.

The Long Day: A Story of Real Life

BY ROSE H. PHELPS STOKES

[An anonymous novel entitled "The Long Day," just published by the Century Company, purports to be a truthful account of a working girl's life in New York City. Our readers will remember that Mrs. Stokes was before her marriage last summer Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, and as she is now living on the East Side, has a wide acquaintance with the conditions described in the book.—EDITOR.]

"THE LONG DAY," the Story of a New York Working Girl, as written by "Herself," holds the reader's interest from start to finish. There can be no shadow of a doubt that "Herself" is a real flesh and blood woman who has known the despair of the stranger in quest of work, and the untold and untellable agonies of "The Long Day." Agonies only hinted at, the reader feels, in her graphic story. No one can doubt, after reading the book, that the writer lived it, as did with her every character that peoples its pages. "The Long Day" bears the stamp of

reality as few stories of today do, and Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose" is the one story that, from the standpoint of reality, may be classed with it, tho entirely different in substance. In the case of either of these authors one feels that Life has forced from out a human being a book—the first, and, perhaps, the last.

All the characters in "The Long Day" are drawn with vitality; they are living, breathing, working-men and working-women, even tho many of them come and go in one or two pages.

The "one-half of the world" who

"know not how the other half live," would rob this old saying of much of its truth by reading "The Long Day."

No man or woman interested in bettering the condition of the New York working girl, and no one wishing to know the New York working girl's condition should be without a copy of this book. It is a revelation of "conditions, not theories," and ought to arouse women more fortunately circumstanced to organized effort in behalf of those girls who are grinding out their lives in poverty and half-paid toil amid influences and associations too depressing for belief to the uninitiated.

Fortunate women who ask, "What shall we do?" are answered by the author, who tells us some of the things to be done at once. To quote "Herself":

"We have a great crying need for two things—things which it is entirely within the power of a broad-minded philanthropy to supply. The most urgent of these needs is a very material and unpoetic one. We need a well regulated system of boarding and lodging houses, where we can live with decency upon the small wages we receive. We do not want any so-called 'working girls' homes'—God forgive the euphemism!—which, while overcharging us for the miserable accommodations, at the same time put us in the attitude of charity dependents. What the working girl needs is a cheap hotel or a system of hotels—for she needs a great many of them—designed something after the Mills Hotels for workingmen.

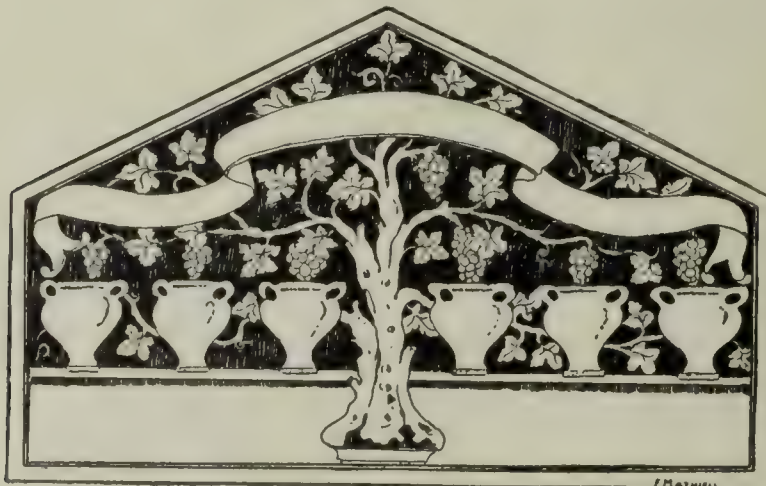
"The most important necessity of the model working woman's hotel or lodging house would be not a luxurious table, but a parlor.

The number of young girls who go wrong in a great city like this for want of the various necessities of a parlor must make the angels in heaven weep. The houses where the poorly paid girl lives have no accommodations for the entertainment of her male friends. If the house is conducted with any respect for the conventions the girl lodger must meet her young man on the stoop or on the street corners. As the courtship progresses, they must have recourse either to the benches of the public parks, provided the weather be favorable, or else to the light and warmth of the back room of a saloon. The average cheap lodging house is usually conducted, however, with but scant regard for the conventions, and the girl is usually forced to adopt the more convenient and, as it would seem to her, really the more self-respecting habit of receiving her company in her room. And either one of these methods of courtship, it is evident, cannot but be in the end demoralizing and degrading to the thoughtless young people, however innocent they may be of any deliberate wrong doing."

Another important line of work pointed out by the author for the well-being of the working girl of the future, is the wide dissemination of a better literature than that at present within her reach. "Herself" outlines at some length the literary tastes of her work-mates at the box factory, and the example cited is typical of other factories and other workshops, and also of the department stores. Girls fed upon "Yellow-backs" are digesting mental trash that is bound to give them distorted and false views of everything.

There is work for women to do, and the writer points out very wisely what some of that work should be.

NEW YORK CITY.





Our Novelists

BY MRS. L. H. HARRIS



FORMERLY novelists bore a sort of family likeness to one another. They all had a freehold on the same pastoral scenery, and they held the moral-boiling end of imagination in common. And while they have lost these primitive birthmarks of style and motive to a great extent, there is still a traceable resemblance between them in the older countries. In England, for instance, the Houses of Parliament dominate their imagination, and they nearly always weave the story about the resplendent figures of "Lords" and "Ladies," not because such people are in the majority, or actually represent the real life-currents about them, but because the romantic traditions connected with them stimulate interest. And there is a neurotic likeness between French novelists. They all dramatize wickedness with the same kind of moral agency.

Now Mr. Taine accounts for both English and French writers according to inheritance and environment, and his explanation is generally accepted; but can any one make a bee line from the past to the present which will account for American novelists upon such grounds? We have more writers of fiction than any other country, but few of them have what may be termed the indigenous genius. And these are rarely the best. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman keeps close to the New England earth and spirit in her stories, but Hawthorne, who was born in the same region, was a "reversion to type." He belonged to a larger, older field of expression. He interpreted the heart of man, not the heart of New England. He surpassed environment and inheritance. Kentucky claims James Lane Allen with great pride, but Lloyd and Fox have come nearer presenting the common life of that part of the country. And there is Mary Austin in the West, who has written a novel this year which shows the inspiration of Old World poetry and religion more than it does the influences of the real West. She has made the country as ancient as Spain, and filled it with

troubadour music and love. The golden coast environment of California makes an up to date American woman write as if she had been born in the middle centuries. And the novelist of the South is a sad example of what inheritance and environment fail to do for some American authors. The old South is dead. His very cradle was burned with it; he lives in a new civilization, and he is descended from men who knew how to grapple in a life-and-death struggle with any situation that demanded attention. But he has no courage adequate to this splendid new life. He has neither the vision to see nor the genius to present what is actually going on about him. His literary style is better suited to the illusions of memory than it is to facts. He cannot realize in literary forms anything but the past. His novels are for the most part romantic diplomas certifying to the glories of the dead. Will N. Harben is the only author in the South who is offering the simple, honest, homely life of the common people in his stories. And he is receiving less attention than he deserves, because he leaves out the Civil War, the obsequious negro and the "magnificent Southern gentleman." He has stretched his canvas in an obscure neighborhood among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Georgia. But there is no telling when he will make a fool of himself by coming out where the other fellows are, in the cemetery business. The temptation must be very great, for they sell more of their books than he can sell of his. Cyrus Townsend Brady can make the welkin ring further with the doings of his preposterous, duodecimal heroines and fallacious Southern rakes than Harben can with stories of real men like "Abner Daniel" and "Pole Baker."

But the contention remains that every one is accounted for according to this formula of heredity and environment. If a man is a wag, it is because his remote ancestor was a court fool, or some nearer one was an Irish brick mason. But no one can tell why the wag's



Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Author of "The Debtor."

brother has no wit. (People are so contrary about what they choose to inherit!) It is a sort of discourtesy to the science of biology to ask for an explanation of too many ancestral combinations, like trying to make a poet's figure of speech walk on all fours. And so, if we say that Thomas Dixon is the kind of novelist bred by the American "mob spirit," that Upton Sinclair is the teething literary grandson of abolition prejudices, what about Mr. William Dean Howells? Mr. Howells could no more interpret the

mob mind in American life than he could get drunk and "paint the town red." Neither could he be guilty of the bad form of entertaining a prejudice. What would be called prejudiced in an average person, is simply the evidence of extreme nervous sensibility in Mr. Howells.

The point is, if we begot Dixon, Sinclair and other staccato geniuses of this class, how did Mr. Howells come to be born to us? He is too mature. There are not enough American ear marks of fuss and fury in his literary style. It is

like the conventional tone of a well-bred, old gentleman who has nothing to forgive and nothing to regret. It is true that he sometimes permits an hysterical woman to pinch her husband, but did any one ever hear a character in his stories lifting his or her voice above the proper social pitch? Another thing, he can lay the scene of any novel he has ever written in any place where there is day and night, a dining room, a men's club, and a woodland road. Now, of course, the average novelist puts in day and night when he thinks of it. But very few of them know really what the hero ought to say or do at the club. The poor soul is self-conscious from the time he enters and faces the waiter until he stumbles out again. But a waiter has no terrors for Mr. Howells, his men act as if they had been born to club privileges. And very few writers among us know what really ought to happen on a woodland road. Dixon would take advantage of the scenery to present a bucolic love passage; and Sinclair would have a negro slave, bloody with his wounds, fleeing that way for his life. But, it will be remembered that Mr. Howells recently placed two old married people in an elderly top-buggy and allowed the reader to listen to their talk about the young ones as they drove along as naturally as if it were not the printed page they were riding over. And here again, we observe a difference. When he tattles he does it as a gentleman should. He offers scandal, not for sensational reasons, but to show the wisdom, delicacy, and humanity of covering up these incidental lapses of mortal nature on its way to immortal perfection. But this is not the use which Persis Mather or Lewis would make of such material. They use it for the salad dressing of their social or political dramas.

In short, we have not had enough history in this country to account for Howells or James, or Charles Kelsey Gaines, and a good many others; but we have had too much to justify the existence and popularity of Dixon, Sinclair, Sharts, Hallie Erminie Rives and a hundred others of the same kind. They lack the artistic sense of things, and they do not even want it. To say that they are produced by American environment

is giving them undue importance. Their own forefathers are not responsible for them. They are simply the pen-staff adventurers of the moment, obsessions which we have not had time to cure. They do not represent the life of the people, but merely the vices of the people.

The question is. If this is true, why have we so many of these little frogstool novelists? A plausible explanation, at least, is that the mainspring of the American mind is not acquisitiveness. (The students among us are not the ones who write the books!) But it is the youthful, unguarded inspiration to demonstrate, dramatize, proclaim. If any one doubts this, let him inquire within the circle of his own acquaintances and learn how many of them are incipient authors, whose manuscripts have been rejected possibly, but who feel invincibly the divine afflatus which tends to the translation of emotions into words; and let him consider how many more believe that they could write if they chose to "take the trouble." The writer of this article has never been in any family, club, or social circle where there were not more prospective authors than any other class of human beings.

And if we account for most of the men who write fiction, there is still a class of women novelists who have become very forward stepchildren of inheritance and environment. By far the greater number of authors in this country who deal with the "problems of the times" are women. They have a moral sense which tends downward in life and upward in literature. They are disposed to dramatize the decayed end of things in the loftiest style possible for them to command. "The House of Mirth," "The Wine Press," "The Work of Our Hands" and numerous other novels with equally serious titles have come from women authors this year, and they all deal with the sick places in life. Women write of evils elsewhere, but not as our women do—as a text from which to call down woe upon a perverse generation. And that is the chief feature of interest apparently, the woe-calling they do in the final chapters.

No one can be sure as to why the literary sense has developed this way in

them, but a shrewd guess will do no harm. The women are more actively advanced mentally in this country, and when women awaken intellectually they usually come to with the idea that they have been wronged for the last ten thousand years or so. The thing they begin to kick against first is their own environment, and then there is nothing but a

was intended by Nature to be their defense. And on the other hand they have a bad disposition to tell on one another in fiction.

There is Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who uses a World Almanac, apparently, for the chief purpose of finding the statistics to prove how badly wrong we are in many particulars; and it is



Thomas Dixon, Jr., Author of "The Clansman."

dictionary between them and the mood to kick against everybody else's environment. The trouble is that women are news constructive outside of the domestic life. No one is so dependent for security as they are upon a conservative regard for traditions, things that have been reefed up by the years as barriers between them and the vast uncertainties of the future, yet they go to work with pen and manikin sword to destroy much that

said that Mrs. Gilman has "no head for figures"; but the remarkable fact is that this kind of enlightened, environment-kicking women is so possessed with the idea that things are going wrong that they first naturally go against nature to get the figures to prove it. And there is Marie Van Vorst, who owes her remarkable popularity to the fact that she makes a dramatic specialty of what will happen if women do not stay at home

oftener, and bear more children. She wrote a novel last year in which nearly every woman took to her bed with nervous prostration, not on account of family trials and duties, but from social and intellectual dissipations. Now, things are not really so bad. Few women in comparison to the many play bridge to get extra pocket money. The great majority of them do not figure in public, or in fiction, but they keep house decently. (Not to be sure, according to Mrs. Gilman's ideas of domestic economy, but according to the same old cake receipts they have always used; for it would take an army of policemen, and the whole municipal government to keep house according to Mrs. Gilman's plan. It would mean getting politics into the family frying pan, and having one's laundry done by order of the police court! And quite a sufficient number of women are bearing children to tax all the public school funds we have. In short, it is not inheritance or environment which accounts for very many of our women novelists; it is simply a nightmare notion they take up concerning things in spite of all we can do for the public safety. It's the same thing that makes women who don't write novels think there is "a man under the bed," or a burglar in the closet.

And, finally, according to Taine's formula, the negroes should be what they are not—the greatest of American novelists. Their ancestry is quite as savage as that of the Anglo-Saxons, who produced Shakespeare, Robert Burns and Charles Dickens. They have had heart-

rending experiences. They have the emotional temperament, the musical ear and beauty-loving minds. And one generation of the race has had more education than many of the Elizabethan poets ever received, enough at least to develop whatever powers of expression they possess.

And when we consider how hopeless the negro's social and political future is, and how assured it would be as an artist in the more catholic world of literature, it is strange that he has not grasped this opportunity to actually free himself in the noble relief of expression. For no man is really free who has not the spirit and art to reproduce himself ideally in some form. The whites can never do this for him. They have given him a pathetic, humorous, and grotesque place in their romances, but if the negro is ever to prove himself in any serious sense, if he is to have the dignity of other heroes in fiction,

he must draw his own likeness. Du Bois came very near it in his "Souls of the Black Folk," but his accent was too high. He asked too many odds of the reader's sympathy. A hero appeals to admiration, and he is no longer a hero when he asks sympathy, but he is a crying, ineffective martyr.

In any case, Booker Washington is wrong when he maintains that the negro's great opportunity is in the industrial world. If he can meet it, his hope and great salvation lie in the realm of art. When a man is a sculptor, painter or poet, people do not know how to inquire the color of his skin. The question is too small.

NASHVILLE, TENN.



May Sinclair, Author of "The Divine Fire."



Editorials

The Recent Elections

WE should all be thankful for the off-year elections. It is in the off-years that honest voters are free to do that house-cleaning which is neglected when the issues are of a national character and great offices are to be filled. Nothing then diverts them from a searching consideration of the political government of their own communities. They know that at elections in those years they can punish the Bosses of their own party without imperiling any national policy to the support of which that party is committed.

In only a few States were elections held on the 7th inst., and in only three were Governors chosen; but never have the results of off-year contests at the polls been more encouraging or of greater value to the American people. In almost every place where the polls were opened there was successful revolt against the Boss and machine dictation. In Philadelphia, Boss Durham and his ally, Senator Penrose, were overthrown and a corrupt ring that has controlled the local organization of the Republican party was beaten. Deeply impressed by the wickedness of this ring and by the evidence of its intimate connection with the Government of the State, the people of Pennsylvania have wrested the State Treasury from Republican control for the first time in twenty-five years, determined that the millions of the State's funds shall no longer be farmed out to politicians thru the agency of friendly banks. This victory in the State, with Mayor Weaver's victory in the city, marks the downfall and end of an unscrupulous political dynasty whose last competent leader was the late Senator Quay. Shaken by this proof of the people's righteous anger, the Governor, who sought to defeat Mayor Weaver's purpose by public denunciation after he had approved a "ripper" bill depriving him of a part of his power, now summons the Legislature in special session to undo his own work and to enact the reform legislation which he and his kind have heretofore refused to grant.

This redemption of Philadelphia, no longer "corrupt and contented," this tak-

ing of the State Treasury from unworthy hands, and this repentance of a Governor whom the Bosses and the rings have controlled; constitute the greatest achievement of the kind since the overthrow of the Tweed ring.

In Ohio, Boss Cox, overwhelmingly defeated in the city where he had ruled so long, retires from politics. This revolt against Boss rule, and against the customary alliance of the machine with public service corporations, was one of the chief causes of the defeat of Governor Herrick, who was commonly believed to be in a kind of political partnership with Cox, but who had also excited the opposition of the churches and the advocates of temperance by his attitude toward laws affecting the liquor trade. Machine rule in the State, thwarting the will of the people in nominating conventions, was resented by those who set out to get rid of Boss rule in Cincinnati. The election in Ohio was both a declaration of the voter's independence and a condemnation of municipal corruption.

Gorman has been a Boss in Maryland. His power is gone. The unjust Constitutional Amendment by which he sought to disfranchise the negroes has been rejected. Upon the acceptance of it he had staked all his political fortune. Some opposed it because it robbed negroes of their rights, others because it could be used for the disfranchisement of white citizens of foreign birth, others still for the reason that under its provisions many whites of American birth might easily, as they believed, be deprived of the voting power at a Boss's command. And there had risen in Gorman's party better men who were weary of his dictation. Now that he has been overcome in his own State and practically repudiated by his own party there, his malign influence in the Senate must lose its force. In the interest of decent politics, the counsel of neither Gorman, of Maryland, nor Penrose, of Pennsylvania, should be received with any respect at Washington. We hope that one of the beneficent results of the recent elections will be the retirement of both.

In no other instance was the popular protest against Boss dictation and arrogance shown more unmistakably than in the re-election of District Attorney Jerome. Of the election in New York we speak elsewhere. The same spirit was seen in New Jersey, in the support given to Mayor Fagan, of Jersey City, and to Mr. Everett Colby, who represents a demand for a restriction of the privileges granted to public service corporations. Undoubtedly, the attitude of voters everywhere was determined in part by recent revelations as to the misuse of trust funds, the methods by which great private fortunes have been procured, and the influence exerted by wealthy corporations in politics and upon legislation.

One of the lessons which these interesting elections should teach is this, that the people can get rid of Bosses and corrupt rings if they earnestly set about it and refuse to be diverted from their purpose by national political questions or appeals in behalf of partisan regularity. But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Bosses once put out can be kept out only by continued labor. Old ones are ever ready to grasp power again, and new ones are growing. Those who are submerged in off-year elections may come to the surface at other elections when local interests are neglected and local issues are overshadowed by questions of broader scope. Another lesson is that the ballots should be so made that they will not obstruct, but will facilitate, the purpose of the independent voter, to whose intelligence and honesty many cities owe so much. Loyal support of party nominations on the 7th would have defeated Jerome and elected the candidates of Philadelphia's ring. It is for the public good that independent voting should not be made both difficult and dangerous by the plan of the ballot, as it is by the ballots now used in New York.



The Election in New York City

AN unusual municipal campaign culminated on November 7th in the most extraordinary election ever witnessed in New York City, and it has been followed by charges of fraud, and the beginning of a contest over the count, second in grave importance only to the national

contest over Hayes and Tilden in 1876. Never was a party more confident of a clean sweep than was the Tammany Democracy in the first days of October. Republicans, the Citizens' Union and the Municipal Ownership League had vainly attempted fusion. One strong candidate after another had declined the honor of an anti-Tammany nomination. The Citizens' Union had at last withdrawn from the mayoralty contest altogether. A "walk-over" for McClellan was confidently predicted by his supporters and his opponents in unison.

In a day the situation changed. Mr. Ivins, returning from a long sojourn abroad, promptly accepted the straight Republican nomination and began a campaign surcharged with energy. The Municipal Ownership League hastened to put Mr. Hearst in the field, at the head of a full ticket pledged to a program of public ownership of public utilities. Instantly a new alignment of political forces began. The developments of a week sufficed to convince the McClellan support that instead of an election by default of opposition a desperate contest was on.

And this was only the half. With a blind stupidity almost incomprehensible, the Tammany Democracy, the Republicans and the Municipal Ownership League had one and all refused to renominate Mr. Jerome for the office of District Attorney, which he had filled with unequalled ability, integrity and fidelity. To a weak man such rejection would have been final. To Mr. Jerome it was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he seized it with characteristic verve. Almost no one believed that in New York City, handicapped by a form of ballot ingeniously devised to make independent voting difficult, an independent candidate, defying bosses and machines, could poll a vote worth the counting. Mr. Jerome did not shrink from the attempt. Backed by the petition of thousands of names, his single name and independent symbol went on the official ballot sheet.

Here, then, at last, in New York City, were two vital issues joined in one fierce contest: the issue of citizenship against boss domination; and the issue of public ownership and the public control of public property against corporate greed and

graft. From the outset it was plain that the first of these issues took strongest hold of the people; but from the first also the second compelled a wide and daily growing interest. The result of the voting showed that if the two had been combined under one standard, by placing Mr. Jerome's name on the Municipal Ownership ticket, they would have carried everything before them. We cannot but think it most fortunate that this did not happen. One of the failures of our political system is the confusion and confounding of issues. For once we are able to distinguish and to measure. We know the strength of the opposition to boss control. We know how many voters were willing to split the ticket, and that in Greater New York there are more than 15,000 of them in excess of the number required to elect a candidate flying the flag of defiance. In like manner we know that more than a majority of all voters in this city are convinced that a municipally organized community should assert its rightful ownership of public utilities and should maintain its control over them; for it is to be remembered that thousands of such voters, distrusting Mr. Hearst, cast their ballots for Mr. Ivins, whose declarations on this subject were straightforward, or for Mr. McClellan, who asserted that the Municipal Ownership League was but stealing the Tammany thunder. It would be idle now to say that the repudiation of bossism was forced thru by the municipal ownership pressure, or that municipal ownership interest was factitiously magnified by the revolt against Murphy and Odell. Each issue stood by itself, clean-cut and unmistakable.

Upon the issue of municipal ownership, however, every attempt has been made to misinterpret and belittle the plain verdict of the people. The corporation organs, enlisted for Tammany and graft, have offered every explanation but the true one of the tremendous vote, quite possibly a plurality if honestly counted, for Mr. Hearst. They have told us that it voiced discontent, that it registered a protest against wickedness in high places as revealed in the insurance scandals, that it was called forth by base and reckless promises to the dregs of society. The writers of these explana-

tions are not themselves deceived. As individuals many of them, by their own private confessions, voted for Mr. Hearst. They know that half or more of the Hearst vote came from the class that has always been described as "the bulwark of the Republic," namely, the small property owners, the shopkeepers and the better-paid clerks, and that a large part—much the largest part—of the "dregs of society" stood by Tammany and undoubtedly rendered a service that will be rewarded by terms in Sing Sing, before the last chapter of the story is written. It is precisely the "bourgeoise," detested by the Socialists, that in this instance are the rank and file of the municipal ownership movement. It is a movement that has come to stay and to grow, and we commend to all the Philistines of the corporation press the remarks of Mr. Carnegie to the reporters on his return from Europe the other day, when he gave his unequivocal endorsement of the municipal ownership idea as one that we must stand for if we believe in the people, and in the ultimate triumph of democracy.

But all these issues, vast as they are, sink for the moment to a relative insignificance in face of the other question that has been raised, of an honest count of the vote. There are the gravest reasons for suspecting that in many precincts Mr. Hearst was deliberately counted out; and the conduct of the Tammany officials since Mr. Hearst demanded a recount has not inspired confidence in their integrity. All honor must be accorded to Mr. Jerome, who was refused nomination on the Hearst ticket, and to Mr. Ivins, a defeated candidate, for the vigorous steps they have taken and are taking in co-operation with Mr. Hearst to sift the ugly charges to the bottom. If a great wrong has been done it must be righted, and if officials in high places have earned the prison cell, to prison they must go.



Professor Mitchell's Case.

AN opinion such as the Methodist press does not seem at liberty to express we may be allowed to give.

By the action of the Methodist Bishops Professor Mitchell is now re-

moved from his old position as Professor of the Old Testament in the Boston University's School of Theology. He could remain as long as the rule required approval by one or two Bishops of his nomination by the Trustees. But when the General Conference voted to require the entire Board of Bishops to act on cases of confirmation or charges of heresy, the tenure of professors was made more precarious, as Bishops are likely to be old and conservative. When Professor Mitchell was nominated for another five years' term charges of heresy were brought against him, and the Bishops failed to confirm. Then the Trustees investigated him, and asked the Bishops to reconsider the case, and took the following unanimous action:

"That our action of six months ago was equivalent to a refusal to confirm the election of Professor Mitchell, and that we have no reason to alter the conclusion then reached, which was based upon the conviction that 'some of the statements (contained in his book) concerning the historic character of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis seem to be unwarranted and objectionable, and as having a tendency to invalidate the authority of other portions of the Scriptures.' It is furthermore our opinion that we are not even at liberty to reopen the question of Professor Mitchell's confirmation under the law above cited."

Really, this is startling. It confirms our previous judgment that the Bishops would have been benefited by public advice in the Methodist press. He is condemned for questioning "the historic character of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis." But every scholar now knows that those chapters are not historical. There is no difference of view on that point anywhere. The question is settled, and those Bishops ought to know it. The General Conference required Bishops to demand "agreement with our doctrinal standards." What are they? They are so extensive as to be nothing at all. They include Wesley's Sermons and Hymns, Watson's "Institutes" and Clark's Commentaries, perhaps, and for aught we know now Pope's "Theology," and other Methodist theologians down to Miley and Bowne. The Methodist Church has got to submit, but its students will not, and the preachers will not. The Bishops seem to have dodged the issue by resting unanimously on previous action taken by a narrow majority. But

what is the explanation of this unanimity? The Bishops are not all troglodytes. Among them are intelligent and supposedly progressive men.

The explanation offered to us is this, that under the law of the Church they were not at liberty to reopen the case. Their unanimous conclusion to this effect is based on the following law of the Methodist Church as enacted by its General Conferences:

"In case of a re-election (this was a re-election after a five years' term), if a majority of the Bishops present and voting at any regular meeting of the board fails to concur, the Bishops shall state fully and in writing the grounds of non-concurrence both to the professor concerned and to the trustees of the theological school."

"The Bishops are hereby authorized and directed whenever specific charges of misteaching in any part of our theological schools are made in writing by responsible parties, members or ministers of our church, to appoint a committee of their own number to investigate such charges, whose report, if adopted by the Bishops, shall be transmitted to the trustees of the theological school involved for proper action in the premises."

Now the Bishops had done what they were thus directed to do. They had voted non-concurrence. They had sent "the grounds of non-concurrence" to the professor and the trustees; they had received and examined "charges of misteaching" made "by responsible parties"; they had examined them and made a report which was transmitted to the trustees of the theological school involved "*for proper action.*" But they claim, in the most nearly official defense that has come to us, that no "proper action" was taken or made known to them. We are told:

"There had been no explanation from Professor Mitchell, much less modification or withdrawal of the statements objected to by the Bishops, and which created 'a reasonable doubt.' There went from the trustees, so far as the Bishops knew, no request to Professor Mitchell even to consider whether the parts of his book referred to by the Bishops ought to be reconsidered, revised or withdrawn."

We should hope not! But the trustees asked the Bishops to reconsider, revise and withdraw; and the Bishops reply that they have no power to reopen the question. It is a case of moral inability. The Bishops say the trustees made their own examination, but they sent to the

Bishops no explanation or correction on Professor Mitchell's part that could in any way be called "proper action." Therefore the Bishops, all of them, escaped the responsibility of again voting on the matter by declaring that they were "not even at liberty to reopen the question."

We fail to see their lack of liberty. It was for them to judge whether the action of the trustees in reëlecting Professor Mitchell and transmitting their reasons therefor was "proper action." It seemed such to all the trustees. Further, if they had chosen to do so, we fail to see why the Bishops might not fairly have treated this as a new election by the trustees, to be considered *ab initio*, with no regard to the former re-election. Indeed, it seems to us that they were more anxious to evade further responsibility than to meet a real crisis in the Church.

But it does not seem to us true that the trustees took no "proper action." We have read carefully their reply to the communication of the Bishops. They say that it was referred to a special committee of the trustees, consisting of ex-Governor Bates, Silas Pierce, Esq., Drs. Perrin, Steele, Lindsay, Taylor, Pickles, and the President of the University, Dr. W. E. Huntington. They made careful examination and unanimously recommended that the trustees renew the request for Professor Mitchell's confirmation. The trustees further reported to the Bishops that he had declared his loyalty to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, that he accepted them "without equivocation, evasion or reservation as commonly understood by his ministerial brethren"; that the purpose of his teaching had been "to establish and confirm the unsettled faith of students in the inspiration and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures"; and that in his book, "The World Before Abraham," he had taught nothing more than was given to the Bishops when he was confirmed in 1900. The trustees admit that, like all other scholars, he has been compelled to give up the "rabbinical tradition, according to which the total Masorche text of the Pentateuch, as now extant, is from the one pen of the great lawgiver of Israel." They tell

of Professor Mitchell's success as a teacher and of the honor in which he is held by the students and the public; and they ask "only such liberty in teaching as can rightfully be accorded to a man holding the essential doctrines of our Church, such liberty as was exercised by John Wesley, and they conclude ominously:

"We devoutly trust that no adverse action in the request of the board will now give notice to the world that Methodism has lost the old time power, which has harmonized in her teachers and scholars an ardent pursuit of truth with fidelity to Methodist doctrines."

This is signed by President Huntington, ex-President Warren and Dr. Perrin.

But the Bishops have given that "notice to the world"—false notice, we believe. They have forbidden a conservative scholar—for every Old Testament scholar knows that Professor Mitchell is what would now be called a conservative—to question "the historic character of the early chapters of Genesis." This is amazing and puerile. Every school-book of history teaches us that no Deluge was thrown in where Genesis puts it, and science totally discredits it as history. No teacher of credit believes that the world was made in six days, or that six thousand years ago Adam and Eve were the first progenitors of the human race, or that Methuselah lived 969 years, or that languages had their origin at the Tower of Babel. It is a part of the business of such a professor as Dr. Mitchell to show his students how to reconcile their knowledge with their faith; and it should have been the business of the Bishops to brush aside technicalities and find a way to approve one of their most devout scholars. Instead, they have done a sad injury to the Church they ought to lead.



Literary Production and Reproduction.

It is wonderful. Thoughts are put into print at the rate of fifty words a minute by the simple tapping of the fingers on the keys. A keyboard is hitched to a foundry and the words go into type almost as rapidly. Into one end of a series of machines the trunks of trees are unceasingly fed, while from the other end there pours a stream of printed

books. The hungry presses clamor continuously for more copy. There are more books written, more books sold, more books read in almost every branch of literature than ever before. Every author of originality and power has the sheets snatched from his hands by the impatient publishers as fast as he can write them. Every person showing any symptoms of genius is coaxed and petted in a way that is liable to turn his head. The reaction time in literature is astonishingly accelerated. The interval between a thought and its printed expression is being reduced to a minimum.

Authors no longer form a gild. The sometime mysteries of their ancient and honorable craft are taught in every school. Everybody writes for publication, all who have anything of interest or importance to say and many who have neither, get into print somewhere and somehow. New editions of old books struggle for existence with the latest copyrights. No tariff on the boundary of the century protects the literary industry from the pauper labor of antiquity. The reading rooms are filled with diligent students poring over neglected volumes in search of ideas so old that they will be new to this generation. Commentators, editors, biographers and critics swarm around every great book, seeking for forgotten ideas. The dump-heaps around all the abandoned gold mines of literature are worked over every few years by some new cyanide process in the hope of extracting still more of the precious metal. Old theories, fancies, suggestions, themes, plots, characters, that appear to have the slightest value to us of the present are continually being brought forward again in new and attractive forms. Everywhere about us we see the avatars of all the ancient religions, philosophies and systems since the world began. It is the age of plagiarism.

Now plagiarism is the fundamental principle of the universe. In physics it goes by the name of the conservation of matter and energy. Nature is the great economist. She uses the same material over and over again for millions of years, molding it continually into the most useful forms for present purposes; never hesitating to send to the scrap

heap her most beautiful living machine when it gets the least bit antiquated; having no reverence for antiquity, no regard for reputation. The things she values most she wears out fastest. It is only in neglected corners of the earth that the geological relic-monger can find her old models.

People complain that the paper we use now is brash by reason of its short fiber and rotted by the alkali and sulfites that bleach it; that it will become yellow in a few years and fall to pieces in a century or two. Well, why should it last longer? Of what use is an old book except as a museum curiosity? All that is of value to future generations will be reprinted, or what is still better, be rewritten. If an idea remains for a hundred years buried in a book, inactive, unfruitful, forgotten, if no one has found any use for it in that time, it is not likely to be of use in the future. It is like the old things we preserve in the garret for twenty years in the vain hope that they may come handy some time.

The most valuable book is that which is so well adapted to the times in form and matter that it is quickly absorbed. The greatest man is he who gives the world such a shove that it rolls away from him even in his lifetime. Really useful ideas speedily become anonymous.

"Tho' old the thought and oft expressed,

'Tis his at last who says it best."

So writes Lowell. But nobody ever says it best, therefore nobody ever can call it his at last. An author cannot copyright an idea, he can only copyright a form of words which transiently embodies it. The idea, if it is good for anything, soon becomes common property and one does not have to buy his book to get it. We want no man's image and superscription on our current coin of thought. If it circulates rapidly it is soon worn off. Then let it go into the melting pot.

When the educated traveler visits a European cathedral or sees a famous statue, he has no feeling of surprise and but little of the anticipated delight. He was already familiar with it altho he had not realized it. So it is apt to be when we read for the first time some famous book, one that our literary conscience had for years twitted us on not having read—we have the same sense of disappoint-

ment. It was reputed to be original; it seems to us largely made up of quotations. Its epoch-making thoughts are to us commonplaces. We had breathed it in unconsciously and it had become part of us. We make pious pilgrimages to the classics only to find an empty tomb. The books of the great thinkers of the past are cenotaphs; their spirit has long ago escaped and is now influencing the minds and motives of living men who do not know its source. If it were not so, we are wrong in calling these men great and our homage is misplaced. "Back to Kant" is the cry we hear. How can we? Kant is in our very veins. How much would the world lose if every copy of Aristotle's *Metaphysics* and Newton's *Physics* were destroyed? These could more easily be dispensed with than many of lesser value, for they are most completely embodied in thousands of other volumes, some of them much more readable now. Truth has many channels by which to reach us.

"One accent of the Holy Ghost,
This heedless world has never lost."

The author who is worthy of immortality is he who is willing to be forgotten. The greatest compliment we can pay to a book is not to preserve it intact, like an indigestible lump, but to transmute it quickly into other forms, like nutritious food. The very transitoriness of literature at the present time is a sign that mental metabolism is active, and our civilization alive and healthy. After all, why should an author care to hand down his name to posterity? The author's chair is "the Siege Perilous," whereon no man should sit unless, like Sir Galahad, he is willing to lose himself to save himself.

It is the Egyptian ideal of an immortality, this of being kept indefinitely in the semi-public burial ground of the anthology and school reader, to be wrapped like a mummy in layers upon layers of prefaces and appendices and injected with annotations as preservatives. To be inflicted as a task upon those one aimed to please; to have essays written to explain the jokes and light allusions whose only value consists in their being caught by the reader on the fly by instinctive and unconscious apperception; to have a knowledge of

the intimate details of one's life made the boast of pedants and the criterion of culture; such a personal immortality is no more to be desired than that promised us by the seance-room, where one's spirit is at the call of any medium who wants to prescribe for a client's rheumatism. If the ideas to which one has given birth survive and multiply, it matters not if one's name be forgotten and his burial place is unmarked. Let us not be over-anxious lest proper credit be not given to the dead or to ourselves. We should scatter our best thoughts with a lavish hand wherever we go in the hope that some by chance may grow. We should not stop to label with our name the spot we have planted, as is done in botanical gardens. The highest literary ambition should be to

"Join that choir *invisible*
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."



Military Ethics

A CERTAIN distinguished professor in Berlin University, whom we might mention, is very proud that his son has been educated for the Army. That, he thinks, is a rise for him. The boy is attaining a social rank higher than his own, and yet that professor has been invited more than once to lecture before the Emperor, and his name is almost a household word.

And this social rank is what the Army claims for itself. Its profession it regards as something higher than any other. Why should it be so? Its members are not particularly educated. West Point or Annapolis gives a narrow and a curtailed education, as compared with any first-class university, or even a good college. And the business to which it introduces one is not particularly superior. It is, in peace, a dull life, with little chance for ambition, and promotion comes less by energy than by the access of years. And in war, which may not come in a life-time, the business is disagreeable when not wicked. An officer may have a gentleman's heart, as many have, but the tendency of absolute authority is to foster callousness and a tyrannous habit, as well as self-indulgence

and laziness. Peace is better than war, and the vocations of peace are gentler and more strenuous, more gracious and more useful than that of war.

So the customs, the traditions, the rules of the military profession are notably below those of other professions. The ethics of the military profession naturally lags behind that of others. It is natural it should be so. Its business is that which properly belongs to a former military age and is passing away. As the professional soldier makes a caste for himself, so he is the expounder of caste. That is the reason why the Army by its arrogance usually fails in ruling a subject people. It is the arrogance and contempt of the Army for the native that gives us trouble in the Philippines, and has brought on the German war against the Herreros.

We have lately had a glaring illustration of this ethical belatedness of military society in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It was a case of a fight between two young men, one of whom was killed. It was a duel with bare fists, and officers and midshipmen all agreed that such a duel was a proper thing, and that it was only regrettable that one of the duellists had been "accidentally" killed.

The facts seem to be clear. The young man, Branch, had done his duty in reporting the results of his inspection of a fellow-student's room. For this he was deliberately insulted, and called a "sneak" and other opprobrious terms. Under the prevailing code of ethics, the ethics of the duello, the man insulted must challenge. He did so, fought and died. The officers winked at it. The classmen broke rules, and were allowed to, in order to see the fight. After it was all over nobody thought anybody was to blame. The officers held that it was necessary to allow such a method of settling difficulties, so as to develop "manliness." It was the custom of the Academy; many such fights had been "pulled off." Young Branch's death was merely "an accident."

But the boy's father thought differently. He thought it was not manly, but barbarous and wicked. So thought Secretary Bonaparte. Why so? Simply because they had not learned the military system of ethics. They had been brought

up under the civil, the Christian, code. They are not in the Medieval Age. They have moved forward. It is almost necessary that a service whose business is to fight should lag and linger behind the Christian world in its apprehension of right and wrong. Elsewhere, in highly civilized countries, Christianity has banished the decision of justice by ordeal and duel. The time will come yet when disputes between nations will not be settled by this same un-Christian, belated method of the duello of war, but in a Christian way. Then the army, too, will be reformed, reformed out of existence, and, in the good time coming, people will wonder that nations, and boys, were taught that when they were wronged a fight could settle which was right.

Such residual savagery is to be expected in the lingering institution of the army, and with boys. Children, say the pedagogologists, pass through the lower stages of animal life before they come to reach the real developed human nature. That may explain the outbreaks of savagery we so frequently meet in schools, ending at times in death. The coroner's jury have found that the college freshman was really tied to the rails and killed, as part of the "fun" of initiation into a silly society. That kind of barbarism, which consists in distressing and frightening a companion, should be sternly repressed. A high-minded boy should refuse to join a society which allows such "stunts." It can be stopped by the faculty, if they desire it. We know a college Greek letter society in which the professors who had been members of it told the boys that if anything of that sort occurred they would not attend the initiations or other meetings; and it is never practiced. If moral suasion will not accomplish it, then severer measures will succeed, such as Secretary Bonaparte proposes at Annapolis. Possibly our Catholic Secretary of the Navy has come to the kingdom for such a time as this, to teach some rudimentary lessons in Christian morals where they are most needed.

And the fights of pugilists are made the principal entertainment for the two fleets in New York Harbor, and the Admirals provide therefor and witness the sport. "If Christ were to come to New York"—but we will not finish the question.

The Jewish Massacres

Kishnef is outdone. The later reports rival the accounts of the massacre of Armenians by the Unspeakable Turk. Many thousands of Jews have been murdered by Christians in a dozen cities, and tens of thousands wounded and driven from their homes. The stories of the atrocities committed are too horrible to print. Men, women and children have suffered far worse than beastly barbarities. And these enormities are excused, palliated, on the plea that the Jews were revolutionaries, that they spat on the flag, that they tore the pictures of the Czar, that they shot at soldiers. Then punish the offenders, not the old men and women and babes. What shall we think of the Church that condones, if it does not provoke, such monstrous crimes? What shall we think of the bureaucracy, of the governors and police agents who stir up these horrors, that they may continue to hold the Czar in their clutch? For be it understood, it is not the revolutionists that do these things; it is their enemies. In Odessa the students defended the Jews and were overborne by the rabid mob stirred up by the rulers left over by the old régime. Witte could do nothing, for the reins are not yet in his hands, earnestly as he attempted to stop the massacre. But the day of just vengeance comes, a new day for Russia. Mr. Stead thinks that a carnival of massacre is before Russia, such as has not yet been seen. We have better hopes. We believe that Witte will rule St. Petersburg, and that St. Petersburg will be able to impose a free constitutional government on the whole country.



Football A college president, deploring the football craze, remarked that it took ten weeks out of the students' school year. Is football worth one-fourth of the boy's school life? Even if it is, cannot some way be agreed upon to make the game at once less fatal and more entertaining to the onlookers? Our British visitors who saw the game at West Point found it not very spectacular, very little open play, too much crowding and too much work for the surgeons. President Roosevelt speaks the better

mind of the people when he asks that the game be civilized. If the big universities of the first class (and here Johns Hopkins is utterly declassed, because of its inferiority in everything but scholarship) will not reform the game to something of the open English pattern, then why will not four or five New England or Western colleges join in a league of their own, after the livelier, more gamey, and less brutal fashion of football? We would like to see Dartmouth and Amherst and Williams and Bowdoin and Brown start such a movement, and we warrant that the great outside public would approve, and so will parents.



Municipal Ownership

They tell us too often that municipal ownership of street railways is expensive and affords inferior service. Consul Griffiths, at Liverpool, gives a different story of its success in that city. The tramways became the property of the municipal corporation in 1897. Since that time the number of passengers carried has increased from 38,409,084, in 1897, to 116,642,563, in 1904. The gross receipts have risen from \$1,413,035 to \$2,628,531. That is, there are now three times as many passengers carried, the mileage has been doubled, and the receipts increased nearly 90 per cent. Meanwhile the lines have been electrified, and the fares reduced nearly one-half; while the distance the passenger can be carried for a single fare has been increased threefold. The wages have also been increased so that employees were paid \$194,400 more last year than they would have received at the rate under private control, while proper provision has been added for their recreation and in time of sickness, and an old age pension is now being considered. Further than this, the sum of \$2,846,186 has been set aside as a sinking fund reserve for renewal, etc.; \$490,860 has been paid into the city treasury, and \$539,460 has been used to reduce the indebtedness. This is an extraordinary record, and it raises the question whether we could do as much in this country. Consul Griffiths thinks that the chief difficulty we would meet is in the lack of any considerable number of men of wealth and leisure, willing to serve

the public without pay, as guardians and trustees of public utilities, in an advisory or overseeing capacity. A country is rich that can call on such men, not necessarily of great wealth, who will do honestly and freely for the public what such men do here at great labor for our benevolent societies. Doubtless we have a fair number of such men, but we have not learned to ask their aid. Perhaps we would under municipal ownership.



Interchange of Professors

President Butler, of Columbia University, has been happy in securing from Mr. James Speyer, of this city, an endowment of \$50,000 to be called the Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History and Institutions, in Berlin University, the incumbent of which shall be an American teacher who will give a course of lectures for one year in the Berlin University, and in one other German University. In return a German professor will lecture one year in English in Columbia University on German History and Institutions. A new appointment to this professorship is to be made each year. This admirable plan for international intelligence and comity is due to the consent of the Emperor William; and we presume it was suggested by the exchange which Harvard and the University of Chicago have made with the University of Paris. We observe in the announcement the rule under which professors are appointed in Germany. They are state institutions, and so governed by the state. This annual professor "will be appointed by the Prussian Ministry of Education with the Emperor's sanction." There has lately been in this country some sharp criticism of the rule of our colleges and universities by the President and Trustees, the idea being that the President, as an administrative officer, and not an instructor, is after money more than the really educational interests of the institution, and his control of the trustees gives him almost autocratic power. Some writers have lately suggested that the faculty should choose and appoint all teachers, and it is an impression that such is the case in the German universities. But there the faculty, as here gen-

erally, nominate the teachers, and they have to be confirmed by a bureau of the Government and approved by the Emperor. Really that is no improvement on the usual American way.



The Credit Due

Of all the victories of last week's election none may prove of more permanent importance than that which in Maryland stopped the Southern tide against the Fifteenth Amendment. For the first time hot Southern men came out in favor of obeying the Amendment. For the first time a disfranchising amendment was defeated in a former slaveholding State, and that by an enormous majority. The papers have hitherto hardly given proper credit for this great and surprising victory in Maryland. Perhaps too much credit has been given to Governor Warfield and Senator Rayner, and not enough to Attorney-General William S. Bryan, a Democrat, who stiffened the Governor's backbone; to Mr. Bonaparte, whose work was most important; to Karl A. M. Scholtz, whose Independent Citizens' League of Germans aroused the foreign citizens against the grandfather clause; to Leigh Bonsal, who headed the Democratic Anti-Poe Amendment Association, who did herculean work; to John E. Semmes and Archibald H. Taylor, both Democrats, who directed the campaign committee of the Baltimore Reform League, an organization of Independents of both parties; to Albert S. J. Owens, Baltimore State's Attorney, another Democrat; to the Crescent Democratic Club, an anti-organization association; and to the Republican State Committee, under the chairmanship of John B. Hanna. These and other men did a great work which will be felt all over the South. They have killed, we believe, both the understanding and the grandfather clauses for good.



A Chinese Constitution

Very full of thought for the future is the communication sent to Peking by the Chinese Minister at St. Petersburg. He tells the Empress that Russia is to have a constitution; that this new form of government by the people will be followed by

a period of inner development and strength; that Russia will be a vastly more powerful and richer nation than she has ever been; and that she will therefore be a more dangerous neighbor. He does not believe that her aggressions will cease, but that they will be more difficult to resist. He therefore tells his Court that China must also be consolidated by establishing representative institutions. She must have a constitution and develop a national patriotism, such as can defend, by the spirit of a willing and responsible people, what Mr. Hay called the "political entity" of China. His advice appears to be seriously considered in Peking. It is in this same line that a commission of Chinese of high rank has been sent to the United States and to Europe to study and report on representative institutions, so that they may recommend a constitutional system for China. They are right. Only so can China cease to be helpless, and be able to maintain her integrity against the Powers that wish to break her up and divide the spoils. We can hardly conceive what a change it will make in the history of the world, in business and diplomacy, if in the next fifty years China shall develop into such a nation as is Japan, conscious of its power and its rights. Already the movement is well begun in education, and the American boycott is a part of it.

The International Parliament

The Chairman of the Commission appointed by the Interparliamentary Union to report on the plan for an International Congress or Parliament has heard from most of the members that they were ready to exchange opinions, and so he has called a meeting of the Commission this week at Paris. Sir Philip Stanhope, the Chairman of the Commission, inclines to The Hague as the regular meeting place of the International Deliberative Body. Baron d'Estournelles, who has recently been added to the Commission, and also La Fontaine, and Count Appongi, incline to favor its meeting at the capitals of the various nations represented, for a considerable time at least. Some differences of opinion exist on details, but five of the seven members have declared for all the essential points in the plan proposed by Hon. Richard Bartholdt. The other

two members have not yet expressed their opinion. The only important difference so far revealed is as to the structure of the Body (whether it shall have one or two Chambers). Bartholdt, La Fontaine, Appongi say two, because all national lawmaking bodies created during the nineteenth century took that form, in obedience to very strong forces, which are still operative. An international body, with two Houses, would make it easier for the executive and the legislative branches of governments to agree on national representatives in the International Body. The parliaments could send representatives to one House and the kings to the other. With America this question would not be so important as it is to Europe, where there is not so good an understanding between Executive and Legislature as with us, because in America both are elected. In Europe one is hereditary and the other elective.

Perhaps we may be excused for having spoken of Mr. W. H. Mallock as a "Catholic writer." That has been a general impression and based on what have been called the "Catholic tendencies" in his writings, due to his family environment. His mother was a daughter of Archdeacon Froude, and her two brothers were the dear friends and literary associates of Cardinal Newman. One of them was the historian, and the other, Richard Hurrell Froude, associated with Newman in the "Lyra Apostolica," sympathized fully with him in his renunciation of Protestantism, but he never joined the Catholic Church. The impression that Mr. Mallock is a Catholic is due in good part to his conclusion in "Is Life Worth Living?" that life is not worth living unless one holds the Catholic faith. Our attention has been called to this by several of our most competent Catholic authorities.

We are waiting for the Reports of the Government Bureaus. They are delayed this year, we understand, because of a new ruling that they must be held back until the Department Reports are published. We wonder why the Department Reports do not wait for the President's Message? Stale bread may be healthy, but it is not appetizing.

Insurance

The Insurance Investigation

AFTER a recess covering election week the sessions of the Armstrong Investigating Committee were resumed on Wednesday, November 8th. It was announced that the committee expected to finish its work by January 1st, and have its report ready for presentation to the Legislature within thirty days thereafter. John R. Hegeman, President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, was the first witness examined. From his testimony it appeared that insurance for the wage-earner was higher in price than it was for those in more comfortable circumstances. The subject of industrial life insurance, which constitutes the bulk of the business done by the Metropolitan, has not previously been touched upon. This is a class of insurance in which a very large number of the working classes are vitally interested and many of those thus insured pay premiums weekly of from 5 to 60 cents and higher. The fact was brought out that half of such policies lapse within a year, the insured receiving nothing. The Metropolitan's industrial business in force at the end of last year reached the enormous total of \$1,127,-889,229. The average amount of an industrial policy is only \$140. To collect premiums on the business to which reference has just been made agents of the company must needs visit the homes of 1,000,000 policy holders. The Metropolitan Company began with a capital of \$500,000, which has since been increased to \$2,000,000. The surplus of the company now amounts to \$12,835,741, exclusive of the capital stock. A considerable portion of the company's business consists of risks assumed on the lives of children and babies. Medical examinations are not required by the Metropolitan where the face of the policy carried is less than \$300. Medical examinations are also waived in the cases of persons under nine years of age. Such risks are only subjected to "inspections" at twenty-five cents per capita. On Thursday the examination of the Mutual Life was once more taken up. It was incidentally developed, in connection with the Mutual's examination, that Joseph Howard, Jr., a writer of syndicate newspaper articles, has been receiving

\$5,000 a year for years for his services in writing reading notices along insurance lines. On Friday last the feature of the examination was the Metropolitan loans. In certain cases they were much below the market.

On Monday last it was brought out that John A. McCall, of the New York Life, had, immediately after his previous testimony, guaranteed to restore to his company the \$235,000 paid to "Judge" Hamilton, if the latter does not render a satisfactory account of his disposition of the money by December 15th.

The Mutual's Self-Investigation

IT was announced last week that Stuyvesant Fish, President of the Illinois Central Railroad, had definitely consented to serve on the Mutual Life Insurance Company's self investigating committee. Mr. Fish takes the place of Effingham B. Morris, President of the Girard Trust Company, of Philadelphia, who was a member of the committee as originally appointed, but who found it impossible to serve, as set forth in THE INDEPENDENT of November 2d. Mr. W. H. Truesdale, President of the Lackawanna Railroad, is expected to act as chairman of the committee. James B. Dill has been chosen as the committee's counsel. A resolution has been passed granting Haskins & Sells, the committee's expert accountants, authority to enter the Mutual's offices and examine its books and records. The powers granted these accountants are far-reaching, and the period of examination will cover the two years preceding December 31st, 1905.

The New York Life in Missouri

ON November 8th W. D. Vandiver, Insurance Superintendent of the State of Missouri, unexpectedly issued his long threatened order expelling the New York Life Insurance Company from Missouri. The answer of the company to this order was the procurement of an injunction restraining Superintendent Vandiver from enforcing his order excluding the company from doing business in Missouri and ordering that pending the hearing on November 20th the Superintendent's order be not enforced.

Financial

The Market for Securities

For some time past the rate for loans on call in New York has been rising. Last Saturday's bank statement showed that the surplus reserve had fallen below the 25 per cent. limit by \$2,428,000. This is the first deficit of the kind since September, 1902, and the largest since November, 1899. Naturally, the loan rate advanced, and on Monday it was 25 per cent. A depression of the market prices of securities has accompanied this scarcity of loanable funds, loans at low rates being the basis of speculation for an advance. The result of the election in New York has added a depressing influence, affecting the securities of New York street railway and gas companies, owing to the popular strength of the movement for the election of Mr. Hearst and other candidates of the Municipal Ownership League. With respect to such securities, and certain others recently subject to pool manipulation for the rise, the decline has been quite noticeable. Thus far the Secretary of the Treasury has refused to take any steps for relieving the stringency.

The scarcity of loanable funds at the present time in New York is caused mainly by withdrawals, customary at this season, to satisfy the demands of the West and South for money to move and market the crops. At the same time, powerful speculators have required large loans continuously to support their operations for an advance, as in the case of Reading stock, for example. When these operations for a rise were begun the general range of the market was already high enough to accord with prevailing conditions. We do not see why the Treasury should intervene to help these speculators carry their load. Nor should the banks permit these speculative operations to cause inconvenience and unusual expense to the mercantile community.

General industrial conditions thruout the country are at high water mark. While they do not warrant wild speculation for such advances as certain pool operators have sought to obtain, they should prevent any considerable decline. The crops are large. Trade reports point to a record-breaking tonnage of grain and of general merchandise seeking transportation, which is restricted only

by lack of cars. The strength of demand and of prices in the leading industries has not been surpassed in recent years. In October the monthly output of pig-iron for the first time exceeded 2,000,000 tons, and it is expected that the year's output will be 22,000,000 tons, or 4,000,000 more than that of 1903, and 5,500,000 more than that of last year. In the steel mills all past records of production have recently been broken, but the demand is not satisfied. A decline in the stock market will indicate the discomfiture of reckless speculators, but no reduction of the securities' actual value

Financial Items

PREVIOUS estimates of the corn crop are slightly increased by the Government's recent report, which makes the entire yield 2,707,993,540 bushels.

....The price of New York Cotton Exchange membership has risen from \$3,900 to \$23,000 since 1901, and no offers are now made below \$26,000.

....It is announced that the product of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company will be marketed hereafter by the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

....In October the output of pig-iron in this country surpassed all previous records, being 2,053,127 tons. The largest output for any month had been 1,963,717 tons, in May last.

....J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, and the Dresdner Bank, one of the largest banking institutions in Germany, have entered into an agreement for co-operation in international financial transactions. The Dresdner Bank's capital and surplus amount to about \$50,000,000, and the institution has seventeen branches in Germany and Switzerland.

....Dividends announced:

Am. Cotton Oil Co. (Preferred), 3 per cent., payable December 1st.

Am. Cotton Oil Co. (Common), 1 per cent., payable December 1st.

Am. Express Co., \$3.00 per share, payable January 2nd.

International Silver Co. (1st Mort.), Coupon No. 14, payable December 1st.

International Salt Co., 4 per cent., payable 1 per cent. quarterly: December 1st, March 1st, June 1st and September 1st.

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Survey of the World

For a Sea-Level Canal

Altho no official report of the action taken by the Isthmian Canal Commission's Board of Advisory Engineers on the 18th has been given to the public, it is known that the final vote was 8 to 5 in favor of a canal at the sea level. Those voting in the majority were the five foreign engineers and three of the Americans, Gen. George W. Davis, William Barclay Parsons, and William H. Burr. The five remaining Americans (General Abbott, and Messrs. Ripley, Noble, Randolph, and Storms) stood together for a canal with a summit level and locks. No authorized statement is published by the Board, because its report must first be submitted to the Commission, but it is understood that it was asserted by the majority that a sea-level canal could probably be completed in fifteen years, at a cost of \$230,000,000. The generally accepted estimates for a lock canal have been from eight to ten years and less than \$200,000,000. As approved by the majority, the sea-level plan provides for a canal 45 feet deep and 150 feet wide at the bottom, except in the Culebra Cut, where the bottom width would be 200 feet. The Commission will submit the Board's report to the President, with its comments and recommendations. The President will decide for himself, and lay the whole matter before Congress, which will be the court of last resort. Opposition in Congress to the sea-level plan will be due largely to the increase of cost, which, it is generally believed, will not fall below \$100,000,000, and to the longer time required. Chairman Shonts and Engineer Stevens, it is said, will argue for a canal with locks.

After a conference with the President, on the 20th, Representative Mann said he intended to introduce a bill abolishing the Commission and giving the President full powers.—M. Beaunau-Varilla, formerly Chief Engineer of the French Company, now holds that a lock canal, with summit level at 130 feet, should at first be made. This could be done in four years. He would have the builders keep at work on a sea-level project, with the purpose of making a cut 500 feet wide, worthy to be called the "Straits of Panama." Such a project could be completed, he says, in twenty years at a cost of \$300,000,000.



Progress of Reform in Philadelphia

A large majority in support of reform having been shown at the polls, prominent Republican ward leaders of the defeated "organization" in Philadelphia are now proclaiming their desire for reform. David Martin, who succeeded Boss Durham as State Insurance Commissioner, commends the Governor's suggestions for reform legislation, and says that the fees of his own office should be abolished. This would reduce his annual official income from about \$20,000 to \$3,000. Another prominent Philadelphian who has come to the support of the reform program is United States Senator Penrose, heretofore the associate and ally of Durham and McNichol. Gov. Pennypacker expects to find a large majority of the Legislature willing, at the special session, to repeal the Philadelphia "ripper" bills (which the same Legislature recently passed), to provide for personal registra-

tion, to guard the State's great surplus accumulation, and to do other things suggested by the Philadelphia uprising and the election of a Democratic State Treasurer. In Philadelphia, District Attorney Bell has become reconciled to Judge James Gay Gordon (Mayor Weaver's energetic private council), and has appointed Judge Gordon's professional associate, David Wallerstein, his first assistant, to have charge of the prosecution of the ring cases. When Mayor Weaver began to attack the ring, the District Attorney was acting as counsel for McNichol and for the contracting firm controlled by McNichol and Boss Durham. In replies to the Mayor's requests, he declined to initiate proceedings against those whom the Mayor was pursuing, and he refused to permit Judge Gordon to take part in the prosecution of persons arrested upon the Mayor's charges. It is announced now that he is to join hands with Judge Gordon in the work. In the first case to be tried (relating to frauds in the construction of the Smallpox Hospital), among the defendants will be Abraham L. English, formerly Director of Public Safety; Philip H. Johnson, an architect, Durham's brother-in-law; and James D. Finley, an inspector, Durham's cousin. Mr. Bell was criticised before the recent election for failing to prosecute about forty election officers arrested for violating the election laws in the interest of the organization. It is expected that he will now take up these cases.—Major Cassius E. Gillette, U. S. A., who assisted William Barclay Parsons and J. D. MacLennan in detecting the frauds in the filtration works, has been appointed by Mayor Weaver (with the Councils' approval) Chief of the Filtration Bureau, to succeed Engineer Hill, now under indictment. The salary, \$17,000, is the largest of those paid by the municipality. Major Gillette uncovered the frauds of Captain Oberlin M. Carter at Savannah. He was appointed with the approval of President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, and Secretary Taft.—The newly elected State Treasurer, Mr. Berry, has retained as his special counsel Homer L. Castle, recently the candidate of the Prohibitionists for Judge of the Supreme Court, whose sharp attacks upon the farming out of

the State's funds were a prominent feature of the campaign. Mr. Berry will take the office in May.



Railroad Rate Questions

Representatives of the five labor unions of railway employees (the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers, Locomotive Firemen, and Railroad Trainmen, the Switchmen's Association and the Order of Railway Conductors) called upon the President last week and presented a written statement in opposition to the proposed legislation for the regulation of rates, on the ground that some reduction of rates was intended, and that such a reduction would cause a reduction of their wages. The President addressed them at considerable length. He would do anything in his power for the laboring man, he said, except to do anything wrong. There had been comparatively little complaint of the rates being as a whole too high, the most serious complaints relating to improper discrimination. He would not tolerate for a moment any injustice to a railroad any more than he would tolerate injustice by a railroad. But an increased regulatory and supervisory power over the railroads must be exercised by the Government, and he would like to have it exercised in the matter of overcapitalization as well as with respect to rates. The "wages fund" would be larger if there were no fictitious capital on which dividends had to be paid. The outcry against rate regulation was of much the same character as that which he had encountered while securing legislation concerning the coupling of cars and the liability of employers. He would resist any movement to hurt the roads. His aim was to secure just and equal treatment of the public by those who did not want to give it. "All I want is to give the Government an efficient supervisory power which shall be exercised as scrupulously to prevent injustice to the railroads as to prevent them from doing injustice to the public."—Mr. Mellen, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, called upon the President last week. He will support the latter's policy, and it is understood that President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania road,

will also do this.—At its annual convention last week the Federation of Labor laid on the table, with only one dissenting vote, a resolution opposing the President's policy.—A hearing in the contempt cases against the Atchison and several other railroad companies was begun at Kansas City last week. These cases involve the rebates alleged to have been paid to a salt company and the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and are those on which Mr. Paul Morton was believed to be directly interested.—The Government has brought suit at Milwaukee against a private car company, the Pabst Brewing Company and several railroads, alleging the payment and reception of unlawful rebates thru the agency of the private car traffic contracts.

Chicago's Railways and Gas Supply

Mayor Dunne made another appeal to the Chicago Council last week, concerning the acquisition and operation of the street railways by the city. He asked for the passage of an ordinance providing for a vote at next Spring's election upon the question whether the city shall issue \$75,000,000 of Mueller law certificates for the purchase of unexpired railway franchises and the improvement of the service. By the use of this sum, he said, municipal ownership and operation could be brought about in one of three ways: By purchasing the property at a price to be fixed by arbitration, if the companies should agree to this; by taking the roads under condemnation proceedings; or by constructing municipal lines parallel to those of the companies. The ordinance was quietly referred to the Transportation Committee, which has received and buried several other propositions made by the Mayor, and which has agreed upon the terms for an extension of the companies' present franchises, except in the matter of compensation. These terms postpone municipal ownership for at least ten years, because they provide that the city shall not have the right to buy out the companies until ten years shall have elapsed, this right to be renewed at intervals of three years thereafter. Mayor Dunne denies a current report that he in-

tends to resign. He is going to stay with the cause of municipal ownership, he says, until it wins, and he is sure that it will win, "in spite of the mendacity and misrepresentation of some of the Chicago newspapers." It is said that he is opposed in his party by the friends of ex-Mayor Harrison. Clarence S. Darrow, the Mayor's special counsel with respect to the railway question, has resigned.—The Mayor has proposed an ordinance reducing the price of gas to 75 cents for the next five years, the city at the recent election having approved and accepted the new State law empowering it to do this. Probably this ordinance will be adopted. In 1900 the Council undertook to make such a reduction under the authority of old statutes, as to the bearing of which there was some question. Enforcement of the ordinance of 1900 has been prevented by injunction suits which are still pending. Since the date of that ordinance the companies have collected nearly \$14,000,000 in excess of a 75-cent rate, and in the ordinance now proposed it is provided that the adoption of it shall in no way affect the suits of consumers to recover that excess.

The President and Mr. Whitney

Curtis Guild, Jr., Governor-elect of Massachusetts, wrote to the President on the 10th, saying that the Republican ticket in that State would have been "overwhelmingly defeated" if the party platforms had not favored "immediate tariff revision," and expressing a wish that the President would suggest revision in his message. "Here in Massachusetts," he remarked, "the duty on hides is anathema." On the 15th a delegation of the leading shoe and leather manufacturers of the country, led by Gov. William L. Douglas, called upon the President and argued for the removal of the duty on hides, the Governor making the principal address. Mr. Roosevelt said that the subject should have his careful consideration, but he pointed out that tariff changes must take shape in Congress and would normally represent a compromise accepted by the people of many States. He then said that his experience with a committee from Massachusetts about a

year ago forbade him to discuss the whole situation freely with this delegation. In the recent campaign, he continued, Mr. Henry M. Whitney, a member of the committee, had misrepresented his utterances:

"He pretended to quote what I had said during the course of the long and informal interview with his committee a year before; no notes of the conversation having been taken at the time. Not only did he misquote the words I used, but by suppressing almost all that I had said and by giving what he purported to give entirely apart from its context, he absolutely, and as I am constrained to believe, deliberately, misrepresented what had occurred; and he knew well that it was impossible for the President of the United States to enter into a personal discussion about the matter with him."

Mr. Whitney is President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. As Democratic nominee for Lieutenant-Governor he came within 2,000 votes of being elected on the 7th inst. After Mr. Roosevelt's address to the Douglas delegation he asserted that he had not intentionally misrepresented the President's views. His two colleagues on the committee (which represented the Chamber of Commerce), Mr. Webster and Mr. Hall, supported him in his statement as to what the President had said in favor of "the fullest possible freedom of trade with Canada." Mr. Whitney then wrote to the President (on the 17th), saying that the latter had done him great injustice. He appealed to the President's sense of fairness for a personal hearing, desiring to submit reports of his campaign utterances for examination. In reply, the President declined to receive Mr. Whitney. The latter had in his letter expressed regret that the cause of reciprocity was not to have the indorsement of the President's great name and the benefit of his aid. This remark, the President said, was additional evidence of the wisdom of his refusal to hear Mr. Whitney, because it was unwarranted by anything he had ever said. It was a deliberate misstatement. Mr. Whitney in his speeches, the President repeated, had misrepresented him:

"It matters little whether this was due to a deliberate purpose of deception or to a lack in both of your companions and yourself of a nice sense of propriety and of the power of exact thinking and of correct apprehension and

repetition of what was said. In either event, I feel that it would serve no useful purpose to see you again or further to correspond with you."



The Isle of Pines American residents of the Isle of Pines held a meeting on the 14th, asserting that the island belonged to the United States, and took steps for the organization of a Territorial Government. One report says that eighty Americans were present, another makes the number 260. Territorial officers were elected or appointed, a Governor excepted, and among these were T. B. Anderson (of St. Louis), Secretary of State, and Edward C. Ryan, Delegate to Congress. A letter signed by Anderson was addressed to President Roosevelt. It says that the Americans have waited three years for a recognition of their rights; that they have now taken steps to establish a Territorial Government, and that they rely upon the President "for a square deal." It is well understood that this movement on the island is sharply disapproved by the Administration at Washington, which holds that Cuba is entitled to the island. Her title to it is confirmed in the treaty now for two years pending in the Senate, where action has been prevented by Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania. This treaty says that all claims of the United States are relinquished, in consideration of Cuba's grant to us of naval and coaling stations. One of these stations (at Guantanamo) is in our possession; another (at Bahia Honda) we can have at any time. There are said to be 430 American residents of the Isle of Pines, out of an entire population of 3,100. They own much of the land, and officers of a real estate company are prominent in the movement against Cuban rule. One of them complains that "Gen. Leonard Wood sold us out for two coaling stations." This movement is opposed in a written protest, signed by 1,400 Cuban residents and recently sent to Washington.—The number of guards at the President's Palace in Havana was recently increased. This is said to have been done because about sixty rifles and a large quantity of ammunition were discovered in an unoccupied house in the suburb district of

Cerro.—At last reports there had been less than ten cases of yellow fever at Havana. Dr. Guiteras says the infection was not due to the escape of mosquitoes from the detention hospital; 2,937 mosquitoes were recently killed there, and not one of the species that propagates the fever was found among them.



Inter-Church Federation

Five hundred officially appointed delegates of thirty denominations, with many other alternates and corresponding members, met in Carnegie Hall from Wednesday of last week to Tuesday of this week, to attempt a formal federation of their churches. After free discussion and many amendments proposed, the "Plan of Federation" offered by a committee of forty was adopted, as follows:

PLAN OF FEDERATION.

I. For the prosecution of work which can be better done in union than separately, a council is hereby established, to be known as the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

II. The following Christian bodies shall be entitled to representation in this Federal Council on their approval of the purpose and plan of the organization: The Baptist Churches, North; the Baptist Churches, South; the Free Baptist Churches, the Negro Baptist Churches, the Christian Connection, the Congregational Churches, the Disciples of Christ, the Evangelical Association, the Evangelical Synod, the Friends, the Evangelical Lutheran Church, General Synod; the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; the Primitive Methodist Church, the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America, the Methodist Protestant Church, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, the Mennonite Church, the Moravian Church, the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Welsh Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Reformed Church in America, the Reformed Church in the U. S. A., the Reformed Episcopal Church, the Seventh Day Baptist Churches, the United Brethren in Christ, the United Evangelical Church.

III. The object of this Federal Council shall be:

- (1) To express the fellowship and catholic unity of the Christian Church.
- (2) To bring the Christian bodies of America into united service for Christ and the world.
- (3) To encourage devotional fellowship

and mutual counsel concerning the spiritual life and religious activities of the Churches.

(4) To secure a larger combined influence for the Churches of Christ in all matters affecting the moral and social condition of the people, so as to promote the application of the law of Christ in every relation of human life.

(5) To assist in the organization of local branches of the Federal Council to promote its aims in their communities.

IV. This Federal Council shall have no authority over the constituent bodies adhering to it; but its province shall be limited to the expression of its counsel and the recommending of a course of action in matters of common interest to the churches, local councils and individual Christians.

It has no authority to draw up a common creed, or form of government or of worship, or in any way to limit the full autonomy of the Christian bodies adhering to it.

V. Members of this Federal Council shall be appointed as follows:

Each of the Christian bodies adhering to this Federal Council shall be entitled to four members, and shall be further entitled to one member for every 50,000 of its communicants or major fraction thereof. The question of representation of local councils shall be referred to the several constituent bodies, and to the first meeting of the Federal Council.

Section VI provides for vote by denominations if demanded; Section VII, for admission of other denominations by a two-thirds vote by denominations; Section VIII, for a first meeting in December, 1908, and every four years thereafter; Section IX, for officers and their duties; Section X, for amendments by majority vote of members and denominations, while Section XI asks the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers to call the first meeting of the Federal Council when its plan shall become operative by the adhesion of two-thirds of the churches mentioned. There were a few members who earnestly urged amendments to provide for the admission of Unitarians, but they were defeated overwhelmingly. The meetings were fully attended, and a great number of distinguished speakers spoke from the platform on various subjects bearing on the work of a united Church.



French Politics The melodramatic resignation of M. Berteaux as Minister of War, who suddenly left the ministerial bench in the midst of debate, slammed down his portfolio, and took his

seat upon the Left among the Socialists, has caused a general shifting of positions in the Rouvier Cabinet, but apparently has not weakened it, for after an eloquent speech from the Premier he received a vote of confidence by 372 to 126. M. Etienne, Minister of the Interior, put into M. Berteaux's place; M. Dubief, Minister of Commerce, was made Minister of War, and M. Trouillot, Deputy from Jura, was appointed Minister of Commerce. M. Berteaux is a Socialist, and as such has no right in the Cabinet, since the unified Socialist party of France has ordered that none of its members may take a position in the Government. He became still more uncomfortable when Premier Rouvier took the ground that government employes had no right to form unions, and finally when on this question the Socialists and Radicals voted against the Ministry, and it was only saved from defeat by support from the Right, he determined to leave his post. One reason why the Deputies of the Left were unwilling to precipitate a dissolution of the Government is because the bill for the separation of Church and State is now being put thru the Senate, and they wish nothing to interfere with that. No amendments are being permitted by the majority in the Senate lest it should imperil the bill. The bill for old-age pensions for working men also should be put thru the Chamber before January, when a third of the members will be elected. There seems to be a substantial majority for this measure altho it will involve a considerable increase in taxes. The regular budget for 1906 involves an increase of expenditures of more than \$19,000,000 over that of 1905, chiefly due to increase of salaries and navigation bounties.—Some workmen in the arsenal at Brest, in an anti-military meeting violently attacked the Maritime Prefect, Admiral Peplian. When the Admiral punished them for the insult the federated workmen in all five of the naval stations took up their cause as an infringement of free speech, and a general strike was ordered. M. Thomson, Minister of Marine, took a firm stand by declaring that he would not permit a strike that compromised the national defence, and that all who did not return to work would be excluded

from the arsenals. Upon his promise of a thoro investigation the strike was called off.



King Haakon VII of Norway

In accordance with the will of the people as expressed in the recent referendum, the Norwegian Storthing on November 18th unanimously elected Prince Charles of Denmark to be King of the Norwegians. As soon as the result was announced the chaplain of the Chamber invoked a blessing upon King, Government and country, and a royal salute of 42 guns was fired. On the following Monday a deputation of members from the Storthing, headed by President Berner, went to Copenhagen and was received by King Christian in the same room where in 1863 the crown of Greece was offered to Prince George. The old King addressed the delegation with the following words:

"Representatives of the men of Norway: It has pleased us to accède to the desire of the Norwegian people that we accept the ancient crown of Norway for our dear grandson, Prince Charles. We cherish full confidence that the Norwegian people, in common with him, have a happy future in store for them.

"The young King does not come as a stranger to Norway, for he claims relationship to former Norwegian Kings. Nor will the Kingdom of Norway be strange to him, for everywhere in the land common recollections of the history of the kingdom and the history of his race will meet him."

Then he bade Godspeed to King Haakon and Queen Maud:

"You, my dear grandson, have here served your Fatherland and King with loyalty. Therefore I am convinced that you will enter on your new and responsible task with good intent. Fill worthily your place and your father and mother, your whole race, the land of the Danish people, and I, your old King and grandfather, will all celebrate this solemn hour with warm feelings.

"Go with God, my dear grandchildren, from the land and race that bore you to the land and people which have called you, and take the blessing with you of your old King for you, your race, and your deeds now and forever. Herewith I commend you to God."

The new King and his consort will be escorted to Norway by a fleet of Norwegian, Danish, British and German warships, and will make his entry into Christiania November 25th. The formal

coronation will take place July 27th. The Crown Prince will take the name of Olaf. The first task of the Government will be to raise more money by taxation to meet the extraordinary expenditures of the interregnum, due to the long-continued sessions of the Storthing and the military measures, amounting to a sum estimated at \$2,250,000.



The Russian Peasants

It has been often said that so long as the peasants were not aroused, the rising of the industrial classes in the great cities could not effect a revolution. Consequently, the reports of numerous agrarian riots caused serious alarm, altho there is yet no proof that these sporadic outbreaks form part of a general movement or have any definite political aim. Delegates from the Peasants' Union of Kharkoff, who attended the Workmen's Council at St. Petersburg, declared that the peasants were ready to join with the laboring classes of the towns in a universal political strike. In Kharkoff the peasants have vowed to drink no vodka, to visit no cities, to work for no land owners, and to avoid all violence during the strike. But reports from the disturbed districts do not indicate any such moderation. Many large estates have been attacked, the houses looted and the buildings burned. The estates of Prince Oldenburg in Vorsnez and that of Prince Rostkoffsky in Novoskol have been wrecked, and in Chernikoff, Tamboff and Saratoff there has been much disorder. The peasants of Yasnaya Polyana refused to attack Count Tolstoy's estate. The peasants demand that all the land belonging to the State, the Czar and the monasteries be divided among them. It is reported from Penza that a false Czar has appeared in the region west of the Volga and has a following of 50,000 peasants. Such pretenders have several times in Russian history led very serious rebellions, so the rumor is quite credible. The Czar on November 17 issued a manifesto for the purpose of conciliating the peasantry by remitting a large part of the redemption dues on the land that was given them from the imperial domain

when they were freed from serfdom in 1861. These have been a heavy burden upon the peasants, and the term for final payments, originally fixed at forty-nine years, has been repeatedly extended, and at the present rate they would be completely paid up by 1930. The manifesto reduces the annual dues one-half from January 1st, 1905, and abolishes them after January 14th, 1907. By this act the Government loses some \$35,000,000 annual revenue and makes a total sacrifice of more than \$600,000,000.



The Russian Situation

There are many reasons for hoping that the internal disorders of Russia have passed their climax, and Count Witte has better prospects for establishing a stable government than for many weeks past. The Central Labor Committee of St. Petersburg called a general strike on November 16 for the purpose of demonstrating their power, but it seems to have had the opposite effect of exposing their weakness. The workmen of the city generally responded to the call, and struck to the number of some 60,000, but the strike did not spread thru the empire. The trains were stopped at the stations, the electric lights of the city cut off, the theaters were closed, and newspapers ceased to appear. The strikers were reported to be provided with revolvers, citizens were armed against them, and the vicious elements of the city were anticipating an opportunity for unlimited loot. A repetition on a larger scale of the riots of Odessa was threatened, and it was uncertain how far the army could be depended upon to maintain order. But the weather was too cold for street demonstrations, and the workmen had become tired of losing wages by being called out so frequently upon political strikes for vague reasons and with unsatisfactory results. In the Central Committee, or union of unions, the head of the federated industrial and professional societies, great dissatisfaction was manifested over the calling of the strike, and there was a hot discussion over its cause and continuance. The ostensible objects of the strike were to prevent the punishment

of the mutineers of Kronstadt and to protest against the action of the Government in establishing martial law in Poland. Both these objects they claim to have accomplished, but since Poland still remains under martial law and the mutineers are not yet tried, their triumph is not apparent. The Socialists tried to have the strike continued until the eight-hour day was secured at the present daily wage, but it was voted to call the strike off on Monday, November 20, and prepare for another in January. The Government abstained from any provocation and there was no serious bloodshed. Count Witte issued a personal appeal to the workmen, which was replied to in the following language:

"The Council of Workmen's Delegates expresses astonishment at the Emperor's favorite, who permits himself to call the workmen of St. Petersburg his brethren. The proletariat is not related to him in any way.

"Count Witte begs us to give the Government time, and promises to do all possible for the workmen. The Council knows that Count Witte has already found time to give Poland into the hands of the military executioners. The Council does not doubt that Count Witte will do all possible to strangle the revolutionary proletariat.

"Count Witte calls himself a man who is benevolent toward us and wishes our good. The Council declares that the working classes have no need of the benevolence of a court favorite, but demand a popular Government on the basis of universal, direct, and secret suffrage."

The Zemstvo Congress, which opened in Moscow November 20 with 300 delegates, is divided upon the question of whether to support the Government of Premier Witte or to continue in the opposition. Many of the most prominent of the Zemstvoists favor forming a law and order party to oppose further revolutionary measures, and to insure that the best use is made of the liberties already conceded.—Premier Witte has found that Government officials in several places connived at or assisted in the recent massacres of the Jews, and he has made many removals from office on this charge. Both Jews and Gentiles have contributed generously to the subscription lists opened in all our large cities for the relief of the Jews in Russia, and the fund collected in this country now amounts to \$562,307. In England \$370,000 has been subscribed.

In the Far East

A Japanese protectorate has been formally established over Korea by action of the Korean cabinet, under pressure from Marquis Ito, Hayashi, the Japanese minister, and General Hazagawa, commander of the Japanese troops in Korea. The discussion lasted two days and nights and took place in the presence of the Emperor. The Prime Minister of Korea refused to sign the treaty, for which the Emperor of Korea ordered his banishment, but he was pardoned upon the petition of Marquis Ito. By the terms of the treaty Korea agrees to employ Japanese officers to direct the Government offices and the custom houses. A Japanese Governor-General will be appointed. All diplomatic business with other nations will be carried on thru Japan. The Korean Legation at Washington, which was established in President Cleveland's second administration, will probably be at once withdrawn. There was some rioting in Seoul when the announcement was made, but it was soon quelled.—The Russian sailors and artillerymen at the fortress of Vladivostok mutinied because they were not sent home as soon as they had expected, altho their time had expired. Many of the public buildings were pillaged and burned. The Commandant was not able to control them, but by the aid of a regiment of Cossacks order was restored. The foreign residents, including American Consul Greener, took refuge on the ships in the harbor. Excited by the news from Vladivostok, 5,000 Russian prisoners at Nagasaki mutinied, and the Russian officers of the two transports which were sent to take them to Vladivostok were obliged to appeal to the Japanese authorities for protection. Four Japanese torpedo boats brought alongside of the transports put an end to the affair. Admiral Rojestvensky was on board one of the transports, but did not leave his cabin. Many of the Russian prisoners in Japan have requested to be allowed to emigrate to the United States instead of being taken back to Russia. The Russian soldiers at Harbin also mutinied on account of the poor food and clothing supplied them, while their officers lived in luxury. Two of the officers were killed. Troops and prisoners are being held back for fear they will join the revolutionists.



NORWAY'S NEW KING, QUEEN AND CROWN PRINCE.
Courtesy The Literary Digest.

Once More a King of Norway

BY BARON DE STAMPENBOURG

[Prince Charles of Denmark was elected King of Norway on November 12th and 13th by a vote of 257,710 to 68,852. The Republicans were much disappointed in their low vote. It is reported that the King will take the title of Carl V instead of Haakon VII.—EDITOR.]

JUST before the Norwegian Storting by a sweeping majority offered Prince Charles of Denmark the Kingship, Nansen spoke out the so-called Republican sentiment of the Norwegian people when he wrote in *Verdens Gang* as follows:

"If we could have a practical republic tomorrow, we would prefer it to waiting for a kingdom a whole year, provided the republic would mean a stable Government and its institution were permitted by the Grundloven (Constitution). Since this is not the case, we have no choice."

In other words, the henchmen of the sort of Republicanism that fired all Norway for a while after the secession from Sweden is quite content to take the view that there can be no republic, since it is

against the backbone of Norse law. The Norwegians were always amusing in politics, and following close upon the inimitable decorum observed by the Storting in its attitude towards King Oscar, the fiasco of Norse popular Republicanism, which Nansen voices, is more than amusing.

So after all is said and done—after the festive time of beer and schnapps—these bitter opponents of royalty, whose Viking forefathers had to have their necks broken by a ruler like Harald Haarfager before they could be made to pull together, they are to have a King, a Seventh Haakon, a Prince of Denmark—Denmark, the ancient usurper of Norway's independence!

King Edward of England has worked like a Trojan, as the uncle of the Prince, to make his election possible. His partner at the game of international chess was none other than the German Kaiser. The latter wanted a prince, not of the Hohenzollerns, but of German confederate sovereignty, to get the Norse throne. He even went so far as to call personally on the King of Denmark to prevent that ruler from giving his consent should a Danish prince be elected. But thru the British Foreign Office Edward assured the Storthing that the election of Charles would mean the practical guarantee of the best protection Norway could ever have in the event of war, to wit, the entire British naval power, and Edward won the game.

Charles is a bright young man of thirty-three years, of a good-natured turn, with no pronounced habits and ambitions, and, so far as is known, without taste for that, for a ruler, most fateful sport—the dream of conquest.

He is happily married to King Edward's bosom child, Princess Maud, and he has a two-year-old son, Alexander, who will be Crown Prince of Norway on his father's coronation.

Charles is very fond of outdoor life, is often seen in the saddle with a red coat on, hunting to hounds, and lives the life of an English noble with a penchant for horse racing. Above everything else in the world he delights in yachting, and as a practical naval man he takes a vital interest in everything pertaining to war machines afloat, from submarine to battleship. In practical seamanship he is without doubt the superior of any royal prince of his age, and is only exceeded in experience by his uncle, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and Prince Henri of Prussia. His domestic tastes are of the most wholesome sort, thanks to his careful rearing by his parents, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark. His father, who is a strict disciplinarian, was early of the opinion that the boy "in order to be a good commander must be taught to obey commands before he is entrusted with a command." Accordingly, Charles was sent, at the age of thirteen years, into the Danish Navy, not as a cadet, but as an apprentice, wearing common sailor clothes and doing common sailor work.

For nine months he held this lowest of all subordinate positions in the navy, and tho the strain was harder on him, being a prince, than on the other boys, who were mostly sons of naval officers, he stood it well, was promoted to midshipman on merit, then to cadet, and finally to naval officer. It was during his first nine months' struggles as an apprentice the writer had the honor of the Prince's acquaintance, because we served together on the same ships. Not that I or anybody else aboard ship considered it in the light of an "honor" at the time—for no rank counts in the navy except that of the navy's own making. He was a chum, a comrade, a messmate, nothing more. Those of us who were his seniors even went so far as to make him feel it in many ways where seniority is quite an advantage on board ship. Being the youngest boy in the mess, he had to do the "odd jobs" that fall to the lot of the junior messmate. He had to go to the galley and get the "mess grub" in a tub that would probably not be considered good enough for a foot bath at the palace where he had been reared. He had to eat from a tin plate with a tin spoon and an iron fork such as any scullery maid in the royal kitchen might set before a casual beggar, but would never condescend to use herself. He had to put up with seaman's fare that took the skin off his mouth, and his bed was the regular canvas hammock that he had to put up and take down like any other sailor.

From the luxurious surroundings of a kingly court, where he was waited on hand and foot, he was placed all of a sudden among a good, old fashioned ship's company, where he had not only to wait on himself but on others. Once a boy who had uncles and aunts like the present King of England and the Empress Dowager of Russia, he now found himself cut off from all his powerful relatives and torn from the bosom of the royal family, to do the work of a sailorman, to earn his oats without help or favor.

He weathered the ordeal excellently well. In the beginning he made so many "long" faces that he became the joke of the mess, but soon he learned to laugh with his comrades, and the real human side of the boy, which had been dwarfed into neglect by the artificialities of court

life, began to develop at a galloping pace with the rough, give-and-take horseplay in the navy.

When he came home after his first cruise in the "Baltic," with the midshipman's dagger in his bandolier, he was in the eyes of his comrades, at least, a full-fledged little "bisse," or sea-dog. He could chew, he could swear, he could talk ship. The former two accomplishments, which we had mischievously taught him were indispensable, procured for him a first-rate caning, administered by his father, the Crown Prince—the first parental salute on his home-coming. He had acquired the slang of the fore-castle, and he had acquired "sea legs," by which he shocked the court, to the extent of earning for himself a week's house arrest, during which he was made to unlearn the tricks that he took such a real pride in.

Now this very training in seamanship from the bottom of the ladder upward, rough and "improper" tho it was, served its purpose just the same in killing the courtier in the lad and making him as human as other healthy boys born without the disadvantages of princeliness. As a direct consequence Prince Charles is now a liberal-minded chap with whom the Norsemen are bound to get along. He is the incarnation of a "sea prince," as the Norsemen themselves are an incarnation of the sea. He can talk their tongue, he knows the annals of their history, he understands their traditions, their prejudices, their ambitions. He is not a Bismarck, to be sure, and it may even be doubted if he is above the average in intellect, but he is, nevertheless, the best available prince alive and the chances are he will accomplish more by the tact and fair-mindedness that are his, than a brainy and ambitious sovereign of

the Kaiser stripe could hope to do.

And Charles is to be Haakon VII. Will the coronation occur at the old Nidaros Cathedral at Drontheim, where the other Haakons and Haralds of Norse history were made kings, or will it be at Kristiania Slot in Christiania? At the latter place the King of Sweden has removed all the art treasures, whereas the silver, linen and furniture will remain, as that belongs to the Norwegian State. Charles will certainly not allow himself to be crowned in a half-furnished castle; so unless they take from the museums and give to the palace, Drontheim will be the place.

The face of King Edward will merit study on the occasion, as Princess Maud (of Great Britain and Ireland, don't forget!) is his only child to be crowned a sovereign, the only one he will live to see crowned. You will have to approach Edward on your face on that day! And the Kaiser will be present in the person of an envoy.

The Czar of Russia, being a cousin of Charles, may be there—if Count Witte will allow it. And uncles and aunts galore, from the King of Greece to the Empress Dowager and the Queen of England, will testify to the powerful family relations of the young Prince.

The great Harald Haarfager created a united Norway out of warring Viking elements, but since the union with Denmark, Norway has had no independent ruler for more than five centuries.

Charles is the first to lift the old Norse crown. Sovereign ancestors like the hero King Olaf Tryssve, the saint king Hellig Olaf, and the crusader King Sigurd are looking down upon him. Will he bridge the present and the past? Or will he steer his own course and look straight ahead rather than behind?

NEW YORK CITY.



The Proposal

A Story of the New York Ghetto

BY HERMAN BERNSTEIN

AUTHOR OF "CONTRITE HEARTS," "IN THE GATES OF ISRAEL."

BORIS DUSHKIN acted all morning like a man madly in love. Though he was thirty-five years old, with a university education, with a great deal of experience in life, which caused his hair to turn grayish and thin, he now felt like a schoolboy before his final examination. He was intensely agitated, nervous and absent-minded—yet he had never seen Miss Lillian Blumenthal. He was to be introduced to her today at Mrs. Fiddler's "private" restaurant, and match-making establishment.

He spent most of the forenoon in beautifying his appearance, but somehow things went wrong with him. He shaved himself with the utmost care, yet he cut his cheeks in several places, and when he tried on his gold-framed eye-glasses which he wore on special occasions only, they slipped off his short, thick nose and broke on the floor.

Dressed in his best suit—long black cutaway coat, white vest, light gray trousers and soft black hat—he elbowed his way thru crowded Grand street, swinging his black cane, a bottle of port wine under his arm, and as he walked he hummed a Russian song. Suddenly, while turning into Clinton street, toward East Broadway, he recalled that she, Miss Blumenthal, was a German Jewess, and almost mechanically he left off the Russian song and started to hum "The Two Grenadiers," regulating his steps with the tempo of the tune.

He rushed into Mrs. Fiddler's restaurant like a whirlwind; he hastily put his cane into the corner of the room; placed the bottle of wine on the table, and taking off his eye-glasses, wiped them cautiously for some time.

"You're all right, Mr. Dushkin—on time to the minute," said Mrs. Fiddler, a short, massive, red-faced woman, who appeared in the doorway of the dining-

room, and surveying him with admiration, she added:

"You look like a real prince today! Wahrhaftig!"

Dushkin kept wiping his eye-glasses, nervously. Presently he put them on and looked at his watch.

"Do you think Miss Blumenthal will come soon?" he asked, removing the paper with which the bottle of wine was wrapped.

"You may bet she will—we're Germans you know—and Germans are always punctual."

Mrs. Fiddler began to laugh so that her small eyes disappeared beneath the wrinkles of her fat face, which melted into an expression of self-satisfaction. She rolled up her sleeves, thus showing her red, round arms, and coming closer to Dushkin, said in a low voice, with a mysterious air:

"I was up to see the Blumenthals last night. I tell you it's a family of aristocrats. Their furniture, their carpet—a regular pleasure." She looked around, rolled up her eyes, and added, seizing Dushkin by the lapel of the coat: "I'm a friend of your's; that's why I want you to marry her. You know Florence, her younger sister, and you think she's nice, but where does she come in with Lillian? Florence is only a spring chicken and Lillian is a regular lady. She's older, of course, but you said you didn't believe in marrying a girl much younger than yourself. First of all Lillian is economical. She'll save every cent of yours; she's not a bit extravagant. I tell you she'll be an ideal wife; take my word for it." She paused awhile to draw her breath. "And I am a friend to her, otherwise would I try to arrange this match? Why, if you marry her I lose my best customer. Of course, you promised to make me a present of an icebox if all

turns out right, and I need one badly, but may the Eternal One punish me if I take this into consideration."

Mrs. Fiddler was interrupted by a knock at the door. Dushkin rose, adjusted his eye-glasses, and twisted his mustache. "Come in!" said Mrs. Fiddler, "Come in!"

A tall, slim, graceful young woman, with a wealth of light hair, entered slowly. Her blue eyes shone smilingly thru her spectacles as she and Mrs. Fiddler embraced each other and kissed thrice.

After Lillian Blumenthal and Boris Dushkin had been introduced by the keeper of the restaurant, they sat down by the table to eat; the match-maker busied herself serving dish after dish. Boris opened the bottle of wine with trembling hands and filled three glasses. Only when he noticed that Lillian's hands were also quivering as she lifted the glass to her lips, he began to feel that he was soon to bid farewell to his bachelorhood days and plunge into the sea of married bliss.

Boris and Lillian gazed at each other thru their eye-glasses for some time, then they nodded their heads and drank.

Their conversation flagged during the dinner, for Lillian had been reared amidst surroundings where people rarely discussed serious subjects seriously, so Dushkin found difficulty in interesting her and getting her views on matters. As a last resort he turned to the news of the day. He began to speak of the War, of Russia's repeated defeats, of her declining prestige and of the remarkably clever strategy of the Japanese. After

having listened to him for some time, Lillian felt that she must say something, tho she did not know what to say, so she interrupted him:

"Oh, yes, I have read about it."

A prolonged silence followed. Then Boris started to speak of literature.

"My father does not like the Russians, and he doesn't like their books—" suddenly Lillian burst out bravely. "But I was going to read one of—what's his name? — Tolstoy's novels — wait, let me think of the name of the book."

Mrs. Fiddler thrust her head thru the doorway, her face beaming with satisfaction and delight.

"Was it 'Anna Karenina,' perhaps?" asked Boris.

"No."

"War and Peace?"

"No."

"Resurrection?"

"No."

"Was it, perhaps, the 'Kreutzer Sonata?'"

"Yes, yes, that was the book," exclaimed Lillian triumphantly. "I started to read it, but father took it away from me. Is it a good book?"

"That depends on how one reads it. There are people with perverted minds, to whom the most innocent book will furnish food for unclean thought—whereas, on the other hand, right-thinking people will see nothing but the good in any work. . . . Some believe that in order to write of love, one must dip the pen into the rainbow or into the fine dust on the wings of the butterfly, or on a rose. But the Russian writers, especially Tolstoy, dips his pen into his own heart, and writes of life in terms of life."

"You don't say?" exclaimed Lillian



HERMAN BERNSTEIN.

Courtesy of The A. Wessels Co.

with animation, adjusting her eyeglasses. "I must read his 'Kreutzer Sonata!' That's interesting! Of course you know my father never read anything by Tolstoy—you know he's been too much absorbed by his business to have time for reading books, but he doesn't like the Russians on general principles, present company excluded, of course—you aren't a bit like the rest of them. Mrs. Fiddler told me so, and now I can see for myself—but my father claims that all Russian Jews are schnorrers (beggars)——"

"Only a narrow-minded person could make such a sweeping statement as that," declared Boris, vehemently. "I could tell your father some things about the Russian Jews which would alter his opinion of them. Your father probably does not know them—just as he never read Tolstoy, and yet he has forbidden you to read him."

"Of course, I don't agree with my father on this point," Lillian interposed with a smile.

After the wine, Boris spoke more freely on various topics, and Lillian listened to him with close attention, almost bewildered. She had never before heard any of her acquaintances speak so logically, with so much zeal, with so much fire.

He described to her the sufferings of the Russian Jews in vivid colors, with deep emotion. Lillian's eyes flashed thru her glasses and she thought: "Is it possible that he is only two years in this country? He speaks English so well, better than father, who has been here more than thirty years. Altho Dushkin is a Russian, father will surely like him."

A street organ began to play a popular air, the clothes lines in the yard were creaking every now and then, and soon the bells of a fire-engine smote the air. The people of the tenements thrust their heads out of the windows to see whether the fire was near.

Mrs. Fiddler also leaned out of the window, but satisfying herself that the fire was in the next block, she returned to the kitchen. When Lillian came in to the kitchen a few minutes later, Mrs. Fiddler whispered to her:

"He's all right—isn't he? Now, be forward, above all don't be bashful, and

you'll have things your own way. Never mind his learned talk, they're all that way. Remember, be forward, and you can wind him around your finger—he's as soft as silk."

At four o'clock Boris and Lillian went out for a walk in Jackson Street Park. There, by the East River, they sat down on a bench and for hours he spoke to her of his experiences in Russia.

They returned to Mrs. Fiddler's house towards evening. After supper, Boris sang some sad and passionate Russian songs, with deep emotion, and at about nine o'clock he escorted her home.

On reaching the entrance of the house where the Blumenthals lived, Lillian pressed his hand firmly, and gazed fixedly into his eyes. Then she exclaimed:

"Mr. Dushkin, altho this is the first time we have met, I wish to tell you that in this house lives one whose heart will always respond to yours! Don't forget the number! Come tomorrow evening!"

Next evening Boris Dushkin sat in Blumenthal's parlor and spoke again of his experiences in Russia. Lillian sat close to him in a rocking chair, and listened eagerly, her eyes flashing. Near them sat Lillian's mother, a thin-bodied, gray-haired, blind little woman, and listened to Boris, shaking her head every now and then to show that she was following his words. Her face bespoke all-absorbing happiness. She rocked herself slowly, noiselessly, as tho fearing to disturb Boris.

Mrs. Blumenthal had lost her sight when Lillian was but three years old, and she never saw the faces of the eight children that came into the world after Lillian. She had neither seen her husband rise to wealth nor had she seen his downfall—for twenty-five years he had climbed the ladder of success as a neckwear manufacturer, and suddenly his affairs had taken a sharp downward course, and he fell into bankruptcy. Some Russian Jews who had worked for him became his competitors and forced him to the wall, so that now, in order to live, he manufactured neckwear at home, his six daughters doing the work and he himself acting as salesman. Ever since his downfall he hated Russian Jews, altho there had never been any particular love for them in his heart. Still, tho

Dushkin was a Russian, and tho he had not yet proposed to Lillian, there was great joy in the Blumenthal home. In his better days Blumenthal would have resented the idea of any Russian proposing to his daughter; but when a man has six dowerless daughters, the youngest of whom is already marriageable, he cannot afford to stand by his likes or dislikes, and he must fling his prejudices to the winds.

Lillian's sisters had been sent away from home for the evening, for fear lest Boris should take a fancy to one of the younger girls. The old man had to attend a very important meeting at the lodge of which he was President. So Boris had nothing that could hinder his wooing. He spoke with enthusiasm, and Lillian and her mother listened without interrupting him. Soon Lillian seated herself at the piano and began to play "The Waves of the Danube," which she had practiced all day long for the purpose of impressing Boris that her musical taste was not confined to the popular American songs. And Boris sang with feeling, flourishing his hands, rolling up his eyes, and clasping his bosom. And the blind woman rocked slowly, breathing heavily for joy.

After the strains of the song had died away, the old woman, almost overcome with emotion, begged to be excused for awhile, complaining of a headache. Lillian led her into her bedroom. There mother and daughter embraced, and with trembling voice the mother said:

"This is great luck for you, my child!"

Lillian rearranged her hair before the mirror, pinned the violets which Boris had given her on her bosom, and came out to Boris, smiling. For a minute they were silent—then she sat down by the piano, and said in an uneven voice, opening her sad, large eyes:

"You have told me of your experiences of life, of your career. I have told you nothing—I suppose Mrs. Fiddler has told you all about me. I have had but little experience—very little indeed. I was courted by a number of young men, by rich and good-looking young men, but—well, I didn't care for them. I have always pictured to myself an ideal—I always dreamed of a man about thirty-five, a man on whom I could rely, whom

I could respect as a father—one with whom I would feel safe—knowing that he could protect me. He needn't be tall or broad-shouldered. He must be with black eyes, with black mustaches—somehow I pictured him to be with eyeglasses. He must be intelligent, a doctor or a lawyer, or a civil engineer—one who can sing, an enthusiastic man, full of life——"

"If you would only add the bald head in your list, I think that I could qualify as your ideal," said Boris.

Lillian rose, and placing her hands on his shoulders, exclaimed softly:

"You are my ideal!"

She trembled as she said these words, grasped his hand and gazed into his eyes. Suddenly she bent down and kissed him upon his cheek, and such an impetuous kiss it was that their eyeglasses struck and those of Boris fell to the floor, breaking into small pieces.

"How will I find my home now?" asked Boris, jestingly, going down on his knees to pick up the bits of broken glass.

"I will lead you. Don't be afraid—I will lead you home. Never mind, Mr. Dushkin, I'll pick up the broken glass," and as she bent down on the floor, their lips met once more in a prolonged kiss.

They rose and sat in silence for some time, holding each other's hands. Suddenly she said resolutely: "Well, Boris, I have thought the matter over, I have given it the most careful consideration—I have decided to accept you——"

And she kissed him once more. Boris was dazed—he could not say a word. He stayed another five minutes and took his leave absent-mindedly, promising to call again on the next evening.

He left the house as intoxicated. He had been preparing himself to propose, to speak to her seriously, to unfold to her his past, and to ask her to tell him hers—something which he considered as essential to happiness in married life—to tell her of his circumstances in detail, that he was not yet able financially to marry for perhaps two or three years to come, and suddenly, before he had said a word, he found himself accepted! He reached home with a painful headache, and winding up his phonograph, as was his wont every evening, before

going to bed, he made it play to him one of his favorite Russian songs.

When he called on the Blumenthals for the third time he brought no flowers for Lillian; he was dressed in his everyday clothes of light checkered gray, a soft shirt and a carelessly tied four-in-hand. He wished to impress Lillian that he was not as rich as Mrs. Fiddler, the keeper of the private restaurant, in all probability must have represented him to be. He resolved to speak to her seriously, frankly. Still he armed himself with three pair of eyeglasses, for the thought of the kisses for the first time in his life given to him by a strange woman were still burning his cheeks with a peculiar fire that spread within him and made his heart beat fast with joy.

He rang the bell firmly. Lillian came to the door in a white dress, a mass of lace and tulle. Seizing him by the hand, she pressed it tenderly and affectionately.

"How are you, Boris?" she asked. "But why are you not dressed in evening clothes?" she added, suddenly lowering her voice with disappointment.

"Miss Blumenthal, I wish to speak to you," he said in a firm voice. "I have many things to tell you, many things to ask you about the past. . . . I wish to speak to you about the present—to discuss the prospects for the future. . . . We must not be hasty."

"Later, later, some other time about this, Boris," she interrupted him.

"Oh, no, we must consider matters carefully now," pleaded Dushkin. But Lillian took his arm, and dragging him toward the staircase, began to laugh.

"Of course we must consider matters carefully, of course. Ha, ha ha!" and she suddenly bent down to him, clasped his head with both hands and kissed him on the forehead.

"Come, come, my serious philosopher, ha, ha, ha!" Lillian led him up the stairs. When the door of the parlor opened he saw that the room was brightly illuminated and four men dressed in black Prince Albert suits came forward to meet him.

"My father, Mr. Dushkin," Lillian introduced them. "My brother, Herman;

my brother, Ludwig; my brother, Phil—this is—Boris. . . ."

They all assured him in one voice that they were happy to meet him, and the little man surrounded by the four tall, strong-looking men, stood with lowered head, his eyes wandering. Now and then he twisted his long mustache, adjusted his eyeglasses and wiped the perspiration from his face with a handkerchief.

"Ludwig, tell the family to get ready," said the father, a stout man with a prominent paunch, with long red side-whiskers sprinkled with gray.

"Be seated, Mr. Dushkin," he turned to Boris. "Don't be bashful, don't be bashful;" the old man stroked his side-whiskers, and then motioned to Lillian to leave the room. As soon as the door closed behind her, the four black-coated men seated themselves in arm-chairs, and Boris, feeling himself out of place with his everyday clothes in this brightly illuminated parlor, sat down on the edge of a small, frail, gilt parlor chair.

"Now, Mr. Dushkin, what is your business?" asked the father.

"I am a civil engineer," replied Boris, like an embarrassed schoolboy.

"Oh, yes, my Lillian told me about it. Well, how is business?"

Boris felt somewhat offended by this questioning, as well as by the old man's tone, but he controlled himself and said:

"Fairly well, considering that I am a newcomer in a foreign land."

"Yes, yes, my boy, *mezumen*, *mezumen* (cash) is the great thing in the world. You've got a good business, but you need push and pull to work yourself up in your line."

He winked his eye, patted himself on the vest, and said with a self-satisfied laugh: "Don't worry, I have many influential friends—millionaires. You know we German Jews are a great power in this country. You'll be all right—"

Boris bit his lips in his effort to contain his gathering rage. He felt humiliated, and when he recalled what Lillian had told him of her father's antipathy for Russian Jews, and also for the Russian classics, which he had never read, cold perspiration came out on his fore-

head; he quivered, yet managed to maintain silence.

Soon the door opened and Lillian appeared with her mother on her arm. The blind woman walked slowly, outstretching her hand to greet Boris.

"Mr. Dushkin," she mumbled.

Boris jumped up and seized her hands.

She added something indistinctly, but her face beamed with hope and joy, as he led her to the gilt parlor chair, which he had occupied. Lillian placed two bottles of wine on the table, then she brought in cakes, nuts and raisins.

Old Blumenthal poured out wine for everybody, and, lifting his own glass, said:

"I drink the health of Mr. Dushkin, my future son-in-law."

"Good luck to you!" "Good luck to you!" Lillian's brothers raised their glasses and all, save Boris, drank. He held his glass and his eyes were fixed imploringly upon Lillian.

"My daughter has accepted you. Now, I make it my policy not to interfere in such matters; I wish you good luck!" said Blumenthal, clapping Dushkin on the shoulder.

Lillian hastened over to Dushkin and whispered:

"Boris, say something. Make a little speech."

He mastered himself with an effort, and ejaculated:

"I drink Lillian's health!"

"Good luck to you!" responded the men, and Lillian bowed.

"Now you may call in the girls, Lillian," said the old man.

Lillian opened the door and five girls, in bright dresses, entered:

"Lucy, Harriet, Mathilda, Margaret, Dorothy—my sisters, and this is Mr. Dushkin, Boris."

"Pleased to meet you!" All bowed and smiled.

"Lillian, now let's have some music," declared the father, beaming with joy. "Play for us that piece, what is it—the—the—'Waves of the ——.'"

Lillian sat down by the piano and began to play; her head moved from right to left, back and forth, and her shoulders twitched. The sounds came slowly and expressionlessly; the old man patted himself on the vest with one hand, and held

a cigar with the other. Lillian turned her head several times to Boris, and nodded to him to sing. Boris shook his head in silence.

Soon Lillian's brothers came over to him and began to speak to him about Russia and the war, and Lillian kept playing languidly.

Suddenly the old man rose, thrust the thumb of his left hand in the arm hole of his vest, and advanced to Boris.

"Say, you get an engagement ring, you know," he said, puffing his cigar, "a good blue-white stone of about two carats."

"What?" questioned Boris, staring at him, adjusting his eye-glasses. "What is it?"

"You know, a ring that Lillian shouldn't be ashamed to show to her friends."

"Sir, I know what I have to do," cried Dushkin, turning pale.

Lillian stopped playing as soon as she noticed her father speaking to Boris. She joined the group.

"What I meant to say was that since you and Lillian are engaged, Lillian needs an engagement ring," explained Blumenthal.

"Papa thought that as a foreigner it is possible that you do not know the customs of this country," put in Lillian. Then turning to her father, she added, "Boris is all right."

"Sir, I know what I have to do!" repeated Boris, raising his voice, and buttoning his coat, nervously. "I have never yet associated with such people."

"But papa did not mean to insult you," pleaded Lillian.

"I have never associated with such ill-bred people in my life," cried Boris, clutching his fists for rage.

The old man rushed over to him, and grabbing him by the shoulders, began to shake him.

"What?" he thundered. "We are ill-bred people? We? There's the *khutzpe* of the Russian Jew! The impudence! *Schnorrers!*"

Boris freed himself from the old man's grip, straightened himself, and adjusting his eye-glasses, cried tremulously:

"With you *mezumen* is the great thing that counts, while we have ideals and principles higher than cash!"

"*Schnorrers! Schnorrers!*"

Boris rushed thru the open door and the Blumenthal family after him. As he ran thru the hallway he heard Lillian and the blind mother sobbing, and Blumenthal shouted:

"You *schnorrer!* Wait! We'll sue you for breach of promise! *Schnorrer!*"

Boris came out on the street without his hat. He put on his eye-glasses, which were dangling on the chain. A chaos of

sounds rang in his ears: "*Schnorrer! Mezumen!* Breach of promise!" And amidst this confusion of sounds he recalled Lillian's words uttered to him two evenings before, at their first meeting: "Remember that in this house there is one whose heart will forever respond to yours!"

And Boris looked around on all sides and sped away as if pursued by some terrible phantom.

NEW YORK CITY.



John on Patmos

BY ESTHER HOOKER CATLIN

I AM alone upon the Patmos isle.
No sound of voice, nor touch of human hand
Is here for me,
No footprints on the headland where I stand,—
No sail at sea,—
Only the vast, immeasurable arch of blue
And the eternal waves reflecting heaven's hue.

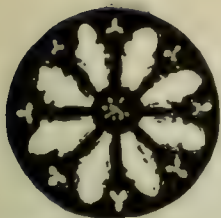
I am bowed down and broken with my years.
I, who was once the swifter in the race
On the great day
When I outran that other to the place
Where Jesus lay.
On through the city gate, and o'er the vale we
sped,
Not knowing that we sought the living 'mid
the dead.

I am unfriended on this barren shore.
But once with Him on Judah's hills I walked
Beloved the best;
And oft His face shone on me as we talked
To make me blest.
E'en now those wondrous words He spake come
back to me,
"Fear not, nor be cast down; I will return to
thee."

And only I am left of all the Twelve.
I, who was last to leave Him on the tree,
Alone recall
His words, His voice,—and how He looked
on me.
That look spoke all:—
My soul, tho dull to comprehend it, lost all
fears;
And now I know its meaning, after many years.

I am cast forth, and into exile driven.
But in my solitude there comes to me
A holy dream,—
The vision of a kingdom that shall be,—
Worldwide, supreme;
And He, the Lamb that sitteth on its great,
white throne
That vision gives to all who wait with Him
alone.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Negro Self-Help

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, LL.D.



FROM time to time in the past a great deal of matter has been furnished to the public, with the praiseworthy purpose of portraying the individual struggles and sacrifices of colored youths to secure an education. These efforts of struggling young men and women, with no inspiration in family tradition and fortune, and with little or no money with which to secure the knowledge they crave, is one of the most encouraging as well as pathetic features I have come across in my educational work during the past twenty years. As a hopeful indication of race character, and I may safely so describe it, it must be of peculiar interest to the average American interested in the Negro people.

On the other hand, much matter has also been furnished the public concerning the aid given the Negro race by philanthropic white people; attention is also frequently directed to the volume of money expended for the education of the Negro by State and municipal governments, the proceeds of land grant funds and of common taxation.

I do not think that the public has been sufficiently informed of what the Negro himself has been doing during the past forty years, and is doing now, toward his own education thru the religious organizations controlled by him.

Before dwelling upon this principal point, however, I wish to direct attention here to several minor ways of more or less importance in which the Negro is constantly displaying the quality of self-help—the most important and significant force in the uplift of any person or race, the absence of which must always be regarded as a fatal defect of character.

First, then, it is well to say that there are very few orphan asylums anywhere for Negro children. Possibly in nine or ten cases Negro families care for the orphans of their race in the neighborhoods where they reside. A child is not left many hours without parents before it strays into some family, or, more often,

is sought out by some friend, and, without legal formality, soon becomes a real part of the family. Because of this custom one finds very little suffering among Negro children. In the Southern States the masses know little about hospitals. The sick and unfortunate are cared for by secret and fraternal societies, by the churches or by individuals. A second form of self-help, which is increasing year by year, is the voluntary taxation of Negro communities for the purpose of extending the public school term, often from one to three months; that is, these months are added to the regular public school term.

I could name other forms of self-help that are equally significant and praiseworthy.

But to return to the main point. Of the more than eight millions of colored people in the United States, it is estimated that two-thirds of the adults are members of some church. The great body of them are either members of the Baptist Church, or of some branch of the Methodist Church. The Methodists are divided into four groups or branches, namely: the African Methodist Episcopal, the A. M. E. Zion, the Colored Methodist, and those belonging to the main body of the Northern Methodist Church. Besides, in all the Southern States, and in some States outside of the South, there are Presbyterian, Congregational and Episcopal churches, and a few other denominations—including Catholics—not under the Methodist or Baptist groups, all contributing something toward the expenses of the schools and colleges.

The plan for securing money from the colored people thru their churches varies according to the location and conditions surrounding the people, as well as the customs and laws of the church. For example, in the case of the Baptists, there is at least one institution, usually called college or university, in each Southern State, supported in part or in whole by the pennies and dollars of the

masses. In Alabama, for illustration, there is what is known as the Alabama Baptist Colored University, at Selma. Last year the colored people in Alabama contributed to the work of this institution \$9,441.93, exclusive of student board and tuition. The property is owned by colored people; their money created it, with the exception of a few gifts from outside sources. There is at least one such school in each of the Southern States. The detailed circumstances surrounding them may vary, but the general plan is the same.

In the case of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, there are institutions that owe their existence almost wholly to the small gifts of the churches and individuals of the denomination. Last year \$51,601.86 was raised by this denomination for the purposes of education. The oldest and largest of these institutions is the Wilberforce University, at Wilberforce, O. Altho this institution is now somewhat generously assisted by the State of Ohio, it was for years supported almost wholly by the colored people.

Let me use another illustration as showing what the African Methodist Episcopal Church is doing in the South. There is a school in Atlanta, Ga., called Morris-Brown College, that was organized only a few years ago. It now owns a very valuable property and has a large student body. The college was built and is supported, to a large extent, by money raised by the church membership. For 1904 the institution received from all sources for running expenses, \$15,985.58, of which the churches in that connection in the State of Georgia contributed \$6,200, the third Sunday in September being set apart for the taking of offerings for the educational work; and \$850.50 was raised thru the industrial department. The remainder was contributed thru other channels of the church, and mostly all of it by Negro people.

The African Methodist Episcopal

Zion Church has ten institutions of learning, of which Livingston College, at Salisbury, N. C., is the most important. The Corresponding Secretary of Education of the Zion Church reports that the money collected last year amounted to \$20,706.54, which went to all the schools of the church to supplement their other revenues for running purposes.

Thru the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the colored membership contributed for education for the current year, \$19,251.73. For the ten years, 1896-1905, inclusive, \$79,228.13 was contributed.

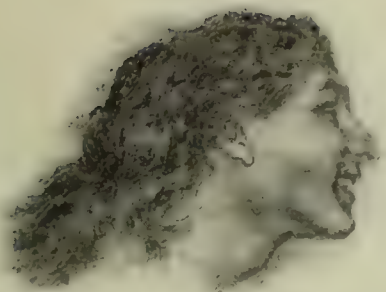
The Negro Baptists support quite a number of educational institutions, and to carry on the work the churches raised during the past year \$85,888.18.

To sum up, we find that the A. M. E. Church contributed \$51,601.86 for educational purposes last year; the A. M. E. Zion Church, \$20,706.54; the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, \$45,000; the Methodist Episcopal, \$15,926.40; the Baptists, \$85,888.18; making the total, \$218,622.98, for only two branches of the Christian Church. If the contributions of the Negro Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, etc., be approximated, we should have probably an annual contribution for educational purposes by the Negro Christians of \$250,000.

Within the past ten years, it is safe to say, according to these figures, that the Negro in America has contributed at least \$2,000,000 thru his churches toward his own education. This, I think, all fair-minded people will agree, is a pretty good record for a race of people which was in slavery forty years ago. And these figures, of course, do not include the amounts which colored people are contributing constantly to local and independent institutions. The Tuskegee Institute, for example, receives contributions from colored people annually, and the same is true of other institutions which have no direct church connection.

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA.





MUSIC

ART AND DRAMA

The Philharmonic and a Strauss Specialist

To open its sixty-fourth season, thru-out which it will continue the policy so successfully followed for the last two years, of playing under the leadership of several eminent conductors from various parts of the world, the venerable and sturdy New York Philharmonic Society engaged the services of Mr. Willem Mengelberg, conductor of the "Concertgebouw" Orchestra of Amsterdam, who presided over its brace of concerts on November 10th and 11th. Mr. Mengelberg is the youngest of all the foreign conductors who have thus far appeared with the Philharmonic (he is only thirty-four), but he is also one of the most masterful of them all. He is a specialist in the music of Richard Strauss, and to him in recognition of good services both at home in Holland and elsewhere, the composer dedicated the score of "A Hero's Life." That colossal tone-poem formed the chief part of Mr. Mengelberg's program. The Philharmonic Orchestra's performance of it under his baton was the most beautiful and the most magnificent that was ever heard in New York.



William Mengelberg, of Amsterdam, who Conducted the First Concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

It had been played here several times before—by Mr. Paur, by Mr. Gericke, and by the composer himself; but Mr. Mengelberg's interpretation of it surpassed all the others in its appeal of sensuous charm no less than in its impressiveness of lofty grandeur. His reading resembled most closely the composer's own—and it is only fair to recall that Dr. Strauss labored under the disadvantage of having to conduct a much poorer orchestra, whose members were, many of them, incompetent to play his music.

Altho the score of "Ein Heldenleben" is about the most intricate and complicated web of musical symbols ever penned, and the piece lasts forty minutes

in performance, Mr. Mengelberg has mastered it so thoroughly that he conducts it from memory. He does not permit even the conductor's desk to stand between him and the orchestra. And his mastery of its every detail, his grasp of the composer's every intention enables him to publish its proclamation of beauty and truth with unfailing sureness and with absolute authority. It was a wonderful exhibition of the conductor's power that he gave—perhaps the most wonderful ever witnessed here. Yet his methods are simple, straightforward.

ward, direct. He is resourceful and commanding, but quiet and dignified withal, imbued with that true modesty which effaces all thought of self in the task to be done. The vast Philharmonic audiences demonstrated in no uncertain way that they would rejoice to have Mr. Mengelberg come again.



Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its twentieth season in New York auspiciously on November 9th, with a fine concert in Carnegie Hall, the program of which was the best that Mr. Gericke has put to his credit—in New York at least—in a long while.

The Dvorák concerto in B minor, for violoncello served to introduce as the soloist Mr. Heinrich Warnke, the new principal 'cellist of the orchestra, who comes to it from the same position in the Kaim Orchestra of Munich. It is an extremely difficult concerto, in writing parts of which the composer had the help of that rarely gifted player of "the grand-ducal instrument," Mr. Alwin Schroeder. Mr. Warnke played it skillfully and intelligently and, when the composer permitted, made his instrument sing sweetly its luscious melodies. His tone is pure, round, full; his style virile, and his taste excellent. If he is not yet the consummate artist that Mr. Schroeder is, he is nevertheless a not unworthy successor to him, and Mr. Gericke may well be proud of his acquisition.

The playing of the orchestra thruout the concert was a marvel of euphonious beauty and precision. Its superlative achievement in this respect was in the dainty tinkling "Pizzicato ostinato" of the third movement in Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony. In the direction of pure tone and unity and polish no playing could be more absolutely flawless.

Yet while the estimable Mr. Gericke, whom Mr. Henderson aptly characterizes as "our Bostonian Arbiter Elegantiarum," conducts the old classics with loving tenderness his interpretation of the ultra-modern in music is not notable for breadth of sympathy or largeness of comprehension. The feet of the young men travel a path that has little lure for him.



New York Symphony Orchestra

Mr. Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra has been re-organized since last year and greatly improved by the infusion of new blood. Its first concert of the season, given at Carnegie Hall, on November 12th and 14th,

demonstrated that it is now an excellent band, its work being characterized by a sureness of attack, fullness of tone and beauty of finish to which it had never before been able to attain.

The novelty on the program was a delightful little prelude to Mallarmé's poem, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," by Claude Debussy, a young French composer, who is hailed with acclaim in Paris just now as the coming

man in French music. The piece is a dainty musical cameo exquisitely wrought. It succeeds in evoking the mood of the poet's dreaming faun and leaves the impression of graceful and interesting individuality. But it is rather slight to serve as a basis for a complete appraisal of the composer's powers.



English Girl Violinists

Two English girls are seeking fame and American dollars this winter by playing on the violin. The first of them, Miss Marie Hall, made her American début on November 8th, with the assistance of the Damrosch Orchestra, and left a very



MISS MARIE HALL.

pleasing impression indeed. A frail-appearing young woman of twenty-one, she yet handles her instrument in a surprisingly virile fashion. The most remarkable thing about her playing is her almost flawless technic. That a slender woman, and especially so young a woman, should have conquered so many of the heart-breaking tricks of the fiddler's stock in trade is a thing to wonder at. And she does it all with confidence and repose, with a naïveté that is charming. Her tone is full, penetrating and usually pure. She has great digital dexterity, and in her scales, arpeggios, harmonics and double stoppings is both secure and brilliant. Her bowing is free and skillful. The music she played was designed more for the display of technical proficiency than for the emotional sway of its hearers, and it must be said that Miss Hall did not quite attain to a complete utterance of even its rather slender emotional content. But there is promise that she will do that—with years and greater musical experience.

Miss Otie Chew made her appearance as the soloist of the first Philharmonic concert, when she attempted the Brahms violin concerto—a most injudicious choice for a young lady; only a wizard, a giant and a master musician, all in one, can play that concerto aright. She displayed, besides this inordinate ambition, considerable musical intelligence and a pretty grace, but Brahms's difficult work was hopelessly beyond her.

Mme. Emma Calvé

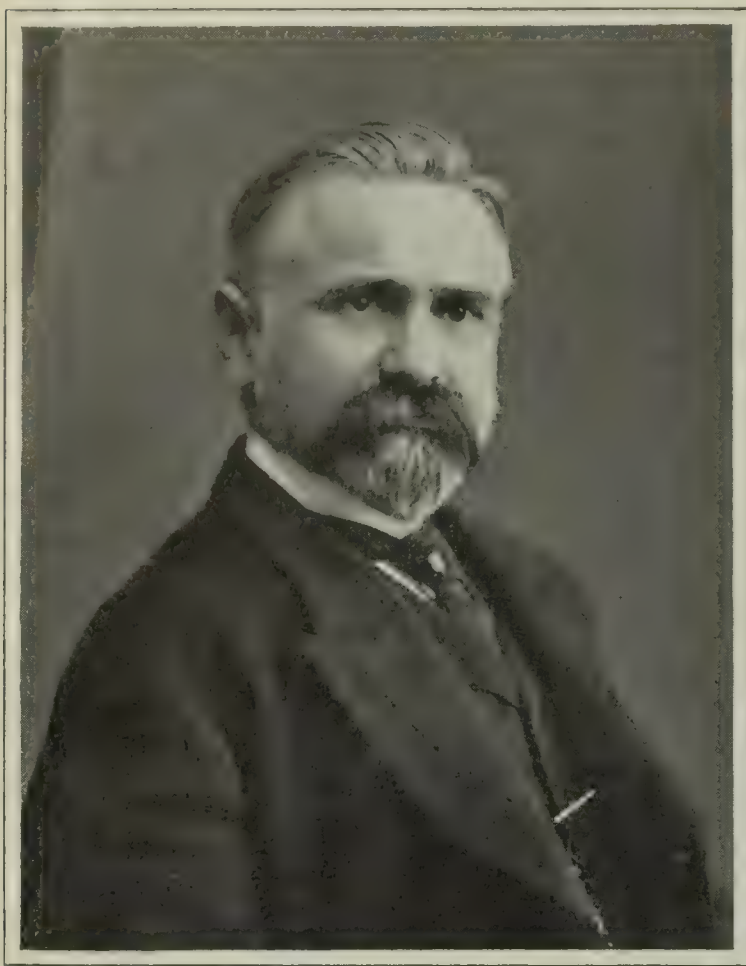
To the regret of a host of admirers, Mme. Emma Calvé will not appear in opera this year. Instead, she is touring the country as a concert singer. She made her entrance in that capacity at a concert in Carnegie Hall on November 4th, when she had the assistance of the Damrosch Orchestra, and she delighted a hallful of her adorers, for she had never sung more beautifully in New York than she did on that occasion. Madame Calvé's voice is still fresh. Needless to say, she handles it with great artistic intelligence. She is the foremost French singer of this age, and those who have an opportunity to hear her will enjoy a treat indeed.

Coming Musical Events

During the next month in this busy metropolis the nights will be filled with music, and the daylight hours too will have their full quota. For the guidance of those music-lovers among THE INDEPENDENT'S readers who intend to visit New York at this time, is offered the following condensed calendar of the best things scheduled for the coming month:

Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening and Saturday afternoon, opera at the Metropolitan Opera House:

- Nov. 26—Afternoon—Carnegie Hall: New York Symphony Orchestra concert, Walter Damrosch conductor.
 “ 28—Afternoon—Mendelssohn Hall: Raoul Pugno piano recital.
 “ 28—Evening—Carnegie Hall: New York Symphony Orchestra.
 “ 29—Evening—Mendelssohn Hall: Edwin Grasse violin recital.
 “ 30—Evening—Carnegie Hall: Kubelik violin concert.
 Dec. 1—Afternoon—Carnegie Hall: Philharmonic Orchestra concert, Victor Herbert conductor.
 “ 2—Evening—Carnegie Hall: Philharmonic concert.
 “ 5—Evening—Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Flonzaley Quartet concert.
 “ 5—Afternoon—Mendelssohn Hall: Raoul Pugno piano recital.
 “ 7—Evening—Carnegie Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra concert, Vincent d'Indy conductor.
 “ 8—Evening—Mendelssohn Hall: Margulies Trio concert.
 “ 9—Afternoon—Carnegie Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra concert.
 “ 9—Evening—Carnegie Hall: New York Oratorio Society, Beethoven's "Mass in B."
 “ 10—Afternoon—Carnegie Hall: New York Symphony Orchestra concert.
 “ 11—Evening—Carnegie Hall: Concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Fritz Scheel conductor.
 “ 12—Evening—Carnegie Hall: New York Symphony Orchestra.
 “ 12—Evening—Mendelssohn Hall: Kneisel Quartet concert.
 “ 14—Evening—Carnegie Hall: Musical Art Society concert.
 “ 15—Afternoon—Carnegie Hall: New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
 “ 16—Evening—Carnegie Hall: New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
 “ 17—Afternoon—Carnegie Hall: New York Symphony Orchestra.
 “ 19—Evening—Carnegie Hall: New York Symphony Orchestra.
 “ 19—Evening—Mendelssohn Hall: Concert by the Longy Club of Boston (wind instruments).
 “ 19—Evening—Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Flonzaley Quartet concert.



DR. FRANK DAMROSCH.

Director of the New Institute of Musical Art of New York.

A New School

One of the most important new institutions making for musical culture in this country, is the Institute of Musical Art of New York, which, under the direction of Dr. Frank Damrosch, opened its doors last month. Based on a foundation of \$500,000, established by Mr. James Loeb in memory of his mother, the new school has been planned for devotion to the highest and most unselfish artistic purposes. Dr. Damrosch has gathered about him a faculty that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world, including such skilled teachers as Mme. Etelka Gerster, Mr. Georg Henschel, Mr. Sigismund Stojowski, Mr. Percy Goetschius, the members of the Kneisel Quartet, and others equally famous. With such a staff the cause of good music in America cannot fail to be furthered. In the Institute's courses of instruction the conservatory idea is coupled with private lessons, and therefore individual development. Dr. Damrosch says:

"This school was planned on a broad educational basis. The musician must also be developed mentally, morally and physically. This school is not a place where music lessons are sold. Students place themselves absolutely in our hands, and the work is prescribed for them according to their needs. We want to train musicians who are proud of the nobility of their art. Our aim is to lay a broad foundation first, and then develop each student individually. None will be compelled to undergo a stereotyped treatment."

A unique feature of the work is an admirable course of instruction in "How to Listen to Music," designed for persons who wish to increase their capacity for musical enjoyment without making a practical study of the art.

The institute is housed in the fine old Lenox mansion at Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, which is well adapted to its use. It began its work with an enrollment of more than 350 enthusiastic students. Dr. Frank Damrosch has done more probably than any other living man for the cultivation of a popular knowledge and appreciation of music in this community. His work as an instructor and an executive of proved ability is well known. This, his new venture, one which has lain next his heart for many years, deserves the greatest possible success, and undoubtedly will achieve it.



Art Interests of the Summer

The Summer season, tho uneventful in New York City, was not altogether without affairs of importance in the development of art appreciation thruout the country. The Art Department of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, was unique in being under the management of one man, F. Vincent Dumond, and he justified his selection by providing for the visitors to that exposition an unusually representative collection of American paintings. The opening of the fine Albright Gallery in Buffalo, and of the new wings of the Detroit and Brooklyn Museums took place in the early Summer; also the exhibitions in the Cincinnati and Worces-

ter Museums. The Albright Gallery is at present exhibiting the interesting canvases from Scotland, representing the strong Glasgow school.

During this month our only international exhibition, that of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, opened on the 2d for the tenth time, with prizes awarded as follows: \$1,500 and medal of the first class to Lucien Simon, for "Evening in a Studio"; \$1,000 and second class medal to Edward Redfield for "The Crest"; \$500 and third class medal to Childe Hassam for "June," and honorable mention to Glackens, for "At Mouquin's"; to J. Sloan, for "The Coffee Line," and to C. H. Woodbury, for "Winter."

Of the very deepest importance to New York is, however, the recent assumption of his duties by the new Director of the Metropolitan Museum, Sir Caspar Purdon-Clarke, in whose efforts to make that museum the helpful agent in American art education it should be public interest must be keen and sympathetic. Already there are indications of a

thoughtful broadening of the policy of the Museum, as in the permission now granted to teachers to take classes to the Museum on pay days. An attractive quarterly bulletin appeared on November 1st, giving much interesting information about the Museum and its aims and needs. That it shall be widely read is the hope of all the Museum's friends. Among the new exhibits, are the Sargent portrait of Chase, presented by Mr. Chase's pupils; a cast of a Rodin statue, a painting by the late Edwin Lord Weeks, and the original cast from Canova's "Cupid and Psyche."



The National Sculpture Society

Excepting at the Architectural League exhibition the work of our sculptors has very little chance to come before the public, in anything like a representative showing, partly because of the non-existence of an adequate building and partly because of the indifference of the sculptors themselves. At least one in-



The Historic James Lenox Mansion, Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street. Home of the Institute of Musical Art, Endowed with \$500,000 by James Loeb in Memory of His Mother. It Opened its First Session Wednesday, October 11th, with Over 250 Students Enrolled. Photograph by Pach Bros.



"On the Lagoon." By H. B. Snell. Courtesy of the American Art Annual.

fers an indifference from such a poor response to the invitation to compete for two prizes for portraits in the round and in relief shown in the exhibition at the Fine Arts Building. No reliefs submitted could be accepted by the jury as good enough to receive a prize, and among the portraits in the round those receiving the prize and mentions were almost the only creditable performances.

Charles Grafly received \$500 for a portrait of a man, very forcefully executed in a crisp technique suitable for bronze. The mentions were for Evelyn Longman for a sensitive and interesting head of a woman, and for Attilio Piccirilli, whose marble bust of a woman, tho lacking interest in subordinate details of surface modelling, was next to Grafly's works

in sculptural quality. Janet Scudder's little silver panels and medallions and Macmonnie's charming medallion of a young girl on horseback were not in the competition, and few of the other works shown would influence the public to have itself portrayed in sculpture.



New York Water-Color Club

Our younger club of water-colorists, now in its sixteenth year, is showing four hundred odd works until December 3d. The majority of these are small and of average merit, but there are a few that will be memorable surely as among the best the new season is likely to present to us. Such delicate certainty of handling and perfected sense of color re-

lations as H. B. Snell shows in his large rendering of an air and water and sky in which a beautiful great boat seems to repose—"On the Lagoon"—is rarely seen from a brush not handled by a Japanese. This picture very deservedly received the Beal prize. Mr. Snell's work is receiving everywhere the recognition it deserves, his "Polperro," shown at the last Society exhibition, having been awarded first honors at the Worcester exhibition. More and more often he is showing himself capable of literally absorbing all the beauty of an impression and expressing it in a way not beyond the public grasp. A collection of his pictures shown by themselves would be a great pleasure.

H. B. Breckenridge is of altogether a different temperament, but no less possessed by his art. His life in the Pennsylvania hills results in a number of works every year, and gradually his robust manner is mellowing while losing nothing of its strength. He shows fifteen pictures, all remarkable in splendor of color, and in general instances showing growth on the imaginative side. "The Forest Temple" is a glorious thing, deep and quiet yet intensely emotional. "The Winding Stream" and "Summer" are large in effect as in size also, while the smaller pictures all show the decorative possibilities our landscape provides for the painters able to see it.

An altogether lovely thing from abroad is Charles Warren Eaton's "Morning in Holland," an interesting departure from his recent American landscapes. It is tender and happy in mood and deliciously good water-color painting.

Elizabeth Shipper Green shows a series of eight pictures of "The Mistress of the House," evidently made for reproduction. It cannot be said that Miss Green advances much in her art. She seems to have been fully grown when she "arrived;" and to have infinite capacity for producing decorative arrangements of considerable charm but with no discernible possibilities for anything more in future.

Other things in the decorative manner are a number of fascinating prints from wood blocks by E. Mars, some etched plates colored apparently by hand by M.

H. Squire, and some tonal effects by A. P. Button. Marianna Sloan's "Wind on Tom's River" is very good indeed and very uncomfortable. Colin Campbell Cooper shows the result of wanderings abroad, none of which are as interesting to us, now that we expect of him studies of our own cities, as the "Pittsburg." But he has done much better work than this. Genjiro Yeto shows how Western art schools can coarsen the talent of a Japanese in several pictures made in Japan after years spent here.



The Scribner Book Exhibition

The Scribner exhibition of fine books this year has taken a new departure. For a number of previous years the Scribner house has maintained an annual exhibition of books notable for their superb, artistic and costly bindings. This year the Scribners are showing one hundred famous first editions. It is safe to say that nowhere else could such a magnificent showing of famous first editions be seen massed together. Even the splendid Morgan and Hoe collections are outclassed.

The total value of the collection, according to the catalogue, is approximately \$50,000. It contains rarities of four centuries and includes books from the very beginning of the art of printing.

The first number in the catalogue is a St. Thomas Aquinas, folio in size, and beautifully printed in Gothic letter, and is dated 1463. The binding is by the famous Roger Payne. The most expensive volume shown was a Pliny, the first leaf of which was ornamented by a superbly painted border by the master, Giralmo di Cremona. The binding by Bedford is modern, but the book itself bears the date 1469, and is, without doubt, the finest known copy of the most magnificent production of the Venetian press. The price of this particular volume is \$7,500. Other notable numbers were a Thomas a' Kempis in first edition (circa 1470); Euclid, printed in 1482; The Holy Bible, dated 1551; Fox's "Book of Martyrs," dated 1559, from which we reproduce one illustration. There is also a copy of Harvey, dated 1653, which is rendered unique

by the insertion of Harvey's autograph, dated January 1638, an autograph so extremely rare that it is doubtful if any other signature of the discoverer of the circulation of the blood has ever been offered for sale.

The Drama

Of the new plays thus far produced this season the most notable are, in our opinion, the three following: the Marlowe-Sothorn Shakespeare plays; Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," and J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan."

When Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn revived "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing" last year, we expressed it as our opinion that these three plays were the best given in America during the season. This year the Sothorn-Marlowe repertoire consists of the "Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night" and "Romeo and Juliet." In "The Merchant of Venice" Mr. Sothorn does not so perfectly impersonate Shylock as he did Hamlet, for Mr. Sothorn is the best Hamlet now living. His Shylock is notably fine, however,

and follows out the best traditions of the rôle, altho he makes himself up as a rather dirty old Jew of the middle class, hardly Shakespeare's intention. Miss Marlowe's Portia is all that could be desired, and more. Her delineation of the part, especially in the court scene, is incomparable, and her charming voice and lovely face were a delight to hear and to see. In the "Taming of the Shrew" both stars far outclassed any other actors in these parts the present reviewer has witnessed. Miss Ada Rehan, whose "Katherine" is considered her best part, was in every particular outclassed by Miss Marlowe, while Mr. Sothorn, as Petruchio, was even better than Miss Marlowe. In this comedy the actors have been accused of descending to "horse play," but while their boisterousness was more rollicking than is usual, they did not seem to be overdoing their parts. In "Twelfth Night" Miss Marlowe, as Viola, reached the climax of her art; her girlish grace and tenderness were beyond compare, and she seemed never so exquisitely charming. Mr. Sothorn, as Malvolio, maintained a high degree of excellence thruout, but in the prison scene he was a trifle melodra-



Illustration From the Extremely Rare First Edition of Fox's "Book of Martyrs" in the Scribner Exhibition.

matic. On the whole, we should say that Miss Marlowe is the best in "Twelfth Night," Mr. Sothern in the "Taming of the Shrew," while they divide honors in "The Merchant of Venice." It is impossible to speak of this company with proper restraint. Several of the minor characters act well enough to be stars in other companies, and there is not a weak spot in the cast. The scenery and stage management are perfection, and there is an artistic understanding, a refinement and nobility about the whole production that will appeal to every man and woman of cultivation.

The Ben Greet Players are also offering this year, "Henry the Fifth," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth" and "Julius Cæsar." They give the plays just as they were produced in Shakespeare's time, with the exception that women take the female parts instead of boys. All those who are interested in the historical drama and classical literature should see these revivals. But now that Miss Mathison has retired from the company there are only a few competent actors left. The comedies are much better given than the tragedies.

The season is rich in Shakespeare. Besides the superlative performances of the Marlowe-Sothern company and the historical revivals of Ben Greet, Mr. Robert B. Mantell is giving thoroly creditable and dignified performances of "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth" in the good old-fashioned way. None of the actors are great geniuses, but they all know their business, the great traditions of their parts, and to any one not cloyed with Shakespeare—and few people nowadays are—the plays are enjoyable. Last year Mr. Mantell, in spite of shabby scenery, made a success, even in New York, and this year the stage setting is all that could be desired.

A very heart-winning play is "Peter Pan," in which Miss Maude Adams takes the title rôle. It is primarily a play for children and those who love children. Indeed, in a strict sense it is not a child's play—it appeals too much to the childhood memories of grown-ups. "Peter Pan" is founded on J. M. Barrie's story of the "Little White Bird." It depicts the adventures of a boy who would not



E. H. Sothern in "Taming of the Shrew."

grow up and who lived with the fairies. He takes three happy children one night from their father and mother and shows them all the delightful and fearsome things in Fairyland. The plot of the play is nothing, the scenery and Miss Adams are everything. Some people will say that Miss Adams has "come down" to act in a spectacle of this sort, while others will enthusiastically argue that her elfin beauty and winsome ways were never before seen to such advantage or given such a bewitching theatrical setting. We think both are right. "Peter Pan" is an unclassifiable play, but every one should see it.

From a literary point of view the most interesting play of the month is Maurice Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." He has publicly repudiated the theory upon which his early "plays for puppets" were



Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" at the Empire.

written. "Monna Vanna" contains no symbolism, no mysticism; it is a practicable drama, set in the romantic period of Italian history, and written for his actress wife. The play would be well suited to a jealous star, for there is only one female part. It is, however, extremely difficult to act because of the swift vicissitudes of feeling and because of the necessity of keeping the whole tone of the piece in the poetic key in order to prevent the grossness of its plot from being offensive. The present cast is entirely inadequate. The male players are stiff and conventional, and Madame Kalich, a Yiddish actress of considerable emotional power, is noisy and stagey at times, altho at others she shows great delicacy and altogether avoids the prurient possibilities of her part. As given at the Manhattan Theater there is a curious reversal of the ordinary conditions in that the supernumeraries are more alive than the actors. The well drilled crowd of Pisan populace acts like a Greek chorus in pantomime, intensifying the emotional effect as a good orchestra strengthens the voice of the soloist.

It is unfortunate that the version of John Severance is used, for it is much less poetic than that of Alexis Irénée du Pont Coleman, and has many unaccountable deviations from the French original.

"The Squaw Man," now at Wallack's, is not the ordinary fortune-hunter anxious to marry one of Uncle Sam's wards because he is rich enough to give them all a farm, but an Englishman who shoulders disgrace in order to save his brother, the Earl, and takes refuge on a Wyoming ranch. William Faversham acts the part of the young ranchman and loving father with naturalness and a touch of fine, manly feeling. His pretty Indian wife is a pathetic figure, little more than a child herself, and the play ends, like a piece of music, with its keynote, "Poor little mother," spoken in Mr. Faversham's deepest and richest tone. Her sacrifice is inevitable from the beginning, for the strange *mésalliance* could end in no other way, and leave the hero free to be happy at home in his own country. Technically the play would have to be classed as a melodrama, but in genuineness, feeling

and propriety it is so far above the sort of play to which that term is applied that one dislikes to use it. There is very little of the exaggeration to which the Wild West drama is liable. The cast is even and all are kept in their places. George Fawcett as Big Bill, foreman of cow punchers, is admirable, but he should know that no flesh-and-blood cowboy would ever forget himself so far as to use "language" in the presence of a lady.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has been reviving her old successes of "Du Barry" and "Zaza," now, as always to crowded houses. They say an actress never learns how to act till she is too old for her parts, and certainly Mrs. Carter is at a disadvantage that even her genius cannot entirely overcome in taking these rôles of the royal and the music hall courtesans. Her latest play, "Adrea," is better than either of these. Mr. Belasco's stage craft has fullest scope in "Du Barry" in the scenes at the Court of Louis XV, and during the Revolu-

tion, which are unexcelled in historical accuracy, movement, and illusion.

Each year Klaw & Erlanger import last year's "Drury Lane Spectacle," and each year it becomes more of a spectacle and less of anything else. It is hard to see how "The White Cat" can be surpassed in splendor of stage pictures or in beauty of costuming, but the music is commonplace, and the wording is below that. Last year's "Humpty Dumpty" was much more interesting on account of its novel effects and surprises.

Klaw & Erlanger's production of "Veronique" at the Broadway Theatre, which introduces the George Edwardes Company, from the Apollo Theatre, London, is a pleasing comic opera. The music is tuneful and the chorus is well trained, as well as well dressed. Several members of the company have good voices and there is a decided comedy element infused into the play which makes a stronger appeal to an American audience than is usually the case with a direct importation.



Stage Setting from "The Squaw Man" at Wallack's Theatre.

French Anxieties

BY URBAIN GOHIER

[In this day of exposés of corruption in our political and commercial life we confess to taking some satisfaction, ignoble as this sentiment may be in this case, when we read in this article by M. Gohier, "the French Lawson," that our sister Republic is not free from the evils that humiliate us. M. Gohier is the author of "The Army Against the Nation," a book which made a sensation at the time of the Dreyfus trial.—EDITOR.]

DECIDEDLY the shepherds of the nations are becoming nomads. The President of the French Republic has just returned the visits of the Kings of Spain and Portugal; the young sovereign of the former country is at this moment planning a second excursion to Paris, which is intended to be less official and more amusing than the first; the King of Portugal, the husband of a Princess of the House of France, is almost as familiar a figure in the capital as the King of the Belgians; the King of England is glad to return here and recall, with tender emotion, the memories and pleasures of his long career as heir to the throne; the King of Italy, the Czar, the King of Sweden, have all spent some delightful days among us.

The harmless bomb which a burlesque anarchist, now and then, hurls at the retinue of the sovereigns has merely the effect of giving a little pleasant savor to the festival program, between the gala evening at the Opéra and the hunting party at Rambouillet. A trip to Paris is a perpetual temptation to crowned heads: Mr. Roosevelt is the only one who has resisted it so far, except the Emperor of Germany and the Sultan, who have private reasons for staying away.

This force of attraction, exercised by hospitable France, amiable and alluring France, is a fortunate compensation for the tactlessness of her foreign policy. As soon as there is a question of dealing seriously with serious matters French diplomacy never misses an opportunity of bringing discredit upon itself and of compromising the interests of the country. When the United States and Spain were at war French statesmen and French journalists hoped and openly predicted that the Spaniards would be victorious. During the struggle between Russia and Japan the same authorities gave voice every day to their wishes and prophecies in favor of the Russians; the

French Government violated its duties as a neutral power, in order to provide bases of operation for the Russian fleet in Madagascar and Indo-China. A few days ago our late Minister of Foreign Affairs gave up a state secret to be quarreled about among the newspapers, and destroyed in advance every chance of an effective understanding with certain powers which can no longer place any reliance on the discretion of the French Government.

Now, really, the military force of France should be sufficient to allow her to dispense with diplomatic adroitness: for we have expended, since 1870, at least 40 milliards (40,000 million of francs) for the purpose of making a navy and remaking an army. The Ministers in office are constantly declaring that we have the first army in the world and the second navy in the world.

No doubt of it: our troops have won a certain number of victories over the Annamites, the Hovas and the negroes of the Kongo and Soudan, but especially over the French workmen on strike and over the monks we had to expel from their convents. No later than last month our regiments on the maneuvering ground of Vincennes carried by assault, and in quite a brilliant fashion, a redoubt, for the diversion of the Prince of Bulgaria.

Unluckily, as soon as the Ministers are obliged to surrender their portfolios, they change the tune; they prove, and with quite an abundance of proofs, that our army and navy are by no means in a position to meet a severe ordeal. M. Locroy and M. Pelletan, both of whom have been Ministers of the Navy, have, again and again, promulgated demonstrations of this character with regard to the fleet. M. de Lanessan has just established the fact that we possess no strong fortresses, no first-rate troops, no means of mobilization, and no artillery so placed as to defend our Eastern frontier. The



URBAIN GOHIER.

author of the present article has on several occasions been prosecuted before a jury for making the same revelations, and he has been always acquitted, in consequence of the evidence he was able to bring forward. The expedition to Madagascar has shown the incurable disorganization of our administrative departments.

At the time of the Fashoda affair and at the time of the Morocco affair, these very Ministers, who were in the habit of boasting of the excellence of our navy and of the strength of our army, had to confess that "we were not ready," that the *personnel* was in disorder, the *matériel* in a deplorable condition, and that the arsenals were empty. At Fashoda, the first threat from England compelled us to abandon our positions on the Upper Nile; in the Morocco affair, the first warning from Berlin compelled us to get rid of our Minister of Foreign Affairs.

We have, then, the greatest desire to live in peace, if not in amity, with the rest of the world, and we labor under the greatest necessity of doing so also. And we are threatened, too, with a peril of the most alarming character. Our ally, Russia, to whom we have lent between 10 and 12 thousand million francs in re-

turn for the security she promised us, no longer exists as a military power. She cannot recover her strength for another generation. And there we are—caught between England and Germany, between the hammer and the anvil.

The economical rivalry of these two nations is driving them into a formidable conflict. They have been long challenging each other; they know that the battle is inevitable; they are searching for such help as may further their ambition in every corner of the world; and each of them would like to make sure of the French alliance. England would wish to have our army against the Germans, and Germany would wish to have our navy against the English. The Government of London and the Government of Berlin, each in turn, warn us, the former in friendly terms, the latter in brutal terms, but both with equal decisiveness, that we cannot be allowed to stand neutral and look on at the combat as mere spectators. We must make our choice.

We should be well pleased not to have to make any choice. We are sure, whatever may be the result, to have made a fatal choice. If we declare for England, we shall be invaded, pillaged and massacred by the German Army, while the English are quite safe, sheltered in their island. If we declare for Germany, we lose in a week our immense colonial empire, and our great ports will be destroyed by the English fleet, which cannot inflict the slightest damage on the German coast, either on the North Sea or on the Baltic. That is to say that, no matter what happens, France will be the victim of a war which she would heartily desire to have nothing to do with.

During the War of the Transvaal, we witnessed the arrival within our walls of Dr. Leyds, diplomatic agent and financier of President Krüger, with 75,000,000 of francs. A few months later, he took his departure, with empty hands, but accompanied by assurances of the warmest sympathy. I remember having described in THE INDEPENDENT the violence of the Anglophobia sentiment at Paris, in an article written at the time. It was dangerously imprudent to speak English on the boulevards or in a café. England has successfully turned the les-

son to her profit. The sons of St. George are winning fresh victories every day. The English, execrated about five years ago, are at present our dearest friends; our leading "yellow" journal is edited in connection with the *Times*; English companies are considerably interested in our press; M. Loubet and King Edward exchange affectionate visits; the municipalities of London and Paris imitate them; the President of our Municipal Council, who is an ex-Revolutionist-Collectivist-Internationalist, is just on the point of going to shed a tear and say a prayer at the tombs of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

The task of Germany is not so easy, on account of Alsace-Lorraine. The German agents have to take greater precautions. They do not venture to make an offer of German friendship directly; all they attempt is to light anew or to keep lighted the torch of Anglophobia in those regions which have not yet been brought to subjection by the warriors of St. George. The leader of the German party is the Socialist Deputy Jaurès, whose journal is lavishly aided by the wealth of twelve silent partners, who are half-German Jews: MM. Reinach, Blum, Herr, Sachs, Rouf, Casewitz, Dreyfus, L. L. Dreyfus, Rodriguez, Picard, Levy-Bruhl and Levy-Brahm. Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador, openly visits Citizen Jaurès in the official carriage of the German Embassy, for the purpose of conveying to the French Socialists the instructions of the German Imperial Chancellery. It is a curious spectacle, a spectacle that could not have been witnessed in the time of the Holy Alliance of Kotzebue and of Karl-Frederick Sand.

The perils of this situation do not greatly disturb the French people, who like to live in blissful ignorance of everything that does not interfere with their pleasures. And the professional politicians have their minds busied with a much graver question than national destinies—the question of the elections. The salvation or ruin of France appears to be of very secondary importance when compared to what we call the conquest of the "*assiette au beurre*," that is to say, power, its profits and emoluments.

When the year 1906 begins, we shall have to elect a President of the Republic,

a third of the Senate, and the entire Chamber of Deputies. These are the only events worthy of consideration on this planet. Who is going to be a candidate, who is going to be elected for this and that vacant place—that is really the only problem deserving attention.

The salary of a Senator or of a Deputy is not enormous; they receive five dollars a day, and, for this reason, are known popularly as "the twenty-five francs." But this modest remuneration possesses a property the nature of which has not yet been explained by science. It multiplies as abundantly in the hands of the honorable legislator as did the loaves and fishes distributed by Jesus Christ to his hearers. The good people notice with admiration that most of those whom they have elected, and who are paid 9,000 francs a year, live at the rate of 50,000 francs a year, and are able to retire millionaires when the Legislature comes to an end. This phenomenon forces into a political career a large number of citizens who are anxious to devote themselves to the service of their country and the welfare of the people.

The office of President of the Republic pays better. He gets 1,200,000 francs a year, during seven years, and many other important advantages besides. If M. Loubet offers himself for re-election, he will be re-elected; but he has not yet made known his final intentions; he has changed his mind several times. The most widely known candidates are: M. Fallières, President of the Senate; M. Doumer, President of the Chamber, and M. Berteaux, stock broker and Minister of War. Big financial interests play a part in all these combinations.

M. Berteaux, who controls at once the army and the movements of the stock exchange, and who has obtained his ministerial portfolio in return for the pecuniary services he has rendered his colleagues in the Chamber, is naturally repeating his generosity in a two-fold degree, and most of the legislators who have got into debt are already rid of their creditors. At first there was some fun made at the expense of the stock broker who put on his top boots, when he was expected to review our glorious troops and their glorious generals, between two of our "Wall Street" sessions. But it

was quickly discovered that M. Berteaux was not at all so bad; indeed, that he had some very good points about him. As to M. Rouvier, who is also a banker, Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council—after some painful ordeals in connection with the Panama crisis—he does not aspire to the first place. He will be satisfied with the presidency of the *Crédit Lyonnais*, one of our most important financial associations.

The times no longer exist in France when French political life was a grand combat of ideas, when statesmen were idealists, and the political press a noble rostrum for thinkers. Money decides everything; moneyed men can do anything; all official positions, from the humblest to the highest, are bought with money, for the purpose of making money out of them. It is surprising that your great "captains of finance" have not taken it into their heads to come over here and turn themselves into kings in our Republic.

The characteristic feature of the approaching general elections—that is to say, of the entire renewal of the Chamber—will be the triumph of Socialism. For 580 seats there will be 2,500 candidates, and at least 2,000 of these will proclaim themselves Socialists. Socialism is now the fashionable badge. The millionaires, the aristocrats, the clericals are Socialists, as well as the professors, the *littérateurs*, the magistrates and the adventurers: revolutionary socialists, Christian socialists, radical socialists, independent socialists, anarchist socialists, bourgeois socialists—all kinds of socialists. M. Berteaux, financier, Minister of War and candidate for the throne, is a radical socialist.

The thing that especially prevents the people of different countries from understanding one another is not the employment of different terms to designate the same thing; it is the employment of the same term to designate things that are very different.

Thus, when I was in the United States, I made the acquaintance of men who are planning a new organization of property and whom you term *socialists*, and especially of workmen who desire to advance the welfare of their own class by dimin-

ishing the profits of the capitalist class. I saw that the labor unions compel their members to purchase no goods except those bearing the "label"; that is to say, goods the manufacture of which enabled the workmen to earn fair wages. The American socialist has no desire to profit by the misery of his brethren.

In France the socialist leaders have realized big fortunes by annexing to the journal of their party a great bazaar in which were sold:

"A magnificent complete suit, made of cheviot that cannot wear out, for \$3.20.

"A superb hat of pliable felt, Van Dyck form, for \$40.

"White shirts, collar and cuffs, linen, \$45.

"A dozen pocket handkerchiefs, different shades, \$59.

"Complete child's suit, \$59."

And a thousand other objects at similar prices.

Such announcements have appeared for several years on the fourth page of the *Moniteur Socialiste*, immediately after the page upon which may be read fiery declamations about the exploitation of workingmen by the capitalists. The bazaar occupies the ground floor of the building, the first floor of which was occupied by the journal.

In vain did the workingmen's associations make angry protestations; hatters, shirtmakers, tailors, dressmakers, shoemakers, all expostulated without result. In vain did the Labor Inspectors report on the physiological and moral consequences of this *sweating system* among the working people. The employees of this great Socialist enterprise continued to work for ten, twelve and even thirteen hours a day, the women earning twenty, and, in some cases, fifteen cents a day. The Socialist leaders amassed respectable fortunes, purchased the castles and domains of the old aristocracy, waxed fatter and fatter, visibly, before your very eyes. And the Socialist workmen bought the wares that could only be manufactured at a wage-rate which spelled starvation, making a profit for themselves out of the exploitation of their brethren.

So you see that the same word, Socialism, means two very different things in France and the United States. Let American capitalists not be alarmed, then, when they hear of the election of

four or five hundred Socialist Deputies to the French Parliament. It will be the easiest thing in the world to come to an understanding with these revolutionists when some reactionary measure is being concocted. The entire political world is at the present hour Socialistic in France, because the rapid and prodigious good luck of the first inventors of the formula is a stimulus to every sort of cupidity. We have known them all—lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, professors excluded from the University, workmen engaged in occupations upon which the police keep a close eye; and, in less than ten years, we have encountered them again, gorged with all the good things of the earth. What the adventurers of other lands search for in the Klondike, our young politicians find, with much less trouble, in the pockets of their unconcerned French dupes, by means of the magic formula of *Socialism*.

In their electoral programs, these apostles keep on invoking, naturally, the names of Karl Marx, Engel, Lasalle, Henry George, and Jules Guesde. But, in reality, they manage to live on very good terms with the big capitalists, and they like nothing so well as paying their respects to the tyrants. M. Millerand, a Socialist Minister, has received from the Czar and the King of Italy the emblems of the Order of St. Ann and of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and he has been created a Baron by the Emperor of Austria. M. Jaurès has had a very profitable connection with the European publication department of the Equitable. He persuaded M. Waldeck Rousseau to appoint Mr. J. H. Hyde an Officer of the Legion of Honor, and obtained the Orders of the Sultan for his brother, Commandant Jaurès; he has dined with the King of Italy and feasted with the Papal Nuncio; he keeps in constant communication with the German Imperial Chancellery; he has made known the program of his party in this incisive phrase: "We are not ascetics; our way of living should be liberal."

In the month of October, M. Augagneur, Socialist-Collectivist Deputy for Lyons, was made Governor of Madagascar, with a salary of \$30,000; and M.

Miram, Socialist Deputy for Rheims, has just accepted an office in the Administration at \$5,000 per annum. Now it happens that this M. Miram owed his election to his support of a measure which gave great uneasiness to American insurance companies doing business in Paris. His retirement from the Legislature has caused the utmost satisfaction to the Equitable, the Mutual and the New York Life. Of course, a mere coincidence.

The most recent "Socialist" election took place during the last month in the Department of La Lozère; the "Socialist-Radical" Deputy elected is a speculator on an immense scale in the corn crops of Southern Russia, one of the people in Europe who gain most of their millions by increasing the price of bread. "We are Socialists sincerely," say these gentry, "because socialism means for us twenty years of profit."

As all things are linked together in the social life, the same causes that have perverted our political conscience and our old political ideals have finally succeeded in corrupting our most precious possession—the artistic sense. While some among us were proud of our ancient military glory and others detested it, we were all proud of our intellectual glory, of our writers and our artists. Mercantilism is about to destroy this patrimony.

It is very singular that, within the last thirty years, every business connected with works of art, every market of literary production, and almost the entire theatrical industries have been controlled by persons belonging to the Jewish race. At the same time, the nature of the works changed. Psychology made way for pathology; elegant libertinism made way for the coarsest pornography. The idea of cultivating art for art's sake, of writing for the purpose of revealing one's intimate soul, of translating one's dream into painting or music, is now regarded as absurd. Except money and women, nothing is considered worth an effort, a passion, a devotion.

It is all a nightmare for those Frenchmen who have kept the French soul.

What will sweep it away? Perhaps a violent shock, a cruel and salutary visitation. We are waiting.

PARIS, FRANCE.



Proposed International Phonetic Conference

BY ROBERT STEIN

OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN reply to an inquiry, the editors and publishers of the leading American dictionaries have declared with practical unanimity that, if phonetists would agree on a uniform scientific alphabet, that alphabet would of necessity be used as a key to pronunciation in future editions of dictionaries.

The importance of this statement cannot be overestimated. A uniform pronouncing key in dictionaries is the key to the spelling reform. Agree on a uniform alphabet and fold your arms; the spelling reform will come of itself.

The reason is manifest. At present the pronouncing keys of dictionaries are not learned by heart, because there are too many of them. A standard key, used by all dictionaries, would in a few years be learned by heart by the entire educated public, thru the mere fact of constant repetition. All other works that have to use pronouncing keys would of necessity adopt that of the dictionaries. The rising generation, learning it in their primers, and keeping up its practice thru the use of dictionaries and language manuals, would get into the habit of using that alphabet whenever they had occasion to indicate pronunciation.

This would presently lead to a step of decisive importance. Experiments have often been made to begin the teaching of children with a phonetic alphabet. The result cannot be better described than in the words of Ben Pitman (in "The Life and Labors of Sir Isaac Pitman"):

"Experimental classes for instruction in phonetic readings were formed and taught in many cities and towns of England and Scotland. Numerous classes of ignorant children

in reformatories and charity schools, as well as private classes, were taught to read with precision and tolerable fluency *in from two to three months*, by one hour's daily instruction. An added interest was created in favor of the new system when it was found that the transition from the phonetic to the roman letters was a comparatively easy task. The general resemblance between the old and new styles was so great that the pupils' ability to read the new method enabled them to readily decipher the greater number of words in common print. It was thus demonstrated that *the easiest and speediest way of learning to read roman letters was to begin with the phonetic system.*"

If such experiments were made and are now made with alphabets devised by individuals, and, therefore, possessing only limited authority and utility, they will be made more frequently with an alphabet possessing the highest authority and presenting the great utility of being the recognized key for indicating the pronunciation both of English and of other languages.

When it becomes known that in this way the labor of learning to read can be reduced to almost nothing, it will not be long before all the schools begin with the phonetic alphabet. Thus the entire rising generation will become as familiar with the phonetic spelling as with the traditional, not merely without additional labor, but with a great saving of labor. The gradual disappearance of the traditional spelling from everyday use will then be only a question of time.

Desiring to obtain the verdict of the learned public on this subject, the Boston University, during the past year, sent out a circular inviting opinions on the proposal to hold an international conference of experts in phonetics, for the pur-

pose of adopting a uniform alphabet to be used as a key to pronunciation in dictionaries, care being taken to make it as convenient as possible for ordinary writing and printing. Out of some eight hundred replies, comprising practically all those qualified to speak, only three per cent. were adverse, the great majority declaring that a conference is the only satisfactory means to arrive at an agreement. And without an agreement, reform is, of course, inconceivable. Reform, in fact, means agreement.

It is simply a question of money. The phonetic experts possessing the requisite authority are well known, and are ready to do the work, if somebody will bear the cost—about \$10,000. The conference must, of course, be carefully prepared thru correspondence, extending over at least one year, preferably several years.

In the United States there are 19,000,000 school children, in other English-speaking countries about 10,000,000, making a total of 29,000,000. Phonetic spelling would save on an average two years of every child's school time, making a total saving of 58,000,000 years. To a less extent this would be true of the 270,000,000 children of school age throughout the rest of the world. Hence, if "time is money," it may be imagined how fruitful would be the investment of \$10,000 for an international phonetic conference. The donations for public purposes in the United States have recently averaged \$100,000,000 a year. It ought not to be difficult, then, for the friends of the present movement to obtain the small sum needed for a work of such manifest necessity and far-reaching consequences.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Caw or Coo

BY BOLTON HALL

AUTHOR OF "THINGS AS THEY ARE," ETC.

WHEN Adam named the birds, the crow and the dove both had dirty-white feathers, and they asked Adam to change them, for white is beautiful when it is clean, but when it is dirty it's awful.

The crow said in his harsh voice, "Caw, I want my feathers changed; caw, caw," and the dove said, "Coo, coo, won't you please change my feathers, too? Coo, coo."

Adam could not change their feathers, but he asked the sunlight to change the feathers, because, you know, all colors come from light. So the two birds went to the Light, and the crow said, "Adam sent me to you—caw—he says you are to change my feathers; caw, caw; so be quick about it, caw, caw." But the dove said, "Coo—coo, Adam said you

would be good enough to change my feathers, coo; can you please do it now? Coo, coo." Now, the Light did not like to be spoken to in a harsh voice, but he liked the gentle way in which the dove spoke, so the Light said, "Yes, I will change your feathers," and he changed the dove's to a beautiful pearly gray that turned into the colors of flowers when the dove moved, and he put his own red ring round the dove's neck. And he changed the crow's feathers, too, but he made them plain black. All the same, they shine as the dark sky shines at night.

Adam's children loved the soft voiced dove and took it to live about their houses; but the crow, with his harsh "Caw, caw," and rough ways, Adam's children never liked, so he wanders like a stranger in their land.

NEW YORK CITY.



Literature

London Films

*London Films** will come closer home to the American reader than "Tuscan Cities" or "Venetian Life," and the book is in no whit inferior to those masterly studies in Italian life. As a guest a year ago in many English homes, Mr. Howells of course remembers that he has been in the house of his friends, and may not bring away the silver speech and the gold of intimate table association. He has, however, everywhere else used his eyes with their incomparable alertness of vision, seeing better than any one else what many have seen, and seeing more than any one of the things that remain in shadow or in a light too effulgent.

With a strong tendency to detach halos from saints, to see whether they are true emanations or merely tacked on—stage additions of sounding brass—his task admits of more playfulness than did that of Emerson in "English Traits," where the spurious metal is gently put aside and only the true emanations considered. Mr. Howells enjoys handling the tacks, and yet has his hesitations, which seriously betray themselves in a fear now and then that he may say something he does not mean, or something he does mean, which may offend, or that, finding the something likely to be unacceptable, he may fail to say it, believing it to be true and needful to be said. This humorous tremor—partly a literary tremor—is everywhere noticeable, but is most cleverly present, perhaps, in the "film" on "the American invasion" of England—a chapter aggravatingly delightful, balancing, as it does, the pros and cons of a supposed growth in the English liking for Americans, and arriving at the sage conclusion that there may possibly be diversion of vitality in their love, but no extraordinary increase—a conclusion at once courteous, non-committal, just, most unsatisfactory, and not to be endured. Summing up the whole matter, he commits himself so far as to say, with characteristic drollery:

"If the logic of their emotions in this direction were a resolution to like all the Americans with a universal affection, I should admire their spirit, but I should feel a difficulty in its operation for a reason I hesitate to confess: I do not like *all* the Americans myself."

But it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Howells could think a thorn, and not wrap it in roses and say it. He is too much an American for that. The roses will be voluminous, and the thorn hardly perceptible, but it will be there. Speaking, for example, of the pavement of Piccadilly, it

"sprouted in a race of giants who were as trees walking. They were mostly young giants, who had great beauty of complexion, of course, and as great beauty of feature. They were doubtless the result of natural selection, to which money for buying perfect conditions had contributed as much as time necessary for growing a type. Mostly their faces were gentle and kind, and only now and then hard and cruel; but one need not be especially averse to the English classification of our species to feel that they had cost more than they were worth."

In the "film" on "Means of Sojourn in London" and that on "Traits of the London of Springtime," we have the marvelous eye-service combined with play of fancy and humor which have given his realistic novels a place of their own on the shelves of best English fiction. The same remark applies to his account—a brief account; it fills only five pages—of an hour spent in the gallery of the House of Commons. But here he manages three filmy radiations into social and political fields dear to all his later books. It is only in the hazy borders of the picture that we see Mr. Burns, the labor leader, in whose legislative manner there is

"that repose which marks the caste of 'Vere de Vere' and is supposed to distinguish them from that of Smith and Brown."

"In the same filmy border sits the mighty British Parliament in grave deliberation on a matter of establishing penny steamboats on the Thames, and we learn that 'the English can let the County Council put municipal boats on the Thames with the full assurance that the County Council will never be in case to retire on a cumulative income from them.'"

Taking advantage, finally, of the presence of female visitors behind the grille of the House gallery—"beauteous

* LONDON FILMS. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.25.

wraiths, or frescoes in the flat"—we find that women can have the franchise when they want it; if they occupy thrones and yet are not in legislative halls, "it must be because they like being queens and do not really care for being legislators." Thus, in graceful transition from lighter themes, female suffrage, municipal ownership, and the burning question of labor are tossed in floating leaves from the visitors' gallery, while the British Parliament, with ministerial feet on ministerial benches, softly drops the affairs of the United Kingdom—of "England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand"—to

consider whether West Ham, a London suburb, is getting a pull through a line of steamboats on the Thames.



Some Southern Stories

When an author has created a really notable character in fiction, and when his success lies chiefly in the attraction this character has for his readers, it is a perilous business to write a story and substitute another which challenges comparison. But this is what Will N. Harben has done in his new novel, *Pole Baker*,

¹ POLE BAKER. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper Bros. \$1.50.



A BLOCK IN THE STRAND.

From "London Films," by W. D. Howells.
Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers.

and the result justifies the risk. The reader naturally holds back against the homely charm which Pole Baker exercises from the beginning, feeling that his affections are already engaged to "Uncle Abner David." But it is impossible to withstand the day and night moods in Pole Baker. Where he is good, he is like a whole, round, happy day in the fields with heaven on his horizon; when he is bad, he is so simply, honestly bad that it is our own darkness demonstrated. The evil in him is so real, so kin, that we cannot deny that he is the blood-brother of living men. And virtue in him is so grave, strong, chivalric, and it works up thru such tribulations that the dramatic power of his personality far exceeds that of any other character Mr. Harben has ever drawn. The translations given of the sadness and splendor of married love, the whimsical veracity of the whole conception, shows this to be the author's best work in fiction so far.

*Uncle Bob*² is the idealized old "darker" of the South, who never ceases to be a retainer of the family which once owned him. He is the custodian of its traditions, the sage to whom the youngsters go for stories; and this book of short stories is a faithful reproduction of him in this rôle. It also intimates those traits of character and points of view which gave him a place in Southern affections and will keep his memory green in fiction.

The publishers say that Mary Farley Sanborn's story, *Lynette and the Congressman*,³ has a "Southern flavor," whatever that may mean, and "a touch of political life." But it is not what Mr. Lewis would represent as political life. There is no "graft" in it, or any other snubnose feature common to American politics. Everything is as it should be in this novel. Lynette, though an inexperienced department clerk, chooses the right Congressman; and the Congressman chooses the right Lynette; and things come to pass in a slow, mildly interesting, elaborate sort of way which interferes in nowise with the gentle reader's nap between chapters.

The problem novel has never made

much headway in the South, partly because the people there do not realize the problem features of a situation as quickly as they do elsewhere, and partly because they do not have so many problems. Thus, when a respectable woman marries in the South, she generally stays married for better or worse. But the author of *The Ancient Landmark*⁴ has attempted to show in a very interesting way how a woman may be justified in getting a divorce and marrying again even if she lives in Kentucky. The landmark referred to in the title is the conviction entertained by the best people there that divorce is the indecent refuge of the indecent. And it passes because the heroine is a good woman and entitled by the sympathy of every reader to a divorce and to any other relief the law affords. This, however, is a romantic rather than an ethical way of disposing of this problem.



The Use of the Bible

Prof. William Newton Clarke, of Colgate University, holds to an unusual degree the confidence of religious leaders of all schools and all churches. He has an enviable reputation, both in Great Britain and America, for thoroughness of information, for carefulness and clearness of thought, and for intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the practical bearings of theological statement. His "Outline of Christian Theology" has had more influence upon preachers, including very eminent and highly useful preachers, than any other treatise in systematic theology for many a day. One feels the Christian in Dr. Clarke on every page, and his sincere Christian devoutness, together with his habit of considering questions in which people are really interested, has given him the ear of all save a few impervious conservatives.

He has produced now a book* which will be of use in influencing Christian thought in this "Era of Reconstruction" in theology. Starting from the premise of an honest use of Scripture, he admits the conclusions of

⁴ THE ANCIENT LANDMARK. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

* THE USE OF THE SCRIPTURES IN THEOLOGY. The Nathaniel William Taylor Lectures for 1905. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

² UNCLE BOB. By Laura Fitzhugh Preston. New York: The Grafton Press. \$1.50.

³ LYNETTE AND THE CONGRESSMAN. By Mary Farley Sanborn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

historical criticism to such an extent as completely to revolutionize the method of the use of Scripture in doctrinal theology. He does not argue for a new view of the Bible, tho he frequently states the newer view with a clearness which is in itself an argument; he considers rather the case for the historical or evolutionary conception of the Bible to be now beyond need of argument, and he proceeds to show what this means in the formulation of Christian doctrine and in ordinary Christian thinking. He has exhibited the every-day consequences of the recent light which has broken out on the word of God with a clearness and thoroness that has not hitherto been equaled. It is all set forth in such simplicity that one wonders why it was not done before, and with a continuous application to the very problems in which religious men are burdened which is as delightful as its absence in the writings of some is tantalizing. When Dr. Clarke has finished with his argument there is very much in the systematic theologies hitherto regnant that is absolutely obsolete, and much in the methods of handling the Bible by the ordinary minister that is no longer tolerable. The proof-text method is gone, and the dogma of an infallible doctrinal repository, equal in all its parts; the covenant theology is also put in limbo, and the theory of the imputation of another's righteousness, also the expectation of Christ's bodily return, and the idea of a general judgment, and all that has grown out of the application of altar terms and conceptions in the doctrine of salvation. In fact, to use his own expression, Dr. Clarke has seen a "revolutionary light," and he has seen it so clearly, and told of it so honorably and straightforwardly, and with such full appreciation of, and sympathy with, the case as it actually stands today with ministers and religious people, that his book may be expected to mark an epoch in the method of extracting truth from the Scriptures. Beyond question the author has declared the method of the future, and it is the only method which today is practical with those who are well informed.

Dr. Clarke has written a book which every minister should buy or beg or borrow, and we may well rejoice that this final pronouncement of the breakdown of

the old ways of treating the Bible is made, not by an agitator or an extremist or an iconoclast, but by a warm-hearted Christian man, in full sympathy with all Christian effort, who has set forth in simple and honest words how and in what manner the Holy Scriptures today are profitable for doctrine and for instruction in righteousness.



Professor Palmer's Herbert

There is something peculiarly fitting in this superb edition of our sweetest religious poet.* "When I lay in my cradle," says the editor in his Preface, "a devotee of Herbert gave me the old poet's name, so securing him for my godfather." And the result of fifty years' devotion, "with suitable fluctuations of interest," is now given to the world. Let us say with emphasis that in the matter of make-up these three volumes are a model of what such a publication should be. The form of the page and the clear, simple type are peculiarly restful and attractive to the eye. The illustrations, including facsimiles of Herbert's manuscripts, and scenes concerned with his life, are a genuine addition to the reader's enjoyment. Especially the value of the books is increased by the pencil drawing on vellum by R. White, which is here for the first time reproduced, and which is probably the original of the engraved portrait so well known.

Of the more specific work of the editor one may say that it is at once scholarly and literary, minute in its exegesis yet mindful always that a poet and not a *corpus vile* is under discussion. But it is only proper to add that one who comes newly to Herbert should use the edition with caution; he might be misled in more than one point. The sources of the modern text are two: the volume printed by Nicholas Ferrar, in 1633, from a manuscript sent to him by Herbert just before his death and still preserved; and an earlier manuscript discovered in 1874 by Dr. Grosart, in the Williams Library of London. This Williams manuscript not only varies in a number of details

* THE ENGLISH WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Newly arranged and annotated and considered in relation to his life by George Herbert Palmer. 3 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.00.

from the 1633 volume, but contains a considerably smaller number of poems. Now, Professor Palmer was the first scholar to observe that we have here a valuable means of determining Herbert's chronology, in so far at least as the poems not included in the Williams manuscript belong by a strong presumption to Herbert's later years. With the help of this presumption and other indications, Professor Palmer has rearranged the poems according to a general chronological sequence. The service thus rendered to a just appreciation of the poet is incomparably great.

But Professor Palmer has taken a further step, and here doubts begin to assert themselves. He has divided the poems into eleven groups according to their theme, thus: I, The Church-Porch; II, The Resolve; III, The Church; IV, Meditation; V, The Inner Life; VI, The Crisis; VII, The Happy Priest; VIII, Bemerton Study; IX, Restlessness; X, Suffering; XI, Death—to which is added a supplementary group of the Additional and Doubtful Poems. Unquestionably this order of arrangement throws a new light on Herbert's development; we follow him thru his Cambridge years with their reverence for the Church and their wealth of reflection, thru the three years after his mother's death, when his life seemed broken and his purpose annulled, thru the last three years of priestly consecration at Bemerton. All this is a service to the student, but it just as surely is in danger of misleading the casual reader. It was Professor Palmer's aim to bring out the sharp contrasts in Herbert's career, to emphasize the times of uncertainty and to belittle the period of consecration. Moreover, the last five groups (7-11) are so ordered as to give the impression that Herbert's content in the priesthood was insecure and overwhelmed by increasing restlessness and sorrow. Such an arrangement is highly arbitrary and, in our opinion, does violence to the truth. Herbert was to some extent a man of moods, he was not without seasons of dejection and self-debasement; but changing moods do not necessarily mean contradictions of character, and it would be fairer to the poems if the note of exultation followed, instead of preceding, those of depression.

Restlessness, Suffering, Death—is Professor Palmer's close; it would appear as if the poet's life went out in failure and gloom. Now, quite the contrary may be seen by glancing at Walton's or Oley's biographies, and in fact some of the sweetest and hopefulest of the poems fall under the heading, Suffering—for example, those stanzas that begin with the line that is in every one's memory:

"How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! Ev'n as the flowers of spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,

As if there were no such cold thing."

The arrangement is made in support of a new interpretation of Herbert's character presented in a series of Introductory Essays. To the poet's contemporaries he was holy and almost sainted, and so he has appeared to generation after generation of readers. Professor Palmer's thesis is, briefly put, that Herbert was more worldly than saint and that "holy" is the last epithet that should be applied to him. It is in support of this paradox he has separated the poems according to his own taste. The thesis, we must aver, is not upheld by internal or external evidence; Isaak Walton's opinion of the man is likely to endure unshaken. For this reason we must hold Professor Palmer's edition as highly suggestive to one well grounded in the poetry of the age, but not without an element of danger for the unprepared reader.



The Indian Dispossessed. By Seth K. Humphrey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

By taking only those instances wherein the Government or its representatives have been conspicuously unfair in dealing with the Indian, Mr. Humphrey succeeds in making out a pretty strong case against the white man. He has used his material well and has made the most of it. And surely the Government, in its Indian policy, has often violated its pledged word, or its unpledged obligation. Its treatment of the Poncas and the Nez Percés has been particularly reprehensible, and in many other instances it has failed in its duty.

But the other side of the question is hardly so much as hinted at in Mr. Humphrey's book. There is little or nothing regarding the frightful depredations common to Indian uprisings; the cruelty, cunning, mendacity and treachery common, tho not invariably found, in the Indian character; the indiscriminating vengeance which he wreaks upon a community for the act of an individual. The notion, so industriously fostered of late by Eastern sentimentalists, of the Indian as a sylvan Aurelius, clement, forbearing, magnanimous, truthful and guileless, is of course, pure moonshine. Long before there was any white man's government to break treaties, or in fact a white man on the continent, the Indian took the warpath as caprice prompted him, waged wars of extermination, ambushed his enemies, massacred the helpless and tortured and burnt his captive warriors. When the whites came, there arose at once the question of which of the two races should give way, for with ideals and practices so different, it was impossible that they should dwell side by side. The conflict has been attended with every species of ruse, with great cruelty and with every exercise of force; but both the conflict and the result were inevitable, and the Indian has had to give over the land to those who could make intelligent use of it. Mr. Humphrey not only fails to allow for Indian delinquencies, but he also fails to mention the great work the Government has undertaken in attempting to educate the Indian up to a self-supporting citizenship. Some 40 million dollars has been spent exclusively for education and training since 1877, with, on the whole, commendable results. He also fails to state the great progress that has been made, under Government fostering, by those Indians who have given up tribal life and have gone to work resolutely as producers of wealth and American citizens.



McAllister and His Double. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. \$1.50.

Among the host of novels that have appeared on the general lines of Conan Doyle's creations, Arthur Train's new book, *McAllister and His Double*, de-

serves a high place. Some of these stories have appeared from time to time in magazine form. They deal with the unfortunate positions in which an aristocratic clubman is placed, on account of his strong resemblance to his valet, whose nature is susceptible to the temptation of acquiring wealth without work. The experiences of McAllister range from passing the night in prison, suspected of being his own valet, to the humiliating position of introducing a suspicious detective into a select house-party, as an intimate friend. The McAllister stories are entertaining from start to finish, but the other stories in the book, with the possible exception of "Extradition," show a decided falling off.



Pebbles

.... "My instructor in English A told me not to say 'hair cut.'"

"How's that?"

"He said it was a barberism."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

REJECTED.

.... Unto the charnel Hall of Fame

The dead alone should go;

Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe.

—*John B. Tabb.*

.... *Mistress*—Katie, do you know anything of my husband's whereabouts?

Katie—Shure, mum, I lift them hangin' in the closet.—*Cornell Widow.*

.... **NAGGING IN RHYME**—The love affair of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is supposed to have been as delicate as the petal of a rose. They were both of them Lovely Characters, and the average married woman feels tears spring to her eyes every time she thinks of them. But it seems that it is as easy to nag in verse as in prose. At least here is something Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote, and if Robert did not take it to himself it was because he was so wrapped up in writing his own poetry that he paid no attention to what his wife wrote: "It isn't the things you do, dear, but the things you leave undone, that give me the heavy heartache at the setting of the sun." And she goes on to say it is the word he leaves unspoken, the kiss he does not give, the kind act he leaves unthought of, that add pangs to her sorrow. The verses have been set to music and if the family man will listen while his daughter sings at the piano, he will recognize the familiar wail of the married woman. The married bliss of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning has always been doubted by the experienced. When a married woman uses her maiden name instead of her husband's initials, something is wrong.—*Atchison Globe.*

Editorials

The Insurance Investigation

OF all the revelations of shocking mismanagement in our great life insurance companies, the most important and disquieting are to be found in the testimony of officers and records as to the expenditure of great sums for the corruption of legislators, and in the evidence that prominent and powerful politicians were beneficiaries of this misuse of trust funds.

Beginning with the admission that the payments to one "legislative agent" by only one company in five years had been nearly \$1,000,000 (payments for which no vouchers as to the use of the money were required), the record of such practices has been growing from day to day. We have heard the story of the house maintained by the companies at Albany as a resort for legislators who were willing to accept the hospitality which it offered—that so-called House of Mirth, which must now be known as the House of Graft; of the large retainers, annual and occasional, paid to all sorts of persons; of the instructions sent to the local agents concerning their traffic in legislation. It appears that their labors were not confined to the "killing" of bills relating to insurance. The letters of Comptroller Jordan (now conveniently in exile) to the manager of the House of Graft directed him to "kill" legislative propositions of many kinds. Bills regulating the employment of children, improving the tenement house laws, providing for the safety of guests in hotels, and relating to the taxation of real estate and banks—these were some of the measures for the defeat of which he was instructed to use the policy-holders' money. Even a bill ceding certain water rights to a town on the shore of Long Island was marked by his employer for destruction. All this shows how wide the scope of this corruption had become. And the committee has only just begun to uncover the regular payments made to persons exerting official influence.

The president of one company has promised that \$235,000 paid by his order to a legislative agent who is now conveniently in Europe shall be restored to the company out of his own pocket if the agent does not make a satisfactory ac-

counting within a few weeks. But this is only a small part of the sum for which this agent gave no vouchers.

Has it occurred to these responsible officers, these recipients of enormous salaries, these syndicate speculators, that they have exposed themselves, by their dealings with these lobbyists, to charges which any respectable financier would resent with great indignation?

If it be assumed for the moment that the use of a life insurance company's money to control legislation is justifiable, we are confident that the bills which would warrant the expenditure of one-tenth of the money given to these agents in the last five years cannot be produced. When the responsible officer of a company pays \$500,000 to a legislative agent, requiring no voucher as to the use to which the money is put, how is he to meet the charge of some enemy that a large part of the money went into his own pocket?

This risk appears to have been overlooked by the officers who made these large appropriations in the dark. For their own protection it might have been better to hold the legislative agents to a strict account.

We do not believe, as we have said, that the bills (hostile to the interests of the companies and the policy-holders), for the suppression of which these great sums were handed over to the go-betweens, ever existed as genuine legislative propositions in number and importance sufficient to account for one-tenth of the money. What were the bills? They have not been cited in explanation of the expenditure.

It is true, however, that "strike" bills are sometimes drafted by legislative agents themselves, and that the introduction of them is procured by the same agents, in order that they may have an excuse for demands upon the company's treasury. But rarely do such measures commend themselves to any considerable number of legislators. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the chief business of these agents has been to prevent the passage of good bills that were proposed in the interest of policy-holders, and that would have subjected the offi-

cers to really effective regulation and control. Those who are familiar with the results of Mr. Hughes's work can see what kind of legislation the companies' officers must have dreaded. Bills providing for such legislation might not deserve to be called "strikes." The suppression or defeat of them, however, by corrupt influence is something for which legislators may justly be denounced. But the briber should suffer with the bribed in public estimation.

After those parts of the testimony of Messrs. Hyde, Harriman and Odell, which are in conflict, have been eliminated, there remains enough to substantiate the main points of Mr. Hyde's story. Ex-Gov. Odell admits that the bill to repeal the charter of the Mercantile Trust Co. was introduced (by the chairman of the Insurance Committee) with his knowledge, while he was Governor, and that he saw no objection to it then, altho he afterward advised that it be withdrawn.

Mr. Hyde says this bill was mentioned to him, when he was advised to settle Gov. Odell's claim, as an indication of the powerful influence that might be exerted to the injury of the Trust Company. On the other hand, it is denied that the bill was so mentioned.

At all events, there was such a bill, and a settlement was made with the Governor for \$75,000, and the money was paid on the very day when the Governor publicly withdrew his opposition to the re-election of Senator Depew, who was then an Equitable trustee, enjoying an annual retainer of \$20,000 for services which have not been clearly defined. We have no space here for an analysis of the testimony with respect to this Shipyard Trust claim, but we must say that the evidence ought to make it impossible for Mr. Odell to retain his position as organization leader of the Republican party in the State of New York. It discloses another phase of the relation between the companies' managers and politics as well as legislation. And it is a relation of which all the persons directly interested should be ashamed. We do not see that anything will be gained, however, if Senator Platt is permitted to succeed Mr. Odell.

At the close of the investigation the

Armstrong Committee, with the aid of Mr. Hughes, will propose for the evils now so clearly revealed such remedies as new legislation can provide. To the committee's recommendations and to the action of the Legislature upon them the public must look for that regulation and official control to which the companies should be subjected. But there are some remedies that can be applied now. If District Attorney Jerome sees that laws have been violated by officers of the companies, it seems to us that he ought not to defer action until after the committee has finished its work. We are not thinking now of indictments, however, for it may be that there is no legal warrant for them, but of the action that should be taken by trustees (or directors) and policy-holders.

There are three presidents who should be required to resign. We refer to Mr. McCurdy, Mr. McCall and Mr. Hegeman. With them should go those relatives and other persons in office who have assisted them in making the mismanagement of our great life insurance companies a scandal thruout the civilized world.

Insurance Superintendent Hendricks should have been removed long ago. But that is a matter for the consideration of Gov. Higgins. When we look at the names of the trustees of the three companies whose presidents still retain their places, and see that among them are eminent lawyers, bankers and merchants, as well as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, we cannot understand why they have not insisted upon those resignations or removals which are demanded in the public interest and for the good repute of American financial and fiduciary administration at home and abroad.



The Federal Council of Churches

It was a great meeting. It was great in its representation: thirty-two denominations, with over eighteen million communicants, and three times as many more adherents; great in the purpose it had in view, to federate the Christian bodies in this country, as far as possible, into a single force for all good things; great in the extraordinary number of able and eloquent addresses in its ses-

sions covering a week of meetings; great in the harmony of its members, representing so many views of faith and worship; great in the influence which the now federated force of its constituent churches will have for the well being of our country.

Let it be understood, to begin with, that this is a federation for influence and combined power; it is not a federation against any Christians who have not taken part in it. Particularly, it is not a federation to attack, or in any way discredit the Christian work done by the Catholic Church in this country. The denominations taking part in it are all so-called Protestant; but the word *Protestant* does not appear in its "Plan of Federation," and had no place in its long Program. No word was spoken on its platform attacking the Catholic Church, while words of commendation were spoken of spiritual fellowship and kindly good-will.

Nor let it be supposed that this is a federation against so-called non-Evangelical Churches. Neither was there any attack upon the Christian service of these bodies, and we observe that the word *Evangelical* does not happen to appear in its Plan of Federation. This does not mean that the Churches so far adopting it are not all what are often called Evangelical; but it does mean that the purpose of the union is not hostile, but rather tolerant, and even friendly, to all not yet in this federation. Its purpose is first inclusive of those who were asked to come together to see if they could unite; it was not exclusive. Many other denominations will doubtless yet be brought into this union.

As a challenge or a pronunciamento, the action of Professor Dealey, of Brown University, and two or three men with him, who offered a series of successive amendments to protect Unitarians from exclusion, was a success—it attracted attention—but it was poor strategy. It forced the Conference to add the word *divine* before "Lord and Saviour," and it is almost a wonder that it did not drive it to require subscription to the whole Nicene Creed. As it was, more than one speaker found these resolutions the occasion to put the Conference, so far as speeches could do it, on the strictest

Trinitarian basis. And yet the Plan of Federation had been drawn up with no polemic idea. Its language was that of inclusion, not exclusion. The expressions that would shut out believers had been rather avoided, and it was no great wisdom which attempted to raise the issue and invite overwhelming defeat.

Now what has this extraordinary coming together of these denominations accomplished? First, this meeting together is itself a great accomplishment. Nothing like it has ever occurred in the history of our divided Church. For these five hundred men were not merely so many well-meaning Christian gentlemen; they were all officially chosen and delegated by the chief authority of their several denominations to form this federation, with the distinct and expressed purpose of announcing the unity of the Church of Christ, of which their denominations are but a part. They have shown that we are not a divided Church, but that its members are one in their Lord.

But let it be fully understood that this plan of federation has not yet been fully completed. All has been done, and well done, that could yet be done. The Plan has been drawn up and heartily, indeed unanimously, approved. It must now go down to the several Christian bodies that sent their delegates, for approval and adoption. If approved by two-thirds of these denominations—and we do not anticipate that a single one will reject it—the first session of "The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America" will be held in December of 1908, the earliest date when it will be possible to meet after all the denominations will have had opportunities to give their adhesion to such a federation. The meeting this past week was preparatory; thus the federation will be complete and in full operation, and the work it has to do will be fairly entered upon. Fortunate will those be who shall live under the new era of Church union, if, as we fully believe, the promise of united service shall be fulfilled in preventing hurtful rivalries and in strengthening each other's hands in the support of public righteousness and individual devotion to whatever honors God in benefiting man.

The Plan of Federation, if not wholly

the best conceivable, was the best that could be agreed upon. It gives the title "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America" an admirable one. It names thirty-two denominations as charter members, including all the largest Protestant ones except the Southern Presbyterians, and some Lutheran bodies, which hesitated to accept the invitation. Its announced purpose is to express catholic unity, develop harmonious service, encourage spiritual life, secure combined influence for moral and social betterment, and to organize local unions. It is to claim no authority beyond counsel, to make no creed or rules of government or worship, but only to help in common benefits. The Federal Council is to meet quadrennially, and its delegates are to be four from each denomination, with one additional for every 50,000 communicants. Whether the local councils shall also be represented by delegates is to be settled by the Federal Council when it shall meet in 1908. Any question that may come up is to be decided by a general vote, unless one-third ask for a vote by denominations; and in a similar way other Christian bodies will be admitted and amendments adopted.

The only serious question before the committee of forty and the Conference was as to the representation of local councils, or federations. We believe that while the denominations should be directly represented, and while it is not wise, as in England, to have local councils alone represented, the main reliance should be on the support of the local federations, which will do the work, and best understand its importance; which will provide its funds and will expect representation. We do not doubt it will come to that in the end.

In securing the success of this great meeting and great work, especial recognition is due to the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers, which called the Conference, and especially to its able Chairman, W. H. Roberts, D.D., who was also Permanent Chairman of the Conference; and to the Secretary, E. B. Sanford, D.D., and we may add, to Bishop Hendrix, of the Southern Methodist Church, Chairman of the Committee which drew up the Plan of Federation.

American Candidates for the Nobel Prizes

Who are our great men? That is a question we asked in our issue of March 9 last. It was not a rhetorical question. We wanted to know. It was naturally suggested by an article published in that issue giving the names, nationality and achievements of the twenty-five men to whom the Nobel Foundation had awarded its prizes in the four years during which that body has been acting. Five prizes of about \$40,000 each are awarded every year respectively to the person who has made the most important discovery in physics, in chemistry, and in physiology or medicine, and who has produced the most distinguished literary work of an idealistic tendency, and who has done the most for the promotion of peace. Among these, chosen without regard to nationality as the greatest benefactors of the human race, no American has yet found a place, and the question at once arose, have we any American worthy to rank with Röntgen, Lorentz, Zeeman, Becquerel, the Curies, and Raveleigh in physics; with Van't Hoff, Fischer, Arrhenius and Ramsay in chemistry; with Behring, Ross, Finsen and Pavlov in medicine; with Sully-Prudhomme, Mommsen, Björnson, Mistral and Eche-garay in literature, and with Dunant, Passy, Ducommun, Gobat and Cremer in international pacification.

We were not able to answer this question to our own satisfaction, and therefore we referred it to the most intelligent body of individuals we knew of, namely, our readers. They gave it up, too. Several other papers took up the query and spread among their readers with an equally unsatisfactory result. We are a patriotic people and willing to proclaim in the strongest possible terms on Fourth of Julys, and even on other days, that this is the greatest nation on the face of the earth and leads the world in science and literature and peacemaking, but when asked for specification we are more diffident. With one exception, discussed below, the votes were too few and scattering to be worth reporting.

Most of those whom we approached personally upon the subject promptly expressed a willingness to vote for a candidate in one or more of the five classes.

and with equal readiness they usually objected to the names we had suggested, but when pressed for better names they almost all asked for a postponement of the query to give time for further consideration. We have had since no reason to think that said consideration has been effective.

As was to be expected, more persons felt themselves competent to express an opinion upon the candidates in literature than upon the scientific subjects. We suggested, not as expressing our own opinion but merely to stimulate thought, the names of Allen, Burroughs, Cable, Carman, Clemens, Mrs. Freeman, Hale, Howells, James, Loudon, Stedman, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Wharton. To this list several of our readers have added the names of Borden P. Bowne and William Vaughn Moody. If it had been a question merely of literary eminence the vote would have gone for either Howells or James, but most of those who suggested them expressed a doubt whether the work of such representative realists could properly be called idealistic in tendency.

In regard to the peace prize, President Roosevelt has, since the question was raised, become most conspicuous for his activity in bringing about the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War. Next to President Roosevelt, Congressman Bartholdt has been most often spoken of for the Nobel Prize, and the American delegation at the Interparliamentary Conference held in Brussels last August petitioned the Norwegian Government to grant it to him.

Very unexpectedly to us, our readers took more interest in the candidate for the medical prize than any other. This was due to the fact that a boom was started for Dr. A. T. Still, as having made, in Osteopathy, the most important discovery in physiology or medicine. The Osteopathic journals took it up and prepared petition blanks and postal ballots, which were circulated with such enthusiasm and success that we received altogether 22,061 votes for Dr. Still. Many of these were accompanied by letters indicating great reverence and affection for "the old doctor" and gratitude for benefit derived from his treatment. The geographical distribution of the votes is interesting as showing the

way such popular movements spread. Starting only about fifteen years ago in Kirksville, Mo., without initial prestige and against strong opposition, it spread rapidly thru the neighboring States of the Mississippi Valley and then to all parts of the country. Every State and Territory and Alaska, Canada and Mexico are represented in the votes we have received, but most of them come from the following States, and probably the number of votes indicates in a rough way the relative strength of Osteopathy in these States: Missouri, 15,207; Illinois, 880; Ohio, 532; New York, 467; Texas, 419; Iowa, 307; Tennessee, 269; Michigan, 240; Colorado, 225; Pennsylvania, 205; Arkansas, 201; California, 200.

The pros and cons of Osteopathy have been adequately presented in our two last issues, so we cannot devote any more space to the discussion. Here we are only concerned with its bearing upon the question of selecting our greatest men. In our former editorial we stated our opinion that a popular vote could not decide the matter. Possibly our skepticism of the value of such a referendum deterred our readers from taking part in it. At any rate, our skepticism has not been removed by the result. While it is, as we then said, an excellent topic for thought and conversation, the final decision as to the value of a scientific discovery, in medicine as well as in chemistry and physics, must be left to posterity. And if we are not willing to restrain our curiosity, or to allow a public benefactor to go to his grave without due recognition from his contemporaries, we must take our opinions chiefly from those who by training and position are better qualified than the average man to form a sound judgment upon such technical matters.

Fortunately for the world the foresight of Alfred Nobel, maker of dynamite, has provided just this needed apparatus for the appraisal of purported discoveries. About \$13,000 are spent in the examination of the claims of candidates and other administrative expenses for each of the \$40,000 prizes. It is particularly stipulated in the statutes (sec. 7) that the medical prize shall only be awarded after a special investigation by

the Medical Nobel Institute. We hear on every hand of marvelous cures wrought by new therapeutic methods, some of which strike us as plausible, some doubtful and some absurd; all of them, however, vouched for by numerous followers, whose good faith and intelligence cannot be denied. The average layman has not the training, the average practitioner has not the time, to decide between these conflicting claims. To have them adjudicated by so competent a body as the Nobel Institute is a public service of great value to the world.

Proposed curative methods yet denied recognition by orthodox science, have in this an unexampled opportunity to prove their claims. We recommend our osteopathic friends not to be content with their present victory of popular votes, but to take the necessary steps to bring their cause before the Nobel Commission, to be passed upon by the Caroline Medical Institute of Stockholm, as described in our article of March 9. That this tribunal is ready to recognize new and revolutionary medical methods is shown by their putting the stamp of approval upon Finsen's light cure within seven years after its discovery.

The announcement of the awarding of the Nobel prizes is made upon the founder's birthday, December 10th, and it is awaited with considerable interest to see if America has yet found admission into this living Hall of Fame.



Who Pays for It?

NOT often does the public have an opportunity to read at first hand a sociological document so portentous as the authentic account of "The Smart Set in Winter," which appeared in these pages a week ago. The facts which it revealed cannot be talked about in any kid-gloved fashion; and they will not be. Thru-out the American nation they are calling forth an amount of plain speaking that will make some good-for-nothing members of human society sit up and take notice.

We have called the document portentous. It is. It presages a social struggle bigger than any that has yet been waged in human history. Similar struggles have

occurred, but they have been similar only. None has been fought on quite the same lines that this one will follow, and none where such large issues of human happiness or misery were at stake.

In all class struggles hitherto there has been a political complication. Some question of national independence, or of the organization of the state, or of the form and accountability of government, has been forced into the foreground until it has in a measure overshadowed the fundamental economic and moral issues. In America those questions have for the first time in the social evolution of mankind been disposed of. National independence we have enjoyed for more than a hundred years. We have established constitutional republican government on the broad basis of universal suffrage. There is nothing now to prevent our dealing directly, and with entire singleness of purpose, with the question whether we intend to make over our unequalled natural resources, and all the machinery of our superb political organization, to a little group of multi-millionaires, to be owned and exploited by them for the luxurious maintenance of an exclusive social set, measured statistically by the number of boxes in the parterre circle of the Metropolitan Opera House, and self-portrayed morally as a quarrelsome gang of bridge whist gamblers.

By their own admissions—nay by their arrogant boasting—the members of this little set lead worthless, lying, stupid lives. They cut the first act at the Opera because they must pretend that they have dined fashionably, although dinner functions are becoming less frequent. They extend invitations to five o'clock tea to acquaintances that they wish to turn down, and then take good care to be out from five to six. They hold up their guests in good robber-baron style for gambling stakes and unpaid gambling debts. A hostess writes herself down humiliated and a failure if she does not clear enough from the Sunday afternoon bridge to pay the expenses of her week-end house party. No gentleman can be invited to her entertainments unless he is prepared to spend from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year on his clothes alone and for other things—at any rate for servants' fees and gambling debts—in proportion. No lady

can be "in it" if her clothes cost less than \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year.

This is an engaging picture! It reveals the differentiation that American society has undergone since the days of Jefferson and Adams. There was no four hundred in those days, nor any millionaire gentleman maintaining for his wife thru a single season a villa in the Riviera, a town house in London, a country house on the Thames, another at Mamaroneck, and a second town house on Madison Avenue, for whose furnishings half a dozen European palaces had been despoiled of tapestries and other works of art. But, neither were there in those days any double-decker tenement houses, nor any such army of sweat-shop women as we now have working in poison-laden dens from four o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night to create wealth for a millionaire gentleman with a fancy for tapestries and intercontinental house-keeping. We were a plain, undifferentiated folk, in those days.

Far be it from us to take our four hundred to task for worthlessness and stupidity! Heaven knows they are not to blame for that! The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the great and mighty Ruler of the universe has distributed the modicum of grey matter that he has seen fit to create on this planet into such skulls as have pleased him. Let us not impugn his wisdom in denying any great amount of it to the American smart set! He presumably knows what he is about. Furthermore, as pronounced believers in individual liberty we cannot deny the right of these ladies and gentlemen to be as inane as they like, provided they don't try to make honest people pay the bills.

But, it so happens that this universe is constituted on simple mathematical principles, one of which is that something and nothing are not equivalent. A human being cannot be at one and the same time a wanton spendthrift and an economically worthless, that is to say, an unproductive, person, unless somebody else does pay the bills. And this is precisely the condition of affairs which the sociological document that we published last week discloses. And it is not because the American people will deny to any class the right to conduct its own private

affairs as it sees fit that an unprecedented social struggle is bound to come. It will come because the American people when it is once possessed of the facts and mentally grasps the situation, will not go on patiently paying the bills of a smart set that chooses to be both morally wanton and economically worthless.

Incidentally, it may be proper to remark that here in America, where for the first time the social struggle will be fought out apart from political complications, it will be unnecessary to employ such means as were once resorted to by the Commune of Paris. We are a practical folk, and have a way of achieving our ends without overmuch dramatic fuss. We shall dispose of our smart set by the simple process of stopping its allowance. That is to say, we shall take away from its multi-millionaire husbands and papas the ownership of those vast wealth-producing public utilities that rightfully are the property of the public. And we shall not even make martyrs of them by confiscating what they now possess. Their wives and daughters will distribute that for them fast enough. We shall only refuse to give them fresh letters of marque when next they try to hold up legislatures and city governments for new charters of exploitation.



A Discourteous City

A MOST extraordinary statement, affecting international courtesy, we read two months ago in the *Paris Européen*. We had already heard of it as a matter of knowledge in a narrow circle, but we could not believe it credible. The British squadron, under the command of the Prince of Battenberg, was then anchored at Halifax, and expected to visit American waters. Accordingly President Roosevelt, said *L'Européen*, wrote to Mayor McClellan asking him to organize officially the suitable reception and honors for the fleet. But Mayor McClellan replied—we translate—that "it would be quite impossible for him to do this, seeing that public opinion was absolutely opposed; and that it was the intention of the Mayor, if the fleet should come to New York, to absent himself until after its departure." It was further said that according to the infor-

mation of the police it would be impossible to maintain order if the British sailors were allowed to disembark; and that the Irish and German societies were resolved to testify in every way their hostility to the fleet and to the British sailors. It was added that President Roosevelt was much annoyed, but that, from fear of endangering the Republican Party, he did not venture to do violence to the anti-British feelings, which were very bitter.

It was hard to believe that these statements were true. We called the attention of Mayor McClellan to them, and asked if they could be trusted. We received from his Secretary the personal oral assurance that they were not true, and accordingly we said nothing, but waited to see what courtesies the city would show to our distinguished visitors. It has shown no courtesy whatever. The Mayor privately and informally received Prince Louis of Battenberg at a dinner on Sunday afternoon at his own house. That was all. The only civility shown to our international visitors was by the United States Navy, with the personal entertainments devised by Mr. R. M. Thompson, who is President of a Naval Academy Alumni Association, and who did admirable work to supply the lack of hospitality on the part of the city.

It may be that the President made no such request of Mayor McClellan, and it may be that no such refusal was made; but the event proves that the charge was substantially true. The city did not entertain the British fleet. It did not appropriate one cent for it. That is not the way the city of Southampton by its Mayor meets and welcomes our Ambassador when he touches British soil. It is not the way that London has honored representatives of our Army and Navy.

The fleet came to New York. Not welcomed by the city, it was warmly welcomed by the people. We are not all as lawless as was represented. Our Irish citizens are mostly law-abiding and hospitable to visitors, and so are our German citizens. It is Tammany, only Tammany, and the worst of Tammany, that held the Mayor's hands. We are ashamed for the City thus disgraced.

We pity the Mayor who had to submit to the gross and stupid ill will of the organization which rules New York from Tammany Hall.

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The Tuberculosis Problem

Altho no cure for tuberculosis in human beings has been made public, yet many of the perplexities of the problem are being cleared up and conflicting evidence harmonized. When Professor Koch discovered tuberculin it was thought that a cure for "the great white plague" had at last been obtained, but further experimentation showed that while it reacted against tuberculosis in cattle, it was of no avail against that in human beings. Later Professor Koch found that there are two distinct kinds of tuberculosis bacilli, the bovine and the human, and he thereupon concluded that the precautions taken against the use for food of the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle were unnecessary. This was received with incredulity by physicians in general, for cases where the disease had been apparently caught from cattle had been often observed. Now it is known that human beings may become infected by both the human and the bovine bacilli, but the former are much more common and more dangerous. Out of 67 cases of tuberculosis in human beings studied by the medical societies of Berlin, 56 were found to be infected with the human bacilli, nine with the bovine, and two with both. The bovine bacilli in human beings do not generally attack the vital organs, but are found in the glands of the neck or adjacent to the intestines. But since they are very dangerous to infants and children, all meat and milk should be subjected to rigid inspection, and no such food of doubtful origin eaten uncooked. In regard to the reverse process, the infection of cattle by human bacilli, Koch's rule seems to hold without exception. It has been found impossible to cause a progressive tuberculosis in cattle either by feeding them or inoculating them with pure cultures of the human bacilli. There is also a third form of the tuberculosis bacilli found in chickens, pigeons and geese. None of these three forms has been observed to change into another, even tho cultivated in the blood

of a different animal for years. The chief danger from infection by tuberculosis is therefore not from the lower animals but from other human beings. Professor Behring is being sharply criticised in both Germany and France for announcing to the International Congress last summer that he had discovered a cure for human tuberculosis, and yet refusing to give it to practitioners or to make known its method of preparation. In reply, he repeats his former statement that it will require at least a year of further experimentation before it will be in a form to be given to the public. He says in regard to his new cure for consumption, which he calls "T X":

"The principal reason for my statement lies in the fact that the new remedy is not transportable without danger of losing in part its specific power. I extract T X from the animal organism in a form which can be best compared to an explosive substance. On being drawn from its source, the living organism, it is subject to alterations similar to the coagulation of blood escaped from a vessel. That is why at present the control of the therapeutic efficacy of my remedy is only possible in the place of production and when handled by certain impartial experimenters who have learned under my direction the long and difficult process of preparing T X and how to use it." Professor Behring states that he has another remedy, "T C," against bovine tuberculosis, which is the mother substance of "T X," but much more stable. He has promised to impart the secret of the preparation and use of "T X" to Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, who will experiment with it in Paris.

A Treaty That Should Be Ratified

The attempted establishment of a Territorial Government on the Isle of Pines by two or three hundred American residents ought to induce the Senate to ratify the pending treaty of cession immediately after the assembling of Congress. It was well understood when the Treaty of Paris was signed that the island, which had been politically a part of Cuba, was not to be taken or claimed by the United States. The treaty now pending, to the support of which the Administration is committed, says that we relinquish all claims in consideration of Cuba's grant of naval and coaling stations. We already possess one

naval station at Guantanamo, and we can have another whenever we are ready to take it. For two years action upon the treaty has been prevented by the opposition of Senator Penrose. Since the failure of the Enterprise Bank and the suicide of its cashier, the persistent demand of the Senator's late colleague, Mr. Quay, for the elevation of New Mexico to the rank of a State has been explained. But it has not yet been shown that Senator Penrose has an Andrews on the Isle of Pines.



Professor Briggs might have held all his peculiar views as to the Bible, and yet been allowed to remain undisturbed as a Presbyterian minister, if he had only cooed gently. The attack upon him was aroused by his positive and antagonistic attitude. They declared that he had no respect for the opinions of others. He treated his opponents, they said, as Eichhorn treated those conservative men who differed from him; he "snorted" at them. *Zion's Herald* gives a full defense by the Trustees of the Boston School of Theology of their action in supporting Professor Mitchell, and then explains that Professor Mitchell's "personal element" came in to secure the action of the Bishops in refusing to confirm his reelection. What that means is, that he is reported to have "snorted"; that he was not respectful enough to those who differed from him; that he was not careful to avoid provoking those who held the conservative views; that he did not coo as he ought to have done. We do not wish to underestimate the virtue of cooing, or to excuse the vice of "snorting"; but it is a surprise to those that have known Professor Mitchell that he has been guilty of that fault. Certainly it is not to be seen in his published writings. There he has been discreet, while distinct. Doubtless it is oral utterances that are reported to his injury, perhaps fairly, perhaps unfairly. But this is to be said, that between the two ways of presenting one's honest views, that of distinct, positive, emphatic utterance has the merit of the greater courage, and one who "snorts" may receive attention, while one who coos may not be heard

outside of his nest. As to the Methodist Church we venture to say this, that the time has come when room must be made in its theology and its pulpits for a reasonable, moderate and devout higher criticism. If it does not, its people will leave it behind.

Jewish Massacres Past all pity is the condition of Russia. Who are to blame for the horrible massacres of Jews? Who for the fierce fury of mobs let loose? There is only one answer. Those who sowed the wind must reap the whirlwind. At the bottom of it, it is those who have taught the people that are blamable for the lesson learned. And chiefly it is the Church of Russia, which has failed to understand the gentle religion of its presumed Master. Jews would not have been murdered if Christian priests had not taught hatred and bloodshed. If the Church pretends to be the great teacher of the people, the standard-bearer of the truth, it must be known by its fruits. Instead of that, the Russian Church, as too often elsewhere, has been the guilty partner of wealth and power, and has excused where it has not seduced to crime and cruelty. What a shame it is that for the defense of liberty and justice we must leave the Church and go to leaders who hate the Church as the tool of tyranny. A curse is on a Church that kills Jews; and many thousands of Jews, men, women and children, have been slaughtered by Christians—such Christians!—in these last few weeks. We rejoice that with such liberality our American Jews are giving to the supply of the wants of those that have survived; but have not Christians a nearer duty to give succor to the children of those whom other Christian hands have slain?

Korea At last Japan has revenged her loss of ten years ago, when three European powers refused to allow her to keep the fruits of her victory over China; but she has revenged herself on poor Korea. And who cares? Doubtless Marquis Ito and Count Hayaishi, who conducted the negotiations with the comic Emperor of Korea, showed no courtesy. How could they? The conclusion was already assured—Korea had

been held for a year or more by Japan and would never be given up. The Emperor and his ministers might fume and refuse, but it did no good—they were fated to yield in the end, and he was bound to become the patient and obedient vassal of Japan, just as the Khedive of Egypt retains the form of rule, but obeys the orders of Lord Cromer. It will be vastly better for Korea, which is a fine country, as it is better for Egypt to be ruled by England. There will be good order, roads and railroads will be built, and a mighty development will follow speedily. Meanwhile Korea, which Japan was bound to hold, will be her defense against any further ambition of Russia, for the northern coast of Korea almost reaches to Vladivostok, while on the western border it skirts Manchuria. Korea is from this time simply a colony of Japan. The Emperor is a mere phantom. He cannot rule his own country; he cannot even have one word to say to a foreign power. Things are plain now, with no pretense or evasion, and it is well to have it so.

We have nothing to say as to the question of veracity raised by President Roosevelt in his correspondence with Mr. Henry M. Whitney, President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor; but we wish that the President's emphatic habit of expressing his views had not led him to charge such a gentleman as Mr. Whitney with making a "deliberate misstatement," and to suggest that he was guilty of a "deliberate purpose of deception." It is evident that the President wrote in more heat than fuller consideration would have suggested.

We congratulate the city of Worcester, Mass., on the magnificent gift of several million dollars to its Art Museum by the bequest of Stephen Salisbury. Such gifts make a city famous, and are a chief benefit to its people. Few museums in the country will be so well endowed. Mr. Salisbury has long been distinguished for his love of American history and for the honor he has done to the city in which he lived.

Insurance



THE PRUDENTIAL ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

The Prudential and the Rock of Gibraltar

THE Prudential Insurance Company of America recently undertook to procure a fragment of the Rock of Gibraltar, that should symbolize in its mass something of the strength of this well-known Newark institution, that because of skilful advertising has become identified with the celebrated English fortress on the Mediterranean.

The illustration gives no suggestion of the great beauty of the grayish-white limestone rock which is at once dense and compact, but which takes a high polish and has been worked into ornamental objects dear to the hearts of tourists. The emblematic and sentimental value of the slice of British territory secured by the Prudential cannot help being very great and will no doubt attract much attention at its home office.

The Mutual's Self-Investigation

THE investigating committee of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of which Stuyvesant Fish, President of the Illinois Central Railroad; John W. Auchincloss, one of the directors of the same railroad, and W. H. Truesdale, President of the Lackawanna Railroad, are members, have made a preliminary report in which reforms of the most sweeping character are recommended. The management of the company comes in also for severe criticism. In consequence of the committee's activity, a proposition has already been made by President Richard A. McCurdy looking toward the reduction of his salary one-half. The "House of Mirth" at Albany is to be closed, and there will be no more campaign contributions. Andrew C. Fields has been ordered to return to this country and place himself under the jurisdiction of the company and the laws of the State of New York. The committee is of the opinion, and boldly says so, that all matters pertaining to legislation, either National or State, affecting the company should, in future, be handled solely and exclusively by the Law Department and in its name, with full responsibility resting on the head of that department for each and every transaction, and not in the name or thru the medium, colorable or otherwise, of any other department or branch of the company's service. The Supply Department will, according to the committee's recommendation, at once cease to transact any business foreign to the purposes for which that department was created, as prescribed in the by-laws. The concluding paragraph of the committee's report stamps it with all seriousness and endows the report with intelligent vitality when it sets forth principles that ought particularly to obtain in the conduct of a life insurance business, viz:

Your committee further recommends that, pending this examination, the President and the officers under him put into immediate effect such measures of sound economy and curtailment of outgo as will in the future result, through an increase of dividends or otherwise, in a decrease of the cost of insurance to policyholders.

Financial

Steam and Trolley

WE have occasionally spoken of the interesting movement in the Northeastern States for the acquisition of trolley railway systems by the great steam railroad companies. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Co. has obtained possession, thru the agency of a subsidiary corporation, of the trolley systems of New Haven, Hartford, Springfield and several other cities of Southern New England. In this State, the New York Central now controls the Schenectady, the Utica and Mohawk Valley, and the Syracuse trolley lines. Last week the Delaware & Hudson Railroad Co., or interests representing that company, purchased the United Traction Co., which owns the electric railway systems of Albany, Troy, Rensselaer and Cohoes, paying \$150 per share, or \$7,500,000 if all the stockholders sell. This is the first venture of the Delaware & Hudson in the street railway field.



Spanish-American Bonds

A REMARKABLE advance in the market value of bonds representing the foreign debts of South American and Central American countries is shown in the recent annual report of the Council of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, a British organization, of which Lord Avebury is President. In some instances the value has doubled in the last twelve months. In the following table the Council shows comparative prices at the end of September:

Countries.	1901.	1903.	1904.	1905.
Colombia	14	24½	24	44
Costa Rica, A bonds..	16½	22	26	56
Costa Rica, B bonds..	15	19	19¼	46
Guatemala	13	21	24	39½
Honduras	5	5¼	6	13
Nicaragua	57½	60½	59	79
Paraguay	23	29	35	50
Uruguay	49½	58¾	59½	72
Venezuela	26	32¾	42	51

To this list might be added the bonds of Santo Domingo, the value of which has more than doubled. It is understood, the Council says, that the increase in values is largely due to the idea that the utterances of President Roosevelt

with regard to the Monroe Doctrine were intended to indicate that the United States Government would not allow the Spanish-American republics to take advantage of the protection afforded them by the United States in order to evade the payment of their liabilities to their foreign creditors. It is stated that since last year's report the Colombian and Venezuelan debts have been settled on terms "which, all things considered, may be considered fair, especially in the case of the former." The debts of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, and Argentina, however, are still in default, although negotiations for a settlement of two of these are in progress. The principal loans in default are approximately as follows: Argentina, £15,252,453; Costa Rica, £2,000,000; Guatemala, £1,482,800; Honduras, £5,398,570. In the Council's list of such loans are £2,418,800 in Confederate bonds and £4,632,306 in bonds of Mississippi, Louisiana and West Virginia, as to which the arrears of interest largely exceed the principal.



Financial Items

THE Railway Steel Spring Company (capital \$13,500,000 common and \$13,500,000 preferred) has bought for \$4,500,000 the plant of the Latrobe Steel Company, at Latrobe, Pa.

....A dividend of \$15 per share, or 60 per cent., was declared on the 20th by the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. This makes \$50, or 200 per cent., for the year 1905, against \$40 in 1904.

....The Seaboard National Bank will increase its capital stock from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 by declaring a stock dividend of 100 per cent. A cash dividend of 100 per cent. will be declared out of the surplus, and the proceeds of this dividend will be used to pay for the new stock. The bank has a surplus of \$1,250,000, and the undivided profits are \$278,721. S. G. Bayne is President, S. G. Nelson Vice-President, and C. C. Thompson, Cashier.



....Dividend announced:

N. Y. Central & H. R. R. Rd., 1¼ per cent., payable January 15.

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Survey of the World

The Isthmian Canal

It is expected at Washington that the Isthmian Canal Commission will by unanimous vote approve the report of the minority of the Board of Advisory Engineers, which is to be in favor of a canal with locks, and that the President will agree with the Commission. The two reports will not be ready until some weeks hence, and in January the foreign engineers are to meet in Brussels, where their signatures will be affixed. It is recalled that Gen. Davis, Mr. Parsons, and Mr. Burr, the three Americans who voted for a sea-level canal, took similar action in February last, when, as a committee of the Commission (of which they were then members), they made a report upon the subject. The present Commission (and, probably, the President) will, in arriving at a decision, give considerable weight to the evidence that the construction of a sea-level canal would consume many years and require very heavy expenditure. It is said to have been admitted by the majority of the Board that the sea-level plan would call for an additional excavation of so large a quantity of rock at the bottom that the cost of this work alone would be \$90,000,000, and that the time required for it would be sixteen years after the removal of the earth above it. Among the plans now proposed is one prepared by Major Gillette, formerly one of the Commission's engineers, and now assisting the Mayor of Philadelphia in completing that city's filtration works and in pursuing the ring that held the filtration contracts. Major Gillette would build a great dam at Gatun, thus making a lake thirty miles long at the summit level, and at each end of this lake would have three locks. Such

a canal, he says, could be built in five years at a cost of only \$105,000,000— It is understood that the work and the expenditures of the Commission will be the subjects of an investigation in Congress. The Commission now asks for \$16,000,000 to meet its obligations up to June 30 next. Of this sum, \$9,000,000 will be needed for payments on contracts recently made, and \$7,000,000 will be required for current expenses. Nearly all of the \$10,000,000 appropriated some time ago has been used. In answer to published criticism concerning the contracts, Secretary Taft says that the President is authorized by the Spooner Act to make contracts up to a total of \$135,000,000. It is reported that the President is satisfied with the present Commission, and will oppose any movement for the abolition of it.



Second Conviction of Senator Burton

At the end of his second trial, in St. Louis, last Saturday night, United States Senator Joseph R. Burton, of Kansas, was again found guilty of receiving compensation for practicing as an attorney before the Post Office Department in behalf of a speculative company that was in danger of being forbidden to use the mails for the promotion of its business. He was employed for several months, at \$500 per month, beginning on November 18th, 1902. After his first conviction, in 1904, he was sentenced to be confined in jail for six months and to pay a fine of \$5,000. This first conviction was annulled on the ground that the money had been paid to him outside of the jurisdiction of the trial court. The second indictment was found just in time

to avoid the statute of limitations. He is now found guilty on all of six counts. The maximum penalty is two years in jail and \$10,000 fine on each count. He will appeal again, and may be able to prevent a final decision until after the end of his term, in March, 1907; but he will not attempt to occupy his seat in the Senate.



Washington Topics

It is the intention of Secretary Root to attend the Congress of American Republics at Rio Janeiro, next Summer. As it is not customary for the head of the State Department to undertake such missions, an impression prevails that in this instance the Secretary's purpose is one of much importance and that he will strive to promote a better understanding of the Monroe Doctrine.—At the President's request, Secretary Shaw, who intended to leave the Cabinet on February 1st, has consented to remain until the end of the coming session of Congress. Other members who were intending to withdraw have been urged to stay. Secretary Hitchcock will finish his campaign against the land thieves, and Attorney-General Moody's departure has been postponed.—On the 27th the President removed from office Assistant United States Treasurer William S. Leib, of Philadelphia, for "persistent violation of the civil service law while in office." Charges were made against him by the Civil Service Commission some months ago. At the request of Senator Penrose, the President gave him a hearing, at which Commissioner Cooley acted as prosecutor, and Representative Patterson as defendant's counsel. In a letter announcing his decision to Mr. Leib, the President says: "It appears to me very clear that there has been a constant effort on your part to evade the provisions of the civil service law, to hamper its workings as far as possible, and to obstruct in every way the action of the Commission."—The President has appointed Herbert J. Hagerman to be Governor of New Mexico. Mr. Hagerman succeeds Governor Otero, who has held the office for eight years. The latter is said to be an intimate friend of Delegate W. H. Andrews, formerly of Pennsylvania, whose

connection with the wrecked Enterprise Bank was the subject of much discussion during the recent campaign in that State. Delegate Andrews asked for the reappointment of Governor Otero.—The General Board of the Navy will recommend in its program of work for the coming year the construction of three first-class battleships of at least 18,000 tons, three scout cruisers, five gunboats, and several torpedo boats and destroyers.—Senator Tillman says that not more than four Democrats in the Senate will vote against the President's railroad rate policy. If this be so, the added votes of less than a score of Republicans will be enough to make a majority for it.



Reform Movement in Pennsylvania

City Solicitor Kinsey now says to the public that he is in complete sympathy with Mayor Weaver. As evidence of this he has appointed William M. Meredith to be his assistant. Mr. Meredith has been associated with Judge Gordon (the Mayor's counsel) in pursuing members of the ring, and in his new office he will have charge of the civil suits by which the city will seek to recover some of the money fraudulently taken. Another associate of Judge Gordon (David Wallerstein) was appointed two weeks ago by District Attorney Bell to be his assistant, and to have charge of the criminal suits. Mr. Kinsey says he is about to reorganize his entire office force in order that it may be in sympathy with the Mayor.—William H. Berry was elected State Treasurer by a plurality of 88,244. The Sinking Fund Commissioners (one of whom is the present Treasurer) have given notice to the banks now holding the Sinking Fund surplus of \$4,000,000 that they should be prepared for a withdrawal of the deposits. During the recent campaign it was asserted that these deposits had been made in violation of the law, which requires the money to be paid for State bonds or to be invested in United States securities.—It is expected that Gov. Pennypacker, at the earnest request of a great number of citizens, will add the questions of ballot reform and uniform primaries to those which, under his original call, the special session of the Legislature is to

consider.—The reform press objects to the proposed erection of a statue of the late Senator Quay on the Capitol grounds at Harrisburg. Gov. Pennypacker approved the bill for such a statue last Spring, but vetoed bills for statues of Gen. Hancock and Gen. Hartranft. The views of those who object appear to be in accord with those of Mr. Henry C. Lea, the well-known author, who says, in a published statement:

"It is impossible to imagine that the community will patiently accept the shame of thus honoring in perpetuity the memory of a man who prostituted his remarkable abilities to the systematic debauching of public morality; of a man whose achievement was the building up of a machine which rendered graft a profession and enabled the gang to rule and plunder at will; of a man whose sole claim to remembrance is that he covered his native State with ignominy and rendered it a byword in the nation as the typical exemplar of political corruption."

Mayor Dunne and Chicago's Railways

In a public address, a few days ago, Mayor Dunne said he had no hope that his plans for municipal ownership would be carried out with the consent of the present City Council of Chicago. In a letter addressed to the editor of an Eastern magazine he says that he has not "abandoned the idea of municipalizing the street railways," but is still confident that the will of the people will be carried into effect sooner or later. He has been hampered, he continues, by a hostile Council and a hostile press. Explaining his messages to the Council, he describes at length the advantages of his plan for using a new corporation which should act as a constructing company for the city. He then says:

"After waiting for three months for some action, I sent several messages to the Council, calling their attention to the vote of the people as expressed at the polls, and respectfully urged them to take action according to the people's desire. They have absolutely refused to pay any attention to the same, and the transportation committee, which has the matter in charge, upon its own initiative has invited the present traction companies to present forms of ordinances for the renewal of their franchises for twenty years. They are hurrying thru these ordinances with the utmost expedition at the present time. Every move I have made in the Council in favor of municipal ownership has been defeated by majorities of from 47 to 42 to 18 to 22. I am

practically powerless, so far as the Council is concerned. The Council, however, has agreed to pass no ordinance that shall not provide for a referendum before the people. I am very confident that when the extension ordinances are submitted to the people they will vote them down, next spring."

Nearly all the city newspapers, he adds, are working against municipal ownership, and "all the banking interests and capitalists seem to be in league" to prevent it. But he believes the people will insist upon carrying out their wishes already thrice expressed at the polls, and he intends "to fight this thing out to the end."



The Election in New York

It is now expected that there will be a recount of a large number of the ballots cast at the recent municipal election in New York. On Monday last Supreme Court Justice Amend, in response to the application of Mr. Hearst and other candidates on the ticket of the Municipal Ownership League, ordered that the boxes in five districts be opened. The application had been opposed by counsel representing Tammany Hall and Mayor McClellan, the leader of these attorneys being Ex-Judge Alton B. Parker, candidate for the Presidency in 1904. Mr. Hearst's lawyers say that in more than half of the districts the errors already found are sufficient to bring the boxes under Justice Amend's ruling, and that the ballots in more than a thousand districts may yet be recounted. Owing to the continued efforts of reform organizations and of the prosecuting authorities, many men will be punished for illegal voting and other fraudulent acts. About sixty persons have already been indicted (among these being eleven election inspectors), and three have been sent to the penitentiary. In two or three instances heavy bail has been forfeited by indicted repeaters, for the escape of whom some one was willing to pay.



Cuba and the Isle of Pines

The approaching Presidential election (December 1) excites little interest in Cuba, because the result is so clearly foreseen, the Liberals having no national or Congressional tickets in the field. It is asserted that several groups

of persons conspiring against the Government have been discovered. Following the capture of arms and ammunition in a house at Cerro, the arrest of Dr. Julian Betancourt, a Liberal Congressman, was ordered. Two or three days later, thirteen men were arrested in Pinar del Rio, and 59 rifles were found in their possession. Congressman Guerra was said to be a leader of this group, and to have fifty followers. A committee of Liberal Congressmen called upon President Palma, assured him of the loyalty of their constituents, and expressed regret that the disloyalty of others had been shown by the secreted stores of guns and ammunition. It appears to be admitted by representatives of the Government that there was fraud in the registration. There are more than 400,000 names on the lists, and the number of Cubans entitled to vote does not exceed 315,000.

—On Saturday last the American residents of the Isle of Pines ratified their recent election of Territorial officers and of a Delegate to Congress by a vote of 76 to 67, but decided that there should be no attempt to assume any office except by authority of the United States. Secretary Andrade, of the Cuban Cabinet, says that our Government will not be asked to preserve order on the island; all that may be required will be done by the Cuban Government, and if Americans attempt to assume office they will be sent to jail. The petition in opposition to the American movement has been signed by 1,500 Cuban residents. Edward C. Ryan, the American who was elected Delegate, was formerly a resident of Washington, and is a brother of a Pennsylvania politician. Some say that this accounts for Senator Penrose's interest in the claims of the American settlers and his opposition to the pending treaty of cession.



Trade With the Philippines

In an address at Kansas City, Secretary Taft argued earnestly that the application of our navigation laws to trade between the Philippine Islands and the States should be postponed until 1909, and that our tariff on Philippine products should be reduced to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rate. With re-

spect to the sale of Philippine products by Filipinos, he remarked, we were treating the islands as a foreign country, but in the matter of furnishing business for our merchant marine we were treating them as a part of our own country. This proceeding, as Secretary Taft very pertinently pointed out in his Kansas City speech, was an indefensible position. The attitude of our domestic sugar and tobacco interests toward the desired reduction of the tariff was, in his opinion, "the quintessence of selfishness" and was open to the severest kind of criticism.—The New York Board of Trade and Transportation has adopted by unanimous vote a resolution calling for the repeal of the Frye law, which applies our exclusive coast navigation laws to trade with the islands on July 1, 1906. These laws are in force with respect to trade with Hawaii, and complaint is made that the interests of the islands suffer because the supply of American ships is inadequate.



German Universities

According to official reports, the total attendance at the twenty-one German universities during the recent semester was 45,285. Of these 41,940 were regularly matriculated, 2,386 were male "hearers" and 960 were female hearers. The relative growth of university enrollment is larger than the ratio of population growth, and the fears so often expressed by Bismarck of a "learned proletariat," of an over-production of technically skilled specialists far beyond the actual needs of the state, are still entertained by many. One noteworthy feature is the flocking of students to the great cities. The four leading institutions of Berlin, Munich, Leipzig and Bonn have a total enrollment of 20,154, or nearly one-half of the total student contingent of the Fatherland. The smaller universities seem to be becoming smaller all the time. Greifswald, which only two years ago had over a thousand students, has now only 786. Erlangen has also come below the thousand line, and Rostock, the smallest, has 623. A peculiar feature is the fact that the women contingent is kept down, largely thru the influence of the Prussian universities, which are openly antagonistic to the

women. Berlin several years ago had an enrollment of more than six hundred women, but now it is only 365. Rather singularly the South German universities, which have opened their doors to women exactly on the same conditions that obtain in the case of men, do not attract the women students. The three universities of Bavaria, the two of Baden, the one of Wurttemberg, all of which immatriculate and give degrees to women, have together only 159 women on their lists, Munich reporting only 27. Evidently the women of Germany do not

sity of Münster, namely, 10. The other states of Europe furnish 2,775, and other than European states 403 women. Of European states, Russia heads the list with 1,153 students; America is represented with 268, Asia with 108 (mostly Japanese), Africa with 19, and Australia with 8.

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A Mutiny at Sevastopol

A very serious, because well-ordered, mutiny broke out on Friday, November 24, among the sailors on the ships and in the barracks at Sevastopol, and is not



Identifying the Dead in the Jewish Cemetery of Odessa.

want degrees, but only to get the best equipment, which is generally believed can be had at the Prussian institutions rather than at those of the smaller states. The German universities still attract the stranger as no other schools of the world. The foreign contingent is 7.5 per cent. of the whole student body. Berlin, naturally, leads with 976 foreign students, and all the universities without exception are represented in the total of 3,178 foreigners. The smaller number are at the exclusively Catholic Univer-

yet under control. The trouble seemed to have originated on the battleship which mutinied last June in the harbor of Odessa, the "Kniaz Potemkin." The name of the vessel had been changed to the "Panteleimon," but apparently the disposition of its crew remains the same. Some 800 sailors of the battleship and of the cruiser "Otchakoff" revolted at noon and raised the red flag. They sent a deputation to the sailors on shore and held a joint meeting with the workingmen and soldiers, after which they all

marched thru the town. Admiral Chouknin, commanding the Black Sea fleet, went on board the "Kniaz Potemkin," and addressed the mutineers, saying that the Czar was deeply grieved at their conduct and would listen to their grievances and remedy them. A sailor shouted "We know the value of the Czar's promises, and no longer trust them!" Admiral Chouknin was then ordered to go on shore. In the evening he sent Admiral Pisarevsky, commander of the practice squadron, to the barracks with a company from the Brest Regiment, and disperse the meeting being held there. When the sailors refused to disperse he ordered his patrol to fire upon them, but instead two shots were fired by the mutineers, wounding him in the shoulder and killing Captain Stein. During the night the mutineers, numbering about 4,000, elected officers and pledged themselves not to pillage, kill, or drink vodka, but on the contrary, to maintain discipline and prevent all rowdyism. On the following morning they marched in good order to the barracks of the Brest Regiment. The soldiers imprisoned their officers, including Gen. Nepludoff, commandant of the fortress, and joined them. Then soldiers, sailors, workmen, altogether some 10,000, marched thru the city to the place where the Bialystok Regiment was stationed. The troops were headed by their bands and colors. The Bialystok soldiers received the procession with the military salute and cheers, but refused to join in the mutiny. The mutineers planned to seize the naval vessels that had not yet joined them and take them to Odessa, but Admiral Chouknin checkmated them by having all the gun-locks smashed. The artillerymen of the fortress refused to obey Admiral Chouknin's orders to fire upon the mutinous vessels in the harbor. The authorities at St. Petersburg fear to send troops to Sevastopol lest they should join in the revolt, but they hope to keep the mutineers hemmed in their barracks, which are on the peninsula near Malakoff Hill, famous in the Crimean War, and under the guns of one of the forts and of the warships. The mutineers are maintaining their regular discipline. They have improved the quality of their rations, and are guarding the water works to prevent the authorities cutting

off their supply. They are in communication with the sailors at Kronstadt, and have received the following telegram from the Central Labor Union of St. Petersburg:

"The Council, in the name of the St. Petersburg proletariat, sends warm greetings to the soldiers and sailors of Sevastopol who have decided, following the noble example of the crew of the 'Kniaz Potemkin,' to fight for freedom in fraternal union with the workmen. May the events at Sevastopol be an example to the soldiers of all Russia, as the strike of the St. Petersburg proletariat in defense of the Kronstadt sailors was an example for the workmen of all Russia. Then a union of the revolutionary proletariats and the revolutionary army will put an end to all remnants of the autocracy and raise on the ruins a free, democratic State."



The Zemstvo and Present Congress

The sessions of the congress of the representatives of the Zemstvos and of the congress of peasants, held in Moscow last week, were of very great importance, for much depends upon their attitude toward the Witte Government. A strong effort was made by the friends of Witte to induce the Zemstvoists to compromise on their demand for direct universal suffrage and give unqualified support to the Government and the Duma, but they were defeated by two-thirds majority. The resolution finally adopted is a cautious one, showing distrust of Count Witte's intentions or of his ability to carry them out:

"The congress feels assured that the Ministry can count on the co-operation and support of the Zemstvoists and members of the Duma only in so far as it will correctly and consistently carry out the Constitutional principles of the manifesto. Every departure from these principles will meet with resolute counter-action on their part."

On the other hand, the Zemstvoists rejected the proposals of the radical members to send a deputation with an ultimatum to St. Petersburg or to establish a provisional government. The Congress unanimously voted resolutions of indignation and sympathy in regard to the Jewish massacres, and favoring the use of the local language in the primary schools of all non-Russian peoples. They reaffirmed their former demands, which include the prompt convocation of repre-

sentatives of the people elected by direct, equal, secret, and universal suffrage, the endowment of the first National Assembly with constitutive functions, and the adoption of a series of measures directed toward the pacification of the country, including the immediate promulgation of laws securing political freedom, the abolition of repressive measures, an impartial investigation of the recent outrages, the prosecution of officials for non-compliance with the laws, the promulgation of a temporary law extending the powers of the Zemstvos and Dumas for assuming public safety, full amnesty for political and religious offenses, and the abolition of capital punishment. A committee, headed by Ivan Petrunkevitch, will go to St. Petersburg to present to Premier Witte the resolutions of the Zemstvoists. —The Peasant's Congress adopted more radical resolutions, demanding a Constituent Assembly elected by direct universal suffrage without regard to sex, nationality or religion, and favoring the organization of the Universal Peasants' League to sustain a strike unless the demands of the peasants are satisfied. It

was resolved in the meantime not to buy land from the land owners, and, should a strike be necessary, to refuse to pay taxes or respond to calls for recruits or reservists. Moscow is still under martial law, and on November 27 the president and the principal members of the Peasants' Congress were summarily arrested. Among those arrested was Chirikov, the author of "The Chosen People," a play dealing with the Jewish massacres, which was presented in New York last winter by the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company. In some parts of Russia the peasants have taken possession of the estates of the nobility, generally without violence; in others they are waiting for the assembling of the Duma, confident that its first action will be to divide up the land which they have always considered theirs by right. In the province of Yaroslav the Governor sent troops against the peasants, but the soldiers left their arms and ammunition in the peasants' houses and assisted them in marking out the lots into which the estates were being divided. It is repeatedly rumored that the Czar has become tired of



The Great Demonstration on October 31st—Day of the Proclamation of the Constitution in St. Petersburg.
A Crowd with Red Flags on the Nevsky Prospect.


making futile concessions and is about to make Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch dictator, or to resign and make him regent.

Powers Unite Against Turkey

Decisive action has been taken by the Powers to enforce their plan for the financial adjustment of affairs in European Turkey. The plan was presented to the Sultan some time ago, but was not acted upon. Last week an acceptance of the conditions was demanded by the Powers within twenty-four hours, accompanied by a threat of seizing the Turkish custom houses in case of a refusal. This demand was met by a flat refusal, and a veiled hint at possible Christian massacres in case the Powers took any decisive action. With the exception of Germany, which is not participating in enforcing these reforms, all the nations interested had despatched two warships to the Peiræus. On the announcement of the Sultan's refusal, the allied fleet was at once despatched to Mitylene. The fleet anchored off the island on Monday; the English, French and Italians each landed 100 men, while the Austrians landed 200. This force seized the custom house and telegraph lines without opposition. Concerning the outcome of this affair there are widely varying rumors. The developments of the next few days are awaited with great interest. The financial scheme of the Powers provides for the collection of taxes by local authorities, such as the village headmen, the whole to be under the supervision of a representative of the Powers. A similar plan was submitted to the Sultan by a private syndicate a year ago, under the guise of a loan, which was to be guaranteed by the taxes thus collected, and ample funds were offered by London and Berlin capitalists, but the offer was rejected, chiefly because of the opposition of the Ottoman Bank. The plan would be acceptable to the Macedonians themselves, and would be most profitable to the Turkish treasury, as was proved by tests some ten years ago. The bulk of the taxes are now stolen by Turkish authorities appointed by the Constantinople Government.

China and Korea


Very important negotiations are now being carried on in Peking between the Chinese Government and Baron Komura, the Japanese Foreign Minister, in regard to the future relations between the two countries. No very definite or reliable information has been given out, but it is reported that the Chinese Viceroy is opposed to two of the provisions of the Treaty of Portsmouth, that China should buy back the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria and then turn it over to Japan, and that Japanese guards shall be used to protect it. The Viceroy in general favors a close alliance with Japan as against America and Europe. There have been many rumors of late that the Germans were soon to withdraw or to be expelled from Kiao-Chau. These reports are officially denied by the Berlin papers, who assert that the most cordial relations exist between the German and the Chinese Governments. The purchase by China of the American concession of the Canton-Hankau Railroad, recently relinquished by Morgan, was made by means of a \$5,000,000 loan obtained from England. The dominant power in Chinese affairs now appears to be the progressive Yaun-Shih-Kai, Viceroy of the Chili Province and Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Army. He has recently removed Wu Ting-fang, the well-known ex-Minister to the United States, from his position as Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, and made him vice-president of the Board of Punishment, replacing him by Toay Shao-yi, one of his own followers and former Commissioner to Tibet. The Japanese Government will ask the Diet for an appropriation of \$800,000 for telegraphs and telephones in Korea, Manchuria and Sakhalin. The Seoul-Gensau railway in Korea is to be completed at a cost of \$7,500,000. The indignation of the Koreans at the practical annexation of their country by Japan is shown by the act of a Korean who threw a stone at Marquis Ito thru the window of the railroad car in which he was traveling. He was slightly injured by the broken glass. The Korean was caught and punished by two months' imprisonment and 100 lashes.



Are Life Insurance Premiums Too High?

BY RUFUS W. WEEKS

[The following article by the President of the Actuarial Society of America, and the Chief Actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, is of especial importance to the American people just now, when the subject of the cost of insurance by private companies and by the Government is being so extensively discussed.—EDITOR.]



IN fixing the premium rates to be charged for life insurance three assumptions must be made for the future: First, the rate of mortality to be expected; second, the rate of interest to be expected; and, third, the rates of expense to be expected.

1. In regard to rate of mortality.

The table generally assumed in this country for calculating premiums is the American Table of Mortality. In the early years of existence of insurance, the actual mortality is not so high as that called for by this table; this saving being due to the selection exercised by means of medical examinations and inspections at the time when the insured are accepted. This favorable effect, however, wears away in the course of a few years, being practically reduced to a small constant at the end of five years from the time the lives enter the company.

Of course, we do not know precisely what the mortality will be among insured lives of five years or more standing in the quarter century or half century to come. So much as this, however, we do know—that there has been no improvement in this respect during the last thirty years: that is to say, that lives in the insurance companies which have been insured more than five years show now as high rates of mortality as corresponding lives showed thirty years ago. This may be considered a singular fact in view of the advance which has taken place in medical and surgical science, the supposed better quality of food and more hygienic habits of living. Adult deaths from consumption and from acute fevers

have decreased, but this decrease has been made up by an increase in deaths from diseases of the brain and of the heart, and from suicide. It would seem to be the case that the tension of life for the adult male is greater and more perilous than it was a quarter of a century ago, to a sufficient extent to neutralize the benefit that has come from greater scientific knowledge. However this may be, the fact remains that the companies experience as high a mortality now as they did thirty or forty years ago, and could not safely count upon any lower mortality in the future.

The ultimate mortality—that after the effects of selection have worn off—probably averages as high as ninety per cent. of the American table in the companies taken at large; and since it is by no means impossible that changes may occur in the future which will increase the mortality above the present experience, it would not be safe for a life insurance company to assume any ultimate mortality scale lower than that of the American table. It is, however, doubtless safe to expect that the new lives insured in the future will, like those in the past, show a materially lower mortality than that of the American table during the first five years of insurance; and we may properly assume that the average rates of mortality for the first five years' standing of the risks will be three-fourths of the rates called for by the American table.

2. As to the rate of interest.

American companies are at present divided, in their assumption as to future rate of interest, between three and three

one-half per cent. There is no science which will enable us to foretell what the course of the rate of interest is to be. Immense changes are taking place in the manner of carrying on the world's business, and it is quite as likely that these changes will produce a marked and permanent decrease in the rate of interest receivable as otherwise. It is, therefore, certainly not safe to assume, for a long period of years to come, that a life insurance company, restricted as it is likely to be in the range of its investments, can count with confidence upon more than three per cent. interest.

3. As to rates of expense.

The expense, of course, must always be higher in the first year of insurance than in subsequent years. The time will never come when men will of their own accord offer themselves for life insurance. It is not in normal human nature that they should do so, for the pressure of the daily call for the daily income will always be stronger than any internal call to provide for the disaster of premature death. The healthy-minded man is fully occupied with the affairs of life, and he instinctively puts from him the thought of the possibility of death. This is as it should be, from the physical, mental and moral points of view. It is the business of life insurance thru its machinery of propaganda—agents, and the tools which they use—to make the vivid appeal to man which nature refuses to make, and this kind of work cannot be done except at considerable expense. After people are once insured, of course their policies can be taken care of at a much lower annual expense.

What, then, is the least measure of the expenses for the two purposes—acquisition and maintenance—which must be provided for in the future? There would seem to be no better way of answering this question than by taking the companies of the very best standing as to economy of management and finding out what are their present ratios of expenses of these two kinds. To establish a standard such that no one will question it, we may exclude the three largest companies, and, if we then take the following six, no objection can be raised:

Northwestern Mutual.
Provident Life and Trust.

Mutual Benefit.
Massachusetts Mutual.
New England Mutual.
Berkshire.

Let us, then, analyze and sum the expenses of these six companies* for the year 1904 into three groups of expenses: (a) those which pertain distinctly to the acquisition of new business; (b) those which refer distinctly to renewal premiums; and (c) those which are of the nature of general expenses. We find the expenses so grouped to be as follows:

of class (a).....	\$4,297,000
of class (b).....	3,478,000
of class (c).....	3,655,000

Total \$11,430,000

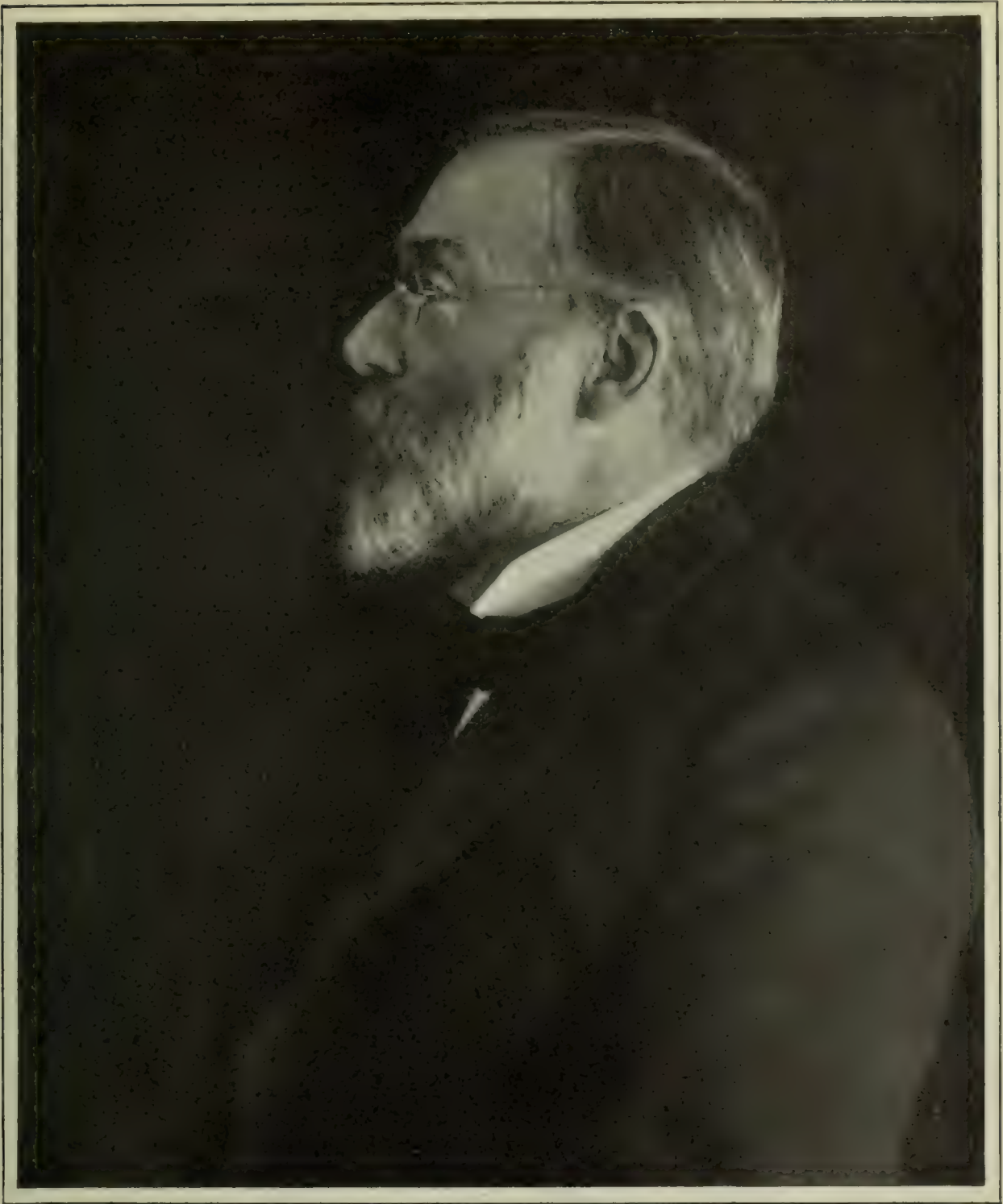
We now sum together the new premiums received in 1904 and also the renewal premiums, and we find the new premiums to have been.... \$7,251,000
and the renewal premiums. 53,187,000

Total premiums..... \$60,438,000

The expenses of class (a) should be charged against the new premiums exclusively, and we find that they are equal to 59.3 per cent. of such new premiums. The expenses of class (b) should be charged against the renewal premiums exclusively, and we find that they are 6.5 per cent. of the renewal premiums. The expenses of class (c) should be charged against the aggregate of premiums, including new and renewal, and we find that they amount to 6.0 per cent. of such aggregate premiums. The entire charge against the first year's premiums should, therefore, be the sum of ratios (a) and (c), or 65.3 per cent., and the entire charge against renewal premiums should be the sum of ratios (b) and (c), or 12.5 per cent.

The premium to be charged is made up of two elements—the net premium and the loading. The net premium is based simply upon the two assumptions of mortality and interest, and makes no provision for expenses, and, in order to be absolutely safe, the loading ought

* The New York Life belongs to the same class with respect to economy of management, with the above select group of companies; in fact, its figures for the year 1904 indicate a slight superiority in that respect to the group taken as a whole; since, while it pays higher rates of first year's commission, it spends so much less on renewals that the latter saving more than offsets the higher initial expenses, in the lifetime of its deferred dividend policies.



RUFUS W. WEEKS.

to include, besides the distinct provision for expenses, some further addition for contingencies in the way of extraordinary losses on investments or unexpectedly high mortality. Therefore, if we were to make our loading on the basis which would give us 65 per cent. of the first premium and 15 per cent. of the renewal premiums, we should not be making it any too high for perfect safety.

We will now proceed to calculate the life insurance premium upon the basis of the foregoing assumptions. Of course, life insurance is issued upon many different plans—the three principal being the Ordinary Life, on which the insurance is payable at death only and the premiums are payable until death occurs; the Twenty Payment Life, on which the insurance is payable at death only and the premiums are pay-

able for twenty years only; and the Twenty Year Endowment, on which the insurance is payable at death or twenty years after issue, if the insured is then living.

As representing an average of all the different plans and ages, let us take the case of the Twenty Payment Life, issued at the age of forty. A slight element not included above should be brought into the calculation of the premium for this case. After the premiums for the twenty years have been paid in full, the policy may still remain in force for many years later, and it should in those years make some small contribution to the current expenses of the company from year to year. We will assume that this contribution will be at the rate of \$1.50 per thousand dollars insured.

The process of calculating a premium upon the above assumptions is not a difficult one, but it is perhaps not necessary that it should be set forth at length here. Any person conversant with life insurance mathematics can test the accuracy of the result now offered. That result is that the Twenty Payment Life premium at the age of forty, calculated upon the foregoing basis, which is no more liberal than safety requires, is \$40.39.*

A question might be raised in regard to one of the assumptions made in the foregoing calculation—that which has to do with the rates of expense in the future. It might be thought not quite safe to assume that the expenses of life insurance in the future will not exceed those now experienced by the most economically managed companies. Let us, therefore, consider the case of companies which are not so happily situated as the six heretofore mentioned, in respect to moderation in expenses. Let us aggregate the various items of expense for the ten companies in New York other than the Mutual, the Equitable, the Metropolitan and the New York Life, in the same manner as has been done above for the group already treated. We shall find that these ten New York companies show the aggregate expenses of

class (a) in the year 1904 as.	\$4,331,000
of class (b).....	1,064,000
of class (c).....	2,971,000

Total	\$8,366,000
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We shall further find that the new premiums received in 1904 were \$3,925,000 and the renewal premiums. 20,074,000

Total	\$23,999,000
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We shall find that the expenses of class (a) are equal to 112.9 per cent. of the new premiums; the expenses of class (b) 5.3 per cent. of the renewal premiums; and the expenses of class (c) 12.4 per cent. of the entire premiums. We thus reach a total charge against the first year's premiums of 125.3 per cent., and against the renewal premiums of 17.7 per cent.

We proceed to calculate a premium for the case of the Twenty Payment Life issued at the age of forty in the same manner as before, except that we substitute these higher expense ratios, adding, as in the preceding case, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the renewal expenses for unforeseen contingencies. The calculation brings out a premium of \$45.48.

We have thus established what may fairly be considered a maximum and a minimum premium on the basis of safety for the future, the maximum being, as already shown, \$45.48, and the minimum, \$40.39, the mean between these two being \$42.93. It will be interesting to compare with these rates the rates which are actually charged by the companies operating in the United States and Canada. The following table shows the premium rate charged, for a Twenty Payment Life policy issued at the age of forty, by each of the fifty-one companies listed in Flitcraft's Manual for 1905. It will be seen that the rates range from \$37.84 to \$42.79—the average rate being \$41.23.

PREMIUM RATES FOR A TWENTY PAYMENT
LIFE POLICY, ISSUED AT THE
AGE OF FORTY.

Ætna Life Insurance Company.....	\$41.34
Bankers Life Insurance Company.....	38.95
Berkshire Life Insurance Company....	41.18
Canada Life Assurance Company.....	42.55
Columbian National Life Insurance Company	41.00
Confederation Life Association.....	41.35
Conn. General Life Insurance Company	38.89

* If we calculate the Twenty Payment Life premium at age forty, which would be called for by the above assumptions as to mortality and interest, and the ratios of expense experienced by the New York Life in 1904, adding the same $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the renewals for unforeseen contingencies as is added above, we shall reach the rate of \$39.88.

Conn. Mutual Life Insurance Company.	\$39.77
Conservative Life Insurance Company.	41.42
Des Moines Life Insurance Company..	40.61
Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa.....	38.82
Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.....	42.79
Federal Life Insurance Company.....	42.13
Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Com- pany	39.88
Franklin Life Insurance Company....	42.70
Germania Life Insurance Company....	41.92
Hartford Life Insurance Company....	42.00
Home Life Insurance Company.....	41.06
Illinois Life Insurance Company.....	41.50
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company	41.18
Manhattan Life Insurance Company...	41.46
Maryland Life Insurance Company....	41.01
Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Company.	41.18
Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Com- pany	41.11
Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Com- pany	40.38
Mutual Life Insurance Company of Illinois	41.46
Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.....	41.46
National Life Insurance Company....	41.62
New England Mutual Life Insurance Company	40.60
New York Life Insurance Company..	42.79
North American Life Assurance Com- pany	41.35
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company	42.24
Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company.	41.20
Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.	41.60
Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Com- pany	41.54
Pittsburgh Life and Trust Company...	42.38
Provident Life and Trust Company...	37.84
Provident Savings Life Assurance So- ciety	40.70
Prudential Insurance Company.....	41.25
Reliance Life Insurance Company....	42.79
Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company	39.80
Security Mutual Life Insurance Com- pany	42.49
Security Trust and Life Insurance Company	41.41
State Life Insurance Company of In- dianapolis, Ind.....	42.48
State Mutual Life Assurance Company.	41.20
Sun Life Assurance Company.....	41.35
Travelers Insurance Company.....	42.79
Union Central Life Insurance Company.	39.89
Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.	41.74
United States Life Insurance Company.	41.30
Washington Life Insurance Company..	41.46

Altho much good effect in the way of economy, whether voluntary or enforced, may be anticipated from the present agitation as to life insurance, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that more can be accomplished in this direction than to bring down the expense of the companies in general to the level of the six

companies first mentioned. This being the case, it is clear that considerations of safety, which are, of course, paramount in this matter, would forbid any reduction in the premium rates at present in force.

In the actual experience of most companies the premiums charged have proved more than sufficient (tho this could not safely have been presumed on); and "surplus" has resulted in considerable quantities, available for returns to the policyholders under the title of dividends. Thus the margin in the premium which was prospectively a provision for the safety of the policies, appears retrospectively to have been a provision for dividends. Under the plan of annual distribution, the payments required from the policyholders are reduced by these dividends year by year, while under the plan of deferred distribution, the accumulated surplus becomes a substantial provision for old age, over and above any such provision guaranteed by the policy.

From the fact that the companies are steadily earning surplus, it has been argued by professors and others that lower premium rates ought to be adopted for policies hereafter to be issued. This argument is unsound; it is an example of false inference. The sources from which the surplus has been earned, and is at present being earned, are three: favorable mortality, interest higher than the assumed rate, and excess of policy reserve over surrender allowances on policies dropped. The first of these sources—mortality lower than tabular—arises mainly, as has already been shown, in the early years of the insurances, and for those years it has been taken account of in the foregoing calculation of a safe premium. As regards risks of more than five years' standing, altho such risks may up to this time have furnished a saving on the mortality provided for, the margin of such profit is not wide enough to make it safe to presume on its future permanence.

The second source of surplus—extra interest—has been steadily growing less, and, so far as we can tell, may continue to grow less in the future. It would be the height of imprudence to assume that because the companies have been earning

more than four per cent. interest for ten years past they will continue to earn the same rate, or anything approximating, for the twenty or thirty years to come.

As to the third source of surplus—consisting of profit, so-called, on policies discontinued—this is in the main illusory, as upon the greater part by far of the discontinued policies only one premium has been paid, and the actual profit on such policies, after paying expenses of acquisition, is practically *nil*. Furthermore, even as regards that portion of the profit from lapses which is real, we have no right to count upon it in the future, since it is a matter subject to the will of the policyholder whether he will continue his policy or not, and we cannot reckon on his decision. Besides this,

the very liberal guarantees contained in policies now being issued preclude the possibility of any considerable profit arising from this source in the future.

From all these considerations it is plain that the fact that the companies are now deriving considerable amounts of surplus from the premiums they are receiving on policies heretofore issued furnishes no certainty that this will continue to be the case in the same measure on policies now being issued. We hope that it will, and we have good reason for this hope, but we have no right to presume upon it to the extent of reducing premium rates below the limit of safety—and our duty therefore is to keep premium rates upon their present level.

NEW YORK.



A Thanksgiving Hymn

BY ANNETTE KOHN

For our blessings, Lord, we praise Thee
For the greatness that we know,
For the fullness of Thy bounty,
That doth move as oceans flow.

As we call up the dead nations
From their sealed graves and dust,
As we watch their shadows passing,
And we know that Thou art just,

Is there earth enough for kneeling?
Are words coined in which to pray?
Is there height or depth to measure
All Thy goodness in our day?

When we see our teeming coffers,
Do we know and understand
All the deeper, broader meaning
Of the wealth of this our land?

Do we hold our country's honor
Dear enough, as is her due?
All our best upon her lavish;
Are we always leal and true?

Out of pure love and thanksgiving,
Do we bring as sacrifice
Our own selfish ends and pleasure,
With rejoicing at the price?

Since the green trees first in Eden
Rose up proudly to the skies,
Never yet was there such promise
Of a coming paradise.

No flag like our own did ever
Lend such splendor to the air;
May it stream out like a blessing,
Float in glory ev'rywhere!

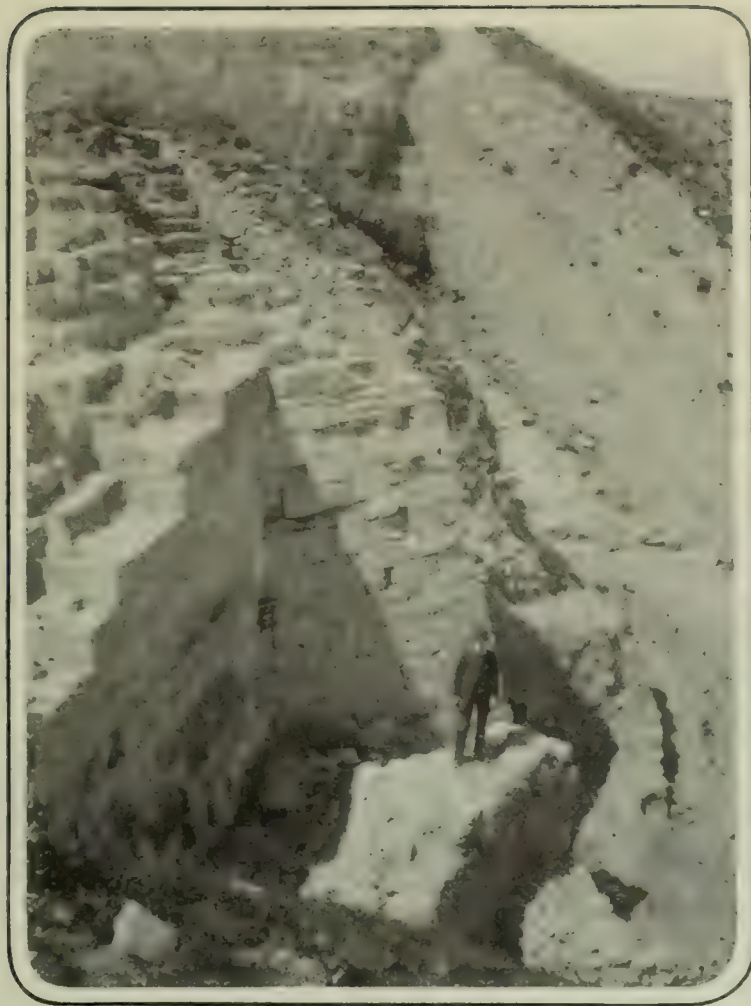
'Till our doctrine of man's freedom,
Like religion is believed;
'Till all peoples share the laurels
We so painfully achieved.

To the poor, the weak the helpless,
Let us prove a hope and strength;
In Thy righteous ways and holy,
Let us walk our days at length.

Let us drink of wisdom's fountain—
Sheathe our sword and guide our pen;
People city, vale, and hillside
With true women and brave men.

Let us conquer for dominion,
Strength of heart, and spirit-ease;
O'er our country wings of angels
Spread with message of Thy peace.

NEW YORK CITY.



A Bit of Troy Wall.

How We Took Troy

BY J. IRVING MANATT, L.L.D.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN BROWN UNIVERSITY.

THE omens were good as our little "Antigone" steamed out of the Golden Horn. To the fore frolicked a great school of dolphins and in our wake the sunset cloud lay like a luminous Golden Fleece. All night long we drifted dream-like down the storied waterway that opened to the Argo, but refuses *pratique* to the Russian; and sunrise found us at the Dardanelles. There the best of consuls and the real discoverer of Troy—Frank Calvert, Esquire—received us in his dewy garden; and two hours' negotiation with the Trojan Transportation Trust (Limited) issued in a contract for a three-days' excursion in a comfortable old Victoria, with a good pair of horses and a mount-

ed Turkish guard—all for fifty francs gold. And so, with young Philoktetides on the box—a clever lad who must have derived his name, if not his lineage, from the snake-bitten bowman of Lemnos—and our turbaned Zabtieh trotting ahead, we are off at noon for a Sabbath day's journey to Troy.

Now this road to Troy has been much maligned, and we found it far better than its reputation. The first hour of it indeed is distinctly rocky, with that Turkish loose-rockiness which is only less irritating than the corduroy roads that once tried men's souls in the miry West; and the scenery is tame, save as it is redeemed by the flocks and herds—sheep, kine, buffalo, and camels—and now and

then by laden camel-trains faring lazily in and out. But it gradually grows smoother; and, as you approach Renkioi, way and scene are all that heart could wish. Up pine-clad hills cleft by deep gorges winds loop on loop a fine causeway, offering glorious prospects over land and sea until at the top—where you look across the deeper gorge to Renkioi—the plain of Troy first comes in full view; and then, the gorge once cleared, the road ascends to a town so clean and neat and so girt with vineyards, olive groves, and fig orchards that no Turkish name can hide its pure Greek quality—the more so as it is May-day, which by the Eastern calendar is thirteen days behind ours, and the little town is *en fête* and every door hung with garlands. From this on a broad highway is grading as level as a floor and straight as a string—some miles of it already waiting to be spoiled by the broken stone piled alongside to macadamize it *à la Turque*; but by way of compensation it will be shaded by many a noble oak as is the old easy winding road we follow to-day. One of these great double oaks invited a halt and a siesta long to be remembered, before we drove on to ford the Simois. Then thru rich meadows teeming with flocks and dotted with oaks, we came out upon a wide plain outspread to the sea and, turning the corner of the plateau on our left, found ourselves under the walls of Troy.

Now I will not deny that for a moment it was disappointing. This lowly hillock the top of the world! We drove around three sides of it—as much as fleet-footed Achilles could have comfortably cleared in that chase—and it grew. We mounted the walls and looked down upon a labyrinth of half-unburied castles, and we knew that thirty centuries had builded and battled there before our era dawned.

It was but a brief reconnoissance, for the day was far spent and we were to prepare for the regular siege by a good night's sleep at Thymbra Farm. Now the pilgrim to Troy who stops short of Thymbra has missed the real felicity of the pilgrimage. In our ignorance of that, we had proposed to find night-quarters in one of the mean Turkish

hamlets—Hissarlik, or Chiblak—nearest Troy; but our good Consul thought of another thing. "We have a farm," he said, "an hour or so beyond Troy and my nephew will put you up there." With no little reluctance—for to sleep at Troy had been my heart's desire—I fell in with this plan; and so as the sun was sinking we drove on, as we supposed, to find a shake-down in the stead of a simple English farmer. Instead of that, we turned up in an Englishman's castle—a great quadrangular farmstead, commanding a domain of more than a thousand acres of the richest land in Asia—and in a household as charming as Hector's own. That is a forbidden topic indeed, but the Calverts are part of the tale of Troy and I cannot leave them out of this story.

When the two brothers first took Troy, I do not know; but from time immemorial (to me) they have dwelt in the Troad—one of them serving as British, the other as American Consul, at the Dardanelles. Jointly or severally, they had acquired large holdings, including Troy itself, and the rich bottoms of the Scamander and Thymbrius; and, while the elder brother gave himself to farming and particularly to developing Thymbra Farm, where his widow and son now dwell, the younger went in for archeology. It is forty years now, since Frank Calvert gave the *coup de spade* to the Trojan pretensions of Bunarbashi, and opened the mound at Thymbra in which, with true insight, he recognized the Tomb of the Trojans. About the same time he began the excavation of the Hill of Hissarlik and satisfied himself that it was the Homeric Troy; but his funds gave out and he offered the site to the British Museum if it would go on with the work. The Museum pleaded poverty; and so the ground lay fallow till one day Frank Calvert fell in with an eccentric German who had just come down from Bunarbashi and was hastening to embark for home. "There *was* no Troy after all," quoth this peevish pilgrim who turned out to be Heinrich Schliemann; but the cool-headed Englishman said: "Go and see Hissarlik, first." Said and done: Schliemann turned his back on the steamer, mounted a horse, and was off for Calvert's hil-

lock. Returning, he confessed his faith, got his firman, and dug up Troy—Troy, the first American conquest in the East, for was it not acquired and identified by an American Consul and explored by an American citizen under the shield of the Stars and Stripes? True, the American Consul presented Troy itself to the Ottoman Government and the American citizen gave the lion's share of its treasure to Germany; still by the higher warrant Troy is ours, a treasure not in earthen vessels, but in imperishable muniments.

own heroes—Schliemann's work at Troy was an archeological butchery. He carved out the core of Homeric Troy to get down to his Burnt City; and, when Dörpfeld finally laid bare the true Mycenaean walls, they enclosed but a narrow rim of the Homeric city and Schliemann's pits! Whatever time had spared of Athene's temple *ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ*, or of Priam's very beautiful house with its fifty chambers of polished stone for his sons and twelve more for his sons-in-law, or of Paris' palace or Hector's—all this



Frank Calvert, Proprietor and First Explorer of Troy.

But what I would lay stress on here is that before Schliemann and Dörpfeld was Calvert; and no tale of Troy that fails to give him the first place among modern explorers is fair or just.

Alas, that Calvert or Dörpfeld could not have guided Schliemann's spade! That is the regret that deepens as we mount the walls again for an all-day siege. For, with all respect to his memory—and old readers of *THE INDEPENDENT* may remember that he is one of my

with the topmost terrace they crowned must have gone down before the German spade. Whatever time had spared, I say; for much of it had of course disappeared in repeated levelings, as successive builders prepared the ground for one after another of the five settlements that succeeded the Sixth City, and doubtless the Athenians of the seventh century B. C., who carted off half the walls of Troy to build Sigeion, could account for more of it. But the fact remains that in coring

Troy Schliemann made havoc of the Homeric city, whereas by patient approaches a Dörpfeld or an Evans would have first developed the walls and so saved all that was left of Priam's castle. Then soundings might have been made, as Evans has made them at Knossos, of the lower strata—sufficient at least to determine the earlier history of the site, if not to find the Great Treasure or uncover the wide paved way of the second or Burnt City. Little care we for the lords and ladies who flaunted those golden jewels and fared up and down that steep Broadway (*εὐπράγνια* indeed) a thousand years and more before the poet's Troy rose upon the thrice-buried ruins of their town; but we hold precious every inch of ground once trodden by Priam and Hecuba, by Hector and Andromache, by fickle Helen and chaste Theano.

I had recently devoted three days to the Palace at Knossos, where Evan's patient painstaking has preserved every detail as his constructive insight has set the whole labyrinth in order—a clean-cut masterpiece that scarcely needs a commentator—and, by contrast, I found Troy all the harder study, for a hot day. Even with Dörpfeld's many-colored plans in hand (unfortunately the ruins are not colored to match!) it is slow work spelling out this palimpsest of eleven cities—a far more real labyrinth than Evans's house of the Double Axe. And so, having gone about the walls and told the towers thereof—Priam's own walls and towers,—we stretch out on the grassy mound that may still cover the Scæan Gate and open the Book of Troy, that has happily fared better than Troy itself. As we turn the precious pages and recall point by point the old, old story, testing the picture by the outspread scene, the doctrine of an Aeolian Homer grows upon us. The poet knew this scene by heart—why not himself of the migration, doubtless by way of Aeolis Lesbos, which turned the Troad into Aeolian not so long after the fall of Troy? Does not Aeolian Kyme lead all the rest in the hackneyed epigram:

"Seven cities claimed great Homer, dead,
Thru which the living Homer begged his
bread." *

* Namely, Kyme, Smyrna, Chios, Kolophon, Pylos, Argos, Athens.

Whatever this butchered hillock may conceal or reveal, it is the poet's own scene feature by feature that our *τειχοσκοπία* brings out. How clear the outer landmarks: to north looms the bold peak of Samothrace, to south many-fountained Ida lifts its crown of snow. Both command Troy, as Troy commands them both; and the poet could not but post his Poseidon on the one lookout and seat Father Zeus on the other, each the rearward of his chosen people. Indeed, old tradition must have already given the brother gods these opposing seats; at least it was as inevitable for the Trojan to seat his Zeus on snowy Ida as for the Hellene to place his own upon Olympus. That Ida is only an out-station, so to speak, of the Olympian, may be charged to the poet's Hellenic bias. Inside Samothrace and near enough to afford a handy exchange (captives against wine) for the raiding Achaians, stretches the long blue wave-line of Imbros; and further down lies tiny Tenedos, one of whose sons appears upon the scene in time to read to us slowly, but clearly, some great lines of the Book. Even from Nestor's quarters, fair-tressed Hekamede the while she mixed that mess of Pramnian wine for her war-worn master and wounded Machaon and served it in the old man's Dove Cup—even Hekamede had ever under her eyes the long low line of her native Tenedos whence Achilles on one of his raids had carried her away captive and the Achaians had awarded her to the Gerenian knight—the first trained nurse in history! Of the nearer scene—the level beach, stretching from headland to headland, and forming a natural camp that no land-force could flank; of the Scamander and Simois, no longer uniting their streams but finding each his own way to the sea; of the flowery plain where once a thousand camp fires gleamed—suffice it now to say that it is all in the Book. If *the oak* before the Scæan Gate is missing, it has left uncounted scions; for the Troad is today one vast oak park, orchard upon orchard of wide-spreading valonias laden with the great long acorns whose tannic husk is the staple wealth of Troy, as it is of Keos. In their grateful shade—and three of them still shade as many intact points within the walls of

Troy—one remembers that the oak (this same acorn-bearing *φηγός*) is Homer's tree. It is under an oak that Homer's "lad and lassie, lass and laddie hold their tryst," as Theocritus' swains seek the whispering pine. And does not the wild fig tree still flourish under these walls, while the tamarisk is the only living thing, unless it be the tortoise, in the pits of the Burnt City?

But the midday sun of May beats hot

Again the Scaean Gates open, and out of the desperate fray a warrior enters—Hector, with his nodding crest and huge shield smeared with blood. Straight up to the ample palace that crowns the citadel he fares, and our hearts follow him thru scenes unmatched in song or story: that greeting of the queenly mother; that chiding of craven Paris; that high-bred, tender courtesy to guilty Helen. And then the same way back adown the



View from East Tower of Troy.

on windy Ilios, and our eyes weary of their watch. The actual prospect fades and again Troy *is*—the poet's Troy, with its god-built walls and holy fanes and palaces of polished stone. To this tower by the Scaean Gate, where the old king and his aged courtiers sit overlooking the embattled plain, and, like so many crickets from the hedge, send forth the lily voice, there comes robed in glistening white—ay, swathed in nectar—the fairest of womankind. How the old hearts throb at sight of the beautiful sinner, and what presentations at court are these!

well-built streets, lo! our hero hastens hither for the meeting and the parting at these gates. O Wife of Troy—Wife forever peerless among women—robbed by Achilles' ruthless spear of father, mother and seven brethren, yet not all forlorn:

“Εκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἐββί πατήρ καὶ
πότνια μήτηρ
ἦδὲ κασίγνητος, σύ δέ μοι θαλερός
παράκοιτις.” *

* But, Hector, thou art to me father and queenly mother,
And brother, too—thou art my goodly spouse.

O Babe of Troy, recoiling from the
bronze-mailed sire, till in blessed relief
to the strain upon our hearts

ὅτι δὲ γέλασσε παῖδ' ὅτε φίλος καὶ πότνια
μήτηρ

and Hector doffs his plumed helmet in
the dust to kiss and dandle his child.

And now the Man of Troy fares forth
to bear the battle's brunt again, while at
his behest Hecuba and the dames of Troy
wend their way to Athene's temple there
at the top of the town, bearing that most
precious robe from Sidonian looms, which
Theano lays upon the goddess's knees
with the prayer that even Pallas must
deny.

And so once more the Scæan Gates
swing wide and a mournful cortege en-
ters. It is Hector's last home-coming,
for grim Achilles has softened to the suit
of the father who had the heart to do
what never man on earth had done be-
fore—to lift to his lips the hand of the
slayer of his son; and now aged Priam
brings the ransomed body back, while all
Troy throngs these gates to meet him.
We hear Cassandra's cry from this
tower; we hear the death wails from the
fair halls whose light has gone out.

We see white-armed Andromache
clasping in her arms the head of man-
slaying Hector as she begins the lamenta-
tion:

"Husband, from life early thou has perished,
and me widowed
Thou leavest in the halls, and our babe is still
so young."

Oh, the pathos of that tribute that has
cost her all in all—in a lost cause, too—
and left her without one last hand-clasp,
one parting word to be remembered al-
ways, night and day, with streaming
tears! And now Hecuba takes up the
lament in a triumphant note: for Hector
was dear to the gods in life and in death;
after all the shameless dragging in the
dust, thanks to their care, he lies dewy
fresh as one whom Apollo with his pain-
less shafts has slain.

And last of all we hear poor Helen's
voice as she mourns the only soul in Troy
save old Priam who has never given her
one harsh word. How unerringly the
three Women of Troy touch the three
keynotes of the Man of Troy—valor,
piety, gentleness—and give us a portrait

that no tale of chivalry shall ever out-
shine!

"And so they went about the funeral of Hec-
tor tamer of horses,"

and the Book and the dream is done.

We have taken Troy as Homer took it
—not with spear or spade or critic's
cleaver, but with fancy free; and the sun-
set drive over the hills and through the
oak woods back to Thymbra Farm
rounds out our day of days. Not quite
so, indeed; for our good host waits to
show me old Thymbra—Homer's Thym-
bra, toward which lay Rhesus's camp
when Odysseus and Diomed raided it by
night and drove off those snow-white,
wind-swift steeds; Thymbra, where by
Apollo's temple (as later story tells) the
shaft of Paris pierced Achilles's heel.
Through the ancient graveyard, now one
wide wheat-field, we pick our steps as
Mr. Calvert points out here and there the
great broken *pithoi* wherein the old
Thymbræans, after garnering corn all
their lives, used to garner themselves in
death. I think this must have been the ear-
liest find of urn-burial on a great scale;
for some two hundred tombs, all of this
type, have been opened here, and their
yield of votive vases, now arranged in
the Calvert farm-house, would enrich any
museum. But *the* landmark of old
Thymbra, now Thymbra Farm, is the
mound opened forty years ago by Frank
Calvert and identified by him as the
Tomb of the Trojans. It will be remem-
bered that Schliemann found no Royal
Sepulchre at Troy to match either the
shaft-graves or the bee-hive tombs at
Mycenæ, as Evans has found none that
deserves the names at Knossos. But
here is a great tumulus covering one
continuous stratum of solid ashes six
feet deep. May it not be here the
Trojan ox-carts and mule-wains for nine
days long drew wood untold to build
Hector's pyre? Remember the twelve
days' truce, remember the encampment of
the Trojan allies toward Thymbra—thus
affording double safeguard—and the as-
sumption becomes at least credible.

Here above the fair flowing Thym-
brius, fringed with noble willows and
vocal with the nightingale, the Man of
Troy should sleep well. Certainly, in
all the rich domain of Priam there was
no serener vale than this; and here if

anywhere the Poet of Troy might have studied his "seasons" for the Great Shield. On the fat glebe, as we rode to Troy this morning, we saw many plowmen turning their teams as they drove this way and that—ox teams with wide yokes that keep the cattle eight or ten feet apart drawing plows as primitive as Hesiod's own—all hastening to come to the end of the deep

of the Shield rages like a forest fire in the mountains after a long drought (far too common a scene in Greek lands to-day), while his divine steeds trample the shields and bodies of the slain as broad-browed oxen tread barley in a threshing floor; and Mr. Calvert tells me that all the grain grown on this great farm is still threshed out by the trampling hoof.



Thymbra Farm.

fallow, albeit no one appears at the furrow's end to offer the cup of honey-sweet wine. And are we not even now tramping over the *τέμενος βαδυληιογ*, the wide wheat-field, almost ripe for the reapers with their keen sickles, and the binders and the sheaf-gathering lads, with many an oak tree under which the henchman shall presently dress the barbecue for the master as he stands by the swath leaning on his staff and rejoicing in the harvest, while the women make ready the barley porridge for the hands.

The Shield, indeed, has no picture of the threshing-floor, tho the Man

As we take our leave of hospitable Thymbra—

τῷ νῦν σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ ξείνος φίλος Ἄργει
μέσσω
εἰμὶ, σὺ δ' ἐν Λυκίῃ, ὅτε κεν τῶν δῆμον
ἴκωμαι—

the colony of storks (thirty strong) nesting on the roofs of the farmstead suggests more than one fine simile for a poet's repertoire: was the long-legged bird, like the huge hump-backed beast that stands waiting for his burden in the courtyard, alien to Homer's Troad?

Be that as it may, our morning drive back to Troy is made memorable by a sign from Zeus, that quite trans-

ported us; there on our right toward many-fountained Ida floated in the blue a great eagle, in full view for half an hour; and when, after once more climbing the Citadel, we set out across the plain for the Achaian Camp, that same eagle or his fellow again floated on our right. We were following in the wake of Priam on that mournful mission, and without Priam's prayer Heaven's free grace had granted us Priam's sign:

"Father Zeus," he said, . . . "send your swift messenger upon my right hand, the bird of omen which is dearest to thee among birds, and his strength is mightiest, that I may see him with my eyes and trusting him go forth to the ships of the Achaians." The prayer is heard, and Zeus sends forth a black eagle, with spread of wing wide as the door of a rich man's high-roofed chamber, flying over the city on their right; "and when they saw him they were glad and their hearts were comforted within them."

Happy portent as we fared over the plain now clothed with flocks as once it blazed with camp-fires or groaned with the toil and moil of war. We forded the Scamander and the Simois, and the Battle of the River seemed just a little overdone, till we recalled Mr. Calvert's talk, on the banks of the Thymbrius, of the wild winter torrent sweeping great mountain oaks in its course. It was a winter battle, then, or fought when the spring freshet floods the plain; and when Xanthos and Simois join their forces Achilles has need of help from above. And so the god who forged the Armor descends to set the river on fire; he burns the elms, the willows, and the tamarisks, the lotus also, and the rushes and the marsh-grass that grew abundantly on Scamander's banks, as it grows today—indeed, every item is checked off in our three days' journal of the Troad.

We had hoped to drive straight to the right wing of the Achaian Camp, where Achilles and the Myrmidons were posted, and thence follow the shore of the many-murmuring sea to Ajax's station on the left; but the ground is too marshy for wheels, and we could drive only to the barrow on the Greek left, where (tradition says) poor Ajax rests. The mound

offers a commanding view of the camp and the plain, tho Troy itself is shut off by the near projection of Kallikolone, whereon Ares and Apollo with their Olympian partisans take post before the Battle of the Gods. 'Tis a peaceful scene today, with no life in the nearer view but a lone fisherman wading inshore and a shepherd with his little flock at the water's edge; but about the Achaian center, where Agamemnon's quarters must have been, frowns a Turkish fortress, facing its fellow on the opposite Chersonese, while between them ride some Turkish guard-ships—the wardens of the Hellespont. From the Tumulus I stroll down over plow-land shaded by olive and oak, and follow the sedgy Simois to its mouth to pace the sands once paced by Chryses in his sorrow and by Achilles in his rage and grief. But what is a morning hour, ἐπὶ θινὶ πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης! It is all in the Book and in the heart of him who loves the Book; and I charge him who would take Troy aright to begin his pilgrimage where ours must end. Either let him land at the *Scala* below the Αἰαντεῖον, where Dörpfeld with one hundred and fifty pilgrims from the Archeological Congress put in the other day, or let him take the road that turns seaward soon after passing Renkioi. He will find it as we do, on our return, a delightful drive or walk, shaded with noble oaks, fragrant with white myrtle bloom, and watered by the sweetest springs that ever welled up from the rock. The Turk is a water-drinker, and, with all his sins, he has many a wayside fountain to his credit; and Ida's own epithet holds good of the Troad—it is a land abounding in springs. If the Achaians drew water from such sources as our Elm Tree fountain above the spot where Ajax sleeps, they had something better than Pramnian wine or the vintage of Lemnos to quench their thirst. Let our pilgrim refresh himself there, climb the mound and (time serving) Kallikolone, too, and then walk, wade or swim, for he must clear two river mouths, to that other barrow where we would fain believe Achilles and Patroclus sleep. So he will have traversed the camp of the Achaians and be ready to take Troy, as they took it, from the sea.

JANE MURRAY'S THANKSGIVING

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

IT was late in October and the Woman's Academy of Starboro was waking from its Summer's doze, and making ready for the Winter's work. The Academy, being a feeder for a great Woman's College, stood, so its prospectus declared, "in the van of the Movement for the Highest Development of Woman." Even the gardeners, who were taking up the dead leaves on the great lawns which sloped from the pillared porches to the bay, and the scrubbers, flooding the classrooms, their skirts pinned up and their heads swathed in dusty cheesecloth, worked as if they knew the tremendous importance of this building to the world's progress.

Miss Clemens, the Principal, gave them a stately nod of approval. She knew that they would not work so hard in an ordinary house. "Even these poor shreds of womanhood are driven by the Zeit-Geist upward—upward!" She repeated the word aloud. She always felt that the spirit of a great reformer was on fire within her gaunt, tall body.

She went round the veranda to find the painters, who should have been at work days ago, and observed that the windows of the apartment occupied by the Professor of Literature were open. She stopped, catching her breath with a look of annoyance.

"Has Professor Murray arrived?" she asked a passing scrubber.

"If you mean Mrs. Jenny Murray, she come here dâys ago. She's gettin' her rooms ready for school. They'll be as nate as two pins by tonight."

The Principal walked on, uncertainly, forgetting the delinquent painters. Of course, the Irish woman would take part with Mrs. Murray! That woman always had a singular attraction for the lower classes. All the servants treated her as

if she were the head of the school! She sat down on a bench, digging holes in the sward with her umbrella. She had meant to write to Professor Murray that night a letter conveying certain unpleasant tidings. But as she was here, she must give her the information at once. The Principal was seriously annoyed. Not because her message would be as a sentence of death to the older woman. She had not imagination enough to enter into the pain of any other human being than herself. But she knew that she should have given the information months ago.

"I shall be criticised because I did not tell her in the Spring!" she said. Trustees, parents, all the other dull folk with whom the world was filled were always criticising her! The water stood in her pale eyes at the thought of how little she was appreciated.

At that moment Jane Murray put the last book into its shelf, and looked around, smiling, at her little apartment. How homelike and tranquil her old rooms were. The very place, she thought, for a young girl to first hear the truths which the thinkers of the world had brought into it.

For to this little teacher the study of Literature was an actual daily companionship with the leaders of human thought. Her girls had plodded with Cicero to his farm, and loitered thru the muddy lanes of Stratford with Shakespeare; they had been barred with Savonarola into the cell at St. Mark's, and hated as fiercely as he did the mob outside; they had strolled on the Strand with Lamb and Dickens and Thackeray, and loved with them its old shops and homes and ways.

When Jane Murray's husband and baby died, leaving her alone in the

world, she had slowly taken these great living folk in books into her life, making them her friends and companions. Then she made them the friends and companions of her scholars. She had begun with a class which soon grew into a school. An idea went abroad that she gave to her pupils a hungry desire to learn. Besides, she had a curious charm of manner and speech, and anxious parents sent their daughters to her—as Northern girls now are sent to certain schools in Virginia and Maryland—that they might be trained, not so much into scholars as gentlewomen.

When the founders of the present Academy wished to establish it at Starboro, they found this prosperous, old-fashioned school already there, and proposed to Mrs. Murray that they should take it, enlarge and rechristen it (tho in fact Jane's school had no name), giving her charge of the Department of Literature. She was greatly flattered and pleased, and promptly accepted the offer. Some of her friends whispered that the good-will of the school should have been bought for a certain sum in cash. But Jane Murray seldom considered sums in cash. She hardly noticed that her salary was small. It was all that she needed for her board and clothes. For nine years now she had been busy bringing raw, well-meaning farmer's daughters into the presence of the great thinkers and seers of all ages, giving to the dullest girl a belief that she, too, could gain some help from them in her long journey.

When Mrs. Murray came up to her window and saw Miss Clemens' lean figure approaching, she shrugged her shoulders, and drew back. Secretly she considered the Principal a bore, and seldom wasted time with her. The next moment a strange figure on horseback came thru the gate, and Jane drew still farther out of sight. That was Maria Price. How big and loud she had been, even as a girl, when she took the course in Literature, and called Scott a vamping old humbug, and threw Dante down, declaring that American girls would do better to study the ins and outs of a Presidential election rather than the hell and heaven of a crazy Italian. She had gone into all sorts of public work,

now that she had come into her money. She wore a coat and trousers of Khaki, and sat on the horse like a man. Jane, when she saw that, shivered and turned her back.

Maria, at that moment, alighted and was talking to Miss Clemens. She was a trustee of the Academy, and one of its largest stockholders.

"School opens next week, and you have not yet told her she is to go!" she exclaimed.

Miss Clemens lost color. "That is all right! I will attend to that duty in season. I have provided her successor."

"Successor? I should say so! The girls must have no more of such fancy training; they must go thru the regular textbooks to make ready for the college exams. I tried them last spring on a page of dates—births and deaths of English writers—and they all flunked by a dozen years. On which Mrs. Murray remarked: 'It is not as important that the girls should know when these men lived as why they lived.' But what about her salary? What provision has she?"

"Oh, no doubt she has saved plenty of money. What expenses had she? A widow with not a human being of her kin."

"What's that? No kin? She's not young, either. Nigh to seventy, I should say." Maria struck her yellow trousers with her whip. "Well, you can tell her she's got to go. I'm off. I don't like the job," she said, jumping into the saddle.

Even Miss Clemens felt an uneasy qualm of pity as she sat in Mrs. Murray's pretty room ready for her task. What if the woman had not saved any money? Why were these unpleasant jobs in life always laid on her?

She bowed and smiled, however, as she delivered her message, and was pleased at her own fluency. But Mrs. Murray was unusually dull. She rose uncertainly, staring at the other woman.

"I don't understand. I am to give up my school?" she said.

"Oh, really! Your school! We may as well face facts, my dear madam. You are only a teacher here. The trustees consider that another system of instruction would be better for the school—questions and answers learned by rote

from text-books. In fact, we have secured the services of Professor Johns in your place. He is himself, as you know, a well-known author."

"No, I never wrote anything," said Jane with a dreary laugh. Her eyes wandered over the class-room, the cases of old books, the dainty little chamber with its easy chair and wood fire on the hearth.

"You mean—that I am to go away from here?"

"Of course. This wing is the Department of Literature, and Professor Johns——" Miss Clemens rose with an air of finality. "Be assured, madam, you will carry with you the best wishes of the Trustees and Faculty. I hope you have made provision for a comfortable old age?" she added, with a curious glimmer in her light eyes.

But Jane had come to herself now. It never had been her habit to make comrades of strangers.

"I have no reason to dread the future," she said, smiling. There always was something in the little woman's carriage of her head, with its rolls of white hair, and the gleam in her dark blue eyes, which made Miss Clemens feel dull and awkward.

"I am glad you are provided for," she said; "you could not expect to find any position elsewhere. The modern custom of discharging all employees at seventy obtains with women as with men; no chance for them. Too bad, but so it is!" Then she bowed herself out with a smile.

Jane shut the door and went back into the room, stooping to pick up a roll of paper which she had dropped. It was her lecture to beginners on folk-lore, that first groping of the human mind for enduring expression. She opened it, and then suddenly let it fall.

"Why, I shall not use it!" she cried. "I never shall use it again! I am not to teach anybody any more! Not my girls! What does it mean? I am nothing—nothing in the world!"

She sat for a long time, her hands over her eyes. An hour ago she had power over many human lives. She thought she had a great work to do. Now her hands were empty. She was thrown out useless into the highway, and

her work was given to a cheap, tawdry pretender.

She turned, shivering, to stir the fire, and then stopped.

"I have no right here! Professor Johns—— I have no home," she said, with a queer laugh. "I told her I had no reason to dread the future. I had some dull notion that God would take care of me."

Some sudden thought made her turn to her desk and take out her pocket-book.

"Ten dollars and a half," she said, staring out into the gathering twilight, "and that is all, every cent I have! There is not more coming anywhere. That is all I've brought out of my work of seventy years!"

Just then she saw Miss Clemens driving out of the gate in her new victoria, the coachman in livery.

"I've done better work than she in the world," she muttered.

And then Jane Murray, as most of us have done some time in life, when we were worsted or tortured, called God to account. Had this dumb, unseen Force that put her here no sense of pity or justice? If men were cruel, why did He not interfere? Was He blind or deaf?

She cried out to the gray darkness overhead:

"I have worked hard for seventy years, and my hands are empty! Is that right? Is that just?"

But there was no answer. •

Jane's ten dollars took her to Plowden. Plowden was the old Murray farm on the Shenandoah. They had sold it all but two acres of stony land and the old farmhouse, which was a wreck. Jane had owned it, but eight years ago, when her Cousin Polly Vance's husband had a stroke, Jane had put them into it. It had at least a roof to cover them. Her salary went down to Plowden regularly until Jim Vance died, and Polly sent it back, declaring she "could fend for herself." A year later, she bought the old place from Jane.

Now, in her extremity, Mrs. Murray remembered the old shanty and Polly's kind face, and betook herself to them. Two days had passed since she left the school. They seemed like a waste of years. One reason for this was that

whenever she knelt, from habit, at night, she quickly scrambled to her feet again.

"I have nothing to say to Him!" she would say. "He has forgotten me."

When she reached the little station, there was Polly with a stout mare and a buckboard, her face red and beaming. She eyed Jane's boxes of books.

"Don't tell me you've given up the school, and have come here to stay! I can't believe there is such luck ahead for me!" she gasped. "And me just going to advertise! to scour the country for a partner."

"I have no money for any business," said Jane, and tried to tell her story.

"It's not money I want," interrupted Polly. "Its brains, and a woman who will take an interest. To get Jane Murray! Heavens! What luck! What a Thanksgiving we will have next week!"

"I—keep Thanksgiving?" muttered Jane.

Polly's keen, gray eyes flashed on her, and then she flicked the old mare.

"Get on, Coley! Well, I say, what luck!" she muttered again.

The road wound thru the hills, gorgeous in their fall robes of crimson and gold; below was the Shenandoah roaring over its rocky bed—always the most picturesque of American rivers.

"There's your farm!" said Polly, as they came thru a gap. The old farmhouse, solid and comfortable, stood on a hill surrounded by orchards, gardens and clusters of bee-hives. Its windows shone with welcome.

"What does this mean?" said Jane. "How have you done it?"

"Bees and chickens, child. Nothing else. I began with one hive and a single clutch of eggs. But they were the best! My trade is very good. But the farm and house are yours, Jane. I have only borrowed them from you. You gave us a roof to cover us when we were starving. You gave him a home to die in. Now——"

She choked, and neither woman spoke until they alighted at the porch.

She led Jane into the very room to which she had come as a bride. There was the same old furniture, the fire burning on the hearth, and on the walls the photographs of the "Ecce Homo" and Tintoretto's "Descent from the Cross,"

which Miss Clemens had refused to allow Jane to take from the walls of her room. Had Polly, then, known all about it? Had she met and worsted Miss Clemens? Had she made ready this home for life for her?

In a few days Jane had settled down to work at Polly's books. They were in dire confusion. She could earn her living here fairly, she told herself. She did not want to be a beggar. When the day's work was done the two old women, who had been young together, had a thousand things to talk over as they sipped their tea. Jane was startled to find that these gossips were more interesting to her now than were even Dante or Lamb.

About a mile from the farmhouse there was a group of cottages, called a Rest-Home, owned by a charitable organization in the city. They were filled with tired women, worn out shop girls, starving seamstresses, etc. One day Jane received a letter from Maria Price, who was President of the Board of Managers, asking her to visit the Home three times a week, to read to the inmates, or talk to them, to give them some knowledge of books and of the help and comfort to be gained from them. A liberal salary was to be given for the work.

Jane went at once to the Home, and met Maria, who received her with marked deference. Jane was only coldly civil, tho the other woman wore skirts now, and not yellow trousers.

"You will take the work?" she said. "I thought it would attract you. The minds of these women need new, stirring ideas of life as much as their starving bodies need bread. Nobody can give it to them so well as you."

"Yes," said Jane, "I will take it. But no salary. It is enough for me to have my own work in the world again to do."

Maria was silent a moment.

"As you choose. Whatever will make you happiest while you live."

Jane suddenly rose and came up to her.

"Why did you give me this thing?" she said. "You took my work away from me——"

Maria, too, rose.

"Yes, there's no time to train the modern young woman by your dawdling methods, Mrs. Murray. But you—I

want your old age to be warm and full. Do you remember when I was an ugly, coarse child, years ago, one day I fought with some boys and was thrown into the mud and hurt, how you took me to your room, and bathed and put me in your own bed? You forget? I don't, then. Good-bye. We needn't talk things over. We understand it is all right between us."

In a day or two letters began to come to Jane, letters from all sorts and conditions of women—the scholars whom she had taught and helped by little and great kindnesses. They had heard of her dismissal, and they sent gifts to her—sometimes, even, money, but always the tenderest love and sympathy. She sent the money back. But the love and tenderness stayed with her and slowly made the days warmer and the world brighter. Never had the woods worn such gorgeous splendor. Never was a home so cozy and pleasant as this, or a comrade so considerate as Polly.

On Thanksgiving morning a light flutter of snow fell on the woods and carpet of red leaves below. Jane stood at her window, looking into the bright, silent Heaven beyond.

Always silent. He was dumb, no matter how cruel life was down here, no matter how we cried to Him, He did not answer.

But as she stood there, warmed by the splendor of the day without and by the fire and homely comfort of the room within, a thought suddenly stirred her heart.

Had He not answered?

There had been a wrench and agony which drove her to Him. She had been forced to see how near she was to the end. She had been forced to consider the few steps that were between her and the end.

But she had been left her own work to do until it came. Had He done this? Was it He who had sent her from every side love and tenderness because of the poor little kindnesses which she had been able to show in the years which were gone?

Not money, not power, but a great content now filled her life.

On that Thanksgiving Day, the soul of the poor little woman abased itself as it never had done before. For she knew that she had spoken to Him and He had answered.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



A Thanksgiving

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

That Thy white peace, O gracious Lord,
Above us keeps a sleepless ward;
That Plenty thru its golden gourd
Pours from its immemorial hoard;

That ours, the birthright of the free,
Is still before Thy sight adored,
Thanksgiving be!

For our forbears who fought and fell,
Or strove, unmurmuring, long and well—
Exemplars who held honor more
Than Eldorado's fabled ore—

For every precious memory,
For all the future's sun-bright store,
Thanksgiving be!

That there is yet a righteous trust
In Duty's often stern, "Thou Must";
That, tho the mists of Doubt prevail,
Hope's steadfast beacon does not pale;

That there is living Charity,
And Faith—beyond Death's darkmost veil—
Thanksgiving be!

CLINTON, N. Y.

The New York Jew Today

BY CLIFTON H. LEVY

[This article is particularly timely as this Thanksgiving the Jews of this country celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their settlement on Manhattan Island. Clifton Harby Levy was born in 1867, and graduated from the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, as Rabbi, in 1890. He organized the Baron de Hirsch classes for immigrants in New York City, remained in the pulpit for five years, when he began to write for magazines and newspapers on religious, archeological and scientific subjects. He has contributed to the *Review of Reviews*, *INDEPENDENT*, *Outlook*, *McClure's*, and other magazines as well as New York papers.—EDITOR.]

THE Jews in all the United States number not more than a million and a half. As New York is the chief port of entry of the country, and at the same time the metropolis, fully one-half of all these Jews are living permanently in New York, so that a study of the Jews in that city is a study of half of all the American Jews.

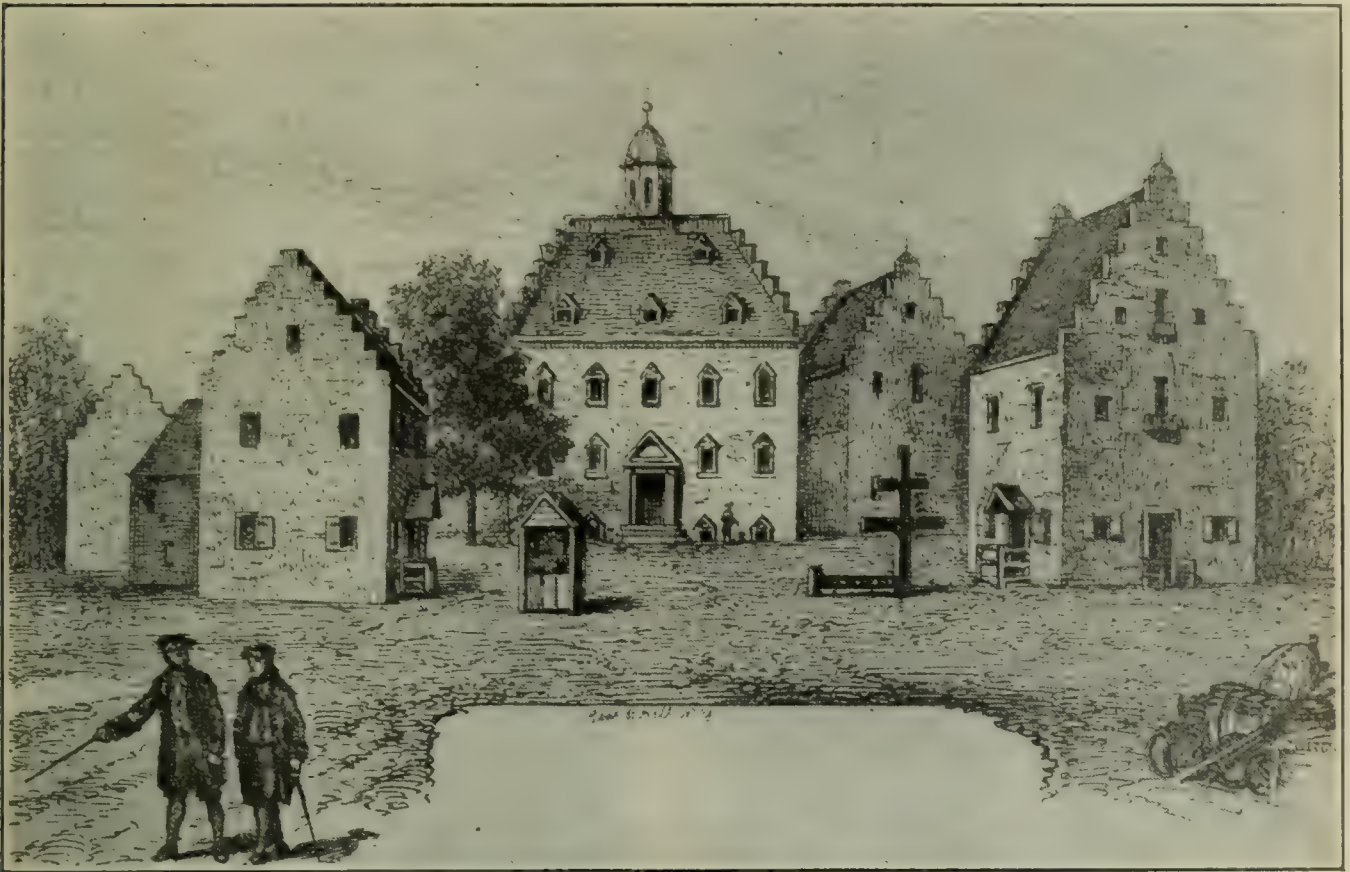
The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Jews on Manhattan Island is to be held on Thanksgiving Day of this year, altho strictly speaking it was 251 years in September since the first little colony fled to New Amsterdam from persecution in Brazil. From that day in

September, 1654, the Jews have lived uninterruptedly in what afterward became New York City, and now number at least 750,000 in Greater New York. This large element, constituting 20 per cent. of the total population, is well worthy of some study to those who would understand the controlling influences at work upon this great body politic, and the various forces there operative.

There is hardly any kind of business or trade in which they will not be found, altho driven into some special lines by the restrictions which have been applied to them for generations in Europe. The manufacture of clothing of all descriptions is one of these pre-empted lines



Peter Stuyvesant in Anger Forced to Admit Jews to These Shores.



Stadt House, New York. Seat of Government when Jews First Landed.

forced upon the Jews in the Old World, and according to the census of 1900 there were 8,266 establishments in New York, with a capital of \$78,387,849, employing 90,950 workers of both sexes, to produce manufactures amounting to \$239,879,414 per annum. These figures are most interesting when it is noted that twenty years previously all of the capital in the United States employed in the clothing industry amounted to but \$88,000,000. Thus it appears that the concentration of so many operatives in New York has stimulated production in this line to large proportions. But there is another side to these figures: If only 90,950 persons were employed in the clothing industry, and some of these are Italians, then there must be a large number of Jewish workmen employed in other work; which is true. There are Jewish plumbers, carpenters, masons, glaziers—in fact, in no trade or profession can they be said to be altogether wanting.

Even the profession of the millionaire, to go to the other extreme of the economic field, claims some Jews, tho contrary to the popular idea there are not so many wealthy Jews in proportion to the

population as there are non-Jews. It is said that there are four thousand millionaires in New York, and as the Jews form 20 per cent. of the population, there should be eight hundred Jewish millionaires. The fact is that there are not two hundred, and even these are only moderate millionaires, counting a few millions rather than the tens and hundreds of millions in the hands of the Rockefellers and Morgans. A glance at these Jewish millionaires is interesting as an indication of the way in which large fortunes are accumulated. Some few of these are lawyers, but in every instance they are corporation attorneys, and have gained these fortunes within the last few years of extraordinary corporate development.

Another class of Jewish millionaires are those who have developed the department store idea. The department store is an evolution, an expansion and extension of the "country store," where everything is to be found. It was a gradual process of expansion of departments which led to the complete and all comprehensive store of our day, and the Jewish merchant was quick to see the



Joseph Silverman,
Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El.

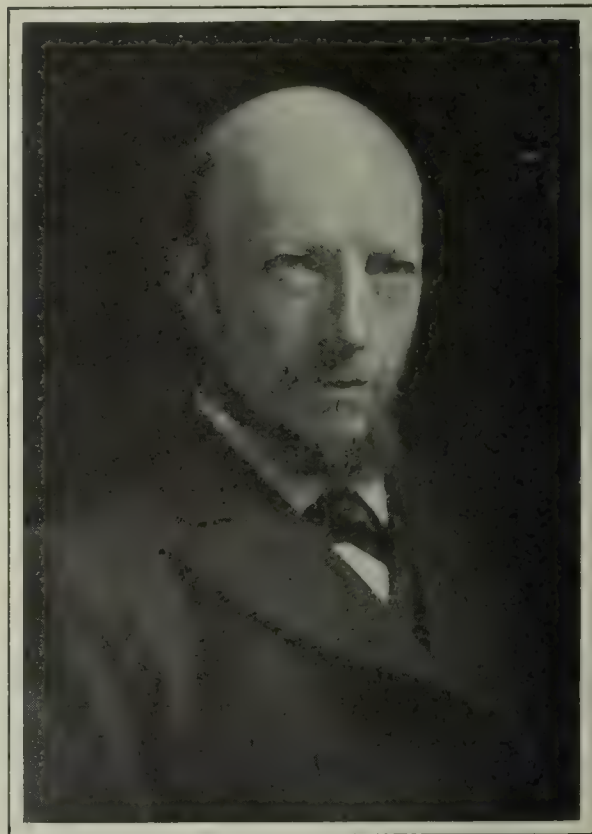
possibilities of success in this wholesale method of doing retail business, so that now probably ninety per cent. of the business done in New York by large and small department stores is in Jewish hands. It marks a great step forward in the conduct of the retail business, for by its concentration and economy both in buying and selling the consumer is benefited, and the competition is so keen that the margin of profit is kept down to a fair level. It is true that small dealers are forced out of business or become clerks, but the large mass of consumers is certainly benefited.

Several large fortunes have been accumulated by the development of copper mines and silver mines, thus bringing considerable capital to New York and employing it productively in the West, whence it returns by the endless chain of investment and healthful production.

There are probably two leading firms of Jewish connection which have been identified with the combination of railways, the underwriting of bond issues, and enterprises of this kind, but the

larger number of the Jewish bankers have been and are concerned principally with the international financial operations for which generations of financial training have so well fitted them. At first forced to become the world's financial agents, the Jews now freely form the principal international financial arteries.

It may surprise some persons to learn that altho a large part of the banking



Felix Adler,
Of the Society of Ethical Culture.

business of New York, especially that having to do with other countries, is in Jewish hands, only ten per cent. of the members of the New York Stock Exchange are Jews, and most of the domestic banking business is in other hands than theirs.

The fact that the Jew is a citizen of the world, that he has been driven from land to land, has also had some effect in directing his energies into other special lines than finance. Jewels were easily concealed and easily transported from place to place, so it is not surprising to learn that about seventy-five per cent. of the jobbing of jewelry is in the hands of the Jews.

On account of the close connections existing with the Jews of the foreign

lands from which so many have lately emigrated, a considerable part of the import and export trade is handled by Jews. At least eighty-five per cent. of the business in fancy goods and notions is done by them; ninety per cent. of the feather business and ninety-five per cent. of the fur industry. It is an odd incident, and a matter of record, that the original Astor was taught the fur business by a Jew, Hayman Levy, who, according to his books, paid John Jacob Astor one dollar a day for beating furs.

Laces are largely imported, so it is not surprising that the Jews handle seventy-five per cent. of these delicate wares and fifty per cent. of the embroideries consumed. Millinery is almost entirely in their control, and ninety per cent. of

trolled by Jewish managers, both within and outside of the so-called "Trust." Possibly half of the actors are of Jewish stock, their lively imagination and ready adaptiveness fitting them well for this work. Jews, too, are the chief popular song writers and publishers, and much of the music used on the stage is composed by Jews, tho few have as yet composed any very great operas or oratorios, at least in America.

As illustrators and artists the Jews are furnishing their full proportion, and as caricaturists they are doing more than their share, possibly because of the natural wit with which they are gifted. The contributions of New York Jews to permanent literature are not yet very great, altho the massive Jewish Encyclopedia has just been brought to a successful completion there, but this is really the work of Jewish scholarship the world over. In journalism the Jew has always been interested, and as both managers and writers the Jews of New York are not behind in this department.

The natural tendency of the Jew to adopt a profession is also demonstrated in the very large number of Jewish lawyers and physicians in New York. They have attained eminence in both profes-



David Belasco, Playwright.

the ladies' neckwear worn is made by them.

The Jews make seventy-five per cent. of the belts, ninety-eight per cent. of the bonnet frames, and eighty-five per cent. of the cigars, controlling ninety per cent. of the tobacco trade.

Possibly fifty per cent. of the distilling trade in New York is Jewish, but only five per cent. of the brewing interest.

Amusements are almost entirely con-



Heinrich Conried,
Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House.

sions, and there are just as many struggling young lawyers and doctors of Jewish origin as of non-Jewish stock.

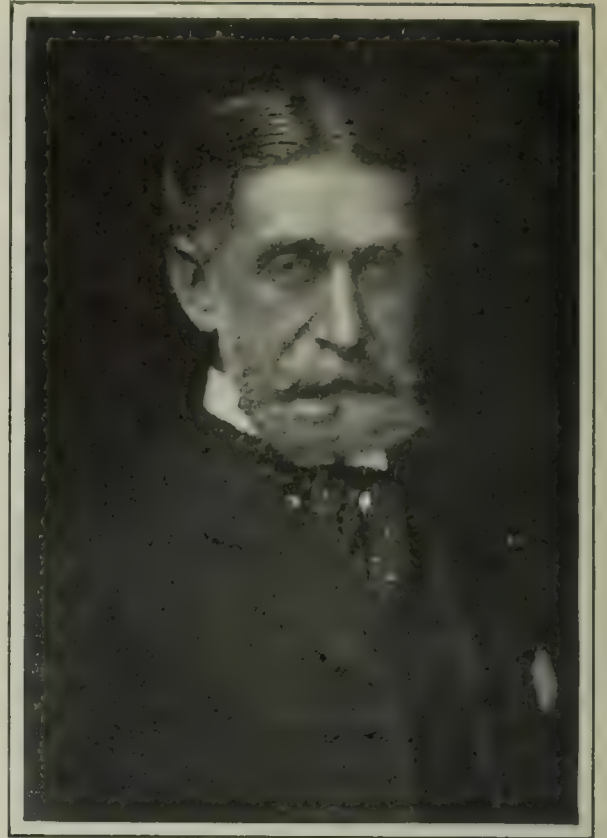
The Jews are an intellectual race and education is highly regarded even by the poorest, who compel their children to attend the public schools, and make great sacrifices so that these children may secure the highest grade of education. As a result, at least half of the graduates of the high schools, the Normal College and College of the City of New York are Jewish boys and girls. It follows naturally therefrom that a very large proportion of the teachers in the public schools are Jews, and it is to a Jewish Superintendent of Education that the entire system of Public School Free Lectures is due.

Feeling the need of technical training for both sexes, schools designed to furnish this type of education to boys and girls have been founded thru private individuals.

In the field of philanthropy the Jew has not been slow to adopt the best modern methods. Time out of mind the Jew formed various societies and lodges for the care of the dependent living or dead, and the Hebrew charities of New York expend hundreds of thousands annually,



Samuel Untermeyer, Corporation Lawyer.



I. N. Seligman, Banker.

but along such lines as to avoid pauperization. It is claimed that in all the three-quarters of a million Jews in New York there are not more than a dozen regularly supported by the charities. There are a number of volunteer organizations co-operating with the United, and each acts in its own district, within proper limitations. The tremendous influx of hundreds of thousands of more or less friendless and helpless Russian and Rumanian Jews within the last twenty years has necessitated the organization of various semi-charitable societies designed to aid the immigrant in earning his own living. These loan societies, inns, and labor distribution bureaus have provided for thousands in safe and sane ways. Agricultural aid societies have helped to place many families on farms in New England and New Jersey, and the Baron de Hirsch Trust, endowed with millions by the late Baron, has been most useful.

The need for educating and Americanizing the immigrants was early recognized, and soon the great Educational Alliance Building was erected in the tenement district to aid in this work. Thru the day classes conducted there



Jacob Schiff, Banker.

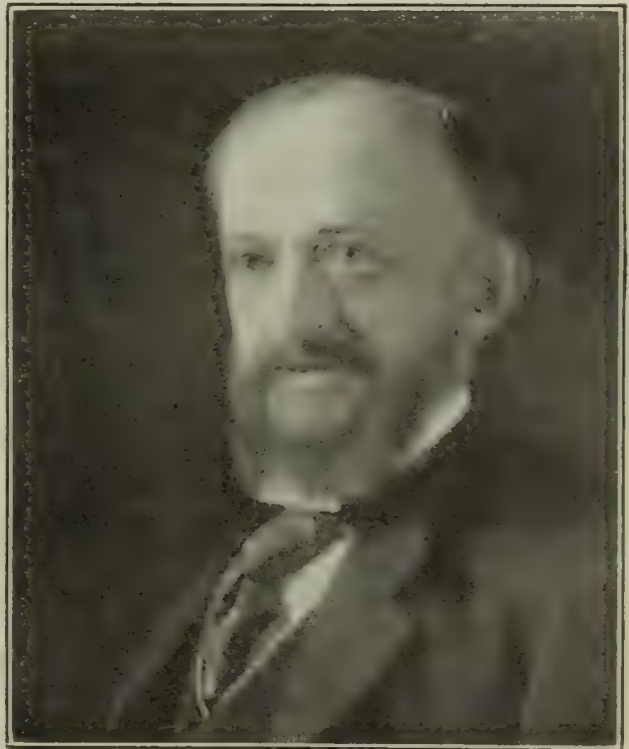
thousands of the children have been prepared to enter the public schools, always recognized as the best Americanizing agency.

The clubs and cultural classes for the adults have gone far toward counteracting the evil tendencies of tenement life.

With this overwhelming influx of untrained young people pouring into the overcrowded districts of the lower East Side arose some social problems not yet disposed of. The immorality so easily learned has shown itself not only in the "cadet system," in pickpockets and petty thievery, but in the development of a certain number of desperate criminals unknown among the Jews before this time. The prevention of crime is being fought by means of moral education and the repressive penal methods applicable; but the hope of stoppage lies chiefly along the lines of moving the people out of the environment, and to this end the labor distribution bureaus are working. The sporadic outbursts of anarchism developed only in the beginning of the immigration before the people recognized fully the difference between government as such in Russia and the United States. All that remains of it is now manifested in the trade unions and Socialistic agitation of an inoffensive kind, coupled with considerable mental power.

One of the great problems twenty years ago was to get the immigrants out of the tenement districts, to which they naturally gravitated; but this problem solved itself as some of the people obtained a foothold, and today the immigrants have spread all over the city, settling in large numbers in the Borough of the Bronx.

It seems probable that the people themselves will also solve the problem of removal from New York to other cities or to the country, for the movement has already begun, and within the last three years one Removal Bureau alone has sent out of the city some thirty thousand persons. To give a concrete instance of the wide variety of pursuits followed by the immigrants a glance at the classification of some of them sent out lately is more than interesting. There were 56 bakers, 9 barbers, 145 blacksmiths, 17 bookbinders, 106 butchers, 1 box maker, 11 bricklayers, 6 brush makers, 40 cabinet makers, 282 carpenters, 5 cigar-makers, 1 cigaret maker, 63 clerks, 13 coopers, 3 druggists, 6 drivers, 8 electricians, 114 farmers, 7 furriers, 7 glaziers, 34 harness makers, 73 iron, brass and copper workers, 1,115 laborers, 108 locksmiths, 55 machinists, 4 masons, 191 operators, 87 painters and

Oscar Solomon Strauss,
Diplomat and American Member of Hague Court.

paperhangers, 40 peddlers, 1 photographer, 10 plumbers, 7 printers, 61 pressers, 224 shoe makers, 1 shirt maker, 339 tailors, 69 tanners, 15 teachers, 109 tin-smiths, 7 trunk makers, 18 upholsterers, 4 waiters, 13 watch makers, 29 weavers, 11 wood turners, 4 wood carvers.

In this way the congestion of the immigrants in New York is being relieved, scattering skilled workmen of all trades through the country, but in a systematic way, placing them directly in positions where they are at once self-supporting. The Agricultural Aid Society is also doing excellent work, taking those fitted for it to the farms of New England and New Jersey, the latter settlement, founded fourteen years ago, being now in a thriving independent position.

The development of philanthropic institutions during the past twenty years has been marvelous, and it had to be in order to keep pace with the demands of circumstances. During that period the single orphan asylum has been supplemented by three more large and efficient institutions; the single hospital, Mount Sinai, has been removed and rebuilt at a total cost of \$2,750,000, with an annual expense of more than \$300,000; and it too has been supplemented by other hospitals, one built and supported by the immigrant stock itself; by the Montefiore Home for Incurables, with its country sanitarium for consumptives, quite a number of whom have been produced by the crowded tenement life; and by shelters and homes for the aged.

The Clara de Hirsch Home for Working Girls, founded and endowed by the Baron's widow, has gone far toward smoothing the path of the laboring girls, and the Young Men's Hebrew Association, with its adjunct, the Young Women's Hebrew Association, have been of great assistance along cultural lines.

The directly religious work of the Jews is not easily covered by statistics, which are more or less misleading. It is true that in the religious census taken it appeared that a comparatively small number were directly connected with established synagogues and temples (as the places of worship of the Reformed wing are called), but it should not be forgotten that it is especially true of the immigrant Jews, orthodox as a rule, that the

home-life is bound up with religious ceremonies, and that on the holy days every hall in New York almost is used as a place of worship, and that there are numerous religious schools conducted by the sisterhoods of each of the large congregations. One brotherhood has been started for reaching the young men, and others will doubtless follow, so it is only fair to admit that the Jew recognizes his religious responsibilities not only for himself, but also for those who might otherwise become alienated from the religion. In order to have rabbis and teachers a Seminary has been founded and liberally endowed, so that the entire machinery for religious work has been perfected and is in constant operation.

On the other hand, the thoroly Americanized Jew in New York, subjected to the same distracting influences as his non-Jewish neighbor, is not to any marked degree more punctilious in attendance at religious services than his Christian friend, for human nature is the same in all.

From the social side the development of the Jew has kept pace with his material advancement. There are at least a half a dozen clubs, founded for social purposes chiefly. They are not like the other clubs of New York, for men only, but more like the German organizations of this kind—a meeting place for young men and women, where balls and dramatic entertainments are given. There are classes, sets and cliques in this society, as in all other organizations of the kind, and there is just the same desire to get into certain clubs and associate with certain people as there is in Christian social circles.

There is so much of this social life among the Jews, and the number is so large that without any special clannishness there is no necessity to go beyond Jewish circles for "Society," and as a result the number of intermarriages between Jew and Christian are very few.

In this society as a whole are all grades of culture and all types of character. Extremes do not meet socially here any more than in other society. But they do grow toward each other, as is the true American fashion.

The immigrant who landed in the United States with hardly enough to

gain him admission has in many instances, within fifteen or twenty years, accumulated a competency. The children whom he brought with him have become thoroly Americanized in manner, in thought, and it is difficult to distinguish them from the native American, so wonderful is their adaptability. They associate freely with the other Jews, intermarry, and are assimilated in a generation. This is the process in many instances.

All do not succeed so well, but most manage to make a fair living, and in all instances the children are given a thoro education, for mental training is almost a superstition with the Jew, ingrained now by the training of countless generations. As a rule the Jewish family life is pure and wholesome, for this, too, is an age-long heritage, and it is this home life which aids materially in the preservation of the body as a whole. If in ex-

ceptional cases some who have mixed freely with their neighbors have been too apt pupils in lightly regarding their family obligations, the ostracism with which they are visited acts as a powerful deterrent upon all others.

In all the 750,000 Jews there are rich and poor and well-to-do. There are brilliant and stupid and moderately intelligent. There are honest and criminal and those who keep on the safe side of the law. But as a rule the Jew is industrious, thrifty, intelligent, contributing at least his full share toward the moral, material and intellectual store of New York. Considering the difficulties under which this has been brought about, he is at least no worse than his neighbor, and need apologize to none for being there. Be this as it may, this is the New York Jew as he is, with his faults and his virtues, his mistakes and his achievements.

NEW YORK CITY.



A College Professor's Wife

[The author of the following autobiography lives with her husband and children in a famous college town of the Middle West. For obvious reasons she does not wish to have her name appear.—EDITOR.]

MANY of the people in our town think that we members of the college faculty dwell on Mount Parnassus; that we eat of the ambrosia of books and drink of the nectar of music and painting. No burdens of ordinary mortals come near us, no sordid struggles engage us—ours is a life of high ideals and beautiful thoughts. The color and making of the next ball-gown certainly never is discussed, but in place of it there is careful planning to see if a suit and a half for the boys may be gotten out of their father's old one. The latest fad in dinner-serving is unheard of, but we professors' wives do try to learn the most attractive way to prepare the family breakfast without the luxuries of coffee and meat.

An income of \$1,100 a year and four children and house rent, a taste for

books, art and music, and travel—and no struggles, think you?

My day begins at six o'clock the year round with giving or superintending cold baths for the four children and myself. Then there are backs to button and hair to comb, and it is easily quarter after seven, our breakfast hour, by the time all are ready.

Bertha, a student who earns her room and board with us during term time, prepares the breakfast of oatmeal and cocoa.

After the meal there are the Professor and two boys to start off to college and school, respectively. Each needs personal inspection—a loose button tightened, an application of the whisk-broom, or the tie retouched. Then the little girls come with me into the kitchen, and we wash and put away the breakfast dishes, scalding all the milk pails and pans and skimming the cream for the

butter. Then we make the beds and put upstairs in order. (Bertha cares for her own room.) The study and other living rooms come next, and when they are dusted and neat, it is time to prepare the vegetables for dinner.

It is while I am getting dinner that Ruth and Mary have their book-lessons. We do not care to have our children enter school before the third grade because of the class of children that attend our ward school. The two little girls use a wooden box for a desk, sitting on two lower ones, in a snug corner of the kitchen, where I can teach them as I peel potatoes, pare apples or move about the room mixing a pudding. It takes some time to prepare a meal for seven people, four of them hungry students. One thing that makes it harder is not having any water or sink in the house. By half after twelve the dinner is on the table, and I have spent a morning in careful planning, with quick, sure strokes to get all the work done, and yet have time to stop occasionally, as I have to, to teach the children. They come first, after all.

In winter the dinner consists of a cheap cut of meat, usually beef, that I grind up or steam tender and then cook in all sorts of ways to make a palatable variety; potatoes in various forms, frequently dried beans or peas, baked or boiled, from time to time relieved by parsnips, carrots, turnips, or maccaroni, rice and escalloped tomatoes, a large part of the latter being bread-crumbs. For dessert, clear fruit is too luxurious, so I prepare it with tapioca; batter pudding, corn-starch or bread crumbs in different puddings. I begrudge the time it takes to make these simple puddings, but we cannot afford an apple, orange or banana apiece per diem at winter prices.

During the summer we rarely buy meat, but eat the eggs from our own hens. We also have many fresh vegetables from our garden patch; but we can't touch even canned ones in winter, much less dream of fresh ones. The tomatoes used for escalloping in Winter are some I put up from our own garden.

The dinner over, Bertha takes charge of dining-room, kitchen and door-bell.

The Professor takes care of the children, and I have one quiet, restful hour alone, the only one in the twenty-four that I can call all mine. That is not always uninterrupted, as every mother knows. In that hour I have to make my simple toilet for the afternoon and take a nap. A cat-nap it is; but oh! it is so much needed, for housework tires me out. Perhaps if the muscles for housework had been developed in girlhood it would not wear on me so much. Then, best of all in my hour, I lie down on the bed and read for twenty minutes—sometimes a full half hour. I read—I devour rather—some rare morsel of rich, condensed thought-food, and I digest it later as I sew, enjoying it quietly, deeply.

From two-thirty until ten o'clock I sew, stopping at half-past five for a half-hour's walk with my husband and some of the children, followed by supper at six. If informal callers drop in during the afternoon, I continue sewing, they often bringing theirs with them.

I give half an hour of music to each of the children during the afternoon as I sew. Except for his half hour at the piano or violin, each child lives out of doors all afternoon, no matter what the weather, and a rosy, jolly little group they make. On my constitutional with James the children skip and dance around us as we walk out over the prairie toward the glorious West sky. Then comes the most pleasant meal of the day, supper. Then my husband's class work is over, and we are all hungry from the fresh air, and we have the fun of a foreign language. We have French and German suppers on alternate days, in conversation only, the bill of fare being good American cereals and bread and milk.

After supper, if it lacks seven o'clock, the little girls' bed time, we all gather around the piano and sing some simple songs in English, French and German, or I play while the children dance. The little dances they know I teach them on Saturday mornings, when Bertha takes some of my housework.

At seven, James carries a little girl upstairs on each shoulder and puts them to bed, a privilege he has made his own. In the meantime I have my talk with the boys. They tell their little confidences

more freely being both together, each one helping the other by loving suggestion. They are so unlike that each has a great admiration for the other. In half an hour they scamper upstairs and take possession of their father.

By eight o'clock my turn comes. James sits by me as I sew, and we talk alone together for the first time in the day. Sometimes he reads aloud to me, but at half after eight his evening's study begins. If my work is on a garment that does not need turning and shifting about so that I make no motions to divert his attention from his books, I sit silently by him sewing, sewing without a word, glad to be near my faithful, plodding man. When ten o'clock comes, I bid him good-night and go off to my little Ruth and Mary, leaving him still working. Sometimes a neighbor spends the evening with me, sewing or reading aloud. What a delight to be read to as I sew! Because I loved books and music too well, I hardly knew how to handle a needle before I was married. But the college days and study in Europe help the needle thru hard places now. All this sewing does not mean that I am an atom in a sweatshop system. It means that I am taking the only, the last way possible, to make ends meet on our salary and yet live with my children in their work and in their play. My husband's clothing and my winter under-woolens are all that we buy ready made. I make study jackets for James to save the wear on his sacque coat, and keep a piece of carpet in his study chair to save the trousers. Of course, all repairs, relinings and pressing on his clothing I attend to. My coats and dresses are my hardest task, harder even than the boys' suits. All of the children's clothing, both outer and undergarments, I alone make, many of them from the sound parts of their parents' clothing. Then there are carpets to mend, comfortables to make, and other household supplies to keep up. The regular weekly stocking darning and other mending for an active family of six is no small item.

Our student helper, Bertha, does her own ironing and bakes the bread twice a week. I frequently help her with the mid-week baking. She cooks breakfast and supper, washes the dinner and sup-

per dishes, and fills the lamps. On Friday afternoon and Saturday morning she gives me two extra hours each for sweeping. In exchange for these services she receives her board and room, well furnished and heated, and enters into the family life as one of us at meals and other times. Often I help her with her lessons during the evening.

One part of the week's work I hire done for me. That is the washing and as much of the ironing as can be crowded into the same day, subject to the discretion of our whimsical dusky Minerva. The rest of the ironing for the family falls to me.

The poorly built house adds to my difficulties as maid of all work. All of the water has to be carried into the house from the cistern pump, ten or fifteen feet from the kitchen doorsteps. There is no sink or waste pipe of any kind, so all the waste water has to be carried some distance from the house and thrown on the ground. When it is below zero those two things amount to hardships, almost, for a family of our size uses a good deal of water. We have no cellar, except a small excavation in the clay soil under our dining room. It is called a cyclone cellar, and might be used as such if we were not in as great danger of drowning—as it is utterly useless for anything but frogs. When we asked our landlord to have it drained he laughed, and answered that he did not think we needed any more piping than the nightly frog songs. That is all that came of it, except, perhaps, a doctor's bill or two, but other interesting features about the house have their part in these little notes, "For services rendered." Rain and snow and wind sift in around the door and window frames and thru the corners of the house, where we can often see light shining at the joint in the mop-board. Certainly they swell the fuel bill. The care of four stoves, three of them heating and one a cook stove, is no small matter. The boys help their father carry the coal from the barn, the only place to store it. Soft coal is bulky and dirty, but anthracite is far beyond our means here in the Middle West. The same strong arms bring in much of the water also.

We pay eighteen dollars (\$18) a

month for this poorly built, eight small-roomed house, its three lots and barn made of piano boxes and other odds and ends of lumber. We could not hope to rent a better built house, merely a larger one, for more money, unless we were willing to go over forty dollars. Families have come to live in our town faster than houses could be properly built, and it is hard on the man who has not capital enough to build for himself. The three lots that go with our leaky house are very useful, for they furnish us a garden of rich soil in Summer and a playground for children and chickens in Winter. The cow and the coal repose in our barn, and each has about equal space in its luxurious proportions. That cow is a big saving of money, but it adds to our labor, for we make our own butter, but we must have it to help those proverbial "ends." There is plenty of prairie south and east of us for pasturage.

Others of the faculty are trying to tie those flying *ends* too. Mrs. A—— does about what I do for her three little girls and gives piano lessons to the neighborhood besides. Mrs. B—— has her three year old boy and housework, including the washing, and tutors in mathematics and Latin five hours every day, four of the five hours coming after seven o'clock at night, when the little fellow is in bed. Mrs. C——, who has no children, writes book reviews and has charge of the Woman's and Children's Page in our paper. All of the wives of the faculty are busy women, trying each in her own way to add to her husband's pittance. Where the men are not full professors, that pittance is less than my husband's.

With all this straining to live comes a wish from the President and Trustees of the college that we mingle more in town society; that it will be a good advertisement for the college to be well represented everywhere. Who can afford the evening dress to go? Or the evening's sewing left undone? Who can return invitations? Who has the strength—and this is at the highest premium—who has the strength to spare? Not one of the wives of the Trustees who desire this has ever called on a professor's wife, much less done anything to bring the college people into her circle of acquaintances. We meet them at

the college receptions; they always express their interest in the college, and that is all.

The little social life we have is among ourselves almost entirely. We gather informally at a house for an hour and a half or so, chat awhile, then, perhaps, have an impromptu entertainment of music, or an account of a book lately read, a bit of a lecture on a topic of general interest; then light refreshments and home by ten o'clock, for the next day's hard work is before us all. There are college lectures, debates and entertainments that those of us who have few or no children attend; but the children mean spending no admission fees, however small. Of course, it would be a real benefit to the students as well as ourselves if we could keep in touch with these broadening influences; but it is in other ways we are forced to help them. It is expected that we subscribe to the football, baseball, glee club, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., and other college student funds. To some of these we would volunteer to add as liberally as we could, but not to all, when we hardly are clothed warmly enough all Winter. Anyway, we do not like to have the sum we are expected to raise announced to us, with the request that we see that the vote passes in faculty-meeting. If the request, or demand rather, came from the student-body it could be resisted.

There is one way in which James and I rejoice to help the students. Whenever we treat ourselves to a roast of meat we share it with one or two self-supporting students. It is reward enough that they bring us their joy or suffering, even coming back after graduation to share their life-crises with us.

It has been suggested to us not to live in such and such a house because it is not in keeping with the dignity of our position (!). We are to entertain in such and such a way, for we have had the best advantages in social life that this country can boast (!). (I add the exclamation with respect to our superiors.) The discrepancy comes between the ideal and the actual possibilities of our salaries. We who have had comforts, even luxuries, do not avoid them now because we were satiate. True, our tastes and education make us companions

of the refined in easy circumstances, but our incomes are those of mechanics. The mechanic may be refined and have lofty ambitions, but he does not *need* travel, close contact with good libraries and large minds, an intimacy with the fine arts and the sciences to keep him ready to help those under him, as a professor does. It is enervating to work by one's self, going over the same ground every year, always alone, with but a new book or two on the subject. Oh! how I long that my husband may have the chance to study under somebody, with some one of his own or greater education and intelligence! If it were but for a Summer it would give him a new impetus. But how is this possible on our \$1,100 a year? This is just how it all goes:

Rent	\$216.00
Food (including fodder for cow in winter)	300.00
Clothing	125.00
Fuel and light.....	55.00
Hired help for washing (52 weeks at \$1.25)	65.00
Hired help for housecleaning (4 days at \$1.25).....	5.00
Magazines and books (including technical books for professor and school books for children).....	35.00
Church and college contributions.....	40.00
Life insurance and fire insurance on furniture	105.00
Doctor's and dentist's bills.....	20.00
Carfare, postage, etc.....	30.00
Household furnishings, tinware, garden implements, etc.....	40.00
Sundries (Christmas presents and other expenses larger than average)	64.00

Where does the possibility to travel and study elsewhere come in here? To get away from one's cow and vegetable patch must help to quicken a man's wits

in itself, to say nothing of our stultifying Summer heat.

It is because we with our needs and tastes are not receiving a living salary that there is a constantly changing element in the faculty, especially among young married men with no children. They consider their connection with our college temporary, taking it as a stepping-stone to larger institutions. They do us a real harm with their inexperience in teaching and their restlessness. An occasional one would not be so detrimental, but it is demoralizing for the students to change instructors in a study every few years, just as the former one begins to understand how to teach it. This spirit of self-interest is more noticeable in the science and music departments than others, it seems to me.

I overheard a conversation between James and Mr. E——, a Ph.D. from Halle, a while ago. They were standing in our little hallway when Mr. E—— asked James for a letter of recommendation to a teachers' agency.

"Why do you want one?" James asked.

"Stay here! I'd rust."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. Men who carry double schedules don't rust."

"Perhaps you can stand grinding all your life for nothing, but I've got to have a better place."

I thought about it afterward. "A better place!" He might find a more remunerative one, but after all, is there a better place than here, and time than now, for giving one's best? Are not these hardworking, serious young men and women worth helping as much as their more delicate, high-strung Eastern cousins?



Literature

The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians

After a five-year interval, the fifth of "The American Lectures on the History of Religions" has now appeared* since the organization of the committee in 1892 for instituting "popular courses, by the best scholars, after the style of the Hibbert Lectures in England." The present incumbent, Dr. Steindorff, Professor of Egyptology in the University of Leipzig, is an original scholar, of practical experience in explorations in Egypt, and of large literary output, ranging from a Coptic grammar to a Baedeker guide-book. There is no doubt that he is competent for the work in hand, and proof thereof is given by the sober reticence of his statements, and the sparing yet clear and full outline of the subject that he presents. By fullness one means, of course, a complete statement of the principal positions now assured, with brief significant illustrations.

Toward the close of his exposition occurs this statement of his purpose: "I have endeavored to describe to you in broad outline the rise and fall of the Egyptian religion, the beliefs held by the Egyptians on the Last Things, their worship of the gods and the dead." (P. 159.) And then follows his own judgment of the results of this inquiry: "The Egyptian religion contained no deep mysteries; the last word of wisdom was not there spoken, as the Greek thinkers once fondly imagined." (P. 171.) And—to dive at once into the central whirlpool of Biblical controversy—we may quote the following as an indication of the answer to his question: Did the Egyptian religion influence Judaism and Christianity? Is it a religion of great significance in the history of the world? (P. 160.)

"It is very possible that, in the poetical portions of the Bible, many an Egyptian phrase may have been preserved, that whole departments of biblical literature—I am

thinking more particularly of proverbial poetry—may bear traces of Egyptian influence in their form. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that there are points of close agreement between the Babylonian and the Hebrew hymns. . . . what is best in the poetry of the Bible belongs without any doubt to Israel itself."

In other words, his tendency is to believe as much as he can of the ancient tradition. He tries hard to make out a case of connection between the Egyptian religion and the Old Testament, but only dubiously succeeds. Neither Joseph nor Moses is mentioned in the Egyptian records, yet the name Moses is Egyptian (Mose meaning "child"), and "sections of Pentateuch reveal so excellent a knowledge of the conditions in ancient Egypt that we ought not without further parley to eliminate them as unhistorical." (P. 166.) "To the best of my belief, we ought hardly to assume as historic facts more than the existence of Hebrew tribes in Egypt and the personality of Moses." (P. 167.) A meagre gleanings for such wide research; flimsy material with which to build.

But to resume the natural order of his exposition. After a statement of the deeply religious nature of the life and the remaining writings of the Egyptians, taking precedence in this respect even over Israel and the Old Testament, and vindicating the judgment of Herodotus, in the fifth century B. C., that "The Egyptians are exceeding God-fearing, more than all other peoples," we are presented with a compressed sketch of Egyptian history, convenient, like a table of contents, for purposes of reference. The first characteristic of the religion of Egypt, technically speaking, was Particularism: "In the beginning there was no uniformity of religion in Egypt. Every city, every town, every hamlet, possessed its own protecting deity, its own patron." (P. 17.) "Originally the mission of these guardian deities was exhausted in the protection of their cities, outside of which their power ended." (P. 19.)

The second stage was Syncretism: The priests of Heliopolis concentrated

* THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By Georg Steindorff, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

all worship upon the sun-god, the various divinities being regarded as "Names" of the one single god. (Pp. 41-42.) "It is probably within the mark to say that the greater part of Egyptian religious literature was produced, or at least published, in that city." (P. 46.)

Enormous contradictions thus arose thru these consolidations, but these absurdities were not felt as such: "They (the priests of Heliopolis) saw profound wisdom in the contradictions, and set themselves with unparalleled ingenuity to disentangle the perplexities of their own creating." (P. 46.) A crude material monotheism of the solar disc later arose (under Amenophis IV, c. 1392 B. C.), in which, rejecting every personal representation of the deity, "worship was paid solely to the visible sun, portrayed as a round disc, from which proceeded long rays, ending in hands which hold out the symbols of life to the king and his family as the representatives of humanity." (P. 63.) This worked a revolution and counter-revolution which convulsed the land, resulting in a double confiscation of temples, and erasure of pictures and inscriptions from the monuments. After this the priests resumed the ascendant, with their older worship of the sun, and religion became stereotyped, concluding its evolution with the degeneration of Set, the god of the Ramses dynasty, into a devil, and his expulsion from the Pantheon; and the brilliant but brief reign of Serapis (as properly it is spelled), imported from the Greeks under the Ptolemies, to perish with incoming Christianity.



Home Life in France

No country has suffered more than France at the hands of its own men of letters. They have made French morals a byword and a reproach, and Frenchmen are coming to see this. French writers of fiction have so gravely sinned against the truth and fitness of things that the average novel must be accepted as a travesty no more resembling French domestic life than the traditional French caricature of John Bull resembles the typical Englishman. Conditions such as those forming the world of "Madame Bovary," to name but one great novel,

exist and may be an appropriate setting for the unsavory characters in that masterpiece, but they are not typical of France. The foreign reader, however, accepts them as such. The authors, however, are men whose work has artistic finish as distinguished from flippant smartness.

To correct the common opinion of domestic life in France, Miss Betham-Edwards writes her book* with a knowledge that comes from many years spent in France, and a sympathy that comes from real acquaintance with the men and women in all parts of the country. She writes, furthermore, with a simplicity and directness that carries conviction. The positions she takes are well supported by concrete examples, and her comment upon them is fair and convincing. The book makes no pretensions at being a sociological study. There is no parade of scientific terminology or system. But there is evidence everywhere of a scientific accuracy of observation, wide induction, and cautious generalization. The too evident purpose of the book, to defend the good name of the French people by interpreting their home life, detracts from the impression the author would otherwise have made. The weakness of the book is that it does not show enough of the unfavorable side of French character, and the reader is tempted occasionally to doubt the impartiality of the author. But this weakness is involved in the fact that the author holds a brief for one whom she regards as an innocent defendant. Much of the book is not new. It has been done before, but it was well worth doing again, especially when so well done.

The main thought of the work may be summed up in a quotation from Gabriel Hanotaux's *Le France Contemporaine*: "Every Frenchman works for the future and accumulates for posterity, saving methodically in matters of his own comfort and pleasure what is necessary for the comfort of future generations and heirs whom he does not know." This idea the author traces thru every rank in society and almost every

* HOME LIFE IN FRANCE. By Miss Betham-Edwards. 8vo, pp., 310. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.50.

walk in life. She shows the domestic servant saving from her pitiful wages, the middle classes saving for their children, the higher classes planning for the welfare of the family. Everywhere the family as the mainspring of action is put before the reader with an almost irritating persistency. He feels that such an extended treatment of one theme called for a more organic division of the subject matter and not what after all seems like patchwork. For part of the book was written in the form of magazine articles. So produced, the iteration did not strike the first readers. But as now presented the force of the plea is weakened by its form.



George Barr McCutcheon,
Author of "Nedra."

Nedra

George Barr McCutcheon has a genius like that of the late Frank R. Stockton's when it comes to making the impossible seem plausible. But this very gift which has made him so popular with a wide circle of readers seems likely to mislead him in the end. In his last novel* he has exercised his faculty for the incredible even more than usual, but he has been flagrantly careless in presenting those details where art counts for more than imagination.

His readers are delighted when the pair of rich Chicago lovers elope to Manila, where they expect to be married and escape the nuptial functions attendant upon wedding occasions in their social set. The adventures they have in New York prior to their flight and during the voyage are all set down in McCutcheon's best manner. We know that the plot thickens when another man on board falls in love with Grace Vernon and when Lady Tennys is drawn toward Hugh Ridgeway in spite of her old husband. We accept the beginning of the *dénouement* with confidence when a storm wrecks the ship, and Ridgeway saves Lady Tennys by mistake from the cruel waves instead of his betrothed bride—with confidence because we remember the happy adventures Mr. McCutcheon always provided for his readers in the famous principality of Graustark. But when Ridgeway and Lady Tennys are washed ashore upon an unknown island, where they pose before the savages there as god and goddess, when they do the same things that people have always done in such situations since Robinson Crusoe set the fashion, except that they live in primitive luxury, then we are kin to the street gamin who is not to be taken in by an old fake, and we exclaim: "Aw! what yer givin' us, Mr. McCutcheon?" And it is bad enough that the whole thing has been given so often before, but the author's carelessness in developing the situation almost amounts to an affront when we consider how able he is to do better. Thus, after spending the greater part of a stormy night in a boiling sea, Lady Tennys sits like a Gibson girl among the rocks and tucks up her hair with "tortoise shell combs." Now, can any woman remain twenty minutes bareheaded in the mildest surf without losing every hairpin she possesses, much less her tortoise shell combs? And the man's grief for his lost love does not last two hours. He rages and curses Lady Tennys; then sobs with delight because he has saved her. The next morning, altho she has lost her husband and he his bride, they are very gay. He ties a palm leaf under her chin and she performs a like service for him. Really, it is scandalous. Savages do not forget their dead so soon.

* NEDRA. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

But that is not all. Later on when Ridgeway overhears Lady Tennys offer a perfunctory prayer that Grace Vernon may have escaped a watery grave, Ridgeway sulks for two weeks. He is obviously offended because the woman he has is decent enough to hope that the other one still lives.

In other ways the author crosses the line of good taste even when there is no humor on the other side. They need, for instance, a white signal to attract the attention of any ships which may be passing. Lady Tennys furnishes it and with a remark that would cause Bernard Shaw to blush with envy because he has never thought of anything to say so suggestive and *risqué*.

In short it is not that the thing is posteros, but it lacks the chief charm of the incredible, originality, and it has been so badly done by an author who can do so well.



The Upton Letters. By T. B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Letters have two values—the literary and the psychological—and both these values are very significant in *The Upton Letters*. They purport to be written by a master in one of the public schools of England to a friend who has been obliged to take up his residence in the Island of Madeira for his health's sake. It will, of course, be understood that the term "public schools" is here used in the English sense—that is, preparatory schools for the sons of aristocratic, plutocratic and professional families. Eton, Harrow, Rugby and Winchester may be mentioned as examples. The literary value of *The Upton Letters* is undoubtedly high. They are written in graceful, but forcible, English, and the style is that easy and flowing one which comes, as it were, naturally to the man of culture. The psychological value is curious, for we have here a man whose innate optimism is ever striving against an equally innate morbidity—a curious mixture. He pours out his thoughts to his friend upon a variety of subjects—the mentality and moral character of his boys, the temperaments of his fellow schoolmasters, the curriculum of the school, the feelings called up by the rendering of the Psalms in divine serv-

ice, his ideas of art and literature, and the pleasures of vacation tours and recreative bicycle rides. It is in these last that we see him at his best, for in this country the criticisms upon the curriculum of an English public school will have but little interest. The descriptions, however, of his recreations are charming glimpses of the way in which a sensitive, refined and educated mind looks at things around him, noting landscape, street, old manor house, and cathedral, listening to song of bird and sigh of wind. Especially interesting are the letters on literary subjects in which he writes of Charlotte Brontë, George Meredith, Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Moore, George Gissing, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells. One gets quite a respect for his critical insight from these, and this is increased by a letter in which he takes the part of the Memoir of Mark Pattison. On the other hand, when he writes as he does about Herbert Spencer, judging him exclusively from his Autobiography, without having read half a dozen pages of his philosophical writings, as the author himself confesses, judging the man superficially by his appearance and the cut of his clothes, we must call in question his fairness and critical powers.

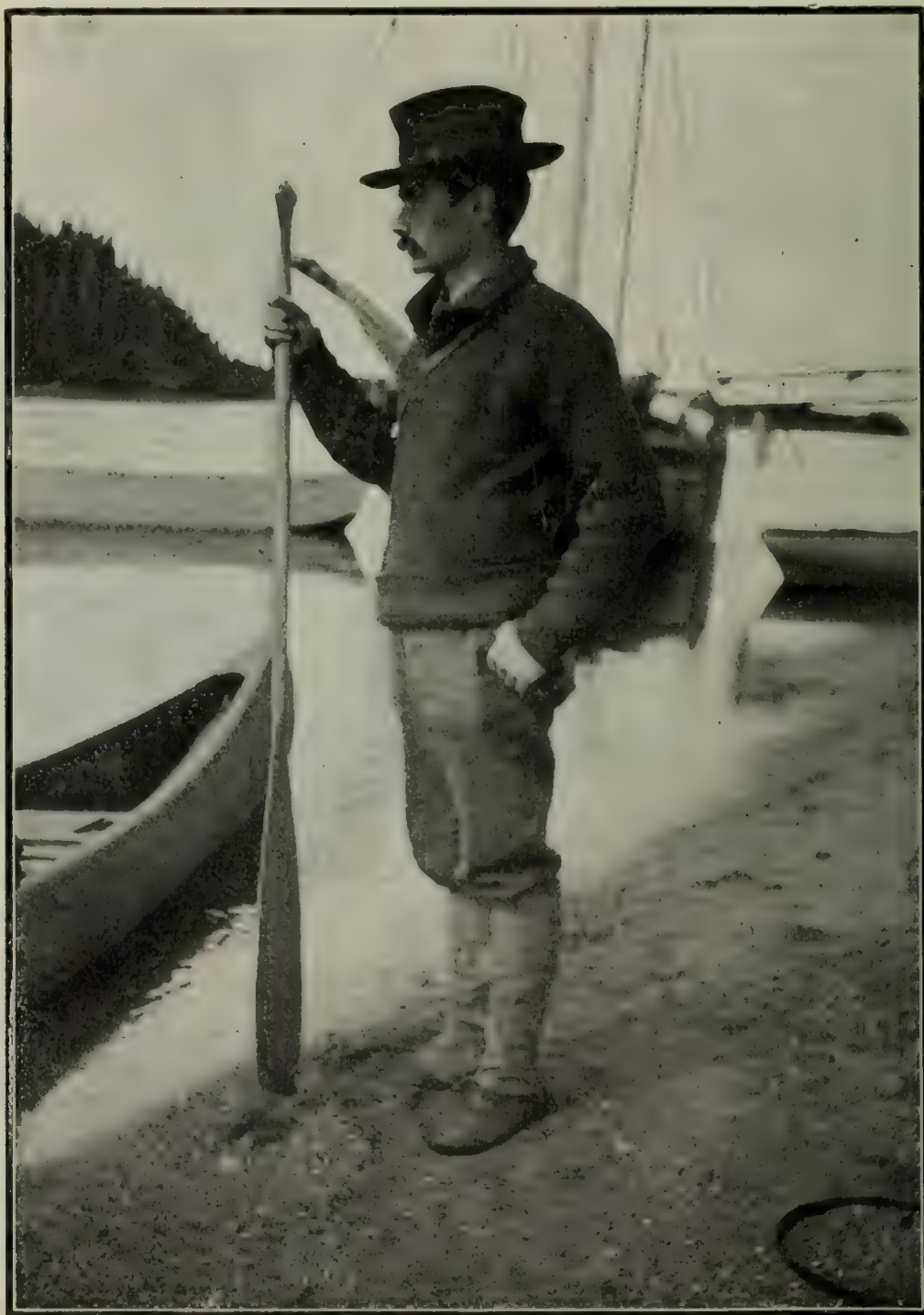


The Lure of the Labrador Wild. By Dillon Wallace. New York: Fleming H. Revell. \$1.50.

Like the sea, the wild has always had vast drawing power for adventurous spirits, restless under the complications and delays, the surface tameness and the artificial conditions of civilization. They must touch life, tho it be but death that they arrive at in the process. And like the pioneers of every age, Wallace plunged again into the unknown—the little of the physical unknown remaining now unvisited on earth—"to verify existence, and taste the variety of human fate," and this week we have heard the great news that he is living, and has succeeded where Hubbard failed and perished. And of this variety the bleak monotony of the Labrador is a real element, at least as a foil for feeling, a vent for the expansion of activity, a means to whet the appetite for life. Any one fond of the romance

of strenuous physical exertion, and of the atmosphere of actual outdoor adventure, will rejoice to read this book; for it is amazingly well written, in its ability to recall the million incidents, and to reanimate the spirit, of that monotonous and desperate march. And yet this very notable minuteness of record, and the impression of monotonous endeavor faithfully reflected therefrom, involve the book in gathering gloom and tedium, unrelieved, in the first three-quarters of it,

for any but a lover of the wild and of his struggling kind. Then comes the change, prepared for by this preliminary discipline and, perhaps, indispensable purgation, and we leap at once onto the peaks of tragedy, sublime, Shakespearian, broadly blended of humor and of pathos, exciting both to body and soul alike. No one should miss this conclusion, however little they may care to penetrate into the "terrific interiors" of the book. The dead man (Hubbard) in



DILLON WALLACE,

Author of "The Lure of the Labrador Wild."

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his tent, calmly reposed after this more than mortal strain; his comrade, snow-blind and delirious, searching and circling, sometimes almost within call, had any call availed, exposed, half-naked to the drifts and whirling gales of Winter that made the hardy trappers of that region wrap in thickest furs, yet practically unhurt because of long habituation to exposure; and George, the guide and savior of the sole survivor, with his ingenious and incredible endeavors, naïve emotions, humorous soliloquies, human ejaculations, adding the laughter thru the tears—this end remains almost unmatched in this history of hardihood for epic intensity and tragic breadth of human appeal to all our faculties.

Literary Notes

THE unique autobiography of Anthony Trollope, a greater work than any of his novels, is reprinted in an attractive edition by Dodd, Mead & Co. (\$1.25.)

....Macmillan & Co. publish an excellent edition of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." It is bound in one volume of some four hundred pages, and furnishes at once a handsome and compact work. (\$2.00.)

...."A Postal Dictionary" is a handy booklet to have on your desk or pocket. It contains practically as much information as can be found in the bulky and ill-arranged Official Guide. (Grafton Press, New York, 25 cents.)

....A vest pocket guide in the use of correct English, containing an alphabetical list of common errors in pronunciation and grammar, is published by G. W. Ogilvie, Chicago, under the name of "Faulty Diction." (Cloth, 25 cents; leather, 50 cents.)

....Eggs may be served in fifty-nine different ways and still preserve their identity; omelets, for instance, excluded. All this information, and more, is included in Olive Green's handy little book, "What to Have for Breakfast." (Putnam's, 90 cents.)

....Marion Harland and Virginia Van De Water have written a book on "Everyday Etiquette," which is one of the few books of this character which has any practical value. The advice is sound, and the subjects sanely and simply treated. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.00.)

...."Divorce and Remarriage; the Other Side," by Will B. Osman (Mayhew Pub. Co., Boston, \$1.50), is a fiery attack, largely in italics, upon the high church doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. The author argues that any "home" where the married couple are strongly antagonistic should be broken up in the interest of the children, the parents and society.

...."Don't kiss your dollar good-bye before treating your best beloved. Spend what you can afford with kingly carelessness, and make

up your laundry bill in another quarter." Other advice of this kind is to be found in the very bright "Fussers' Book." (Fox, Duffield & Co., 75 cents.)

...."A Memoir of the First Treasurer of the United States," by Rev. Michael R. Minnich, is a very interesting sketch of Michael Hillegas, an important character, and somewhat neglected by historians. During the stormy times of the Continental Congress, Treasurer Hillegas was a strong man at the financial helm. The book is privately printed by the author.

Pebbles

A NEW magazine is called *Human Life*. Every State has a statute against taking it.—*Puck*.

....*Colonel Highflyer*—What are your rates per column?

Editor of "Swell Society"—For insertion or suppression?—*Life*.

....Don't ask a girl to marry you after dark when she is dressed fit to kill. Call on her, and when you leave inadvertently drop a glove on the piano. Return for it the next morning at 9 o'clock. If she comes to the door with one shoe and one slipper on, her hair done up in curl papers, dressed in an old mother hubbard, our advice is to take to the woods. But if she appears in a neat house dress, her hair done up and a rose in the top of her hair, grab her quick.—*Marionville (Mo.) Free Press*.

....What has become of the old fashioned man who carried a shot bag in his pocket to keep change in?

Who wore barn door trousers?

Who kept a boot jack to pull off his boots?

Who had his trousers lined with unbleached muslin?

Who wore a long linen duster when traveling?

Who carried an old flat carpet bag?

Who greased his boots on Sunday?

Who wore a shawl?

Who wore a watch cord with watch key fastened to it?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who kept a bodkin in her work basket.

Who baked custard for tea when she had company?

Who made impressions around the edge of pies with a key, to make them look fancy?

Who wore calico bonnets with pasteboard slats?

Who gave catnip tea to babies?

What has become of the old fashioned people who poured tea in the saucer and blew on it to make it cool?

Who drank sassafras tea in the spring to purify their blood?

What has become of the old fashioned elocutionist who read "Widow Bedott Papers" at entertainments?

Of the old fashioned young men who greased his hair with bear's oil scented with bergamot?—*Atchison Globe*.

Editorials

Thanksgiving

IN the old New England days Sunday was somewhat too holy a season to be profaned by introducing into the pulpit any political topics; but there were two days in the year when the pulpit might properly discuss affairs of state, of course, from the moral or religious standpoint. One of these days was Thanksgiving Day and the other was Fast Day. To be sure, the preacher stood on Mount Gerizim on Thanksgiving Day, and on Mount Ebal on Fast Day; but it might be the same proclamations from either, one ending with an assured blessing and the other with a warning curse. Thanksgiving was a day for praise and hope, but yet for correction in righteousness; while Fast Day was a time to reckon up our shortcomings and national sins, and rebuke them in the name of the Lord. How bravely they denounced slavery in a thousand pulpits, and the Fugitive Slave Law, and intemperance, and women's rights! They put their best labor on these sermons and printed them. Now Fast Day has gone. People would not, could not, lose Thanksgiving Day, for it had become the day for family reunion, the glorification of the home and the joy of the harvest. But Fast Day perished of its own inconsequence. It came to be a holiday without meaning, simply a needless occasion to neglect work, a holiday for boys' games and no longer for abstinence and prayer. Healthy people do not want to fast; they can pray and confess just as well with the good dinner which the Lord has given them.

So the religious and the civil thought of the two days gathers about the one. On Thanksgiving Day we thank God that, notwithstanding our failures and faults, the Lord is yet good to us; and we can qualify and moderate our enjoyment to a certain agreeable measure by whipping ourselves gently for our sins, or putting a hair shirt over, not under, our silken vests. We can gather some comfort out of the discovery of public evils, in the little interval of worship that we give from the main service of the day,

when families gather about the loaded tables, and grandsires rejoice in gathering their children's children.

After giving thanks for the usual or unusual mercies of the year—homes unbroken, abundant harvests, comfort and prosperity, national honor and strength—one may properly rejoice that our people have begun this past year to feel the shame of corrupt government, especially in our cities. Such a wave of municipal righteousness we have seen hardly ever before. We have been whipping out our dens of thieves, but first we had to whip ourselves to the effort. It has succeeded in some considerable measure. Great cities have been aroused to search out the selfishness and greed and corruption of those whose craft and graft had given them power, and they have removed or even punished them. A special reason for rejoicing is this, so far as it goes; but it still needs the sort of attention a Fast Day would give it.

The ripping up and exposure which the examination of great financial institutions have received of late calls for special thanksgiving this day. It is not agreeable—it is very disagreeable—to find all this dishonest graft and craft in what we had taken to be almost benevolent institutions. We are amazed and pained when we discover that men of high repute have persuaded themselves that it is right to do wrong, and that it has been their effort to circumvent the laws and conceal their methods under the cover of new laws of high finance. Now we have found them out. We are stopping their robberies, which they regarded as legitimate if only not palpably illegal. This is a good work for the year, and not yet finished. For this our thanksgiving may be brief and moderate, for there is much more to be done of the Fast Day sort. High reputations have been smirched, and men in high positions yet remain to be removed from the rule of corporations and from the United States Senate.

While we rejoice with thanksgiving this day for escape from such fearful misrule as has appeared in the massacres of Russia and Turkey, and while we re-

joyce that our Government has had its part in restoring peace where there was horrible war, we may as well consider for a little while what are our own shortcomings, how many are our own murders and lynchings unpunished, and what is the injustice which we show, if not to Armenians and Jews, yet equally to races yellow and black that live among us. There are signs of improvement for which we may rejoice, such as the overwhelming defeat of discriminating injustice in Maryland; but our treatment of the Chinese has had a sharp rebuke and retaliation in the East that may well give us thought. And very far are we yet from settling the proper duty we owe to the laboring population of our whole country, and the proper restraints to be put on the power of those who exploit our industries.

But these more serious thoughts are only for an hour today. The day belongs to the frolic of children and the sedate joy of their parents, and the serene gratitude of those who remain to us from the elder generation. They have seen marvelous changes and improvements in the civilization of their seventy years. This is a different world from that of their childhood. What shall these children see at threescore and ten? Will what we now boast then seem crude or even cruel, in the light of new discoveries and a fairer show for every man? Why not more inventions, more truth, more justice, a nobler country, a better world?



Unworthy Senators

SENATOR BURTON has been convicted again. Last year he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be confined in jail. This punishment he avoided by a successful appeal to the court of last resort. He was released then, not because due weight had not been given to evidence tending to establish his innocence, but merely for the reason that the money which he received for breaking the law had been paid to him outside the jurisdiction of the court in which he was tried. His guilt was clearly shown in the first trial, and it has been shown in the second. But he is to appeal again, and by means of the delay so caused he

may keep out of jail thru the remainder of his Senatorial term.

That term will not expire until March, 1907. Kansas should have two honest and competent representatives in the Senate. If Mr. Burton should have the brazen assurance to occupy his seat while his appeal is pending, he would be worthless as a Senator and the State would be disgraced by his presence in the Senate Chamber. If he does not take his seat, Kansas will have only one Senator and one vote, instead of the two to which she is entitled.

How is a State to get rid of a Senator who is clearly unfit to hold his seat, if he will not resign and if the Senate will not expel him? Senators are elected to serve for six years, and even at the beginning of this long term their unfitness may be shown. Mr. Burton and Mr. Mitchell (of Oregon) have only a little more than a year remaining, if they can stave off a disqualifying final decision of the courts; but there are others, also unfit, who may dishonor their States for several years to come. A large majority of the people of Pennsylvania would be glad to be relieved of Senator Penrose, but his term will not end until 1909. That year will also mark the expiration of the term of Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York. And Senator Chauncey M. Depew is in the first year of his term, which ends in 1911.

If the people of the State of New York, with the testimony taken by the Armstrong Insurance Committee fresh in their minds, could go to the polls now and vote upon the question whether Mr. Platt and Mr. Depew should be retained in the offices they now hold, great would be the majority for the retirement of both. Even the Legislature of the State, some members of which are less susceptible than their constituents to influences that excite righteous indignation, would emphatically reject both of these men if they were now candidates for reelection. But the two Senators will continue to misrepresent New York at Washington—unless they resign, and this cannot be expected.

New York, the great Empire State, with its 8,000,000 of people, is unfortunate in being compelled to carry this load; but it must submit, unless it shall

resort to great mass-meetings of protest and legislative resolutions of sharp condemnation. These might force those resignations that are so much to be desired. No ordinary pressure of public opinion will cause the two Senators to retire.

In Los Angeles provision is made by the city charter for what is known as the Recall, and we remember that an unworthy Councilman was removed from office there last year by the votes of his constituents. Out he had to go, and a good man was put in his place. Those who desire to be represented honestly and decently by their elected public officers should inquire concerning the merits of this new device. If the Recall were now available to the people of the State of New York as a part of their accepted political machinery, it would be used promptly, we think, to give them relief in the Senate.



The Proprietors of America

THE dominion of the white race in America began with a parceling out of the Continent, so far as it was known and explored, among great proprietors. Some of these were individuals, others were corporate bodies. As actual colonization went on, the people that came here to dwell and to work came or were brought for the most part as tenants or hirelings. The thought that they and their descendants might some time own this virgin domain probably never entered their heads. Feudal relations they accepted as a natural, or at any rate an established, order of things.

There were exceptions to this rule. To Massachusetts and Connecticut came little bands of men that had conceived the idea of building up in this new world commonwealths on the basis of a social covenant and popular proprietorship. Their purpose was to combine economic independence with citizenship and religious liberty. A fair degree of success in realizing their purpose made them a potent example to their fellow colonists to the southward; among whom, as time went on, many causes operated to awaken the desire for economic and political liberty. To a great extent the feudal system was undermined in the colonies be-

fore the Revolution, which swept away the whole structure. Then followed nearly a hundred years of democratic development. The new independent nation extended its sway to the Pacific Ocean. Yeoman proprietorship of the soil became the established economic basis of society in the Northern States. A suffrage restricted to some extent by property qualifications gave place to practically universal manhood suffrage. The wealth of the nation consisted in millions of moderate individual fortunes. There were few millionaires, and comparatively few paupers.

Nothing could be farther from historical fact, however, than an assumption that ever at any time this American nation has been consistently and throughout democratic. Very rapidly after the War of Independence the system of labor on great plantations developed throughout the South. With the overthrow of slavery by the Civil War, and the break-up of the plantation system, we were apparently rid finally and forever of the last survivals of a feudal regime. That the downfall of Southern aristocracy and slavery would be followed by the rapid growth of a gigantic system of plutocratic industrial feudalism in the conquering North, was a fact that only the most far-seeing observers of social evolution could have foreseen. It was as a matter of fact foreseen by men as unlike as Macaulay and Karl Marx. But their prevision was only smiled at by the incredulous multitude.

And to-day America, this land of the free, this realm of the greatest experiment in political democracy that has ever been tried, is no longer owned by the people. The facts set forth by Justice Grosscup in a magazine article, entitled "Who Shall Own America?" are attracting much attention, but only because he has set them forth in a clear and telling way. The facts themselves have long been matters of familiar knowledge. Vast as is our agricultural wealth—the value of our farm and farm equipment, still owned for the most part by individuals, amounting to over eighteen billion dollars—the wealth owned by corporations exceeds it by more than five billion dollars. Leaving city real estate out of consideration, more than half of Ameri-

can wealth is now the property of corporations, and more than half of the American people are directly dependent upon corporations for their livelihood, and are subservient to them as were the serfs and liegemen to the mediæval baron. Very rapidly, moreover, the great corporations are absorbing the small ones, and the multi-millionaires in the directorates of the great corporations are obtaining the holdings of the small millionaires. In a word, if the present tendencies should continue unchecked for another quarter of a century, ten or twelve men at the outside would own more than half of the wealth of America, and fifty or one hundred men would own three-quarters of it. We should have returned to an exaggerated form of the proprietary system under which most of the American colonies were planted, and the little day of democracy would be over.

We need not fear, however, that this potential transformation of the Republic into a new feudal domain will be carried through to ultimate realization. The spirit that wrested liberty from oppression in the later colonial period, that won independence in 1776, and that put down slavery in 1861, is already addressing itself to the corporation oligarchy, and will make its power increasingly felt. Judge Grosscup's discussion of remedies for the existing evils does not seem to us to be altogether adequate, but it includes suggestions worthy of consideration. He errs in looking upon the public ownership of natural resources and public utilities as more to be dreaded than corporate proprietorship, and we think him wholly mistaken in supposing that a wide distribution of the shares of corporate property among the people would satisfy the requirements of either equity or expediency. What Judge Grosscup forgets is that in moral right all men are the true owners of all natural advantages not created by individual men, and of all artificial advantages created by act and authority of the State. So long as legislative bodies and courts corruptly convey these forms of wealth to private corporations, the growing disparity of economic conditions must continue. Only when the community fully understands that wealth which can be held by individuals only under a State-given franchise right-

ly belongs and must legally belong to the whole public, will it be possible to make material progress in distributing the shares of other wealth now held by corporations, thru the devices that Judge Grosscup suggests. Let us by all means have a simplification of the corporate organization, let us have a national incorporation, and let us have a strict accountability of trustees and directors. But do not let us imagine that these reforms alone, and apart from an increasing public proprietorship, will once more make the people the proprietors of America.



Football as a Training for Life

CRITICISM of football is no new thing. There have always been Philistines in the outside world who, looking at the question from a utilitarian and unacademic standpoint, have made fun of it or called it brutal. Some fond parents have objected to having their sons maimed or killed for the greater glory of the college. An occasional professor has ventured to complain that it interfered with studies. Such protests as these, of course, could be disregarded, but this year even coaches who derive their living from the game, and college presidents, who have depended upon it for their best advertising, are beginning to talk of abolishing it.

Many of the attacks now being made upon football are so obviously unjust and exaggerated, and based upon such misapprehension of the purposes of the game, that in all fairness it is desirable to call attention to what can be said in its defence. The friends of the game have always insisted upon its value as a training for life. Since this is the avowed aim of the formal college course as proclaimed by the presidents in catalogs and commencement addresses, it is obvious that if this can be accomplished with greater success on the gridiron than in the classroom, it does not matter how much the latter is replaced by the former. This argument has not, however, had its due effect upon the opponents of the game because its advocates have not been explicit enough in showing just how football gives the preparation most needed to meet the conditions of modern life.

This deficiency we now propose to supply.

About its physical benefits it is unnecessary to speak. After making all allowance for those whose injuries in the game prove to be permanent, those who get Bright's disease from the protein diet of the training table, and those whose sedentary occupations in after years do not enable them to keep in healthy condition their abnormal muscular system, it is undeniable that the rest of the players, undoubtedly a majority of the whole number, have acquired a physical development which they could have obtained in no other way except by some other form of exercise. We shall therefore turn our attention to the mental and moral effects, which are of the greater importance in that they are shared by the spectators as well.

First of these is the cultivation of indifference to the sufferings of other people. A certain degree of hardness of heart is necessary for success in the increasingly intense struggle for existence. Ruthlessness is the chief attribute of the superman, and his progenitors have already appeared upon the earth. The captain of industry knows that each new undertaking involves a sacrifice of many lives, but he must not allow that to deter him. Our railroads kill some 12,000 persons a year, and this cannot be avoided, except by the sacrifice of some of the profits. If we stopped to sympathize every time we saw some one run over by an automobile or a trolley car we should be late to church or theater. Such vestigial squeamishness as we have inherited may be most easily extirpated by a season spent on the grandstands, where the mildest maiden soon learns to turn down her thumb like any vestal virgin in the Coliseum.

It is not true, as charged by the enemies of football, that deliberate cruelty is common. On the contrary, almost all the players much prefer not to kill or to seriously injure their opponents if it is possible to win the game without it.

Second, among the advantages of football is learning how to combine against an individual. The team play by which the weakest man on the other side can be downed by a concerted attack of half a dozen of the strongest is the best pos-

sible training in trust methods. The secret signals correspond to the telegraphic code books of the corporations, and the principle and tactics are substantially those which have proved so advantageous in modern business. The code of the duel, man to man, is antiquated. The commercial world has acted up to our national motto, *E pluribus unum*, and has added to it *et plures contra unum*.

A third lesson the football player learns is a self-sacrificing devotion to an irrational ideal. It is on the face of it absurd that such efforts should be made to get a pigskin between the poles, but it is not more irrational than many of the aims for which men and women strive in post-graduate life. Rank, titles, decorations, applause, trophies, badges, flags, formulas, hypotheses, platforms, creeds, rituals, fashions, statues, tombstones—all such things for which we sacrifice ourselves and others have in them much of the symbolic, the sentimental and the fictitious.

Fourth, there is the cultivation of the spirit of blind partisanship. The young man hesitates in the choice of a college between several apparently equally good, but once in he feels very differently about it. He has nothing but cheers for his own college and jeers for all the others. The interclass and intercollegiate contests are excellent drill for that combination of loyalty and intolerance which is one of the pillars of our present civilization. Without it party lines would be obliterated, ecclesiastical sects would fuse, social castes would dissolve and wars would cease.

Fifth, the gambling, which is an inevitable concomitant of football, is so similar to the operations of the stock exchange that proficiency in it is almost equivalent to a business college course. This is a commercial age, and the sooner a boy learns that an opinion is not respected unless it is backed by money the better. One who learns in his youth how delightful it is to get money out of other people without earning it will never forget it. The joy of high hazard and chance fortune once tasted acts as a constant incentive to rise above the level of commonplace industry.

Sixth, additional training in the meth-

ods of the higher finance is obtained in the handling of football funds. To collect \$20,000 or \$40,000, in part by per capita assessments upon unwilling students, enforced by the most rigid of all forms of social control, college spirit; to expend this on objects for which a tenth of the sum would be sufficient, and to make both ends meet with a creditable balance sheet at the end of the season, qualifies a man for lucrative positions, like that of president of a life insurance company.

Seventh, the enforcement of the rule against professionalism has cultivated a nice sense of class distinctions hitherto lacking in America. Boys are learning that it is wrong to run a race for a gold medal stamped by the United States Mint. We are beginning to feel about it here as they do in England—that to do anything for money is essentially degrading. The Rocky Mountain ranchman thinks it wrong to shoot a deer for fun; he only kills one when he is out of meat. The gentleman hunter holds the reverse principle equally strongly, and, as is usually the case, each despises the other on account of his different code of ethics. Now that we are growing a leisure class it is well to have our youth trained in the aristocratic ethics of the essential superiority of the amateur.

Eighth, the disregard for the authority of the umpire, developed in both players and spectators, will be found very useful to those who enter the higher walks of life in politics and commerce. The players learn by experience how easy and how profitable it is to dodge the umpire, and deceive their opponents, while the spectators learn how powerless is a single man—clothed in a little brief authority—against the clamor of a mob. This is invaluable training for the heads of corporations in the intimidation of public officials who try to interfere with their business, and for the populace on those occasions when they take the law into their own hands.

The games of youth are always imitations of the occupation of their parents. Football is the epitome of our competitive commonwealth, the real national game, the symbol of our civilization, the rehearsal of the drama of life,

and it is very irrational to object to the students practicing in miniature the game they will afterward play in earnest.



A Substitute for Insurance

AN article which we publish this week on the cost of life insurance traverses a very different subject from that which has been considered by Mr. Hughes in the legislative examination now going on, the results of which we discussed editorially last week. In the present article a distinguished actuary explains the principle on which the charge for life insurance is fixed, and argues that the cost cannot be materially reduced.

The reader will see that so long as it costs so much to persuade men to insure their lives no great reduction can be made. Something can be done by less waste in extravagance and graft; but after all it is the soliciting of insurance that makes a chief item. How can that expense be reduced?

Perhaps nothing immediate is in sight, but if we will look far enough ahead we may discover what is likely to succeed life insurance, at much less expense. At present people do not go for insurance; they have to be urged to take it. When everybody is insured, and is required to take it, then it can be had with less cost to each; but it will be a different kind of insurance.

In Germany there is a system of compulsory insurance for working people, of which one-third is paid by the employer, one-third by the workman, and one-third by the State. If one hires a servant he is obliged to put each month stamps in his or her book to the required amount, and this is inspected to see that it is done. This provides a pension against sickness and old age. A similar system, or even more extensive, has been adopted in New Zealand. It is a kind of compulsory insurance, applied to certain classes. We are not yet ready to adopt it, for we let older countries, where conditions are more stressful—and New Zealand—try a great many experiments for us. We do not even yet have postal banks, or parcel post, or municipal trolleys, or Government railroads, much less old age pensions. We apply the system only to our

Army and Navy, not even to our Civil Service. But it is likely to come one of these days; and we may very likely see a system of pensions developed beyond that for the working classes, which will replace insurance and make the present system unnecessary. It may perhaps connect itself with a system of income tax, by which the amount to be received will depend on the amount of income tax paid, but with an upper limit of perhaps \$1,500. Thus, as is proper in taxation, the wealthier will pay more, and the poorer less, than their proportion, while it will be the poorer that receive the principal advantage. The system will be applied so as to provide for widows and orphans, as well as for the support of the wage-earner during his lifetime.

It may be suggested that State control of insurance will be expensive because it will give opportunities for graft. This is hardly the time to bring forward such an objection. Insurance as now managed by corporations does not seem to be clear of the same complaint.



The Country Home

EVEN those who return to their city homes before Thanksgiving Day do it with regret. The conviction is growing on business men that somehow they have made a failure of home-building, even when they have got marble fronts, with picture galleries. Not long ago, at a Chamber of Commerce meeting, a man of wealth and social standing remarked, "I am not satisfied; and as far as I am satisfied I am alarmed. We are coming to a great awakening by and by, and I hope it will be soon. When I think it over, I don't wish to measure my life by so much office work, and so much accumulated property, nor by money-graded social standing. Somehow I have a growing feeling that I am lacking something, and have been starving the best part of my nature. Can the country give me this something that the city cannot? I begin to think that it can." The city at its best cannot get down to the heart of life. No man can live a right life who does not live in contact with nature.

On the other hand, the farmer has also grown dissatisfied. He wants something that he cannot, or has not, got—in way of comfort, conveniences and rest. Heretofore he has pushed into city life and village life to get these things. Has he got them? As a rule he has given up more than he has gained. He, too, will have to say that the city, at its best, leaves him still lacking something. It is a sorry chapter in American experience that recounts the story of the retired farmer. He has generally found himself badly adapted to crowded life, and if he has engaged in town business he has as a rule failed in competition. A man who has spent the best part of his life with his elbows free, on the farm, has unfitted himself for the close rivalry of town life.

The new conditions of country life are more satisfactory. Nearly all the privileges which have heretofore been characteristic of city life have gone out into the country. On the other hand, a small fraction of country life has become identified with city living. The coming city will have a good deal more of suburbanism. Yet it cannot be overlooked that while the ratio of increase in population in the United States has become much more largely identified with the country during the last ten years, yet only 2 per cent. of recent immigration finds its way out among the hills and valleys. This leaves the problem of city improvement very seriously handicapped. No change for the better can take place anywhere comparable with what is going on in the country. Intensive farming is rapidly cutting up the great farms into small ones and working them with machinery. Five or ten acres gives a better home and more satisfactory income than the old-fashioned farm of one hundred acres or more. The trolley and free mail delivery are working wonders in suburbanizing outlying districts. But just now the feature of country life which is most notable is organized effort for betterment on the part of the farmers themselves. Pursuit of happiness is even better than the achievement. What the philosopher said of truth the farmer can say of comforts and pleasures: If I had them all in hand, I would open my hand

and let them fly away for the pleasure of pursuit. Farmers' clubs do not confine their discussions to animal breeding and dairy interests, but are in close conference with the educational, political and social forces of the country. Looking ahead, the farmer sees the States organized in the interest of agriculture.

Country life is simple life. Under present conditions it puts no severe strain upon the physical organism of the cultivator. It does put an increased tax upon his intellectual powers. It calls into action all the forces of his being, and so creates a balance, conducive to long life, as well as full life. The old-time farmer was broken down at fifty; the farmer of to-day is active at eighty. It is almost impossible that he shall not live a natural life. He is surrounded by birds and brooks and bees and trees. The first impulse of a man who finds himself in the country is to roll in the clover. He breaks loose from conventionalities, is unbound and free. The wife digs in her own garden, manages her own bees, or learns the art of cross-breeding fruits and vegetables. Husband and wife live together and work together, as they cannot in the city.

It is not so much a cursory view of anything, but an underview or interview of a few things that gives real pleasure. That is what we get from modern farming. Botany, entomology, ornithology, all contribute; but most of all the art of plant-breeding—creating new things. Some one said, we think it was Kant, that a single leaf contains more than a long life can completely study. Each year unfolds new revelations to the sincere farmer. His acres are one of the Books of God. "The boor," says Emerson, "has not power to possess; he can only work his acres; I own them." The late Theodore Dwight asked in one of his law classes, "How far up do you own, above your real estate?" "As high up as heaven," answered one of his pupils. "Some do," replied the professor. Modern farming is bringing this about—fewer acres but vaster possessions. "He that hath eyes to see let him see;" "he that hath ears to hear let him hear." The new country life quickens all the faculties.

The new country home will be more economic in principle, while it will be en-

larged greatly in its privileges. It will not be harassed by questions of water rates and rent. The rural telephone will not cost to exceed twelve or fifteen dollars per year; and the trolley will come to the door, to carry its products directly to market. The housewife gathers half her dinner directly from the garden, while her meat bill is mostly met by the contents of her chicken yard. She knows nothing about paying forty cents a dozen for eggs. On the other hand, she can add greatly to the income, while subtracting as largely from the outgoes. The question of child labor does not disturb the country. Every child can take part in the economic life of the family. Eight hours a day labor will be enough to make the home successful—but these eight hours will be spread over more than half of the day.

The new country home will, best of all, create society without destroying individuality. It will so enlarge, multiply and enrich home industries that the whole family can co-operate in purpose and labor, and so construct a society of its own. Home education has already acquired a new impetus. We are breaking the habit of farming out our children to all sorts of institutions, while ourselves vacating the office of parents, and voiding the responsibility of training. The result spreads from the family to the town; reviving the old-time town spirit. Homing will retake its place as a social force. It is no longer necessary to consider a boy a failure who does not "get away from the farm." Here he will have full swing for his genius and the exercise of all his talents.

What we now need is to bring this new instinct for country life down into the low strata of city population. So far we are getting the best classes, while the submerged are still merged. In a republic this is dangerous. The masses vote as well as the individuals; and the former may outvote the latter. Furthermore it is unwise to leave at the ganglia of social and political organization the least differentiated. The movement of the masses will be of necessity accomplished in due time. The future of American society will escape from the extremes imposed by European immigration.

The Duel for Manliness

The amazing fact is brought to the knowledge of the people that in our Naval Academy, and equally in West Point, there prevails a system of settling difficulties between students based on the ethics of the duel, except that fists have taken the place of pistols. And this system is allowed by the officers in charge, and defended as necessary to protect the "honor" and develop the "manliness" of the students. We do not need this system to develop manliness in civil life. That such a system should prevail tends to prove the persistence of a lower type of civilization in the fighting profession. We have passed the stage in civilization of the duel in most parts of the country, for we find legal and Christian methods of protecting honor and manliness. Indeed, what is there manly in trying to beat each other senseless and in forcing another to fight? That the authorities in charge are most to blame we have no doubt. They know it, allow it and approve it. We recall that shortly before the Civil War there was the real duel in vogue in the Naval Academy, and that after a sad result of a duel the officers stamped it out completely, and so it continued for some years. It is not a dozen years, we are informed, since this new duello sprang up, and already it has its laws of provocation, its code of procedure and its rules for the referee, and every few weeks sees a fight pulled off.



Submission of Turkey

The legations at Constantinople understood the condition of the Sultan's mind better than did the omniscient correspondents. While the writers were threatening war, and particularly the massacre of Christians all over Turkey, and were telling us how the Sultan was in the hands of a mysterious organization of Moslem fanatics having its headquarters in Morocco, the Ambassadors of the six Powers paid no attention to all these alarms, but sent their fleets (Germany excepted) to Mitylene and seized the custom house. That was the first step and it was enough. The Sultan had waited for this and was ready to yield. The old missionary, Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, tells of a balky horse he once owned in India

that would not move until its ear had been twisted. At last it would turn its head to have its ear twisted. Somewhat like that horse is the Porte. The Sultan is by nature vicious and balky, but he knows that when the protectors of his iniquitous throne make up their mind to insist on reform it must be made, and he is ready for it. The assertion that he cannot yield for some religious reason resting on Moslem law is baseless, as was years ago proved when similar misgovernment in Syria took the appointment of a Governor out of the hands of the Sultan and gave it to the European Powers. Since then Syria has been fairly well governed, and so will Macedonia be when a similar or more thoro system of reform is taken in hand, committed, perhaps, to execution by Austria. And this raises the question whether it is purely sympathy with Turkey or a certain jealousy of Austria which dictates the course of Emperor William.



The Russian Revolution

Things are moving rapidly in Russia. The impossible has already happened. Anticipations have been falsified. That Japan should crush the Russian power in the East seemed incredible; but it was done. That peace would beat down the growing revolutionary movement in Russia we all feared; it has only given it resistless strength. We knew that the autocracy was doomed, and were glad that constitutional government, under the Czar, was to take its place; we are now anticipating with astonishment a Social republic. Count Witte tried to stem the tide by giving Russia what Germany has; but the Russian people will have no such half way liberty; they want the fullest measure and think they are ready for it. The explanation of this surprising development and possibility seems to be in the fact that the only propaganda Russia has had is that of Socialism. She has had not the least experiment in any more moderate form of self-government, and so she is ready, under the lead of these extreme teachers, to pass suddenly, without experience, with no gradual preparatory transition, from autocracy to Socialism, and, we fear, thru a period of prolonged masacre and anarchy. More and

more desperate seem the conditions. Witte has occasion for all his diplomacy. Almost it looks as if the Zemstvoists cannot help him, and as if the Duma comes too late. The French Revolution seems to be returning. Then the experiment of constitutional government had not been fairly tried, and Socialism seemed the only alternative to autocratic power. Now, popular representation under a monarchy is the accepted and usual custom of rule, and the leaders in the Russian revolution understand it. Can it be that they will avoid the rock on which the French Revolution perished, and that we can have in Russia a great Social republic, to startle and perhaps instruct the world? And what will happen in Germany and Austria when *proximus ardet Ucalegon*? To maintain the Czar on his throne the Emperor might well think it necessary to send an army to St. Petersburg and Moscow and lose his own throne in the attempt to save it.

Segregation and Integration In an admirable address at the meeting of the American Missionary Association, its president, A. H. Bradford, D. D., spoke on "Race Segregation and Race Integration," and he used an effective illustration. He had said that in Atlanta there has lately been erected the finest railroad station in all the South, a magnificent building; but that he had been informed that no negro is allowed to enter its main doorway. He turned to another speaker of the evening, the Rev. H. H. Proctor, pastor of a colored church in Atlanta, and asked if such is the fact; and Mr. Proctor said it was. "Shame, shame, shame!" said Dr. Bradford, and the great audience expressed agreement with his sentiment. But we suppose Atlanta is not a peculiar case. Generally in the South we believe that a separate waiting room, with a separate entrance, is provided for negroes. It is a part of the system which requires separate cars on the railroads and separate seats on the trolleys, and separate schools, and its purpose is to humiliate the negroes and teach them that they are an inferior, out-caste race, out of which they cannot be allowed to rise.

At the end of the year Sunday schools are selecting their plans for the coming year, and still the larger number of them will be studying the International Lessons. We would commend to them a consideration of those plans which are not confined to the study of a dozen or so verses, but which take up connected topics, and especially such as provide for the several grades of classes, such as we have in our public schools. Much has been done in the last few years to bring up the standard of Sunday school teaching, so as to compare somewhat with that in our public schools, and the school is behind the times which does not appreciate the value of true methods of instruction.

Russia joins the other powers to demand that the slaughter of Christians stop in Turkey. But Russia massacres the Jews, and the Sultan smiles sardonically. And then the United States begs the Czar to stop killing Jews, and the United States is infamous for the number of its murders by mobs. And the Czar listens and wonders if the American Bible omits the passage about motes and beams.

The London *Municipal Journal* says that all the municipal telephone enterprises in England are now paying returns on their investment, even tho they are charging only about half the rates of private companies. And yet there are many people in this country who believe municipal ownership impracticable and dangerous.

We are asked to give our support to a bill fathered by the Humane Societies of this State to forbid the docking of horses' tails. It has our hearty support. Such a bill has failed twice in the New York Legislature. The custom is a cruel one, and no gentleman, and still more no lady, should consent to drive a horse thus mutilated.

Now Norway has taken on an incumbrance, a King. How strange it would be if, while the most democratic country in Europe takes a King, Russia, the most autocratic, should proclaim a republic.

Financial

Our Prosperous Farmers

A TIMELY report for the Thanksgiving season is that of the Secretary of Agriculture, with its statistical proof of the unprecedented prosperity of the American farmer in the present year. Farm crops have never before in this country been harvested at so high a general level of production and value. While only one crop, corn, reached its highest yield in 1905, four crops—corn, hay, wheat and rice—reached their highest value. The enormous total of farm output was \$6,415,000,000, as shown in the following table:

	1905.	1904.
Corn	\$1,216,000,000	\$1,088,000,000
Hay	605,000,000	529,000,000
Cotton	575,000,000	600,000,000
Wheat	525,000,000	510,000,000
Oats	282,000,000	280,000,000
Potatoes	138,000,000	151,000,000
Barley	58,000,000	59,000,000
Tobacco	52,000,000	53,000,000
Rice	14,000,000	14,000,000
Dairy Products...	665,000,000	611,000,000
Other Products...	2,285,000,000	2,264,000,000
Total	\$6,415,000,000	\$6,159,000,000

Included in the products not specifically enumerated (\$2,285,000,000) are eggs and poultry to the value of \$500,000,000. The annual output of eggs is twenty billions. The farm horses have a value of \$1,200,000,000, and \$252,000,000 may be added for mules. The number of cows (value \$482,000,000) has been increasing, but the year has seen a decline in the number of cattle and of sheep. Since 1900 the aggregate increase in the value of farm animals has been \$249,000,000. Farms themselves are worth more by 33½ per cent. than they were five years ago. During the preceding ten years the increase was only 25 per cent. Indications of the farmer's prosperity are seen in the 1,754 small national banks organized during the last five and a half years, nearly all of them in the rural districts, and more than one-third of them in the South; also in the increase of bank deposits in agricultural States, notably in the upper Mississippi Valley, and especially in the South, where, for the year, it has been nearly 23 per cent.

It is now practically admitted that the St. Paul road will be extended to the Pacific Coast, with terminals at Seattle and Tacoma.

....THE Middlesex Banking Co., of Middletown, Conn., of which Robert N. Jackson is President, will pay upon presentation, with interest to date of payment, certain debentures due December 1st, January 1st and February 1st.

....Of the new Japanese 4 per cent. loan (£25,000,000, redeemable at par at the end of twenty-five years), \$3,250,000 was taken for issue in this country by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and offered on the 28th at 87 and accrued interest by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the National City Bank and the National Bank of Commerce.

....A new trust company, to be known as the Columbia Trust Company, will begin business in this city on December 4th, with a paid-in capital of \$1,000,000 and a surplus of \$1,000,000. It is independent of control by any single interest, and will do a general trust company business on conservative lines, with courteous regard for the interests and convenience of its patrons. Robert S. Bradley is President, and the Vice-President is Clark Williams, formerly Vice-President of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company. The Chairman of the Executive Committee is A. B. Hepburn. Among the directors are Samuel G. Bayne, President of the Seaboard National Bank; William H. Moody, Attorney-General of the United States; Charles O. Gates, President of the Royal Baking Powder Co.; William H. Nichols, President of the General Chemical Co.; Clarence W. Seamans, President of the Union Typewriter Co.; Arthur Turnbull; and Clark Williams, the company's Vice-President. The new company's place of business will be at the corner of Nassau and Cedar streets.

....Dividends announced:

Buff. & Susq. R. R. Co. (Preferred), quarterly, 1 per cent., payable December 1st.

Buff. & Susq. R. R. Co. (1st Mort. Coupons), payable December 1st.

U. S. Leather Co. (Preferred), \$1.50 per share, payable January 2d.

Central Leather Co. (Preferred), \$1.75 per share, payable January 2d.

Southern Pacific Co., various Coupons, payable December 1st.

Iowa Central R'way (1st. Mort. Coupons), payable December 1st.

Minn. & St. Louis Co., Coupons, payable December 1st.

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Survey of the World

The President's Message

The first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress was begun at noon on the 4th. Twenty minutes later the Senate adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Senator Orville H. Platt. In the House Mr. Cannon was again elected Speaker, having been unanimously nominated by the caucus of his party. He received 243 votes; for John Sharp Williams, Democratic nominee, 128 were cast. On the 5th the President's Message, a very long one, was received and read. In it much space is given to a discussion of questions relating to railway companies and other corporations. The fortunes amassed thru corporate organizations are now so large, the President says, and vest such power in those that wield them, as to make it a matter of necessity to provide for effective supervision of them by the Federal Government. Both the corporation and the trade union have come to stay; each can do and has done great good; each should be favored as long as it does good; but each should be sharply checked where it acts against law and justice. It is useless to seek adequate regulation and supervision of great corporations by State action. The President believes such regulation and supervision can be obtained by Congressional legislation. If this proves impossible, the necessary power must ultimately be obtained by a Constitutional Amendment. It is unfortunate that national laws on this subject have in part sought to prohibit what could not be effectively prohibited:

"It is generally useless to try to prohibit all restraint on competition, whether this restraint be reasonable or unreasonable; and where it is

not useless it is generally hurtful. Events have shown that it is not possible adequately to secure the enforcement of any law of this kind by incessant appeal to the courts. The Department of Justice has for the last four years devoted more attention to the enforcement of the anti-Trust legislation than to anything else. Much has been accomplished; particularly marked has been the moral effect of the prosecutions; but it is increasingly evident that there will be a very insufficient beneficial result in the way of economic change. The successful prosecution of one device to evade the law immediately develops another device to accomplish the same purpose. What is needed is not sweeping prohibition of every arrangement, good or bad, which may tend to restrict competition, but such adequate supervision and regulation as will prevent any restriction of competition from being to the detriment of the public—as well as such supervision and regulation as will prevent other abuses, in no way connected with restriction of competition."

Perhaps the chief of these abuses is over-capitalization, because of the myriad evils it brings in its train. "The debauchery of politics and business by great dishonest corporations is far worse than any actual material evil they do the public." Railway rate regulation is the subject of a large part of the message. Our readers are already familiar with the President's views and arguments. So far as legislation is concerned, a law securing such regulation and supervision by agents of the Government as shall prevent the imposition of unjust or unreasonable rates and shall put "a complete stop to rebates in every shape and form" is "the most immediate and pressing need." Mr. Roosevelt's policy has undergone no change, except that the rate to be prescribed by the Commission is to be "the maximum reasonable rate." He regards "this power to establish a maximum rate as being essential to any

scheme of real reform in the matter of railway regulation." The following novel suggestion is made:

"It sometimes happens at present, not that a rate is too high, but that a favored shipper is given too low a rate. In such case the Commission would have the right to fix this already established minimum rate as the maximum; and it would need only one or two such decisions by the Commission to cure railroad companies of the practice of giving improper minimum rates."

Various kinds of rebates are considered, and all are condemned. Among these are included private car line agreements. It is urged that railway companies' books should be kept according to legal regulations and be open to inspection by the Government. "Only in this way can violations or evasions of the law be surely detected." The system of examinations should be like that which is applied to national banks. Congress is urged to provide for "expeditious" action by the Commission in all these matters, because the efficacy of the present law has been to a great degree destroyed by the weapon of delay. Speaking of the power of the companies to regulate rates by "honest agreement among themselves," the President makes the following remark concerning agreements now forbidden:

"The power vested in the Government to put a stop to agreements to the detriment of the public should, in my judgment, be accompanied by power to permit, under specified conditions and careful supervision, agreements clearly in the interest of the public. But, in my judgment, the necessity for giving this further power is by no means as great as the necessity for giving the Commission or administrative body the other powers I have enumerated."

Railroad men who wish to do well should not be exposed to competition with those who have no such desire and who violate the laws.

"At present we face such utter lack of supervision, such freedom from the restraints of law, that excellent men have often been literally forced into doing what they deplored because otherwise they were left at the mercy of unscrupulous competitors."

It is far better, the President says, that the railroads should be managed by private individuals than by the Government:

"But they can only be managed on condition that justice is done the public. It is because, in my judgment, public ownership of railroads is highly undesirable and would probably in this country entail far-reaching dis-

aster, that I wish to see such supervision and regulation of them in the interest of the public as will make it evident that there is no need for public ownership."

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Labor, Insurance, the Tariff, Etc. Much that is found in the President's remarks about labor he has said in previous messages and in public addresses. He repeats his recommendations concerning an employer's liability law, factory laws, etc., for the District of Columbia. It would be most unwise, he says, to deprive the courts of the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes, altho the power has been misused by some judges. The procedure should be regulated by requiring the judge to give due notice to the adverse parties before granting the writ. He asks for an investigation of general labor conditions, with special attention to child labor, and for "a thoro investigation of the conditions of women in industry," because the introduction of women into industry is working change and disturbance in the domestic and social life of the nation. Congress is asked to consider the excessive hours of railway employees in train service. Speaking of insurance, he says that State supervision is inadequate, and that Congress should carefully consider whether there should not be further legislation in the direction of national supervision. It has been only too clearly shown that certain of the men at the head of "great insurance companies" "take but small note of the ethical distinction between honesty and dishonesty, but draw the line only this side of what may be called law-honesty, the kind of honesty necessary in order to avoid falling into the clutches of the law." In a brief paragraph on the revenues, the President speaks of the need of stability, and says that any change in the methods of raising revenues is "inadvisable unless for grave reason," owing to the shock and strain to the business world which change would cause. But the laws must be readjusted if expenses continue to exceed receipts. Consideration of a maximum and minimum tariff is recommended. There should be added to our currency system, the President says, an element of elasticity, but no legislation is suggested. The recommenda-

tion of last year as to the publication of election expenditures and campaign contributions is repeated, with the addition that "all contributions by corporations to any political committee or for any political purpose should be forbidden by law," and that the use of a corporation's money in connection with any legislation, save for the employment of counsel in public manner, for distinctly legal services, should be prohibited by Congress and the State legislatures.

Insular Questions and Other Subjects

Reference to the coming conference at The Hague is accompanied, in the message, by a statement as to our Government's attitude toward peace. "As the world is now, only that nation is equipped for peace that knows how to fight and that will not shrink from fighting if ever the conditions become such that war is demanded in the name of the highest morality." A general arbitration treaty should be negotiated among all the nations represented at the conference. A long passage on the Monroe Doctrine leads to the case of Santo Domingo, the President describing the good effect of the temporary arrangement and earnestly urging that the pending treaty be ratified. Among the recommendations concerning the army are those in behalf of promotion for merit and of an increase and reorganization of the medical department. As to the navy, the President says that for the immediate future it will be sufficient to substitute efficient for inefficient and obsolete ships, and that probably one new battleship each year will be enough. Our criminal laws, now too largely in the interest of the criminal, should be revised. Hawaii is too heavily taxed, the President says, and three-fourths of its internal revenue and customs receipts should be set aside for education and public improvements. There should be explicit legislation conferring American citizenship upon all citizens of Porto Rico. Large corporations should be encouraged to invest in the Philippines and Porto Rico by a relaxation of the restrictions upon the ownership of mining claims and the holding of land. All our tariff duties upon imported Philippine products should be removed, except those on sugar

and tobacco, which should be made 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates until 1909. Our navigation laws should not be applied to trade with the islands before that year. Oklahoma and Indian Territory should be admitted, the President thinks, as one State, and New Mexico and Arizona as another. This should be done at once. In the course of a long discussion of immigration evils, and of our duty toward the Chinese, the recommendation is made that hereafter no immigrants except natives of the two countries be admitted from Canada or Mexico.

National Topics

United States Senator Burton, of Kansas, has been sentenced to be imprisoned for six months in jail, to pay a fine of \$2,500, and to be debarred forever from holding any Federal office. An appeal having been taken, he is at liberty under a bond of \$5,000. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, recently convicted and sentenced, but waiting for a final decision on appeal, has written to Washington asking that he be permitted to retain the Chairmanship of the Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals.—In answer to inquiries from reporters, Senators Depew and Platt, of New York, deny that they intend to resign. They refuse to discuss the evidence given by themselves and others before the Armstrong Life Insurance Committee in New York.—The National Committee on Inauguration, composed of residents of Washington and the Governors of the States, unanimously recommend that the last Thursday, in April (instead of March 4th), be chosen as the day for the inauguration of Presidents.—A census bulletin shows that the number of those persons over ten years of age in this country who cannot write is 106 in 1,000, against 133 in 1900. For native whites the number is 46; for foreign born whites it is 128; for negroes it is 445. In the rural districts the number of illiterate children in a thousand is eight times greater than in the cities.—Franklin K. Lane, of San Francisco, is to be appointed a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.—It is shown in the Civil Service Commission's annual report that the number of competitive positions is now 171,807 (against

154,093 last year), out of a total number of 300,615 for the entire executive civil service. During the year 148,730 applicants were examined, 116,000 passed, and about 40,000 were appointed.—The Government's proceedings before Judge Phillips, at Kansas City, against the Atchison and other railroad companies, for giving rebates on salt in Kansas and coal in Colorado, have come to nothing. Judge Phillips granted a motion to quash them, on the ground that his court had no jurisdiction to issue the original restraining order of March, 1902, which the companies were accused of violating. This was the case in which Mr. Paul Morton was interested, and in connection with which the letters of President Roosevelt, Attorney General Moody, Judge Harmon and Mr. Morton were published.

The Recent Election in New York

An examination of the ballots in four of the five election district boxes which were opened in New York by order of the court discloses errors by which Mr. Hearst makes a net gain of 17 votes. The official count had given Mayor McClellan ten too many and Mr. Hearst seven less than were cast for him. It was also discovered that in these four boxes there were more than sixty ballots so marked that under the recent ruling of Justice Giegerich they are void. The entire number of the ballots alleged to be void is about 140, and three-quarters of these had been credited to Mayor McClellan, the remainder going to Mr. Hearst. A majority of the ballots in question, it is alleged, were so marked that they could be identified; that is to say, they fall under the ruling on that point. Mr. Hearst's attorneys will ask for the opening of about a thousand boxes. They predict that the correction of errors made in the Mayor's favor and the rejection of void ballots improperly counted will elect Mr. Hearst.—Samuel K. Ellenbogen, City Marshal, and a Tammany election district captain, has been convicted of perjury in a registration case and sentenced to be imprisoned in the penitentiary.—Speaking at a dinner given by the City Club, last week, District Attorney Jerome (recently re-elected) attacked the Supreme Court

Justices of the metropolitan district. There were too many elective offices, he said, "and worst of all is an elective judiciary. I have no reverence," he continued, "I have not even every-day common respect, for the Justices of the Supreme Court of the First Department." They had to go with their hats in their hands to the Tammany leader, Mr. Murphy, for renominations. They were influenced by reason of the large assessments exacted from them, and some of them were largely interested in private business. The cowardice of the Bar was responsible for all this. Mr. Jerome's remarks have led ex-Judge Alton B. Parker, formerly the head of the New York judiciary and nominee for the Presidency, to publish a defense of the Supreme Court Justices. At the same time he urges the Bar and the public to labor earnestly for the nomination of men of high character for the bench and for the renomination of judges who have done well.

Cuba and the Isle of Pines

In a letter to Charles Raynard, President of the American Club of the Isle of Pines, Secretary Root clearly sets forth the views of our Government as to the movement for a political separation of the island from Cuba, and gives the American colonists a warning. Mr. Raynard wrote to him on October 25th, asking for advice as to the necessary procedure for establishing a Territorial form of government "for the Isle of Pines, West Indies, U. S. A." Having said that it was "no part of the duty of the Secretary of State to give advice on such subjects," Mr. Root continued as follows:

"There is no procedure by which you and your associates can lawfully establish a Territorial government in that island. The island is lawfully subject to the control and government of the Republic of Cuba, and you and your associates are bound to render obedience to the laws of that country so long as you remain in the island. If you fail in that obedience you will be justly liable to prosecution in the Cuban courts and to such punishment as may be provided by the laws of Cuba for such offense as you commit.

"You are not likely to have any greater power in the future. The treaty now pending before the Senate, if approved by that body, will relinquish all claim of the United States to the Isle of Pines. In my judgment the

United States has no substantial claim to the Isle of Pines. The treaty merely accords to Cuba what is hers in accordance with international law and justice.

"At the time of the treaty of peace which ended the war between the United States and Spain the Isle of Pines was, and had been for several centuries, a part of Cuba. I have no doubt whatever that it continues to be a part of Cuba, and that it is not and never has been territory of the United States. This is the view with which President Roosevelt authorized the pending treaty and Mr. Hay signed it, and I expect to urge its confirmation.

"Nor would the rejection of the pending treaty put an end to the control of Cuba over the island. A treaty directly contrary to the one now pending would be necessary to do that and there is not the slightest prospect of such a treaty being made.

"You may be quite sure that Cuba will never consent to give up the Isle of Pines, and that the United States will never try to compel her to give it up against her will."

—Herbert G. Squiers, for the past three years American Minister to Cuba, resigned by cable on the 29th. His resignation was immediately accepted, and Edwin V. Morgan, recently Minister to Corea, was appointed in his place. No official explanation of the change has been made, but it is reported that Mr. Squiers offended the Cuban Government by openly sympathizing with the American colonists on the Isle of Pines and by his vigorous opposition to the pending Anglo-Cuban treaty. It was publicly asserted that he was assisting a movement for the annexation of Cuba to the United States. Some months ago he exerted his influence in favor of a bill in the interest of the Louisiana rice planters (under instructions, it is said), and for this was attacked by the Havana press. The Cuban Government denies that it asked for his removal.—The presidential election, on the 1st, was a very quiet affair, and the vote was light because there was no Opposition ticket in the field. President Palma and all the other nominees of the Moderate party were elected. This party will have large majorities in both branches of Congress after April next.

Railways in Chicago and Cleveland

The Chicago Council's opposition to Mayor Dunne's plan for municipal ownership and operation of the street railways was clearly shown last week, when the Council's

Transportation Committee reported and recommended for passage a long ordinance giving the railway companies a franchise for twenty years (in lieu of all existing franchises), upon condition that they thoroly reconstruct their plants, provide new equipment, introduce electric power, and pay the city a part of their gross receipts, beginning with about 4 per cent. annually, and rising to 11 per cent. for the last five years of the term. At the same time, the committee made an adverse report upon the Mayor's latest proposition, which was that \$75,000,000 in Mueller law certificates be issued for the purchase of the roads or the operation of municipal lines in competition with them. It is estimated that under the committee's ordinance the city would receive \$45,900,000 in twenty years, and that the companies in the first four or five years would spend about as much in the work of reconstruction.—By a decision of the Ohio Supreme Court, Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, wins a victory in support of a franchise for three-cent fares upon certain streets of that city not occupied now by the railway companies, or in which they no longer have franchise rights.

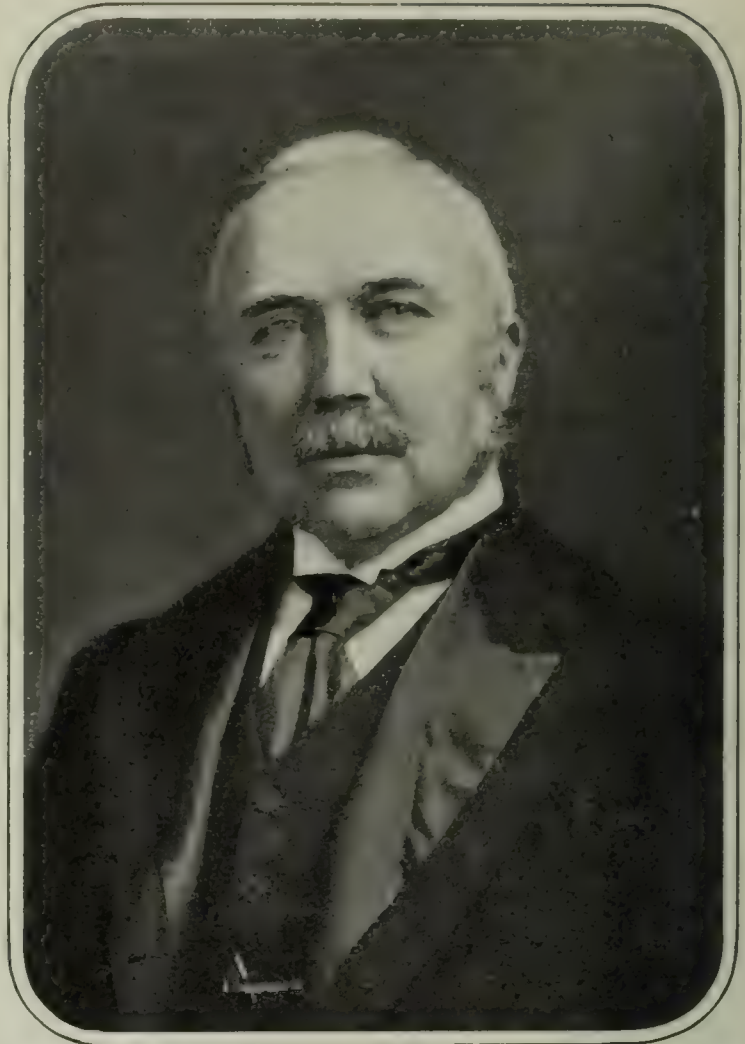
Labor Controversies

The New York Court of Appeals has decided, two judges dissenting, that a contract in which an employer undertakes to employ union men only is binding upon him and may be enforced at law. The case was one in which an employer who had made such an agreement with a union broke it and was sued by the union for breach of contract. His defense was that the agreement was not enforceable because it was against public policy and in restraint of trade. The court rules otherwise.

The Balfour Cabinet Out

On December 4th Premier Balfour tendered the resignations of himself and the members of his Cabinet to King Edward, who accepted them and summoned Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, to form a new Cabinet. We published on July 27 a character sketch of the new Premier by W. T. Stead. Mr. Balfour has been for a long time a mere-

ly nominal leader, and it was only because there was no vigorous and unified opposition that he has not been forced to resign. He has been surprisingly successful in holding his majority without committing himself to a definite fiscal policy, while at the same time the real leader of his party, Mr. Chamberlain, has been making a strong campaign for a tariff. He favors a policy of retaliation, but without placing any tax upon imported wheat, while Mr. Chamberlain holds that retaliation is impossible without a general tariff, and that, unless foreign wheat is taxed, it is impracticable to give a preference to that from the British colonies. This tax, he says, need not and ought not to exceed 2 shillings a quarter. The new Premier is not personally a very popular leader, and he will have a hard time establishing and holding his position, because the Unionists have still a majority in the House of Commons and the problem of the unemployed in London is a serious one. Premier Balfour was not able to offer any practical remedy to the deputation of the wives of the poor of London which visited him, and the donation of \$10,000 by the Queen can do no more than show her own sympathy. The procession of 30,000 unemployed which marched thru the city streets to Hyde Park was remarkably orderly, but their banners bore such mottoes as "Curse your charity; we want honest work," "A starving man has a right to his neighbor's bread," and "Old version—Thou shalt not steal; new version—Thy children shall not be stolen from." The Socialist leader, Keir Hardie, is trying to form an alliance between the forty-five labor members and the seventy-five Irish members in Parliament. The proposal of Alfred Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Balfour Cabinet, to hold a conference of all the colonial governments on the fiscal question and to form a permanent commission, to be called an "Imperial Council,"



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

New English Premier.

has not met with universal acceptance, and the Secretary has cabled to the colonies to have it postponed until 1907. Cape Colony, Natal and Australia agreed, but Canada and Newfoundland objected, and New Zealand deferred a definite answer.



Mitylene and Lemnos

The occupation last week of Mitylene by the fleet of the allied Powers seemed to have no effect on the Sultan. On Monday, therefore, a second island, Lemnos, was seized. In both cases there was not even a hint at resistance. Some five hundred marines were landed, who seized the custom houses and telegraph lines. The Sultan's policy of resistance has been strengthened by the publication of the memorandum of the Balkan Committee, which shows clearly that the financial control of Macedonia would

only be a step toward the entire loss of Turkish prestige in that region. The dissension among the Powers makes the enforcement of their demands difficult, while the Sultan has it in his power at any time to close the Dardanelles to commerce or even to instigate a massacre of the Christians in Constantinople. The situation in that city is becoming very much strained. American tourists have been advised to depart on account of the hostile attitude toward the foreigners. The cruiser "Minneapolis" has been ordered from the Baltic to the Azores.



The Sevastopol Mutiny Quelled The rebellion of the sailors of Sevastopol did not prove so serious as it threatened to be. In spite of its extent and apparently thoro organization, it collapsed upon the first attack by the loyal regiments and ships. The sailors expected that they would be joined by the troops on shore, but of these the Bialystok regiment refused, and the Brest regiment, which at first imprisoned its officers, soon repented of this action and released them. The command of the mutineers was taken by Lieutenant Schmidt, who had been discharged from the naval service a few weeks before because of his revolutionary sympathies. On the night of November 28th he raised the red flag on the cruiser "Otchakoff" and seized the torpedo boat "Svirepy" and three other vessels. Boats full of armed men were sent to the battleship "Panteleimon," formerly "Kniaz Potemkin." The officers of this battleship were captured and taken to the "Otchakoff." Lieutenant Schmidt then notified the authorities on shore that if the "Otchakoff" was fired upon all the captured officers would be hanged. The other naval vessels in the harbor refused to mutiny, and in the afternoon they co-operated with the shore batteries in an attack upon all the shipping flying the red flag. The "Otchakoff" and the "Svirepy" replied, but after a few minutes both were disabled and set on fire. The "Otchakoff" showed the white flag and Schmidt, disguised as a common sailor, was captured in the attempt to escape. A large number of the mutineers were killed and

the "Otchakoff" was completely burned. The torpedo transport "Bug," loaded with explosives, was sunk by her crew to prevent being blown up by a chance shell. The town and the other ships were not injured by the bombardment. On shore the mutineers in the Lazareff barracks, numbering some 2,000, were attacked by three batteries of field artillery stationed on the Boulevard, 1,500 yards distant. The soldiers of the Brest regiment were given a chance to retrieve their honor by capturing the barracks. Their commander, Colonel Dumbadze, whom a few days before they had imprisoned, addressed them in these words:

"You stained the reputation of your regiment by failing in your duty to the Czar. His Majesty, who took pride in your loyalty, was greatly grieved by the news of your defection. True, you returned to your duty, but the memory of your insubordination is fresh. It is not, however, indelible. If your repentance is sincere, prove it. In yonder barracks are enemies of the Czar. His Majesty now orders you to bring them to a sense of duty. Occupy those barracks by force and you will have washed away forever the blot on your regimental escutcheon. Forward!"

The men obeyed, and the mutineers surrendered. At the Colonel's request, the Czar ordered the regiment forgiven and all record of the incident expunged from the annals of the regiment. Admiral Chouknin, who was in command of the Black Sea fleet when the mutiny occurred, has been replaced by Admiral Skrydloff.



The Russian Crisis The situation in Russia is more obscure and perplexing than ever, because of the general strike of the telegraph and postal employees, which for several days completely isolated Russia from the rest of the world. In consequence of the uncertainty and the alarming rumors in circulation, Russian bonds on the Berlin, Paris and London stock exchanges fell to a lower point than at any time during the war. The demands of the telegraph and postal employees are partly political and partly industrial. They threaten to keep all lines of communication closed until their union is recognized and given a share in the management of the service, and until the Czar announces the convocation of a constituent assembly based

upon universal suffrage. The telegraph operators and postal clerks in all the offices were called out either by persuasion or force, and the efforts of the Government to utilize soldiers to deliver mail and send messages were checked by the strikers by the threat of an armed and universal strike. Most of the telegraph lines are cut. The Government messages were at first sent by the railway lines, but the Central Committee of the Union ordered the railways to refuse all official messages. This committee, variously called the League of Leagues and Union of Unions, the official head of the loose federation of the labor, trades and professional clubs, is rapidly assuming the form of a provisional government of more real power than the cabinet which meets in the Czar's palace at Tsarskoé-Selo under the presidency of Count Witte. It is reported that the continued turbulence, in spite of the repeated concessions made to the people, has weak-

ened the position of Witte; that reactionary influences are again dominant in court circles. A military dictatorship is looked upon by many as the logical outcome of the present chaos. Minister of the Interior Durnovo is openly opposing Premier Witte, and declares his ability to put an end to anarchy by the aid of General Trepoff thru the vigorous use of the army. Count Witte has won over Father Gapon, the ex-priest, who led the procession of the workingmen at the time of the St. Petersburg massacres. Father Gapon has issued a plea to the people to cease from violence and accept the concessions already made to them, but the Socialists have openly repudiated him. It has been discovered that even the Guard regiments selected for the protection of the Czar's person have been affected by the revolutionary agitation. Twenty of the officers and 250 of the men stationed at Tsarskoé-Selo have been arrested on the charge of conspiracy.



The Czar's Council Chamber in the Tsarskoé-Selo Palace, Where the Witte Cabinet Meets.

Lines on the Death of Alexander 1st, Emperor of Russia.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[This poem of Whittier's was written before anything of his was ever published, and has never been in print. This was written, as is shown by the Quaker date, only a short time after the news of the death of Alexander 1st reached this country, and before Whittier had any other educational advantage than the district school. Alexander had the reputation of encouraging the introduction of Western civilization in his empire, and he abolished serfdom in the Baltic Provinces. His part in curbing the ambition of Napoleon was probably uppermost in the Quaker boy's mind, when he wrote these lines, which are the earliest extant in his own handwriting.—SAMUEL T. PICKARD, Amesbury, Mass.]

The pride of the North to the tomb has descended,
The glory of Russia has sunk in decay;
For departed is he whose dominion extended
O'er Tartar and Cossack with absolute sway!

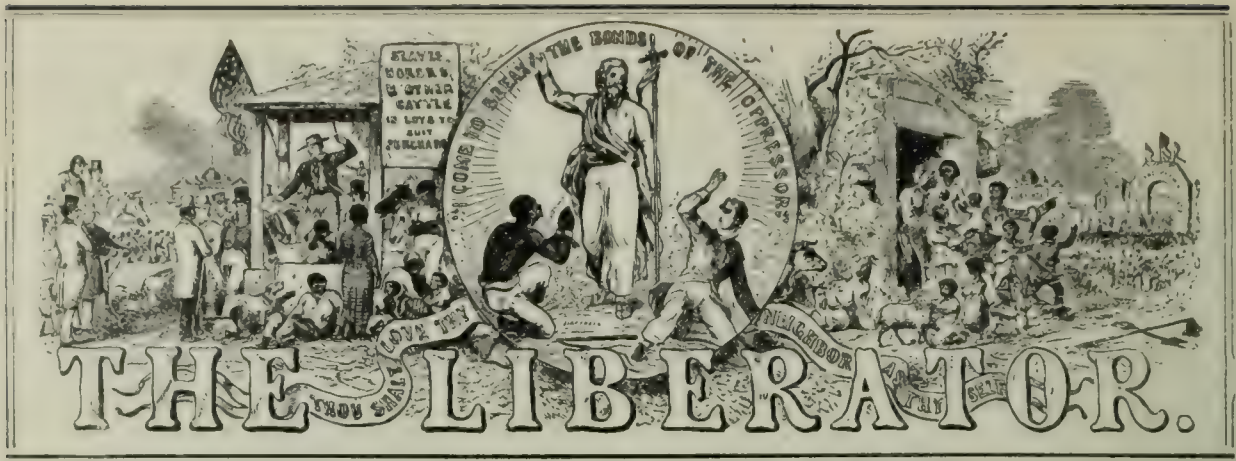
Cold and still is the heart of the princely Commander,
The star of his glory is set in death's gloom;
The clods of the valley enshroud Alexander,
And Azof's tide washes the base of his tomb!

As a tyrant and despot the world may upbraid him,
And vilely with infamy his memory brand,
Unlike to the time when with awe it surveyed him,
The wonder of Europe, the pride of his land.

But look to the records of grandeur and glory
Of absolute monarch and despotic chief,
How few can be found within History's story,
More worthy than he of the tribute of grief?

Long ages may pass, and the distant sun fling out
Its cold beams on many an Emperor's tomb,
And the bells of St. Petersburg merrily ring out
A welcome to others to rise in their room;

And there may not be found when the long record closes,
Of those who have sat upon Russia's high throne,
A prince more deserving than he who reposes
Where Azof's tide washes his monument stone!



Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE HEADING OF "THE LIBERATOR."

Garrison and Whittier

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

[William Lloyd Garrison was born December 10th, 1805. His intimate friend John Greenleaf Whittier's birthday was a week later in the month, but he was two years younger. They were very different in temper, altho both wrote poetry, and both were filled with a consuming passion for liberty. We are very glad this week to print on the previous page an unpublished poem by Whittier, and to present a critical sketch of the merits of the two friends, by Colonel Higginson, who was himself an intimate friend of both men. We follow this by an appreciation of the work of Mr. Garrison written by Professor Du Bois, who belongs to the race for whose liberation Mr. Garrison gave all the energies of his life.—EDITOR.]

THAT two youths—of eighteen and twenty years, respectively—should be seen talking together at a farmhouse door beside the Merrimac River on a fair June morning; what circumstance could seem less important than this to the casual passer-by? In what farming community between the Atlantic and the Pacific is not some such simple event liable to occur on any spring day? How idle and worse than idle would have seemed to any observer the prophesy that from this particular interview there was to follow a twinship of human lives—lives whose joint work was destined to lead within half a century to a vast public agitation, rocking a nation with war, changing its very basis from slavery to freedom and striking the chains from fifty million men! Yet it requires no great stretch of fancy to trace all this vast result to one such meeting, for, in the case of which I speak, the names of those young men were William Lloyd Garrison and John Greenleaf Whittier.

The situation was as follows: Garrison, a young printer's apprentice just

embarked on a weekly newspaper in his native town of Newburyport, fourteen miles from Haverhill, had published in his twelfth number some verses entitled "The Exile's Departure" and signed "W., Haverhill, June 1st, 1826"—verses to which the young editor appended this note: "If W. at Haverhill will continue to favor us with pieces as beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day we shall esteem it a favor." Over the poem itself it may be well to draw a veil. It was such a poem as is within the reach of most of us at the age of seventeen, and it was sent by his elder sister—we all have charitable elder sisters—for purposes of publication. The farther history of its reception is told by Garrison in a lecture on Whittier, never printed by himself, but from which this extract is given by Garrison's biographers, his sons:

"Going upstairs to my office, one day, I observed a letter lying near the door to my address; which, on opening, I found to contain an original piece of poetry for my paper, the *Free Press*. The ink was very pale, the handwriting very small; and, having at that time

a horror of newspaper 'original poetry,'—which has rather increased than diminished with the lapse of time,—my first impulse was to tear it in pieces, without reading it; the chances of rejection, after its perusal, being as ninety-nine to one; . . . but, summoning resolution to read it, I was equally surprised and gratified to find it above mediocrity, and so gave it a place in my journal. . . . As I was anxious to find out the writer, my post-rider one day divulged the secret—stating that he had dropped the letter in the manner described, and that it was written by a Quaker lad, named Whittier, who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench, with hammer and lapstone, at East Haverhill. Jumping into a vehicle, I lost no time in driving to see the youthful rustic bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden. Giving him some words of encouragement, I addressed myself more particularly to his parents, and urged them with great earnestness to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remarkable genius."

Later, the youthful poet sent another poem, entitled "The Deity," which was also published by Garrison with these words:

"The author of the following sketch, which would do credit to riper years, is a youth of only sixteen years, who, we think, bids fair to prove another Bernard Barton, of whose persuasion he is."

Three years later yet, when Garrison edited the *Journal of the Times*, at Bennington, Vt., he printed in it four poems by Whittier, and wrote of him:

"His genius and situation no more correspond with each other than heaven and earth. But let him not despair. Fortune will come ere long with both hands full."

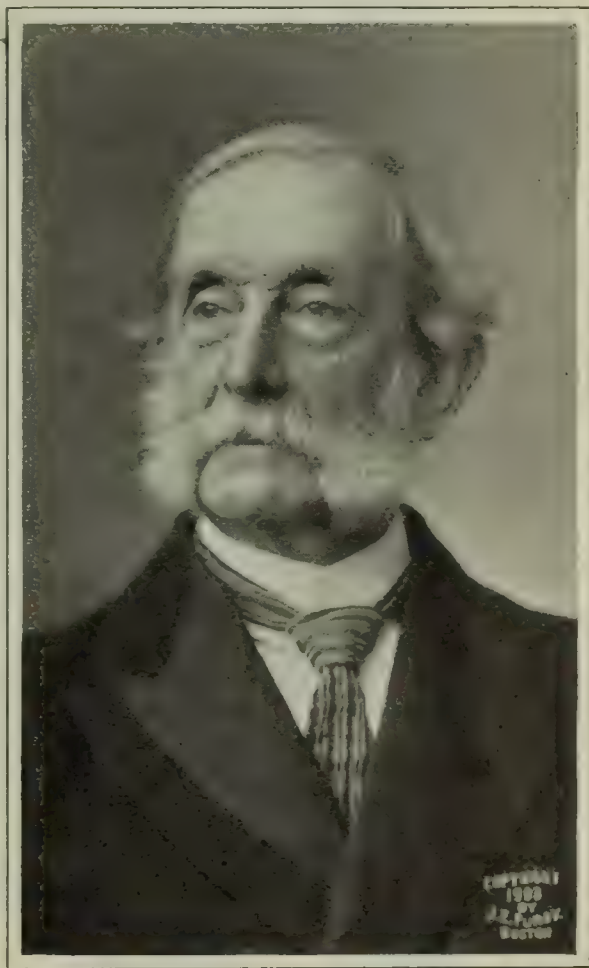
Whittier was by this time editing the *American Manufacturer*, in Boston, and a little later, in that same year, when the young Garrison was in England, Whittier wrote to him, November 10th, 1833:

"I have, my dear Garrison, just finished reading thy speech at the Exeter Hall meeting. It is full of high and manly truth, terrible in its rebukes, but full of justice. The opening, as a specimen of beautiful composition, I have rarely seen excelled."

Thus far with honest and ardent mutual admiration the friendship went on. The parallelism was really a curious one. Of equally fine personal presence, both humbly born, they were bred to different pursuits, yet were equally given to that shoemaker's work which was then a common winter interlude on every New England farm and is commemorated by the little shoe-shops one still sees adjoin-

ing farmhouses. They both began literary life as editors, both at first changing from town to town and from State to State in that capacity. Both supported what was called "Henry Clay and the American system," and both were finally detached from Clay because they could not support a slaveholder for office.

When it came to anti-slavery action, the two young men were still side by side. In 1830, the time Whittier took the editorship of the *New England Review*, Garrison had been imprisoned in



Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

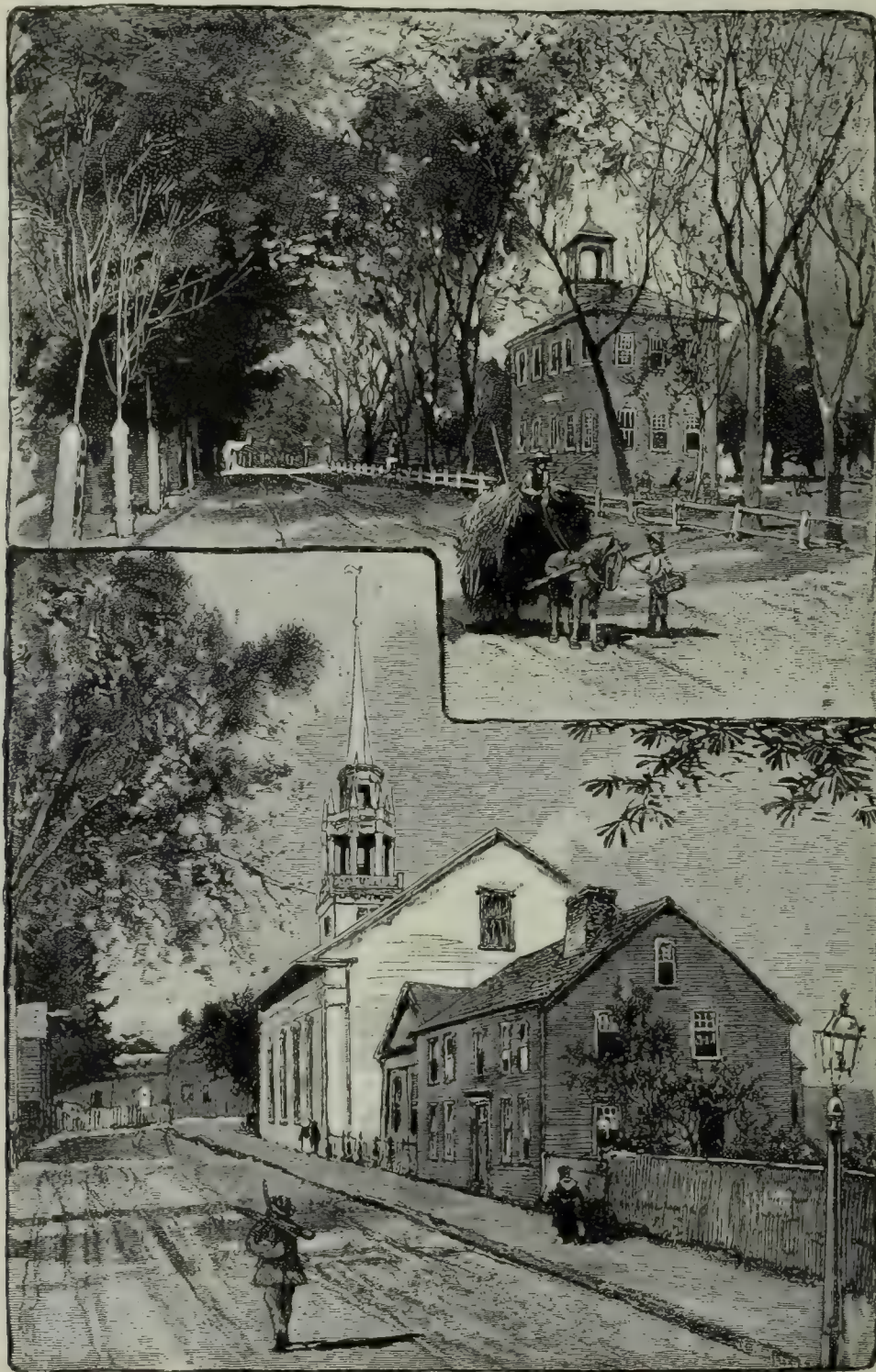
Baltimore as an Abolitionist. In January, 1831, he had established *The Liberator*. In 1833 Whittier had printed an anti-slavery pamphlet. In doing this, he not only bade farewell to success in politics, for which he had shown a strong yearning, but risked personal danger. At that very time Dr. Reuben Crandall, of Washington, who was arrested for the crime of merely lending Whittier's pamphlet to a brother physician, had been confined in the old city prison until his health was

destroyed, and he was liberated only to die. The fact is mentioned in "Astræa at the Capital," where Whittier says:

"Beside me gloomed the prison cell
Where wasted one in slow decline
For uttering simple words of mine,
And loving freedom all too well."

Thus far the co-operation between Garrison and Whittier had been complete, but the time approached when

their separation was coming and they were to work in parallel lines only. The divergence proceeded in part, no doubt, from the different religious schools in which they had been trained. The very vocabulary of Garrison was largely influenced by the stern school of old-fashioned Calvinism, which held that "the least of sins was infinite," in the words of the English Catholic poet, Faber. At



THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEWBURYPORT.
GARRISON'S BIRTHPLACE.

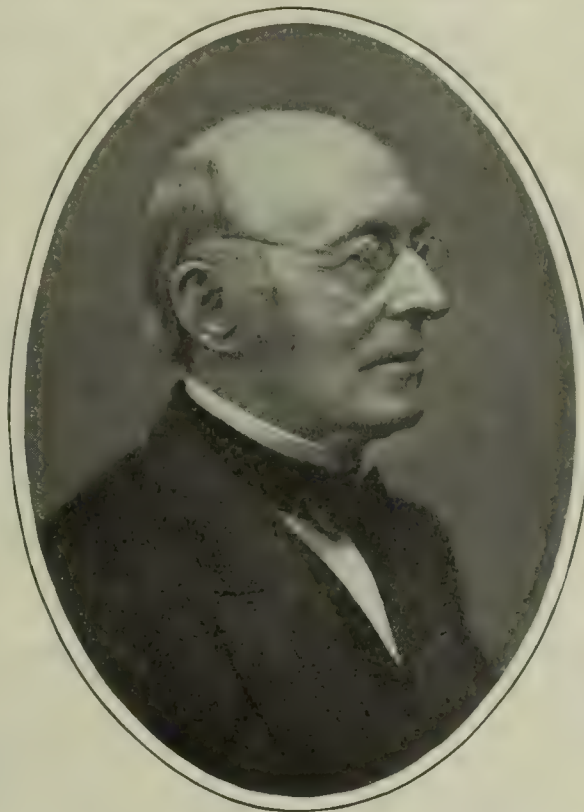
twenty-three Garrison wrote: "It is impossible to estimate the depravity and wickedness of those who at the present day reject the gospel of Jesus Christ." In later years he wrote of slave-holders as a class: "They are dishonest and cruel—and God and the angels and devils and the universe know that they are without excuse." "Without excuse!" When we now look more deliberately at the actual facts of the case, we see that in all the leading slave States the slave-owner, had he been Garrison himself, was powerless to free his slaves without the special consent of the State authorities as he would have been to swim the Atlantic with those slaves on his back. This was the case even in Virginia; the humanest slaveholder was held in by a law that all freed slaves must be removed from the State within a certain time—often an expensive process—in default of which they would be sold at auction to the highest bidder. I can find nothing in Whittier's severest writings which compares with such a verdict as Garrison's "without excuse." All this is to be borne in mind in considering his other divergences and antagonisms during the period when the main line of cleavage in the anti-slavery body was between the Garrisonians, who finally became avowed Dis-unionists, and the voting Abolitionists—called by their opponents "New Organizationists," but by themselves "Liberty Party," and then, as they expanded, "Free Soilers," and finally, when still further expanded, "Republicans." The feud was complicated by business questions, of which the transfer of the "Emancipator" newspaper from the Garrison side to the "New Organization" was the chief. It

was in connection with this transfer that the calm and moderate Whittier, who was a New Organizationist and one of their leaders, said to me of Garrison: "I know him thoroly and know that he is a despot," and also spoke of him as having acted the part of Robespierre. He told me also (on September 21st, 1844) that he had personally seen a letter from Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, Garrison's firm ally and one of his ablest, in which she used the expression, "as to Whittier, the only question is whether he

is more knave or fool." These phrases hint at those bitter internal hostilities of the early anti-slavery days which have been only too well preserved in the life of Garrison by his sons, on the one side, and in the life of William Birney by his son, and Goodell's "Slavery and Anti-Slavery" on the other.

I need only say that in my judgment, as a younger Abolitionist, coming into the movement after its extreme bitterness had begun to subside, that neither side did full justice to the other, and both parties kept on the whole higher laws than they broke. I have spoken at meetings held by both wings of the

great movement, and while the "New Organization" or voting Abolitionists had always to offer the stimulus of election day, yet that thing itself brought with it the dangers of political manœuvring, while the Garrisonian meetings, where all pretense at such discretion was thrown away, had a freedom, a vigor, and a variety which made them far more attractive and more stimulating. Their tone may have been narrow, but it was the narrowness of the lightning flash. We cannot, of course, say that slavery was formally abolished



Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

by them; of course it was not, nor by any band of Abolitionists as such. Slavery was destroyed, not by their direct influence, having doubtless within itself its own sure doom, yet by their secondary influence. When Abraham Lincoln said to ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina (April 6, 1865), "I

Garrison's weekly newspaper, *The Liberator*, had from the very beginning taken, as he personally always held, a non-resistant attitude, on which point he was one of the few consistent apostles. I can see him now, when excited meetings were held during the fugitive slave cases in Boston, placidly setting up types for

CAUTION!!

COLORED PEOPLE

OF BOSTON, ONE & ALL,

You are hereby respectfully CAUTIONED and advised, to avoid conversing with the Watchmen and Police Officers of Boston,

For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR & ALDERMEN, they are empowered to act as

KIDNAPPERS

AND

Slave Catchers,

And they have already been actually employed in KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY, and the Welfare of the Fugitives among you, Shun them in every possible manner, as so many HOUNDS on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.

Keep a Sharp Look Out for KIDNAPPERS, and have TOP EYE open.

APRIL 24, 1851.

Broadside Issued in Boston on April 24th, 1851.
Reduced Facsimile.

have been only an instrument; the logic and moral power of Garrison and the anti-slavery people of the country and the army have done all," he summed up the whole history of abolitionism; and Whittier as well as Garrison represented the anti-slavery people.

the next issue of *The Liberator*—for he always did his work himself without allowing a compositor to intervene—with his strong, calm face absolutely undisturbed. To pass from this to the non-voting attitude was for him an easy transition, and he carried with him, when the

time came, the bulk of his Anti-Slavery Society, James Russell Lowell and his wife Maria being among the few to vote against it. Thru the ordeal of the Civil War he never wavered in this attitude, altho his close ally, Wendell Phillips, could not always refrain from encouraging the departing soldiers. Whittier also opposed the war, moderately, and only from the point of view of the Society of Friends, nor did this prevent him from decorating his study with a bayonet from the field of Antietam. One would hardly, I think, have ventured

the value of his services. There are few living who have done so much to operate upon the public mind and conscience and heart of our country for the abolition of slavery as John Greenleaf Whittier."

Whittier, on the other hand, closed his preface to Oliver Johnson's "William Lloyd Garrison and His Times" by this fine tribute to Garrison (1879):

"The verdict of posterity in his case may be safely anticipated. With the true reformers and benefactors of his race he occupies a place inferior to none other. The private lives of many who fought well the battles of humanity have not been without spot or blemish. But his private character, like his public,

THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.

That infamous foreign scoundrel THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the Liberator Office, No. 48, Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of \$100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

Circular Printed at the Office of the "Commercial Gazette," Boston, Mass., October 21st, 1835.

to offer any such ornament to Garrison. Whittier had, as Mr. Robert S. Rantoul said so admirably:

"a good deal of the natural man left under his brown homespun waistcoat and straight collar. He had the reticence and presence of an Arab chief, with the eye of an eagle."

Whatever may have been the divergence between these two strong men, even to the extent of one's calling the other Robespierre, there always remained a friendship at heart. Garrison at the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 1863, spoke of Whittier as known and honored thruout the civilized world, and added:

"I have no words to express my sense of

knew no dishonor. No shadow of suspicion rests upon the white statue of his life, the fitting garland of which should be the Alpine flower that symbolizes noble purity."

Of the two men, Garrison died thirteen years the earlier, and Whittier wrote of it in advance to a friend:

"I am greatly pained to hear of the illness of our old friend, Garrison. For how many years he has been an important part of our world! Much of my own life was shaped by him. It is very sad to think I shall see him no more."

Writing afterwards to Mrs. Child, he said of Garrison's funeral:

"I did not see thee at our dear Garrison's funeral. Was thee there? It was a most impressive occasion. Phillips outdid himself and

Theodore Weld, under the stress of powerful emotion, renewed that marvelous eloquence which, in the early days of anti-slavery, shamed the church and silenced the mob."

Then he adds:

"Garrison's faith in the continuity of life was very positive. He trusted more to the phenomena of spiritualism than I can, however. My faith is not helped by them, and yet I wish I could see truth in them."

To another near friend he writes, speaking of Edwin Arnold's poem:

"He died at Azan." . . . I know of nothing ancient or modern which is so filled with a robust and satisfying faith as this little poem."

Thus the two friends closed the long parallelism of their lives by approaching death with parallel convictions.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Garrison and the Negro

BY W. E. BURGHARDT DuBOIS.

AUTHOR OF "THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK," ETC.

SEVERAL times a feeling has been voiced that the Negro Americans are not always appreciative of the great efforts which men and associations have from time to time made in their behalf. True it is that recently the note of complaint among colored men in this land has drowned out the voices of thanks and gratitude, and the watchword in the black world today is certainly agitation and censure rather than praise.

On the other hand, nothing is more significant than the spontaneous outburst everywhere among colored people of a desire and determination to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison. These celebrations will usually be local church and school affairs, but the movement is general and the spirit behind it notable. No people are more appreciative of kindness to them or sacrifice in their behalf than colored people. And when it is exhibited in the wonderful devotion and sacrifice of a man like Garrison, the desire to acknowledge it is well nigh universal.

On the other hand, there is a feeling today among Negroes that certain classes of men are more desirous of making the Negro problem one of almsgiving and charity rather than of manhood and manhood rights. To this they are righteously opposed, and when in good faith some earnest workers in this great

field point to the columns of figures showing the money spent for Negro churches and schools, there prevails among colored people, along with all their thankfulness, a spirit which a widely read Negro paper has recently voiced:

"For all time, charity, which neither pauperizes nor patronizes heaven's unfortunates, but gives itself with its gifts, all praises and thanks are due. But chilling, unfeeling, vaunting, pretension, masquerading in the mantle of charity, deserves neither respect nor consideration. The neediest prefer to bear the ills of want and wretchedness rather than be the miserable objects of prying pity or condescending curiosity which proffers alms today, that it may defer justice and fair play tomorrow; which comes, if ever, only to keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope."

Such words and such a feeling must be respected. It contains the germs of manhood, self respect and self hope. The period of universal Negro charity is passing—slowly, to be sure, all too slowly—but passing. When, then, these millions turn to celebrate the birth of a great and good man, who gave not his money (for he had none), but himself to their cause, what wonder is it that they make the meetings an occasion of consecrating themselves to the carrying out of the principles Garrison advocated, rather than of mere eulogy?

The words, therefore, of the following "Garrison Pledge of the Niagara Movement" are of especial significance, as they

are to be widely used by Negroes in this celebration:

"Bowing in memory of that great and good man, William Lloyd Garrison, I, a member of the race for whom he worked and in whom he believed, do consecrate myself to the realization of that great ideal of human liberty which ever guided and inspired him.

"I hereby pledge myself to fight for freedom: freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom to vote, freedom to enjoy public conveniences and freedom to associate with those who wish to associate with me.

"I propose to enter this great moral battle with head up like a man, saying, as he said:

"I will be harsh as truth and uncompromising as justice.

"My reliance for the deliverance of the oppressed universally is upon the nature of man, the inherent wrongfulness of oppression, the power of truth, and the omnipotence of God. My cause is a holy cause:

"Opposition cannot weary it out, force cannot put it down, fire cannot consume it. It is the spirit of Jesus, who

was sent to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God. Its principles are self-evident, its measures rational, its purposes merciful and just. It cannot be diverted from the path of duty, tho all earth and hell oppose.'

"I will remember that 'The success of any great moral enterprise does not depend upon numbers,' and that 'It is possible that a people may bear the title of freemen who execute the work of slaves.'

"Therefore:

"I solicit no man's praise.

"I fear no man's censure.

"Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be personally defeated, but our principles—Never.

"I am in earnest.

"I will not equivocate.

"I will not retreat a single inch.

"*And I Will Be Heard.*'

"A million men behind such a pledge will not let the spirit of William Lloyd Garrison die."

ATLANTA, GA.

Thanksgiving Aftermaths

BY MARGARET FITHIAN

For grief and fear that fill my life today,
For which I cannot *give* Thee thanks, O Lord,
 Take thanks of me;
For well I know that in the afterwhile
 I shall give thanks to Thee.

For that fell stroke which all my plans laid low,
The stroke that shut out life and hope and
 heaven,
 Take thanks of me;
For well I know that when my vision clears
 I shall give thanks to Thee.

For every prayer unanswered, every wish
That in Thy Father-love has been denied,
 Take thanks of me;
For—dost Thou not remember, Father, as be-
 fore,
 I shall give thanks to Thee.



The Rights of the Insured

BY JOSEPH W. FOLK

[The following statement by Governor Folk, of Missouri, given in an interview to a representative of THE INDEPENDENT, follows the unflinching line of attack against public corruption and graft, which in a few years has made him a leading figure in national politics.—EDITOR.]

IN considering the proposed action of the State of Missouri against the New York Life Insurance Co. and other insurance organizations which may be convicted of carrying on fraudulent practices, it is a mistake to suppose that the individual State has not authority to supervise the business of insurance companies. Insurance is not inter-State commerce; it may be regulated by each State. The State has a right to permit foreign insurance companies—that is, insurance companies incorporated under the laws of another State—to do business within its own boundaries, and it has an equal right to exclude such companies. In pursuance of this power, the State can authorize its own official to examine an insurance company in another State, and if this official finds that the company is in such condition as to make it hazardous to the citizens of the State for it to do business within the State, then its license can be taken away.

Missouri has provided by law for an Insurance Commissioner, who licenses all insurance companies that do business in the State. Whenever he thinks the interests of the policyholders are jeopardized by any company continuing to do business in the State, the Insurance Commissioner can revoke the license of such company. The State in this manner exercises supervision over all of the insurance companies doing business

within its limits, altho these companies may be located, and most of them are located, in other States.

The funds of a mutual company constitute a fiduciary trust, held and administered for the sole use of those named as beneficiaries, many of whom are or will be widows and orphans; and many thousands of people have taken insurance in such companies because of this very fact and the assurance that every dollar of assets belongs to the policyholders. That any portion of the policyholder's premiums, or profits on premiums, should be diverted to political purposes or other uses not contemplated when the premiums were paid in, and not consistent with the avowed purposes of a life insurance organization, must be considered by all right-thinking people as a gross violation of a sacred trust.

It has been learned that life insurance companies of New York, controlling many hundreds of millions of dollars, have been attempting to dictate elections by contributing immense sums of money to political campaign committees, which the officials who contributed it took from the trust funds placed in their care, with no more authority than the treasurer of a State would have to use the public funds for that purpose. Worse than this is the startling revelation that three of the largest insurance companies have for years maintained a trust to control legislation of the States and to elect and de-

feat men for office according to the wishes of these companies.

In the testimony before the New York investigating committee it was established that a bureau was organized in 1895 to control legislation. One man was put in charge of the legislation of the United States and Canada. He would select the best men to handle legislation in each State. No vouchers were required of him except his requisition, and he was expected to deal with men who could produce results. It was his province to bring pressure to bear and prevent re-election of men who were not to the liking of the insurance magnates. There was paid him by one company alone in the last four and one-half years \$45,000 as salary and \$981,000 for various other purposes, of which the sum of \$476,000 was for work as legislative agent.

It will occasion no surprise to learn that one of the companies sent \$2,500 for this purpose to Missouri four years ago. The legislative agent had absolute authority to draw on any branch office for any amount of money that he wanted, and was not required to give any information as to what the money would be used for. The checks showing how some of this money was spent were very prudently destroyed. To any one familiar with legislation and the ways of those who seek to influence legislation by corrupt means, it is manifest that the fund so raised was for the purpose of influencing legislators directly or indirectly.

With these companies in practical control of the money supply of the United States, having more power over the money market than the Government itself, they could in the course of time have absolutely owned State legislatures, and their avarice might have gone further in securing the election or defeat of State and national officers. In the course of time, instead of having a government by the people and

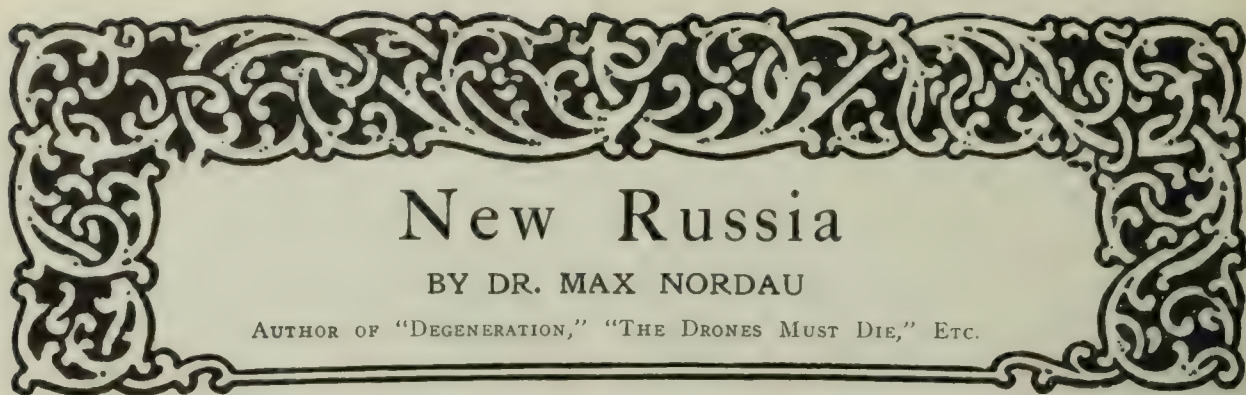
for the people, it would have been a government by the few, with wealth enough to purchase official favors. No man who loves his country can but be alarmed when he contemplates the possibilities if there had been no interruption in the operation and methods of some of these companies.

I do not believe any company whose officials divert funds without objection on the part of the directors, or that is willing to corrupt our legislators, should be allowed to do business in this State. They should do honest business or no business. If they cannot exist without surreptitious violations of law or bribery it is better for the people that they be excluded from the State entirely. The laws cannot be too strict and enforced too aggressively in regulating the conduct of those intrusted with such power as those have who handle the insurance millions, and they should be held to the same degree of accountability before the bar of justice as public officials are.

It is not wealth about which the people complain; wealth in itself is a blessing; but the abuse of wealth is a curse. It is not insurance companies the people object to, but the breaches of trust on the part of some of those running the insurance companies. The people understand these things, and know while some insurance people are crooked, just as some bankers are crooked, it does not follow that all insurance men or all bankers are without honor. While demanding the exposure and punishment of insurance crooks and crooks of every other kind, the people of Ohio the other day elected a president of a life insurance company as Governor of their State. He is an honest man, and eminently qualified and worthy of the place. This shows that the people are not so blinded by the exposures as to strike madly at any connected with the same line of business. They can discriminate between the good and the bad.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.





New Russia

BY DR. MAX NORDAU

AUTHOR OF "DEGENERATION," "THE DRONES MUST DIE," ETC.

IT would take a big volume to say all that ought to be said on the present situation in Russia. I am ashamed to treat in a few brief aphorisms the greatest event in modern history.

The Russian revolution completes the French revolution. Henceforth white humanity, with the exception of the Mussulman world, will live under the triad of liberty, fraternity and equality.

Autocracy is still in a position to commit crimes, but they are the last convulsions of the wild beast. It is dying. The revolution has killed it. With it dies the reaction in all Europe. The Russia of the Czars has been the last stronghold of feudalism. Thru it the Middle Ages have lived into the twentieth century, and the counter-revolution has been able to resist the attack of modern democracy. The complete breakdown of the whole system of Russian tyranny is sure to come, is not far off, and the ruin of absolutism thruout Europe will follow.

But the Russian liberals, who have so gloriously secured for Russia the rights of man and citizenship, should be careful not to make a mistake which would be mortal. They should not imitate the French Third Estate, who, having vanquished Royalty and the aristocracy, closed the door and left outside the

Fourth Estate, thus disinheriting a body of fellow citizens who had fought side by side with this selfish Third Estate. The end of the Russian revolution will only come when is ameliorated the condition of the Russian laboring classes. The minimum of reforms should be a limitation of the hours of work, a pension for the worker at sixty-five, insurance against accidents and forced stoppage of work during the dead season.

It is possible—it is even probable—that the artificial unity of the Russian Empire will not weather the present storm. But I see no evil in a friendly federation of autonomous states, supplanting the present monster without organic cohesion, kept together by the chains of a despotic administration.

The new Russia will no longer strive to carry out the pseudo-testament of Peter the Great. It will be too much occupied with its liberal and democratic evolution to think of conquests, and too modern, too moral to dream of military glory. The new Russia will be pacific, will avoid mixing up in quarrels which do not concern it. But it will be capable of strong acts in defense of its ideals wherever they are in danger. This new Russia will thus be a better ally for a friendly France who will stand as an example for its democratic zeal.

PARIS, FRANCE.



The Recent Excavations at Bismya

BY EDGAR JAMES BANKS

Field Director of the Expedition of the University of Chicago to Babylonia.

ABOUT two years ago an irade was granted by the Sultan of Turkey, permitting the University of Chicago to conduct excavations at Bismya, a group of mounds situated in Central Babylonia, about twenty miles south of Nippur. Altho European explorers had expressed an opinion that the ruin did not date from Babylonian times, it was selected by the present writer as a site for excavations; the choice was based chiefly upon the reports of Dr. Ward and Dr. Peters, the two American scholars who have visited the ruins. From December 25, 1903, to June 1, 1904, the excavations were continued without interruption. During that period of five months what were the results of the excavations, or what additions have they made to the history and to the art of the ancient world?

A discovery of importance was the identification of the ancient city which Bismya represents. Dr. Peters, in his book "Nippur," thought it probable that the ruin marks the site of Isin, an important Babylonian city closely associated with Nippur. In the winter of 1901-02, when the great stone recording the Babylonian code of laws was discovered in Persia by de Morgan, its inscription mentioned among other cities one called Udnunki, and its temple E-mach. The names were new to Assyriologists. Inscriptions upon the shoulder of a marble statue, upon bricks, stone vase fragments, seals and tablets, which came to light in the excavations, con-

tained the names of the city and of the ancient temple of the Hammurabi code.

It has generally been supposed that the square tower peculiar to the Babylonian temple, and familiar from the imaginary pictures of the Tower of Babel, was first employed by the great builder, Urgur, king of Ur, toward the beginning of the third millenium B. C. While trenching and tunneling below the foundation of the tower constructed at Bismya by Dungi, the king of Ur, and beneath the bricks of Naram-Sin and of the famous Sargon of 3800 B. C., we came upon the lower stage of a tower of nearly solid masonry. Its bricks were small and plano-convex in shape, and were, according to Assyriologists and my

own observation, employed at a period not far from 4500 B. C. The base of this tower is still in an almost perfect state of preservation, yet how many stages it originally possessed, or how high it reached into the air, it is impossible to determine. The Babylonian tower is therefore not a peculiarity of the later temple, but as the story of the Tower of Babel suggests, it seems to date from the earliest civilization of Babylonia.

A discovery of great value to archeologists in determining the relative ages of the earliest Babylonian cities, is the history of the evolution of the Babylonian bricks. Bismya yielded an extremely great variety of bricks, more than forty in number. The upper strata contained



Statue of David.

the usual brick, about thirty-three centimeters square, common to every Babylonian ruin. Beneath them appeared the huge bricks of Sargon I., nearly half a meter square. Still lower the bricks were long and thin, and with a width equal to half their length; upon their upper surface were grooves, formed by drawing the fingers along the brick before it was baked. Some of the grooves ran lengthwise, others diagonally, and still others formed a Saint Andrew's cross. As the excavations deepened the number of the grooves decreased, the bricks became smaller, thicker, and more convex on the top, and finally the grooves disappeared. In a stratum still lower appeared the unmarked plano-convex bricks, and beneath them were the bricks of unbaked clay resembling the Mexican adobe. The grooves represented the royal marks and served the purpose of the brick inscriptions of a later period.

Apart from the sun-dried bricks the first burned Babylonian brick was small and plano-convex. As the brick grew larger and thicker, the first inscription was a thumb mark, which was prolonged into grooves varying in number and direction. Sargon was among the first to employ the square brick, and to discard the grooves for the more satisfactory brick inscription. While exploring the

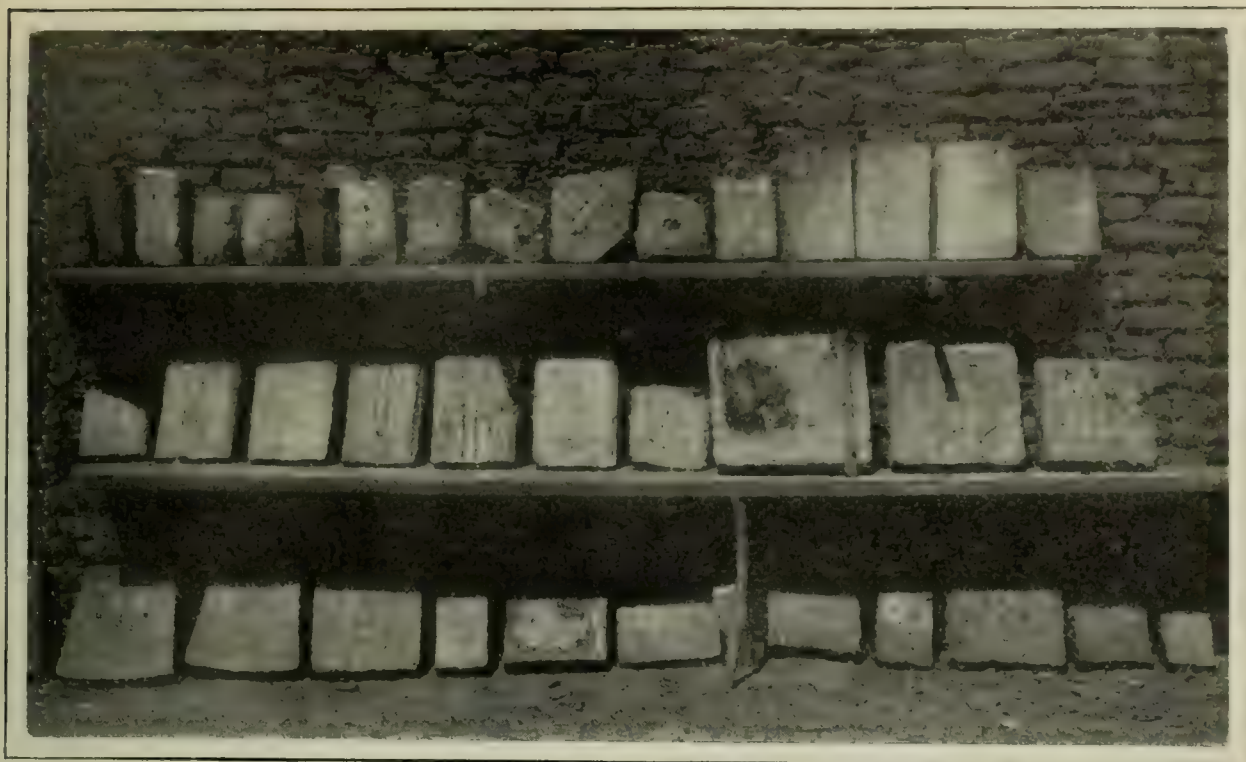
mounds of Central Babylonia, the relative ages of the cities buried in them could, with the assistance of this series of brick marks, sometimes be determined at a glance.

Because of the absence of ancient Babylonian graves, it has long been supposed that the early inhabitants of Mesopotamia burned their dead. Excavations at the east corner of the Bismya Temple tower revealed an ancient crematory consisting of two large rooms. The inner was oval in shape, and sunk to the depth of about four feet below the level of the other; the outer was square and communicated by means of a passageway with the exterior of the temple. Close to the opening connecting the two rooms, and slightly elevated above it, was a circular platform about six feet in diameter, upon which were placed the bodies of the dead to be cremated. The flames from a furnace in the outer room enveloped them, while the smoke escaped thru a vent above. The mark of the smoke upon the wall of the adjoining tower is still visible. After the bodies were consumed, their ashes were brushed from the platform into the pit beneath, where nearly two feet of them were discovered.

This part of the temple was constructed entirely of adobe and plano-



Ruins of Bismya.



Bricks from Bismya.

convex bricks; some of the latter still in place at the top of the walls of the oval shaped room clearly indicate that originally the crematory was covered with a dome. Thus, more than 6,000 years ago, the dome, still so generally employed in the East, where wood is scarce, was one of the methods of roofing.

One entire marble statue and the fragments of several others were discovered in the ruins of the temple. The archaic character of the inscription, the style of the art, and the location when found, point to the period of 4500 B. C. The Stele of Vultures, found by de Sarzec at Telloh, now in the Louvre, portrays in low relief a number of small, short proportioned figures, nude to the waist and draped with an embroidered skirt reaching to the ankles. Like them the face of the Bismya statue is beardless; the eyes are triangular; the nose forms nearly a straight line with the forehead, and the shoulders are square. This oldest of all statues is eighty-eight centimeters high; its arms are free from the body, and in this respect it is unique. Its Sumerian or pre-Babylonian inscription of three lines upon the right shoulder gives the name Da-udu, or David, as that of the king whom it represents, and thus explains the derivation of the

name of the Biblical king. David is an old Sumerian royal name transmitted to the conquering Semites.

In a corner of the temple enclosure was the old temple dump, from which several dozens of baskets of the fragments of stone vases were recovered. Among them was a large conch from which a portion had been cut in such a manner that it formed a perfect oil lamp, while the valve at the end served as a rest for the wick. The conch was so difficult to obtain that imitations of it were made in marble, and in this old temple dump several shell shaped marble lamps appeared. The sea shell is therefore the ancestor of our modern lamp.

At the northern end of the Bismya ruins was the residential quarter of the city, dating from the time of Sargon I, for there the name of this famous king appeared. The small houses, containing from one to three rooms, and supplied with cisterns and drains, give us our first picture of a Babylonian city of 6,000 years ago.

The city was protected by a wall of plano-convex bricks. In a trench along its outer edge were thousands of sling balls of baked clay and marble, which in some ancient battle were hurled by the



Clay Sling Balls from Bismya.

enemy against the city. The balls vary in size from an English walnut to an orange.

When the two thousand or more Babylonian tablets or fragments which the ruins have yielded shall have been read, the history of Bismya may be reconstructed. Shafts sunk from a stratum of ruins dating not far from 4000 B. C., thru thirty feet of earlier ruins, to the sand of the desert below, suggest for the first occupation of the site a date in comparison with which the age of Sargon

seems recent. The size and magnificence of the plano-convex brick temple point to about 4500 B. C. as the period of the city's greatest prosperity. Long before the other cities of Babylonia, once considered ancient, had come into existence, Bismya had lost its power. Early even in Babylonian history the city seems to have been forgotten, and only its low mounds, like an uninscribed tombstone, have marked the place where it lay.

CHICAGO, ILL.



A Woman's Litany

BY CHARLOTTE LEECH

God, the Father, name Supreme,
Guard young maidens while they dream,
Lest, awaking, they blaspheme.

Hear us, Holy Father.

God, the Son, of Mary born,
Teach all women, travail-worn,
Love's true symbol is a thorn.

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Holy Ghost, that, increate,
Didst brood upon the waters great,
Like Thee, may we only—wait.

Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Ever blessed Trinity,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Maid, and wife, and matron, we

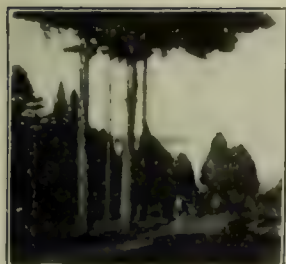
Pray Thee, hear our Litany.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

One of Our First Families – Gramineæ

BY E. P. POWELL

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY HOME," "OLD FARM DAYS," ETC.



Any one who has seen the sun rise, and throw its spears of light thru the miles of corn that cover the prairies of our Western States, fingering every leaf, and putting life into the growing kernels — anticipat-

ing a harvest of over two and a half billions of bushels of this single cereal—must acknowledge that corn deserves to be reckoned as king of the family. But when we come to add wheat, rye, oats, barley; and estimate how much the human family depends upon these for sustenance; then take breath once more to consider the millions whose food is almost entirely confined to rice—still another member of the family; what shall we be able to say too much of these grains, which have been developed in the long process of time; most of which we are accustomed to group under the head of cereals? But even yet we have not touched the outer rim of this marvelous grouping. While human beings are feeding on the seeds of these plants, the same and other members of this family furnish food for nearly all the domestic animals necessary to human welfare.

Altho corn is generally spoken of as of doubtful origin; and maize is simply suggested as a possible evolution from *Teosinthus*, a Mexican grass, I have in my own garden, by reversion, carried on carefully for several years, taken corn back very closely to grass. I have lifted every ear back to its old home, at the top of the stalk; reduced the kernels to the size of wheat, and had my rows of corn standing about two feet high—like rows of well-cultivated timothy. Of course, it is our ambition not to carry it backward, as I did by way of demonstration, but to carry it forward, and create new varieties—ripening in shorter season, and producing heavier crops.

It was a wonderful achievement of Nature when, raising grass upward to create corn, she lowered the ears, which grew too heavy for the stalk, and placed them at the axils of the leaves. The Indians, long before white men came to this continent, must have carried on a great deal of skillful culture, for maize or corn was already the staple food of these people, and it was from them that the white settlers first learned its value. General Sullivan, in the report of his raid against the Iroquois, tells us that his soldiers would not have succeeded, had it not been for the vast magazines of corn that they found. It was part of his achievement to destroy these stores, upon which our aboriginal farmers must subsist. He also cut down orchards of apples, and plums, and sugar trees, that frequently numbered over one thousand trees. The stores of corn were accompanied by peas, beans and pumpkins; all of which had undergone evolution under the hand of the Indian. We shall have to study these people from another standpoint some day. They were farmers that we might be proud of even at the present time. That they fought for their villages and orchards and farms, is not to their discredit.

"Sweet corn" is first spoken of in American gardening, as being grown around Plymouth, Mass., but it was received from the Indians of the Susquehanna Valley, in the year 1779. As late as 1850 there were only two varieties known. At that time it was considered only suitable for roasting, and one of the most delightful episodes in boy life was to kindle a fire in the field, or edge of the forest, where, with his companions, he could roast ears purloined from a neighboring corn field. Harriet Martineau, in her "Notes of American Travel," in 1835, says:

"This day, I remember, we first tasted green corn, one of the most delicious of vegetables,

and by some preferred to green peas. The greatest drawback is the way in which it is necessary to eat it. The cob, eight or ten inches long, is held at both ends, and having been previously sprinkled with salt, is nibbled and sucked from end to end, till all the grains are got out. It looks awkward enough; but what is to be done? Surrendering such a vegetable, from considerations of grace, is not to be thought of."

Now we have as one of our greatest industries not only the production of sweet corn for Summer use, but canning it as an article of commerce. The annual corn pack for the United States and Canada is already over five millions of cases; each case containing two dozen two-pound cans.

The Old World gave nothing in the way of annual vegetation to compare with corn. It is the one crop which luxuriates most freely in the rich prairie soil of our Western States. The problem now before Americans is how to raise the average crop per acre, from the fifty or sixty bushels of our best sections, to one hundred and fifty. There is no more stimulating sight, nor one more pregnant with prophecy than the "corn train," which carries Professor Holden and his assistants here and there about the State of Minnesota, to teach the farmers improved culture of this remarkable food. He would have them select the most perfect seed, and have it preserved in the most perfect condition, promising that by good culture he will increase the corn crop one-half. With improved varieties and common sense culture—in other words, with science applied to farming—we have gone far enough to know that we can more than double the food products of the United States. There is no good reason why the corn crop of any section should average only thirty or forty bushels per acre, or even eighty to one hundred.

Not least remarkable is the evolution whereby the corn stalk has become of value nearly equal to that of the grain itself. The shredder renders almost every particle of the fiber of value for our animals. The pith of the corn stalk is also finding its values and its market. No part of the corn stalk, or the corn itself, will hereafter go to waste. Meanwhile, the conservative Old World, which until recently refused to accept of our maize, as it once refused our potatoes,

is learning its great value in supporting the masses. Instead of being compelled to burn our corn for fuel, we have the world's market, demanding more than we can supply, and still keeping up the price. Corn at fifty cents a bushel, and wheat at nearly double that price, means that this one family is creating *prosperity* for the American farmer.

It is easier to believe that our common cereals—wheat, rye and oats—are only grasses elevated in the rank of vegetation. The old Latin name for wheat was *triticum*. From this we have now three cultivated species: the one-grained wheat, the Polish wheat, and the common wheat, or spelt. The farmer finds infinite interest as well as profit in the study of varieties. There are the naked wheats and there are the bearded wheats. The crop for 1904 in the United States reached the immense sum of 550,000,000 bushels. In the markets of the world we are compelled to compete with Argentina, India, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Russia. Our markets are found mainly in France, Italy, Germany, Spain and Great Britain. The largest annual production was, I think, in 1891, when our States reached a wheat harvest of nearly 612,000,000 bushels. Some one has said that the world could be revolutionized by the production of wheat that would give us double the present average per acre. Another has said that we will yet create that wheat. It is not at all probable that the middle of the Twentieth Century will be growing any of the varieties now in our fields. Evolution is going on with immense strides in all forms of vegetation.

Unfortunately our wheats, so far, are subject to so many vicissitudes that the grain enters into speculative trade far more than is good for either the farmer or for commerce. It is influenced by climate and by soil, not only as to its quality, but its average production. A drought or a surplusage of water, or a few days of burning wind is enough to upset all our calculations, and turn our Boards of Trade into boards of gamblers. Fortunes are made and fortunes are lost, while the farmer is left to the mercy, not only of the weather, but of fictitious prices. The chinch-bug and the wheat-midge have had a great deal more

to do with limiting farmers' prosperity and human comfort than many creatures much larger and more easily dealt with. We still wait for the time when science, which has already done such wonderful things in the way of combating our orchard rivals, will enable us to defy these minute pests.

Strange as it may seem, this family of grasses has worked out, in another part of the world, the salvation of the Turanian stock. It is not extravagant to say that one-third of the human race would find it impossible to live if rice were annihilated. It has been cultivated in India as far back as authentic history reaches, and in China since three thousand years before the Christian era. It was cultivated in Europe in the thirteenth century, and was brought into Virginia with the earliest settlers. Notwithstanding its importance in American agriculture, it is beginning to be understood that not only the culture, but the grain can be greatly improved. Japanese rice and Japanese methods are being tested, and will displace our cruder ways of growing this important product. Up to our War of Independence the rice product of the United States reached about 75 million pounds. It is a curious commentary on slavery that for the next hundred years there was but very little increase in rice production; the total product of 1880 being a little over 85 million pounds. In 1893 the production had leaped up to the amount of over 200 million pounds. Those who understand the South know that, since the departure of slavery, improved agricultural methods and machinery have been rapidly working a revolution. The Southern States are not only gaining on the Northern in manufactured products, but in agricultural. They are becoming what Nature intended them to be, the garden of the continent.

Rice comes nearer to being a perfect food for mankind than any other single product of Nature. It is deficient in flesh-forming material, but with fish or milk or cheese or beans, it becomes a balanced ration for human beings. Its almost perfect digestibility is of great importance in the United States, where so little time is given to the stomach to prepare material to build up the body and keep it in repair. We are told by

hygienists that rice should be cooked very thoroly, and should be used for food only when it has been well ripened by storage—that is for three or four months. Corn and other members of the family have heretofore not entered largely into competition. We have our geographical rice belt, and our geographical corn belt—as food zones. But corn is moving southward and rice is moving northward, as articles of increased consumption. It is not improbable that in a few years more we shall be as great consumers of rice as the Orientals. It will certainly be necessary, as our population increases, that we learn how to grow, not only much larger crops, but to use the most concentrated foods.

Corn, wheat, rye, oats, rice, barley, Nature worked for uncounted ages to develop out of some simple branch, or several branches, of the grass family. Without them civilization would be stopped, and human beings would be hurled back into the rudest barbarism. The rose family, with its magnificent fruits, and the solanum or potato family, with its invaluable products, could be as easily spared as these cereals. Yet all these foods are products of the great family of grasses—are grasses developed. Nor do we know how much more there is to come. We are seed-eaters, and probably more naturally such than flesh-eaters.

Evolution has still left behind enough of the family, as simple grasses, to feed those animals which do not care for or thrive on such foods as are required by human beings. There are three thousand species of these grasses, nearly all of them being of direct or indirect value to man and domestic animals. The more commonly known are about ten in number, not including the cereals which we have named above; they are timothy, red-top, oat grass, sweet-vernal, June grass, orchard grass, couch grass, Bermuda grass, meadow foxtail and the fescues. These grasses clothe the earth with verdure, and turn deserts into meadows. They form the connecting link between the chemical elements of the soil and animal life. These elements raised into creatures suitable for food are elevated still more as they nourish the king of animal life, the image of the Creator. It would be difficult to over-estimate the

importance of these humble grasses as an intellectual power in the world. Poetry has, from the earliest ages, been associated with the barley and wheat harvests—the corn of the Old World. We owe to this that exquisite pastoral in the Bible, the story of the gleaner Ruth. From the same source came the inspiration of many of the finer lines of Homer and Virgil.

Nature has worked out many a beautiful problem under the soil, as well as above, with the grasses. She uses them not only to carpet and beautify the fertile places, but to bind down loose soils and tie them to place; to turn sand dunes into meadows. The couch or quack grass, which so troubles the farmer when it is out of place, is the finest possible illustration of natural persistency in doing a good thing. It is invaluable for soils that will grow no other plant. It will travel under the surface, straight thru a potato, or around a stone; sending up its spikes, which are really spears of grass, until it has possession that only man can contest. The flower of grasses is a lily in miniature. The pampas grasses are simply our own beautiful orchard grasses enlarged and glorified. Then, lifted above all the rest, are the *Bambusæ*—including the bamboo of the tropics, standing one hundred feet high, and one foot in diameter. Their economic uses, from house building to blow

guns, would alone glorify the family. But when all has been said, we turn back once more to our beautiful and noble American corn plant, as the princely head of the most useful family of plants in the world. I am looking down from my hillside balcony, over a valley, where not one of the hundreds of homes considers that it can endure a year without sweet corn, in succession, for two months, or possibly three. The great flat meadows along the creek are flanked and divided with corn fields, whose product goes to the mill that sits by the roadside, compelling the water to grind all day long, monotonously. The stooks in the field are Yankee, in every sense of the word; and our succotash, and Indian pudding, and samp are as national as the Stars and Stripes.

It was for their fields of corn that the Pilgrims gave special thanks; and Thanksgiving Day was selected just as husking time came to an end. The corn-cribs were full of gold, and the hearts of the folk warmed with gratitude. But for corn—which we must never forget was and still is Indian corn, a gift of the despised aborigines, it is not likely that we would ever have secured a permanent footing on this continent. The history of the human race would have been turned aside into absolutely different channels.

CLINTON, N. Y.



London's Topics

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

IN London just now the great topic of conversation, unless, indeed, among those who take no interest whatever in politics, is the condition of things in Russia. Once again during the last few weeks this subject has become the engrossing topic of our talk. The mere outsider, who like myself cannot pretend to any intimate personal knowledge as to the significance and the proportions of events in Russia and its dependencies, is almost absolutely bewildered by the

utterly contrasting judgments which he hears expressed by men who profess to know all about the subject. I am not now speaking of Russian visitors or Russian exiles in London. We can all readily understand the views which a Russian diplomatist visitor to London or a Russian exile settled in London might form concerning the present crisis. I am not speaking either of English politicians whose sympathies and training pledge them beforehand to the side of

the established Government or to the side of the threatened revolution. But I am sometimes amazed and almost bewildered to hear the irreconcilable opinions offered and conclusions maintained by Englishmen whom I know to be well acquainted personally with Russia and to be pledged neither to the principle of imperialism nor to the principle of ultra-democracy.

I was conversing a day or two ago with an English friend of mine who has spent a great part of his life in Russia, who has traveled and sojourned in most of its provinces and still makes frequent visits to that Russia which was once his abode for more than twenty continuous years. He is a fair and liberal minded man, and he is not in any sense a strong politician so far as British politics are concerned. This friend of mine regards the democratic uprising in Russia as hopeless of producing any real benefit to any class in Russia, and he gravely insists that the great misfortune to the Russian Empire does not consist in the system of government, altho that he admits to be bad enough, but in the utterly savage character of the vast majority of the Russian population. He did not put this forward as an effort in startling and sensational novelty, but as the deliberate result of his long and close observation. Then, again, I have another English friend, a man who is still and has been a great many years an habitual resident in Russia, for the most part in the capital or in one of the great Russian cities, who has seen and studied most parts of the great empire and is as familiar with the Russian language and the Russian ways as if he had been born and brought up under Muscovite rule. This friend of mine has lately been visiting England, and he has given me the results of his observation. He tells me that he has the most thoro faith in the inherent manhood and capability of the Russian population generally, and that he feels sure the people only need a system of free, civilized and humane government in order to make the country one of the most prosperous and peaceful in the world. All Russia's troubles, according to him, come, and have ever come, from despotic rule, from a barbaric thirst for invasion and conquest on the part of the

despotic rulers, and from the trampling down of every effort and every aspiration toward liberty, equality and the light.

Now I take these two men merely as illustrations of the difficulty which many in this country who are trying to solve the great Russian problem must have to deal with when they come to consult the opinions of what might be considered expert witnesses and witnesses who are not Russian by birth, family or bringing up. I do not think it is likely that I can have had any extraordinary or even any very rare experience in my endeavors to get at the opinion of competent English observers on such a question. I can sincerely maintain that either of the two men whom I have mentioned would be accepted by all who know him as thoroly qualified to give an opinion worth listening to on any subject brought within the sphere of his close observation, and yet I can find no way of establishing any manner of reasonable compromise between the judgment of the one man and the judgment of the other as to the causes and the issues of this most momentous Russian question.

I may say that for myself I have long since formed an opinion of my own, altho I cannot pretend to say that my opinion is sustained by any intimate knowledge, or indeed personal knowledge, whatever as to the condition of things now existing in Russia. My own conviction is from all that I have been able to read and to hear on the subject that the great majority of the Russian working people have in them a full capacity for enlightenment, for peaceful progress, and for civilization, and that the barbaric system of despotism under which their best energies and aspirations have so long been crushed is the main obstacle in the way to the development of a really great Russia. I do not fail to take into account some of the hideous events which have disfigured this present Russian struggle, such as the assassinations of prominent public men and the murderous attacks made by uprising mobs against detested Jewish communities—detested because they are Jewish. But I cannot call to mind the history of any great uprising against a despotic monarchical system which was not dis-



Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

figured by some such crimes as these. Where a people is kept in utter subjection by hereditary tyrannical rule it must be expected that among its populations here and there will be now and then some outbursts of disorder and crime. Where oppressive power for its own ends maintains ignorance it must make up its mind that such enforced ignorance and servitude will break out into convulsive and even unmeaning demonstrations of passion and of hatred. I do not believe that the present Czar of Russia has anything in him of the conscious tyrant or of the deliberate oppressor, but he has succeeded to a heritage of wrongdoing, and he probably does not yet see his way how to remove and redress the wrong. I have still some faith in him and much faith in the long-oppressed Russian population.

Queen Alexandra, the wife of our sovereign, King Edward VII., has always been very popular in the British Islands, and she has just now been making herself even more popular by a most timely, suggestive and generous act. She has been giving a donation of £2,000 as an

incentive toward the creation of a fund and an organization with the object of providing employment for the unemployed masses in these islands. The subject has of late been attracting much public attention. An immense number of honest and industrious artisans are frequently out of work here merely because there is no immediately paying work for them to do, and all the while there are public works which ought to be carried out, and are waiting to be completed or even to be taken in hand because the State and the various public bodies are always thinking of something else, and we are all too much taken up with discussion as to the business and the menaces of war to turn our attention to the industry of peace and of domestic prosperity. An attempt was made by the present Government to bring in a measure which might in some way make the State active in providing employment for industrious artisans who have now no work to do, and at the same time promoting industrial enterprises which would bring benefit to the whole community. This measure, however, has proved a total failure, and there have lately been some earnest and serious demonstrations made by the working classes here in order to impress the Government with a genuine sense of the national responsibility.

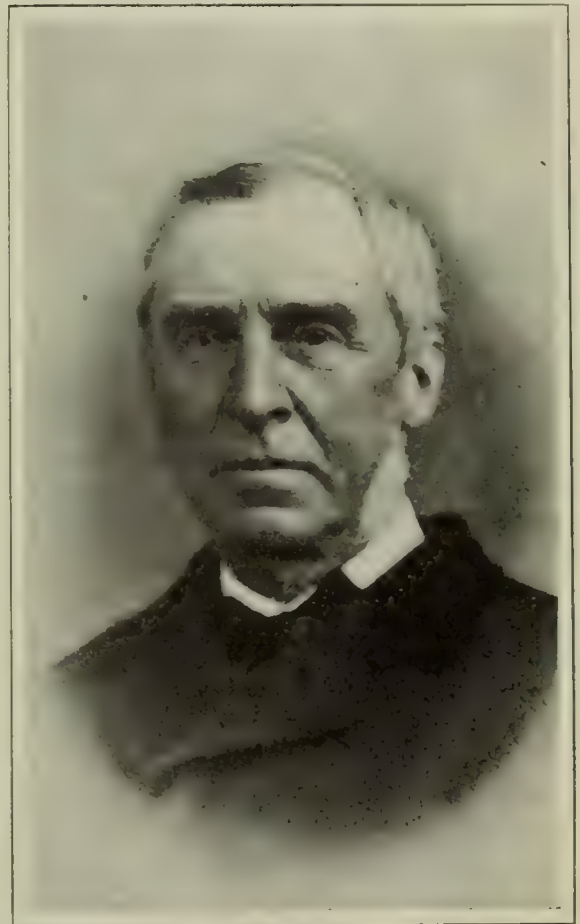
Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister, received a few days ago a deputation of workmen and of workingwomen, and I am sure he must have been much impressed by what he saw and what he heard, but he did not in the reply which he delivered to the appeal seem to have any suggestion to offer as to adequate measures of State interposition. Queen Alexandra, in her letter accompanying her donation, seems to me to have touched the very heart of the question. She urges that at all events it should be recognized as a public duty to make the care of the unemployed as much a part of our national system as the care of the pauper and of the penniless sufferer from heavy illness. With this object she offers her gift as the beginning of a fund to meet the immediate necessities of the crisis, and thereby allowing some time for the legislative measures needed in order to meet efficiently the ever-growing

difficulties about the condition of the unemployed. Perhaps I may add that the Queen is not, as sovereigns go, endowed with any large amount of wealth, and has indeed but limited means of doing good by gifts of money when compared with a very large number of her own subjects. The happy and immediate effect of her letter and her gift will be to direct the attention of the whole community to the existing need and to the best means for its complete removal in a manner which could not have been effected by the most benevolent appeal from any private philanthropists.

We are still left in ignorance as to the time when we may look out for a General Election. Meanwhile there seem to be increasing difficulties, and fresh disagreements, leading to other difficulties, coming up among the Conservative front-ranks. Some of Mr. Balfour's official followers are believed to be regarding Mr. Chamberlain with increasing distrust, while, on the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain loses no opportunity of assuring his followers and the public generally that Mr. Balfour and he are really quite in agreement as to financial policy. Such is the subject of daily discussion among the newspapers and the public thruout Great Britain, and these evidences of Conservative disunion cannot but have a disheartening and enfeebling effect on the constituencies. Every election we have lately had has only gone more and more to prove that the Conservative strength is falling off thruout the constituencies, here, there and everywhere, and these recent disagreements among the Conservative leaders can only have a fresh and very distinct influence in the same direction. Whenever Mr. Balfour is announced as about to deliver a speech in public, and such occasions are not many, we are always expecting to hear some distinct explanation of ministerial policy as to the time for the appeal to the country by means of the General Election, and we always find that the Prime Minister has committed himself to no such declaration.

On the other hand, it certainly cannot be said that the Liberal leaders are very closely allied among themselves, or that they have given to the public any clear and definite announcement as to their

policy on some important questions. I find it, for myself, not easy to understand how such men as Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. John Morley and Mr. Asquith, and some others whom I could name, are to bring themselves into actual agreement on some of the most important questions which must have to be considered when the program of the Liberal policy comes to be made out. Meanwhile the Irish National Party looks composedly on, perfectly clear as to its own course whatever may happen in the coming session, quite prepared to take the General Election next week if it should come, or to wait for it until any part of next year which the Government now in office may think convenient. Mr. Redmond and his followers will support any party or section of a party which promises to do justice to Ireland's national demands, and will not be content with vague promises or mere half measures intended only for the purpose of evasion or indefinite delay, whether they come from the Ministerial benches or from the benches of the Opposition. The Irish



A. Froude.

Nationalists form, I should think, the least anxious party in the House of Commons now.

In my last article I said that a new volume of stories by Mr. Hichens had just been published by Messrs Methuen; since then I have read the stories, and think them among the best he has written. Mr. Hichens is one of the few successful living writers of short stories in English, and in this volume we see him in many moods. The first story, from which the volume takes its name, is "The Black Spaniel," and is very painful while wonderfully clever—the sense of horror is conveyed to the reader in the most extraordinary manner. The second story is frankly farcical and extremely amus-

ing. The stories which make the rest of the volume are most of them stories of the desert, and in such Mr. Hichens is always at his best. There is no one who can give the atmosphere of the desert more marvellously than he can, as he has done in his last novel, "The Garden of Allah"—perhaps his best work so far. One of the most beautiful of all the stories in this volume is the last, "Pancrazia's Hair: A Story of Sicily."

Mr. Herbert Paul's "Life of Froude," to be published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons in a few days, supplies one of the most interesting announcements for this month, and I hope to say something of it in my next contribution to THE INDEPENDENT.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



The Serpent and the Woman in Fiction

BY MRS. L. H. HARRIS

THIS is a queer world, anyhow, and it is queerer still since the novelists began to interpret it. The author of the Book of Genesis might have learned much from them. The trouble is, they have learned so little from him. The noble simplicity of that first scene laying and Man-making does not appeal to the dessert-plate imagination of these modern apocrypha writers. Not one of them can create the earth and the fullness thereof in three sentences that lie like stretches of immortal light along the horizon of all literature. And not one of them can command the heaven-wide conditions of peace that spread over that first Edenic landscape.

But the modern novelist has crowded into the original apple tree, and for the same malevolent purpose Satan had in the beginning. He has a forked-tail sense of life which causes him to make a dramatic feature of temptation in art. The very rocks and hills in his stories lead up to the fall of man, and he is coiled before nearly every heroine to be found in this year's novels. Thus women appear to have become the root of all evil in fiction. No matter how guileless

and good they are, they begin to have the worst possible effect upon the men before tea time in the first chapter. And the worse they are, the more do they suggest innocence while they are doing wrong. And it is the business of the star character to do wrong. She is the prima donna of charming wickedness. Take the case of that lady who is perhaps the most fascinating heroine in any novel of this season. She is married, but manages to remain "tremendously interesting" to men—a most suspicious circumstance in itself, but that is not all; the nearest woman friend she has "adores and despises, loves and most bitterly hates" her. The reason is not far to seek. She lives to act, and she acts to show off the attractions of a singularly versatile temperament. Her idea of the moral law governing the relations of women to men does not go beyond her own satin corset-staves. She goes out the first time she can tempt the man to ask her, and spends the day in the country on a pleasant spring branch with another woman's lover. She reasons very simply about the propriety of doing so. It is no harm to visit the country, and it is not her fault if the man is another

woman's lover, nor even if he were a husband. The climax is that after behaving with the utmost discretion all day, he kisses her on the way home. "And in the very midst of his emotion . . . she preserved so wonderfully the air of not being responsible for the thing, of being quite passive, of just having it happen to her." Now, of course, if women are not morally responsible, this is the right view to take of such a performance, and it is undoubtedly the way some of the best novelists are listing them this year.

But if fiction is in any sense an interpretation of life, what are we to infer? That at last the scarlet woman has also evolved into this kind of delicate, diabolical lady-abbess of evil, who fashions her redness, not as of old, out of her own personal shame, but out of every man's honor with whom she comes in contact.

And in these novels, at least, the men seem singularly willing to part with their honor to such a woman. They do not hold out against her odds, but recognizing fully what she is they yield gladly, as if she had offered them a social distinction. They make no secret of their bondage; all the female acquaintances of such a man know that he is enjoying a disgraceful experience. And so soon as the episode is over, the good, nice stick of a girl who loved him aforetimes invites him to dinner. He is in society again—*available*. She endures the stench of his confidence, and then marries him with a glad air of thankfulness. Really it is scandalous that a book which portrays most of these details and intimates the others should be considered among the best works of fiction this year, and justly so when it comes to the literary art of expression.

And even when the woman in the story does not yield to the serpent intrigues of the author, she holds out against them blindly. Another heroine of the season, who is quite as popular as the one just mentioned, belongs to this class. There is no power of goodness in her. Her course represents merely the forlorn retreat of virtue into heaven. She is snared on all sides, and keeping somewhere in the region of righteousness, she has forever the sense of guilt which comes from a sort of helpless spirit iden-

tification with her environment. Now, if it is a fact that the beautiful, brilliant women who move in the great social circles of the country are so impotent when it comes to preserving their honor and reputations, if they are compelled to walk so near the edge of shame and to make shift at being moral at all, why should they have nearly always the star rôle in our fiction? Are good women less interesting than bad ones, or does it require greater genius to portray one and a better-bred mind to appreciate one than our novelists or readers appear to possess?

Things were not always thus. Women used to have ridiculous nerves and mouse-like spirits in novels, but they did a sight of good. They leavened the whole lump with their tears and their pretty sprig muslin virtues. It is the fashion now to laugh at "St. Elmo," but Edna Earl was a very proper young woman. She minded her scriptures and did the square thing. No unscrupulous person could have got her in his power, as the Jew did Lily Burt, because he had seen her leaving a man's bachelor apartments, because Miss Earl never could have thought it an innocent lark to visit a gentleman there. What is more to the point, she was instrumental in her lover's reform. Now has a single heroine in this year's fiction helped anybody to reform? On the other hand, one trembles to think what would have happened if St. Elmo, or wrestling Jacob himself, had come under the influence of Ora Pincen.

There is a conviction these days, founded upon cynicism and selfishness, to the effect that good women never can get bad men to reform. Such people only remember the failures, but the foundations of society rest in no small measure upon the success of this vocation wherein women are called. And if some of those novelists who torture their wits for a new situation and a new motive would dramatize the idea that love and virtue are a woman's supreme ability it would be at least as interesting as this notion that she is the snare of sorrow to herself and the root of all evil to others, and the story would teach something besides different kinds of fashionable degradation.

English Football

BY JOHN MORGAN

[Now that the football season ends amid such a hue and cry against the game it is interesting to learn the views of an English football player on the advantages of the English game —EDITOR.]

I AM in complete accord with your timely remarks on football in this week's issue of THE INDEPENDENT, and sincerely hope your suggestion will be taken up by the minor universities. I see that already the fatal injuries for this season total up to nineteen, and if this rate of fatalities keeps up this season will be a record breaker. When consideration is taken of the fact that the American season is a very short one, and that at best but comparatively few play the game, these fatal results are a terrible indictment of the modern American college game. Coming as I do from England, I am from a country where football is well nigh universal, as it is *par excellence* the national game, as the football season lasts even under Rugby rules anything from twenty-six to twenty-eight weeks, and under "socket" rules fully eight months. Personally I have played under "socket" rules seven seasons for a junior league team in Liverpool, and seldom taking part in less than forty matches each season, and came out scathless. Of course, I have received odd and sundry kicks on shins, ankles and other parts of my understandings, but never received any bodily harm, and never in all that time saw any one carried off the field. Afterward I left the playing field and followed the great professional league teams, having witnessed hundreds of first league matches, scores of cup ties, dozens of international matches, been present on three occasions at the final of the English Cup at the Crystal Palace, where the attendance at each of the three finals I witnessed totaled over seventy thousand; also I have seen at least a dozen internationals under the Rugby code, seen the crack Welsh Rugby teams operate, and during my twelve months' sojourn in the neighborhood of Manchester have witnessed dozens of league matches under the auspices of the quasi-professional North-

ern Rugby League, which possesses the cream of British Rugby talent, so therefore am in a position to speak with a certain amount of authority on football as played in the "home" of the game. I lived in New York eighteen months, have been up in the Lake regions, down in the so-called glorious Southwest, and in the various States forming this intermountain region, and have seen the modern college Rugby game, misnamed "football," played in each and all. Everywhere I have come away disappointed and disgusted, and have seen rough play on college gridirons, the supposedly homes of culture and gentlemanly conduct, that would absolutely disgrace teams drawn from the rough and rowdy colliery districts of Lancashire. Neither English spectators nor officials would stand for the brutal tactics seen on American college gridirons for one moment. The English public have been educated to a high standard of clean play in football, and they attend in their thousands, not to see this or that team win, but to see *good* football, and in general they care little which team wins, so long as they see the "goods." Cheering and enthusiasm is only aroused by good play and comes *spontaneous*, and is not "got up" or "engineered," as it is on this side, by "cheer leaders."

Brutality exists, and no efforts of the apologists can belittle the fact. Yet football can be played with all these drawbacks eliminated. Take England, for instance. Under Rugby codes in Lancashire alone there are at least three times as many Rugby clubs there as in the whole of the United States under college codes. Within twelve miles of Manchester Town Hall there are, counting both Rugby Union and Northern Rugby Union, fully 350 clubs engaged in *league* games only every Saturday afternoon, and that will leave out the scores of schoolboy league teams play-

ing under the two codes of the Rugby game as played in England. In Lancashire there are six clubs playing soccer for every one playing Rugby, yet more fatal accidents have occurred already this year under the American college game with its few players and fewer teams than have occurred in Lancashire under both Rugby and soccer for the last twenty year. Twenty year matches in Lancashire means ten times more football contests than have occurred in all America north of Panama since the introduction of the game. In the Liverpool district alone there are over five hundred league soccer clubs, not counting Rugby, and a club undergoes a small list that does not undergo twenty matches in a season.

Yet English football is not a ladies' game, and those who on this side think it is would receive a rude awakening even before going thru half their league table, let alone the cup ties. English players are not afraid of a shower of rain or cold, biting, miserable weather, as most of the American college huskies are, but keep it up in all weather, good, bad or indifferent, and they don't need the help of hundreds of cheering students with their college yells to help them on. The amateur English player will turn out to play the game no matter how bad the weather, even if there was not a single soul to watch and cheer him, simply for the love of sport, which is inherent in him. I am sorry I can't say the same for his American cousin, but it is the truth all the same.

Looking at a fast game under Northern Union rules, and then looking on a so-called fast game between Yale and Harvard is like turning from viewing a horse race and watching cart-horses going through the same performance. The stoppages under the American code are far too many to make the game interesting from a spectator's viewpoint; the game is too close, too involved, too much stress is put upon possession of the ball; there is little kicking, punting, less drop-kicking and no dribbling seen, and so as football it is inferior to the English style of Rugby. There is so little drop-kicking seen in the college game that the player who does such a simple thing as drop-kicking a goal from field is at once

lionized and made a hero as it were. Yet under Northern Union rules players are so clever at drop-kicking that the rules had to be altered and only 2 points awarded a drop-kicked goal, as they were getting too common. But, then, under English Rugby rules they do use their feet, and no player can get on any class team unless he can drop-kick with *either* foot, and at occasions dribble the ball. There may be science of some kind in the college game, but of scientific *football* there is almost none.

Yet the game has got with all its drawbacks a firm hold on the populace. It has its good as well as its bad points, but to say the least it needs revising. Several dark-looking features can be eliminated, such as the dirty knock-out blow, etc., and by placing absolute power in the referee to order off any offending player or stop the game. The game could be improved, and if a league can be formed among, say, the minor colleges for that purpose it will soon get the sympathy and support of the sport-loving public. But when it comes down to football—real, genuine football, fast, open and spectacular—"socket" has all kinds of Rugby beaten to a standstill. Those who have judged "socket" solely by the visit of the Pilgrims can't form any idea as to the capabilities of the game, as at present there is no team in America able to extend them. But they must visit the gigantic enclosure of the big professional league teams and see the wonderful footwork of the players, the marvelous command they have of the ball when traveling at full speed, the intricate passing and wonderful team work, the way the ball is passed so accurately both by head and feet, the thrilling dashes by the fast outside wing man, and the marvellous way they center the ball obliquely, at right angles, across the goal mouth, clear from near the corner play without stopping to steady themselves or the ball, and do that hampered by opponents; to see the marvelous saves some noted goalkeepers effect, their barefaced coolness and audacity in literally taking the ball with their hands off the feet of the opposing forward when about to score. When he sees this and the marvelously fast way the ball travels from goal to goal, one minute bombarding this goal,

and in the twinkling as it were of the eye a break away and a rasping shot sent into the other goal, and this kept up ding-dong without a stop, with the exception of the five minutes' interval for ninety minutes, then you will get an inkling of what fast, open, spectacular football means. There is not an American team, whether Yale or Harvard, that has got the training to stand such a ding-dong racket for a month, much less a season of eight solid months, as stamina and good wind are requisites which American athletes as a whole fail in. No wonder with such a game that "socket" in England attracts attendances weekly that completely overshadow the Yale-Harvard game and make the attendance at baseball games look like fleabites in comparison.

At Liverpool three weeks ago there were over 52,000 at the league match between the two local first league teams, Everton and Liverpool, while so far this season the 30,000 mark has been passed on at least twenty different occasions. At the final English cup last year, or rather season, in April last, over 100,000 paid for admission, being 10,000 short of the record, which occurred six years ago, when a London club figured in the final.

I am glad to see the way "socket" is gaining ground in this country. It is a game in which the little person has an equal chance with the giant. It is free

from danger, and yet calls for the same manly qualities as Rugby. It will never supplant Rugby on this continent. I for one don't wish it to, as there is ample room for both codes; but this I do predict: that once the American public has caught on to it and the country develops players anything near the capability of their English cousins, it will leave the present college Rugby in the rear, as it has already done the same across the pond. The game is now established on every continent on the globe, fast growing in popularity in Continental Europe, especially Austro-Hungary and the Low Countries, and as all adopt the rules of the international board of Great Britain it is possible to have international matches, and the comparative merits of the various countries can be ascertained. No other country in the world, as far as Rugby goes, will adopt the American college rules, and so on this side you see the ludicrous spectacle of naming an all-American team who have no opportunity of showing what they can do. If it was on "socket" they could test their merit against England, Wales, etc., or an United Kingdom eleven, or against Germany, Austria, etc., Australia or South Africa, or India, as they thought fit. It is impossible to get international or intercontinental games unless rules are the same.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



'Possum an' 'Taters

BY SILAS X. FLOYD

'Possum an' sweet pertaters
Is bettah 'n tu'key an' ham,
To make Eph say
Thanksgivin' Day,
Praise God an' Uncle Sam!

Dah ain't no doubt about it—
I's tried it fur an' wide—
Dah's nothin' to beat
De 'possum's meat,
Wid 'taters on de side.

I's heahed o' milk an' honey,
An' 'bout de wine dat flows,
In heaben above
Whar all is love,
An' whar de good folks goes.

But I tell you now, my bruddahs,
Dat ol' heaben fer me won't do
Unless I fine
Dat I kin dine
On 'possum an' 'taters, too!
AUGUSTA, GA.

How I Lightened My Housework.

BY LAURA CLARKE ROCKWOOD

I AM the slave of custom. At any rate I have frequently been told so by the good man of the house, for heredity and environment together have combined, and made me believe that a certain domestic routine is necessary for the welfare of my family.

In my childhood, a soup, roast meat, two vegetables, with condiments, salad, and heavy dessert were considered essential for any well-ordered home dinner, so when I became mistress of a little vine-clad cottage I thought Tom must have these things every day, and inasmuch as we could not afford both a servant and this much dinner every day we went without a servant and had the dinner, which I prepared. We frequently also had dyspepsia, but we considered this our misfortune and never even dreamed that it was within our power to be free from the malady entirely.

I held out bravely, and we had our complete and well-appointed dinners until before the twins came; then we relinquished soup. I argued that it was as much trouble to prepare as a meat course, much trouble to serve, and made extra dishes to wash, and I must curtail labor somewhere. So almost with a prayer to the shades of my ancestors and their customs I abolished the course. Tom did not appear to object much. He was glad of any innovation which would relieve me, but for weeks I never sat down to the dinner-table, so much was I the slave of custom, that I did not feel apologetic for the absence of that soup course.

After the twins came our married life became fuller and richer, but with inefficient help my domestic difficulties thickened, and when our third child was born I had to simplify still more, and in my ignorance of real food necessities I decided that the salad course must go, thinking that it was the least nourishing of any of the articles of food. I at that time did not know of the therapeutic value of a green salad with oil dressing each day.

And so at the time this story is supposed to begin, our family consisted of ourselves, four children, ages six and

three and a baby; a young lady student, who helped with the work when she was not too much engrossed with other things, and a male cousin, who made our house his stopping place when he was in the city.

On the momentous day in question which marked the turning point in our domestic management, I felt that my nerves had reached the limit of self-control. It had been one of those mornings when all animate and inanimate things pertaining to a household combine into chaos, and a pall of utter hopelessness is apt to settle down over the mistress of the house, who feels that she is utterly incapable by education or otherwise to cope with existing conditions. To begin with, the baby was teething and fretful, and could easily have made use of all of one person's time, and the three-year-old had been correspondingly uneasy, taking his cue apparently from the general disquieting atmosphere. Then in addition the water pipe had burst and my pantry was flooded, and my frequent telephoning for a plumber brought no relief. On going down cellar to see why the furnace did not work better I found that the grate had tumbled out. In addition my student girl came in at noon singing cheerfully because her aunt had sent her a pass to go to Chicago for over Sunday.

I was in a mood for reform of any kind, for in the midst of the usual routine of dusting and bed making and the other extra duties I had persevered and prepared a very appetizing little dinner, with the result that every muscle and nerve in my body was crying out in protest. The twins came home from school boisterous, happy and hungry from their exercise in the fresh, crisp air.

Tom came stepping briskly and cheerfully, and on entering the house came, as is always his custom, to seek me if I am not on hand to greet him. He took me in his arms, and at one glance into my flushed face he exclaimed: "Belle, I wish you would not work so hard; you cannot stand it."

"I do not see how I can help it. I

have just about strength enough to get thru the day if nothing unforeseen happens, and this morning everything has gone wrong."

He sat down to the prettily appointed table, where a beautifully baked fish with stuffing served as a central dish, garnished and surrounded with an egg sauce. Mashed potatoes and pickled beets were the vegetables. On the side table rested a most appetizing looking lemon pie and the cups ready for serving the coffee. In my married life I had made almost a fetish of well cooked and well served meals, no matter at how much inconvenience to myself, because of the fact that when Professor Tom had married me some of the wise old ladies had said that I had too much interest in outside matters and higher education ever to make a successful house-keeper.

Then and there I had resolved to devote my life, if need be, to proving to them that they were entirely wrong in their surmise, and that one college woman at least considers that no better use can possibly be made of a college education than in properly maintaining a home—the unit of national welfare.

Professor Tom is a chemist, and when he looked over his dainty dinner table and proceeded with the rest of the family to do justice to its dishes, he said, as he glanced at me with my food untouched, for I was too tired to eat: "I'll tell you how to economize labor. Give us less to eat. We do not need so much. How long did it take you to prepare dinner?"

"I can't tell very well, for I mixed the dinner in with other things."

"Just give me a rough estimate."

"Well, half an hour to fix the fish, and half an hour for the pie, and fifteen minutes, each, for the beets and potatoes, and perhaps another half hour for cooking and serving. I'll say it took me two hours of work to cook the dinner and get it on the table."

"How would you have liked it if you could have prepared dinner in half an hour and have had the other hour and a half to read Browning or something and to rest?"

"I would have been thankful enough to have had time to hold the baby, poor little chap, this morning; so this time

Browning would not have had much attraction for me. But you know you always want meat and potatoes and pie for dinner, and the rest of us like vegetables and more variety than you have, so I cannot help getting ready about so much."

"I suppose I am just as much the slave of custom as I say you are," replied Tom; "but I for one think it is time to call a change in home management when one woman with the care of four small children is compelled to spend six or more hours of the precious day in just preparing food. I for one am ready to be offered as a sacrifice to a new movement for the betterment of home conditions."

I could not help but smile in spite of fatigue, for the thought of conventional Tom living in any way different from his usual custom seemed impossible.

"We might just as well use more milk and cereals, ready prepared, and fruit."

"We—that is the rest of us—might, I know, for we can eat anything; but I'd go a good way to see you contentedly living on that kind of a diet."

"I think it would be great fun to try it," said Edith; "for then I would not have nearly so many dishes to wash."

"Another saving of labor," said Tom.

Then he went on to tell us, as best he could in the confusion of the children's chatter, that there are three essential food elements—the proteids as found in meat and eggs and cereals; fats, and carbohydrates, such as sugar and starch. He explained that a man at moderate labor will eat, if available, in the course of a day about 4.2 ounces of solid protein, 2 ounces of fat, and 17.6 ounces of carbohydrates, not counting water and indigestible material which must be consumed in order to get the solid nutrients.

He explained, also, that we might just as well get our proteids from the milk and cereals as from the meat, if we only thought so, for meat is expensive, and troublesome to prepare. We like the taste of the meat, and that is why we eat it.

"I wish to experiment somewhat with certain diets for my chemistry work, and if you wish it we will make out some *menus* tonight, after the children are in

bed, which will lessen your housework." That night we made out a *menu* of simplicity. It was difficult to do, because of our likes and dislikes; but we finally triumphed, and the determining factor in this especial diet was the fact that Tom wished to experiment with pruin free foods; so we started our experiment in simple housekeeping with this class of foods. Because he was going to make chemical tests, every article of food was weighed for himself. The rest of the family ate from this class of foods, but weighed nothing. We ate what we wished in quantity, except Edith, who also had hers weighed. For two weeks this was Tom's diet:

	Quantity.	Cost.
Milk,	1350 c.c.	\$0.09
Force,	35 grams.....	0.01
Cream,	50 "	0.0125
Sugar,	20 "	0.0025
Oyster Crackers,	250 "	0.05
Cheese,	30 "	0.01
Eggs,	96 "	0.04
Apples,	90 "	0.01
Wheat Bread,	25 "	0.005
Butter,	15 "	0.01
Sugar Candy,	50 "03

Est'd fuel value, 2975 calories. \$0.27

After the first few days the novelty and self-consciousness wearing away, each subject declared himself in the best of condition, comfortable and happy, and willing to try any simple combination which seemed desirable.

The chief trouble with this diet was that it was too abundant for a man of mental work. In considering quantities remember that there are 28 grams in an ounce. On subsequent experiments with a similar diet Tom reduced the quantity of some things, so that he was hungry for each meal.

In making out this bill-of-fare cheapness had not been the first consideration. If we had wished to make it especially cheap we might have lived at a cost of 11 cents a day, as did one of the laboratory students; upon Force, milk and maple sugar.

My husband divided this bill-of-fare as follows:

BREAKFAST.

Force. Cream. Sugar. 1 Pint of Milk.

DINNER.

Eggs. 1 Pint of Milk. Cheese. Bread and Butter. Apples and Candy.

SUPPER.

Crackers. 1 Pint of Milk.

When the two weeks of the first experiment were over we were all so much pleased with the simplicity of it that we decided to continue the simple, easily prepared diet, only with some changes which comfort seemed to indicate. For instance, this particular diet had been too constipating for some of us. So less crackers, milk and cheese were eaten and more fruit of whatever kind that was convenient, appetizing and seasonable.

Then for the morning cereal we used any of the other crisp prepared cereal foods. Formerly we had had oatmeal and cream for breakfast, and we found the change to a crisp cereal, which we were obliged to masticate, most beneficial. The twins especially grew rugged and rosy upon the dry cereal, for being obliged to chew it so thoroly they seemed to assimilate much more nourishment from it than from the oatmeal mush, which they usually had swallowed in haste. We varied the eggs by cooking them in different ways.

In conclusion I wish to add, so that this manner of living may not prove misleading to any one, that we do not always live on this kind of food. We are all as fond of good cooking as are the members of any family, and gain much enjoyment sometimes from elaborately prepared dishes.

Professor Karl Groos of the University of Basel, in his book on "The Play of Man," classes the sense of taste as one of the forms of play, and says that some people derive from the sensations of the palate pleasure like that produced in others on the ear by music.

So I will say that our family is not deficient in the sense of pleasure which comes from the ear or from the palate. But when the bottom falls out of the furnace, and the water-pipes burst, and the maid leaves, and the baby cuts teeth, I have the supreme consciousness of knowing that science will protect me in giving my family simple, easily prepared and easily digested food. And so this paper, while recording facts in our own household *régime*, is intended merely as a suggestion for wider application of its truths in other families, or for no application at all, as seems to them best.

IOWA CITY, IA.

Literature

The Debtor

If any one would study the difference between the work of an author who adjusts himself obsequiously to his readers' lack of artistic sensibility, and one who considers simply and sincerely the business of interpreting certain types in a given situation, regardless of the popular demand for vaudeville features, he will find a remarkable example of the latter literary virtue in Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's new novel.* It contains all the material out of which a sensational story might have been written, but she has kept her conception sane and true to life.

The elements of good and evil in the world are always the same. And in real men and women they show thru with a certain kind of temperance. We are hedged about with so many decencies that evil never can take entire, open possession of a man; and we are limited by so many native frailties that nobody gets to be perfectly righteous. But we know how it is in fiction. The villain is a character created expressly to be bad and to do wrong. All the author's faculties are engaged to produce a consistently evil mind. Such people rarely exist. No one has the magnificent power of concentration to hold steadily to the diabolical formula. And that which impresses the thoughtful reader of this novel is the fact that the Debtor is a villain working against the better nature which is in us all.

The exigencies of the story require that he act out virtue on the sly with a melodramatic flourish, but in the main it is a veracious interpretation of a man who is of average moral stamina but who handicaps himself along the way with a desire for revenge upon his enemy, with extravagant habits and with a grace at swindling which is fascinating. He had the "promoter's" temperament. He was courteous and magnetic by nature, and he had the power of inspiring confidence where another might excite suspicion. Now these are the elements of character

and disposition which insure the success of good men. And come to think of it, good and bad men who succeed along their respective lines are endowed exactly alike. The difference is in which handle they take hold of in turning their wheel of life.

This truth is expressed or implied by the various men and women in the story. Some of the women hold aloof, daintily irresponsible to the last. And nothing is truer to life than their attitude. In every community these passing phases of incoherent femininity are to be found, women who are identified by their manners and clothes rather than by their morals or lack of morals. And, as is the case in this story, they are often the most unscrupulous people in it when it is a simple, savage matter of self preservation.

Other characters in the story are attractive and familiar. This is why each chapter is so peacefully interesting that we are in no hurry for the sequel, just as we are not morbidly curious to know the ultimate fate of the people with whom we associate from day to day. The love story flows in naturally, like the sun which fills in the dark places of the world with warmth and light. No better book of the honest, old fashioned kind has appeared this year.



A History of All Nations

The new volumes of the universal history now being published by Lea Brothers* are much to be commended. They are readable, the tone is judicial and the typography and binding are excellent. The illustrations are profuse and striking. Ancient manuscripts, art, architecture, historical portraits, coins, contemporary drawings and prints are among the subjects chosen to illustrate the various periods. But no scholar of today, however industrious, can have a

* A HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS. In 24 volumes. Vols. VIII. to XII. The Age of Charlemagne, The Age of Feudalism and Theocracy, The Age of the Renaissance. By Hans Prutz, Ph.D. The Age of the Reformation, The Religious Wars. By Martin Philippson, Ph.D. Philadelphia and New York: Lea Brothers & Co.

* THE DEBTOR. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper Bros. \$1.50.

first-hand knowledge of even two or three centuries of European history, and these volumes, tho written by German authors of repute, do not escape the inevitable shortcomings of such a history.

Dr. Prutz writes the first three volumes dealing with the period from Charlemagne to the Protestant Reformation. Contrary to the expectations raised by the title, Dr. Prutz's third volume on the Renaissance is not devoted to the literary and artistic development of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries but to the interminable and often fruitless wars, intrigues and dynastic struggles which make the period seem like a barren waste to the average reader. Even the chapter on Italy and her influence is largely a record of petty domestic struggles, humanism, printing, and the Renaissance being dismissed with a few pages.

Dr. Philippson's volume on the Reformation is the best of the group. The social and intellectual preparation for Luther's teachings is described without any concealment of secular forces or any air of superior Germanic morality. The spread of Lutheranism as a religious and secular movement is fully described; there is an excellent chapter on the internal conditions of the Romance nations in the sixteenth century; the Reformation in Switzerland, France and England is traced; the foundation of the Jesuit order and the course of the counter-reformation are adequately treated. Dr. Philippson's second volume is largely taken up with the endless intrigues and ruthless conflicts of the Thirty Years' War. Only one chapter on Richelieu's government and policy relieves the tedium of the lurid drama in which Gustavus and Wallenstein figure so prominently. The story is told well enough, and will suit the tastes of retired army officers.

Our authors' treatment is largely narrative. There is no systematic presentation of the economic life of the people at the various periods. Tho covering the age in which feudalism was at its height, there is a notable absence of a careful analysis of the elements of that system. The conflict between the empire and the papacy is discussed at great length, but nowhere is there given a clear and adequate presentation of the structure and functions of the medieval

Church. Where the narrative is broken, it is for the sake of emphasizing the cultural, literary and artistic rather than the economic and institutional aspects of history.

The best part of this history is that which deals with Germany and France. A casual glance at the chapters concerned with the other nations of Western Europe reveals some positive errors and misconceptions, which show a scanty acquaintance with some important recent literature. Among the several examples which might be given are the following: According to Professor Prutz's interpretation of Magna Carta, that document "revived trial by jury"—a theory which has been exploded for the last twenty-five years. In the section dealing with the age of discovery, the statement is made that about the time of Prince Henry the Navigator the possibility of reaching India by rounding Africa first dawned on the minds of men. As a matter of fact traditions had been handed down from the Phœnicians to the effect that they had rounded the Cape, and two hundred years before Prince Henry's day Italian seamen had made an attempt to reach India by that route. Professor Philippson's account of the separation of the Church of England from Rome does not show a firm grasp of the real facts in the case, and is misleading and inaccurate.



Higginson's Essays

A man whose days span the whole period of notable American letters, himself for fifty years a valuable factor in those letters as essayist, novelist, lecturer and historian, may well have something to say on purely literary matters. It is chiefly that part of a man's life with which he is concerned in the fourteen essays just published.*

He was a young man when the Transcendentalists flooded the suburbs of Boston with the "Oversoul"—young enough to tell the story of the overflow as a lover tells the virtues of the first lady he loved and failed to get, one so commonly his senior by some happy years. He was young enough to be able, from personal

* PART OF A MAN'S LIFE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

recollection, to write delightfully of the men and women in the Brook Farm community, or who looked into it over the fence—Emerson, Curtis, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne—not yet old enough to persuade us, as his types will have it, that the "Lyrical Ballads" of Coleridge and Wordsworth, first published in 1798, in a small edition of 500 copies that never sold—an edition containing the memorable poems "Christabel," "The Ancient Mariner" and "Tintern Abbey"—could have been "hailed" in Philadelphia, twelve years earlier, "as the opening of a new intellectual era."

The essays we have to do with are occupied with themes pat enough to our times—"American Audiences," "The Aristocracy of the Dollar," "The Cowardice of Culture" being those most carefully worked out, glittering with gems of the best vein. Things of grace and beauty, not so delicately laced and bejeweled for the lecture audience, are those on "Wordsworthshire" and "English and American Cousins." Lighter still, but quite happy in its way, and recalling a beautiful nature, is the "Una Hawthorne," a pleasant reminiscence of a lady whose literary expression the author does not exaggerate. She was the eldest of Hawthorne's three children, inheriting in a high degree his skill in humanizing as well as materializing her ideal creations. The Roman fever sapped her life, and her literary production, if it now exists at all, exists only in manuscript.

With that part of a man's life which one naturally associates with Colonel Higginson only one of these essays is directly concerned. Being one of the "uneasy reformers," his enemies would have preferred to describe him in the language which he quotes a child as using in regard to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." She had long hung enraptured over the book, but appears to have shut it with some emphasis, crying, "Those Apollyons must be a bad kind of fellows to have about!"

"Intensely Human" is the one essay that recurs to the old anti-slavery theme, to illustrate, as it does admirably, a burning question of to-day, and "intensely human" is the description one might apply to the work as well as to the man

himself, who seceded from the World's Temperance Convention in 1853 because women were denied admission to its committees, who, a year later, assisted in the formation of the Emigrant Aid Society to run rifles into bleeding Kansas as fast as Missouri could run Bowie knives in,—who received a wound in what he called at the time a "most judicious" attack on the Boston Court House, to rescue the black slave, Anthony Burns,—who, at thirty-two, was in correspondence with "Ossawatimie" Brown, and heartily favored, as he darkly hinted at the time, "letting the heavy, saddened spirit of humanity out from its perplexity by some new door it did not know until it opened,"—who, two years before John Brown was hung at Harper's Ferry, said "Tomorrow may make this evening only the 'sound of revelry by night' before Waterloo." At that date he was ready, with Mr. Garrison, to go out of the Union; equally ready, apparently, to let the other party go out. But in 1862 he joined a million men in holding them in with the black bayonet. It is pleasant to see, in regard to this intensely human part of a man's life, that he can still point a pen not greatly corroded by the rust of days.



The City: The Hope of Democracy

Most critics of American politics, including even so able and impartial an observer as Mr. Bryce, have agreed that the government of our cities is the one conspicuous testimony to the very partial success, if not to the failure, of our democracy. Yet Mr. Howe, with an appearance of paradox worthy of George Bernard Shaw, asserts that the city is not the despair but the hope of democracy.*

He accepts joyously the predictions of Mr. H. G. Wells as to the extension of our cities, and is not appalled by the prospect of the whole of Manhattan Island becoming "a mountainous pile of sky-scraping buildings, devoted to banking, business, wholesale establishments, offices and public purposes," the population being driven for residence "far out into New Jersey, Connecticut and New

* THE CITY: THE HOPE OF DEMOCRACY. By Fred eric C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

York State." He foresees Pittsburg and Cleveland with two million inhabitants each, and "the intervening region, as well as the southern shore of Lake Erie, one long succession of manufacturing towns, like unto the midland cities of England." But the squalor, ugliness, vice and misery of those same English midland cities, the blasting of human life in the inferno between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, he expects to see prevented in America and eliminated in Europe by the beneficial action of democracy, and yet more democracy.

In language fervent with conviction and faith, and somewhat too profuse and over-emphasized for literary effectiveness, he sketches a program of possible advance which will give the next generation an earthly paradise instead of an inferno in urban districts. Not that the most incorrigible optimist can be blind to the terrible cost of city life to-day, to the social wreckage—the diseased and the criminal, the family decay and extinction—caused by the uncertainty of employment, the unrelenting stress, and the high rents and incidental charges in crowded areas. But in the very places where a few years ago the gloom was deepest the evidences of a dawning day of social uplifting are at present brightest. Just that crowding of humanity, that excitement and rush which break down the weakest, produce the political ferment and force the recognition of social solidarity which are bringing a cure.

Not among the fields and the mountains, but in the hotbeds of humanity, has the spirit been born which promises to transform our political and social life. Even since Mr. Howe's book was written a new birth of democratic rule has been celebrated. "Today," he says, "Boss Cox rules the servile city of Cincinnati as a medieval baron did his serfs." Already that boss has retired, wounded unto death in the great battle of November 7, when also other bosses equally strong and hoary in sin went down before the hosts of the reformers in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware and New York.

Most valuable is Mr. Howe's exposition of the controlling part that franchise corporations play in the debauching of our politics. He shows with cogency that municipal ownership and

operation of public monopolies alone will remove the temptations to the subsidizing of bosses, the bribing of voters and the corrupting of legislators. So long as "business men," connected socially with the "best" sections of the population, have a chance to reap unearned harvests of fabulous richness by controlling the monopoly in city services, so long will the interests and the conscience of the educated and the powerful be in conflict and the way of the reformer be hard. But speedily the plain folk, whose vision is undazzled with the gleam of "made dollars," are setting themselves to remove this irresistible temptation from before their "betters," as the votes in New York, Cleveland and Chicago have recently shown. They are determined to brave the risks of inefficient management, high wages for municipal employees and low charges for consumers rather than continue to pay incalculable millions to money-mad magnates for their corrupting services. Even the influence of civil servants in elections they are willing to face in preference to the influence of franchise owners.

Along with the new democratic program of municipal operation goes a strengthening determination to furnish the lowliest citizens, by collective effort, with the means of education, recreation and health on a scale never before imagined. Parks, baths, vacation schools, gymnasiums, lectures, concerts, theaters, technical institutes, civic centers under city control—these and a score of other things to make a full human life easy to every city dweller—must be furnished out of the common purse.

"But how shall they be paid for?" the alarmed taxpayer will ask. Mr. Howe has a complete answer. The unearned increment of land values, which a thriftless public now allows the private landlord to appropriate, shall be reserved for its creator—the community. The amount of that increment is colossal beyond the dreams of the unheeding. New York city's bare land is worth the unthinkable amount of \$184,884,430 per annum, and increases each year by about \$140,000,000 in capital value. The full value would pay for a track of farms worth \$50 an acre which should be a mile wide and girdle the entire globe four times.

Philadelphians pay their landlords for the use of the city's site some \$44,000,000 a year and allow these favorites of earth to add \$19,000,000 each twelve months to their fortunes as the result of the joint exertions and necessities of their fellow citizens. "That stupendous monument of jobbery, the City Hall, which has been in process of erection for years, could have been paid for in sixteen months out of this annual increment alone." Chicago, San Francisco, Cleveland and every other city makes a similar exhibit. Why should an awakened democracy continue to lavish these more than regal gifts upon a few land owners while its own children by the millions are starving for better opportunities of life? Notice that our author does not propose to recall the reckless gifts of the past; he only suggests that we cease to waste our substance in the future. True, he does argue for the transfer of all city taxes from buildings and personal property to land values; but such a scheme nobody would call confiscatory, any more than the higher charges upon realty caused by the present lax collection of personal taxes is confiscatory. And since such a change would make all taxes easy to collect and would stimulate house building and so reduce rents, an alert community is likely to adopt it.

Every leader in city politics will find facts and arguments in this book to stimulate his hope and to pilot his activities.



The Words of Garrison. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The sub-title of *The Words of Garrison* reveals its purpose, viz.: "A Centennial Selection (1805-1905) of Characteristic Sentiments from the Writings of William Lloyd Garrison, with a Biographical Sketch, List of Portraits, Bibliography, and Chronology." The selections are put before the biography, either from modest reverence or because they are considered of first importance, and then follow, for a small book, the burdensome addenda. A criticism lies implicit in this statement. If the selections are of first importance, they might be bettered, and their arrangement might be bettered. It is impossible to believe that a richer selection could not have been compiled,

even if also this were attained partly by omission of what is here presented. Also some of the selections are wofully slight in space if not in substance, like "Politics" and "Woman's Rights"; more burning words than these must have been spoken. Finally, many of the selections called "Miscellaneous" might well have been otherwise distributed, for instance, in the section marked "Autobiographical." The biography itself, also, is stiff and clumsy, apparently unskilled (which scarcely can be), and unclear from the effort to say too much at once. Now these may seem small matters to make a touse about, and so they are; but here is a memorial by his children, a generation after his death and a century after his birth, of a national and international reformer, one of the world's heroes; and we submit it should be easily possible, in the face of instances that come to every memory where the thing has been done, and well done, to improve with but few pains on this production.



The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. By Florence M. Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The dedication of this book is significant of its contents: "To my friend, Edwin Markham, to whose inspirational utterances concerning the life that now is, the author owes certain cheerful and enlivening ideas which appear in humbler guise in this book." Now, it is all very well to have hard-knuckled ideas about the dignity of labor and the heroism of the common life; but, carried a trifle too far with his dogmas, "the man with the hoe may become a vandal. In this story, for instance, a maiden lady treasured her family constitution, relics and traditions too much. But when the doctor tells her that she has only a year to live, she reforms herself too much. She gives away all of her furniture, burns her heirlooms, and puts on brilliant clothes after having been in mourning a long time for different members of her very distinguished family. The effect is better on her own health than it is on the community. She takes a new lease on life, and the sagacious reader is likely to suspect that the author has added a little touch of Christian Science to Edwin Markham's "inspirational utterances."

However, the story is interesting and wholesome, provided nobody attempts to follow Miss Cynthia's example too closely. For of all people, Americans need most the consciousness of having old, respectable things left over from former generations. We are inclined to be too young, even down to old age, and nearly all our houses and belongings are too new.



Back Home. By Eugene Wood. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.. \$1.50.

Here is a book that warms the heart and brings a little tingle to the eyelids, as tho tears were not far from eyes full

very like an apple: juicy, ripe and red with garnered sunshine. It is altogether wholesome and sweet to the core, where are sound seeds of homely wisdom; and we cannot advise a better Christmas present than this to take some friend *Back Home* again with gratitude and delight. Any book which, like this, embodies "recollections of early childhood" conveys "intimations of immortality." The truly rural drama plays nightly in every large city to audiences of country-bred capitalists, and a book which depicts country life so sympathetically ought to be equally perennial. Mr. Wood's pleasant chat about the old



THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE.
From Wood's "Back Home," McClure, Phillips.

of smiles. Here is an author who has so little forgotten that he was once a boy that we are all children again, as we read, trudging to "The Old Red School-House," eating wedges of pie. "You took the piece of pie up in your hand, and pointed the sharp end towards you and gently crowded it into your face." And there were always apples, "real apples. I think they must make apples in factories nowadays." The book itself is

swimming hole, the Sunday school, the circus and the county fair will revive pleasant memories for those who have such memories to revive, and those who have not will wish they had.



The Fair Maid of Graystones. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Of late we have not had so many medieval novels—possibly for this rea-

son, or because the book possesses some unique charm of its own, but it is a fact that Beulah Marie Dix's new story is really interesting. There is nothing new in the conception, the women are jealous, "light," or shrews, or just young like the "Fair Maid" herself. The men fight, steal, crawl thru windows in the "nick of time," which is always in the dead hours of the night, and everything comes to pass in the same bloody manner that is characteristic of stories of this kind. But there is still enough of the aboriginal carnage mind in us to enjoy the performance when it is well done and when the right man and the right maid win out together, as they do in this tale.

Jay Gould Harmon. By George Selwyn Kimball. Boston: C. M. Clark Co. \$1.50.

Bravery is a quality that always has been, and always will be, highly esteemed. We love to see brave deeds, and we love to read about them in books. Jay Gould Harmon is a fine, manly character, and plays his part among the rough and trying incidents of the Maine logging camps in a way that excites the admiration even of those men born and brought up in a land where fearless courage is an everyday characteristic. In one of the scenes where Harmon is lowered down into a log jam to set some sticks of dynamite his coolness in the face of probable destruction is amazing. The book contains a little of everything, from a love affair to a baseball game. There is a noticeable flavor of the dime novel about it.

Standard American Encyclopedia. 8 vols. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. \$12 cloth, \$20 library binding.

This popular reference book will find a place in many homes and schools where the more expensive and scholarly encyclopedias could not be afforded and would not be read. In these eight volumes of moderate size, each of some 500 pages, a large amount of useful information has been condensed and put into a convenient form by dividing it into numerous short topics like a dictionary. It is quite free from errors, and an effort, not entirely successful, has been made to bring the articles up to date. It is illustrated with stock cuts, some new full-page pic-

tures and autograph letters, and thirty-two pages of good, clear maps. The pronunciation of all the proper names is a valuable feature.

Addresses and Other Papers. By William Williams Keen, M.D., Professor of Surgery, Jefferson Medical College. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders & Co.

Dr. Keen is one of the most distinguished members of the medical profession in America. He has been honored by the office of president of the American Medical Association, and is probably more widely known and more thoroughly appreciated by his professional brethren in this country than any other. It is from his addresses, therefore, that the ideals of the medical men of our generation can best be gleaned. Perhaps more false impressions with regard to medical thought would be corrected by a casual reading of this volume than in any other way that we know. Dr. Keen stands for a deep sense of religious obligation, and inculcates to others the lesson so plain in his own life, of reverence for the great mysteries of life and death, with which physicians are brought so intimately in contact. Religious principles he considers necessary, and religious practice very advisable, for the fulfilment of the deep obligations that are necessarily put upon the conscientious practitioner of medicine. There are many who still pretend to believe that a preliminary education is not of great importance in the profession, but Dr. Keen is not among those, and he quotes very aptly the expression of Celsus, nearly two thousand years ago, who said that a liberal education did not make a physician, but it rendered a man much more suitable for medical study and practice. It is especially for the teacher of medicine that Dr. Keen considers a liberal education of importance. Indeed, he does not hesitate to say that to be a successful teacher of medicine a man needs almost necessarily to have a liberal university training. Dr. Keen is one of those who have followed most closely the subject of vivisection, as experiments on animals have come to be called, and who is in a position to know how much has been gained by this practice. His address on vivisection was delivered some fifteen years ago,

but by means of notes it has been brought thoroly up to date, and Dr. Keen is an ardent advocate of the value of such experimentation.



Rebecca Mary. By Annie Hamilton Donnell. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

These stories are of a little girl with a thin, pointed face, and a puritan conscience, who lived with her maiden aunt. She is the life and character of New England in miniature, and the stories show that it is not merely the sins of the fathers that are visited upon the children with unhappy results, but it is their virtues. A child may practice innocently and cheerfully all the sins of its great grandparents without being morbid or unhealthy, but let it be obliged to live up to certain "blue laws" of righteousness, and it is likely to become abnormal. So *Rebecca Mary* was a lonely little taper, set on her hill to shine too soon. And she deserves to live in our hearts along with Mrs. Rice's "Lovey Mary."



Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico. By C. William Beebe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

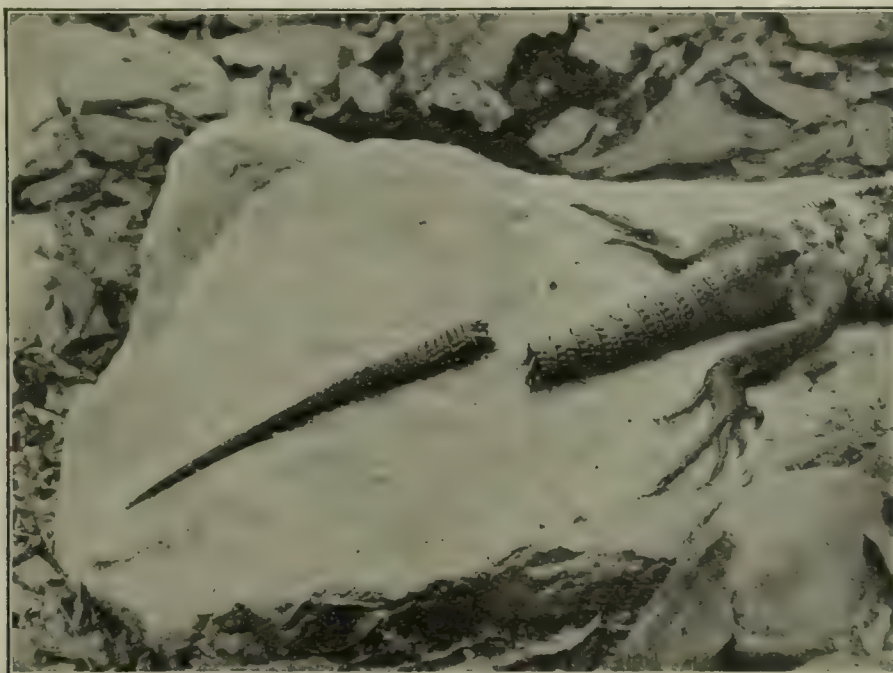
The two bird-lovers are Mr. Beebe, the Curator of Ornithology in the New York Zoological Park, and his wife; the former gives a pleasant description of

the collecting tour across Mexico, from Vera Cruz to the Pacific and back, and the latter tells "how we did it" in a way that will be a help to others who want to do it, or something like it, for themselves. Besides his birdskins, the author brought some good photographs of Mexican scenery and animal and bird life, a hundred of which are admirably reproduced in this volume. The book shows how much can be seen in travel by a trained observer who is not so much of a specialist that he fails to notice everything of interest which comes within range of his sight or hearing.



Problems of the Panama Canal. By Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Abbott. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Brigadier-General Abbott in this book presents an exhaustive investigation of the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaragua routes for an interoceanic canal, and the conditions of the canal problem in general. The author, as a member of the Comité Technique and consulting engineer of the new Panama Canal Company, has devoted seven years to the technical study of the problem. The book is more for the engineer and student than for the average reader. It contains a map, fifteen figures and thirty-four tables, which give accurate



BROKEN TAIL OF IGUANA.

From *Two Bird Lovers in Mexico*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

statistics of all matters from barometric pressure to tidal oscillations. A major portion of the book is devoted to discussing the relative merits of the two routes, a much argued and also a closed subject. The author says in regard to the health question: "It is certain that much wild exaggeration has been circulated, founded on the experience of ill-acclimated laborers engaged in excavating surface soil." As to a sea-level canal, the author considers the obstacles too great and the result to be obtained not important enough "to waste an extra ten or dozen years and untold millions of dollars."

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Law and Opinion in England. By A. V. Dicey. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

To the ultra-patriotic pressmen and speechifiers who are accustomed to tell the American people that public opinion in the United States acts more effectively on our Government than the public opinion of any other country, it will be disconcerting to read Mr. Dicey's calm proof that "nowhere have changes in popular convictions found anything like such rapid and immediate expression in alterations of the law as they have in Great Britain during the nineteenth century." This book is an explanation, illustration and defence of that thesis. Clear thought, wide scholarship, and lucid writing make the defence as strong as the facts will warrant, and the facts are so conclusive that few flaws can be found in the proof. Most interesting is the revelation of the slow but certain change of public thought from an acceptance of the Benthamite "greatest-happiness-to-the-greatest-number" philosophy to the support of a vague but potent Collectivism. The distance from the Benthamite liberalism of 1830-1870 to the Democratic Collectivism of 1905 is immense; but legislators and judges, following in the wake of public opinion, have traversed it with steady march. At no moment has the change been very plain to contemporaries, but the total difference is as marked as the change from midnight to midday. Similar broad differences may be noticed in American thought between 1870 and 1905. At the earlier date municipal ownership,

regulation of railway rates, limitation of the hours of labor for children, women and even for men; legislative reduction of charges for electric light, such as was made in New York last Winter; stringent sweat-shop regulation, and the other "collectivist" legislation which occupies our Federal and State Houses, would have been ridiculed as Paternalism, Socialism and un-Americanism. But, as Mr. Dicey points out, circumstances, the most potent of educators, have changed ideas, and slowly, very slowly, our statutes are being brought into conformity with our new convictions. But our written constitutions, our clashing State interests, the alertness of our business corporations, when they imagine their interests are attacked; the heterogeneous character of our population and the enormous extent of our territory all combine with the doctrine of Individualism, on which several generations of our forefathers were nurtured, to make the adjustment of laws and administration to the collectivist thought, which is in the air, slower and more painful for Uncle Sam than for John Bull.

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Knock at a Venture. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

We think of England as a conventionalized island, with a tamed and groomed landscape, and inhabited by a sophisticated race. We forget the wild spots and wild passions that linger in such fastnesses as Dartmoor, until Mr. Hardy or Mr. Phillpotts reminds us that London and Kent are not all of England, nor is the cockney its only inhabitant. In the volume of Dartmoor tales entitled *Knock at a Venture*, we find the primitive savage breathing the keen airs of the uplands, little changed by the centuries since his forefathers reclaimed their farms and wrung a rough living from the stony moor. These people are like thorn trees—bent, gnarled and twisted by the rage of the winds that sweep the crests of the tors, and yet they are often likable. Most of their stories are tragedies; they are swayed by primitive passions, primal loves and hates; like old Yelland, they get "their patience an' sense from the land, an' their wisdom an' sweetness of disposition from the

Bible"; they are uncouth and untaught, but they are always interesting. No better company could be had than some of these shrewd, humorous, hard-headed old fellows, whose racy talk is a constant temptation to quote.

"You'm a very religious woman, an' nobody knaws it better than you," a downtrodden husband of forty-three years' standing plucks up courage to say to his wife, together with other bits of desiccated wisdom, like:

"As for religion . . . there be room in the Lard's mansions for all of us, an' if the roads be narrer, theer's plenty of 'em, an' plenty o' gates to the Golden Jerusalem."



Wagner and His Isolde. By Gustav Kobbé. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00

Perhaps the most important and interesting "human document" that has yet been published bearing on the life of Richard Wagner and its transmutation into his wonderful music is the composer's correspondence with Mathilde Wesendonk, which issued from the press in Berlin last year. It was Frau Wesendonk who inspired "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner's loftiest, most impassioned work and the finest music drama ever written. In one of the letters to her Wagner says:

"My poetic creations always have been so far in advance of my own experiences that I may regard my moral development as almost wholly due to them. 'Flying Dutchman,' 'Tannhäuser,' 'Lohengrin,' 'Nibelung,' 'Wotan'—all of these were in my head before anything in my own life had led up to them. But you can readily comprehend in what wonderfully close relationship I stand to 'Tristan.' I confess freely, if not to the world, at least to a consecrated soul, that never before has a theme been so fully developed from actual life. In it the proportion between inspiration and experience is so finely balanced that a commonplace effort to adjust it would only mar it."

And again: "That I should have composed 'Tristan' I owe to you, and I thank you from the depths of my heart in all eternity." This "good, pure, beautiful one," as he apostrophized her, was the good angel of a considerable part of his exile in Switzerland. She provided him with a retreat where he could work in peace and quiet for him unprecedented. She exerted an altogether new and wonderful influence over him and his art. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that Wagner, whose conjugal

and domestic life was a sorry botch as long as his first wife lived, should have fallen madly in love with Mathilde. It was the heart crisis of her life also, but while she became the heroine of a passion, she did not, thanks largely to the tact and good sense of her husband, allow herself to become the victim of a liaison. Mr. Kobbé's little book is made up of selections from the letters and journals bound together by a connecting narrative of his own. He says it was written and put into type before the complete English translation by Mr. Ellis was published. The story is such a fascinating one that, in spite of Mr. Kobbé's limitations in the direction of tact, good taste and good English, he who begins it will not lay the book aside until he has finished the last page. And then he will want the complete translation.



The Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50

This latest venture of Mr. Crockett into his beloved Gallovidian country takes the reader back to the time of King Charles II. In the opening chapters the heroine, Ivie Rysland, steps out of the hazel bushes, bringing the "flash of her white teeth" to bear at once on the susceptible heart of the lover of romance and on that of Raith Ellison, the hero. She is, of course, with those small white teeth and a certain kind of lively, erratic temperament, both spicy and saucy—a will-o'-the-wisp pattern of girl, a wild "daughter of the regiment," competent at the mess table, and yet apparently, in the author's opinion, left out of palaces by mistake. Raith Ellison, on the other hand, is a shy child of the Conventicle, a reluctant Cameronian. How they change parts, the lover drifting to the wars for his lass, and pursuing her under the favoring eyes of the bloodiest of fathers, and how the regimental lass, in the meantime, creeps into the Cameronian camp and lays her fair head on the lap of the hero's mother, a converted sinner, and yet, for practical use against the unregenerate, retaining a whip-lash and a smoking pistol—all this is the story of many pages. There is much in character and in the turn of events, as managed by the author, that

is superhuman, much that is human and pleasing, some that is crudely less than human, but all perhaps admissible in the romance which deals in the old way with those days. The reader finds it difficult to keep track of the young girl's rapid changes of mental temper—to find sufficient reason for them, in fact, except on the theory that the movements of the will-o'-the-wisp are presumably erratic. Furthermore, he finds difficulty in steadying his nerves under the rapid-fire pistol practice of both hero and heroine and their military friends and enemies. Another difficulty—chiefly the author's, for the reader can skip—is the burden of carrying a large delegation of inert Cameronian folk, fisher folk, and an absentee villain thru a somewhat complicated plot. With a lighter to take this excess of freight, one might sail happily along, gladdened by the pleasant sound of crisp Scotch-English talk. There is bloom in the wayside Scotch scenery, and, under the author's enthusiastic guidance, a certain homely attractiveness even in Galloway kail-yards.



Literary Notes.

"SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS," published by Oliver Ditson, Boston (\$1.50), include all the old favorites and many of the less familiar songs. A selection of national songs is often unsatisfactory on account of omissions, but in the case of Scotland their unique music is so limited that almost all the songs can be gathered in a small compass.

....A volume of selected poems from Robert Browning has been edited by A. J. George. All his well known shorter poems, and parts of the longer ones, with the exception of "The Ring and the Book," are included. The comments on the poems are not only by the author, but by famous men of the day. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

....Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, who is now curator of the Department of Archeology at Phillips Andover Academy, will issue two or three pamphlets a year on American Archeological subjects. The first of these pamphlets was on "The Explorations of Jacob's Cavern," the second discussed "The Winged Perforated Stones." The price of these bulletins is 50 cents.

....In order that the widest possible circulation should be given to the report of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation of the Churches, recently held in New York, it has been decided to publish the proceedings at cost. Therefore, the large octavo volume con-

taining seventy-five to one hundred addresses from representatives of almost all the evangelical churches will be sold at \$2. It will appear early next month, and orders should be sent in advance to W. T. Demarest, 90 Bible House, New York. Every clergyman who wants to keep in touch with this great movement for Christian unity will find this book necessary for reference and as a source of inspiration.

....Mr. Alleyne Ireland, Colonial Commissioner of the University of Chicago, whose work on "The Far Eastern Tropics" we recently reviewed (Vol. LVIII, p. 1362), has undertaken the preparation of a very comprehensive work on "Colonial Administration in the Far East," to be published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, in ten or twelve volumes at \$10 each. The countries which will be included in the report are Burma, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Hongkong, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, Tonkin, Annam, Cochin China, Cambodia, Laos, Java, and the Philippine Islands. This wide range of inquiry will thus cover British, French, Dutch and American colonial methods, under every form of dependent government now in force in any part of the tropical world—Crown Colony Government, Chartered Company Government, Protected Government, Indian Provincial Government, the Residential System, and Government by Commission. There is no subject of our national politics on which there is such a dearth of reliable information as tropical colonization, and this work should be placed in all our collegiate and public reference libraries. As the edition is limited, subscriptions should be sent in promptly.



Pebbles

....A little girl in Washington surprised her mother the other day by closing her evening prayers in these words: "Amen; good bye; ring off."—*The Churchman*.

....A young Irishman in want of twenty-five dollars wrote to his uncle as follows:

"Dear Uncle.—If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew.

"P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this letter may get lost."

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"My Dear Jack—Console yourself and blush no more. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Editorials

The President's Message

As might be expected, it is a sound, sane Message. We give an abstract elsewhere. It is like Mr. Roosevelt, for it develops the moral duties. The President did not miss his business when he took to politics, but he would have made a rousing preacher.

The Message is not radical. Perhaps the hortatory prevails over the constructive. And yet everybody knows that he has the constructive instinct. He loves to develop policies. Yet his policies have been already so far developed that he could hardly bring forward any new surprise. He wants corporations, especially railroads, controlled, but not seriously restrained. The subsidiary companies should be controlled by the Interstate Commission, and over-capitalization prevented. There should be power to control rates, subject to the courts.

As to labor, the same may be said. Earlier recommendations are repeated. He would have the hours of labor limited, at least on railroads; the matter of employer's liability studied; he would not have the power of the courts to issue injunctions in labor disputes withdrawn, but would have the judge required to hear the other side. It is well known what an interest the President has in marriage, and it is interesting that he would have the Department of Commerce and Labor investigate the employment of women in business, because this tends to withdraw them from family life.

It was expected that the President would be interested in the insurance investigation, and he speaks of the corruption discovered as "flagrant." But he goes no further than to suggest, as before, that Congress consider what it can do.

Whether he is a "stand-patter" on the tariff we do not learn from this Message. He implies that he is, for he says it is not yet time to judge whether we need further legislation on the tariff, altho we certainly need economy, in view of the deficiency the past year. Not even reciprocity treaties are advised, except as far as a general system is suggested to prevent discrimination against us.

Much he has to say about peace, and The Hague tribunal and its next meeting, and the Golden Rule, and of the Monroe Doctrine as a power for peace, and this brings up—not Venezuela, which he omits entirely—but Santo Domingo. He is right in saying, with more than usual definiteness, that it is our duty to respond to its appeal for help, and he urges the confirmation of the treaty under which we are already bringing peace and protection to the island.

Some principle of selection is recommended for the Army and Navy, by which the inefficient should be weeded out, and promotion by mere seniority ended. He agrees with the Secretary of the Navy that no increase of ships is needed, but more efficient ones substituted for those that are getting obsolete.

What the President says on immigration is generally good, if not new. We cannot accept his view that the entire class of Chinese laborers, "skilled and unskilled, legitimately come under the head of undesirable immigrants." While these are all shut out, he would have the laws so framed and executed as not to insult Chinese students and professional men—and this should be provided for by examinations abroad by our consuls.

The President can only make a favorable report of progress in the Philippines, where an increasing number of natives are in Government service. The recommendations of Mr. Taft for the relief of conditions he approves, especially the withdrawal of all laws which confine coasting trade to American vessels, and the rule of free trade between the Islands and the United States. Best of all is his proposal that the Congress confer American citizenship on the people of Porto Rico. "There is no excuse," he says, "for failure to do this."

The President recommends that two new States be admitted, one composed of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and the other of New Mexico and Arizona. That is an easy solution and perhaps the right one, but it needs careful consideration, especially as to the proper protection of the Indians.

The question of the Panama Canal is

not discussed, but is left for a special message. All the President now asks is an appropriation to carry on the work.

These are the principal matters considered in the message. They are none of them radical, none of them likely to raise any conflict with Congress.



The Collapse of Russia

FOR several days a most extraordinary condition of things has existed in Russia. The immense Empire has been shut out from the world almost as completely as if it had been sunk in the sea, like the fabled island of Atlantis. Only one such other case have we had in modern times, and that was when Peking was secluded by the insurrection there from all the world, and for weeks no one could learn whether the foreigners there were alive or dead. They were alive and were attacked by a horde of mad zealots, to whom the Empress gave her support, so that the armies of Europe and America, and of even Japan, were forced to unite and capture the city and drive the Empress to flight. Now for days telegraphic and railroad connection with St. Petersburg, Moscow and nearly all the rest of Russia has been stopped by the strikes of operators, so that we have not known whether the Czar was alive or dead. The Czar has been for a year in hiding in his palace, has not dared to show himself to his troops, and now we do not know whether to believe the sinister rumors of mutiny in the troops that surround him or of an attempt by Grand Dukes to assassinate him.

One cannot help seeing that the people are coming to their own. What right has a Czar, or any other ruler or lordling, depending on his birth for his superior claim, to pretend to rule over any one else? Are we not all born equal? Is any one really born to the purple? There are those who teach, even in this country, that suffrage is a privilege and not a right. We do not agree with them. We are told that the right to rule belongs to birth, or caste, or culture. Another lesson this revolution is teaching. The old French acclaim was right: "Liberty, fraternity, equality." Europe is in a fair way to learn—and strange that Russia, even Russia, should teach the les-

son, that to claim the right of birth to rule over subjects is a crime, is a robbery, a robbery which the people robbed of their rights will some day resist—and how soon? There is a handwriting on the wall, and it says: "*Perès*, Thy kingdom is taken from thee and given to mujiks and artisans." The day of the French Revolution seems to have come to Russia. Is the year of '48 to return to Europe, when kings fled from their thrones, and for a few days the people were supreme? Can European thrones still rest on the points of bayonets? That is the question.

Already the disturbances in Russia are spreading to the westward. The power of the secret committees of the revolutionary societies and political and Socialistic organizations to convulse Russia by so simple a device as the strike, cannot but suggest what might be done in other countries where there are wrongs to be righted. There is not only a Russian Poland; there is an Austrian and a Prussian Poland. That the fraction of Poland assigned to Prussia in its dismemberment is quite dissatisfied at the methods used to suppress the Polish language is seen in the refusal of the Polish nobles to attend on the Emperor when he visits their land, so that at his late visit the Emperor William had to address in his speech, in large measure, the Germans who had been persuaded to settle there, and whom he told that it was their patriotic duty to remain where they had settled, and not to go back as soon as they had acquired a competence, to reside in the more agreeable society of Berlin. In all Austria, and not in Hungary or Austrian Poland alone, there is a ferment. Fejervary's having proposed universal suffrage for Hungary, there has arisen immediately a very strong agitation for the same right in German Austria. There have been formidable Socialist demonstrations in Vienna and other principal cities, as the example of Russia has proved contagious; and Minister Gautsch has tried to calm the disturbance by a bill for universal suffrage. But the people ask that suffrage be not only universal, but equal. We have word of the immense demonstration of over a hundred thousand men marching silently before the Palace to show the

Emperor what they ask, and that the vote of the classes shall not outweigh the vote of the masses. The Austrian nobles already anticipate their downfall under democratic equality. If France can have a republic, why not Austria? If the people have risen in their might in autocratic Russia, why should not the people of Germany and Austria claim their own?

The Business of the Boss

Is the *débauche* of the bosses an outburst of anger against a lot of particularly bad bosses, which will accomplish nothing more than a sweeping change of personnel in the political field, or is it the first wave of a popular movement that is destined to work important changes in our political system?

This question is not to be answered by academic theorizing on the inevitableness of leadership. We can predict probabilities only if we understand what kind of leadership the boss stands for, what concrete things he does for his money, and exactly what conditions make his rule either necessary or possible. When we know all this, perhaps we can interpret the recent uprising so as to make a more or less good guess as to what next is likely to happen.

The boss, as we know him, is a product of the American party system, and that system is a product of conditions created, quite unwittingly, by the framers of our State and national constitutions, who supposed that a separation of powers, whereby legislature, executive, and judiciary should be quite independent one of another, was necessary to prevent a usurpation of authority that might overthrow our republican polity. Experience demonstrated that an actual separation of powers might easily become a practical paralysis of government, thru the antagonistic action, or the merely uncorrelated action, of its three great organs. A way to prevent such failure was found in the party system. By making the nominees for public office responsible to a party, they all, whether legislators, executives or judges, could be made to stand for one given policy, and in the main to work together to carry it out in one given way.

But just because it is a great correlating agency, accomplishing its function thru its hold upon candidates for office, the party can preserve its own integrity only as it is often successful in winning elections. It therefore becomes an intensely active instrumentality for "getting out the vote." Now intense activity by any composite body is business-like, and is fruitful in results, only if the great economic principle of the division of labor is observed. Somebody must plan, and somebody must take responsibility for marshaling and distributing the forces. This would be a comparatively simple matter in political campaigning if all voters were both patriotic and honest. Thousands of voters happen to be unpatriotic and venal, and from this circumstance complications arise.

At one or another price the venal voter can be bought. For one or another consideration the indifferent voter can be induced to go to the polls. If he happens to be an "up-State" farmer who "hates to spare the time" from "his fall work," to drive two or three miles to a polling place, two or three dollars paid for his "lost day" may awaken his political interest without disturbing his conscience.

The practice of spending money to "get out the vote" operates as feeing, subsidizing and bribing operates in every sphere of life. It enlarges the purchasable vote and puts up the price, until the cost of winning an election becomes altogether greater than the candidates in the field can meet out of their own pockets. Until this limit is reached any active politician may be the chairman of his local political organization and an active campaign manager, but the moment the costs of party success begin to exceed the financial abilities of officeholders a new development of the party system begins. The "machine" and the "boss" are evolved to meet the exigency.

A source of revenue must be found. It is discovered in the coffers of enterprises that want tariff protection, and in the treasuries of corporations that enjoy or are asking for franchises, or that may be held up by threats of governmental interference with their affairs. How can they be made to contribute? By the simplest process in the world; by finding

out what legislation they want and what legislation they dread. If they can be assured of the passage of bills that they ask for, and the killing of bills that they fear, they will "come down," as handsomely as may be desired. How can such legislation be guaranteed? By making a sufficient number of legislators beholden to a party leader, who will tell them what bills they must stand for and what bills they must vote down. How can they be made beholden? Simply by assuring them that their political career depends on their loyalty to the organization. If they vote as they are told, they can depend on obtaining as much money for distribution in their respective districts as may be necessary to "get out the vote." If they are recalcitrant, or entertain foolish notions of responsibility to their constituents, they will be defeated if money can defeat them.

All this means the development of the party manager into a business agent whose business is to maintain working relations between the source of revenue and the legislative body. To the contributors of funds he must deliver the *quid pro quo*, namely, the legislation desired. The legislators he must hold in line by a proper apportionment of the revenues in his hands. For his own services he must have "a rake off" on all transactions large enough to make it worth the while of a man of ability to hold the job. The political functionary thus specialized is "the boss."

Thus understanding his position and functions, can we imagine that we shall exterminate him by seething him in a few ebullitions of political wrath? The thought is childish. However often we throw him down, the boss will pick himself up and resume business at the old stand as long as the conditions that have created him prevail. Those conditions will prevail as long as we have vast private interests which demand favoring legislation and are able to pay for it. While these conditions last men of ability, of effrontery, of shamelessness, of unscrupulous daring, will be found to take the money and to deliver the goods.

We shall never get rid of the bosses until we get rid of private corporate interests that are enough bigger than public corporate interests to buy out and

betray the public. The boss will disappear when we have public ownership of public utilities.



Radio-Active Christmas Presents

PROFESSOR CURIE, of Paris, had a unique experience a few years ago. He became the first radio-active man. He was obliged to stop his experiments for a time because his apparatus, the walls of his laboratory, his clothing and his own person had become impregnated with the mysterious emanation from his new element, radium. He could not handle a photographic plate, even in its box or holder, because the rays of "dark light" from his finger tips would penetrate its shield and leave an imprint upon its sensitive surface. If he approached an electroscope its gold leaves would fold together and droop like the leaves of the mimosa when it is touched. A letter that he had written could be distinguished from all other letters in the postman's bag, because it alone was radio-active. The visitor who had shaken hands with him carried away something of his radiant personality. He could no longer search for new radio-active minerals, because specimens of every common rock became radio-active in his presence. It reminds one of Lanier's poem about "how Love sought for Hell" thruout the universe and could find nothing but love even in those dark places of the world where only sin was thought to dwell.

Nowadays the poets are limping far behind the scientists. Truth is not only stranger than fiction; it is more imaginative, more inspiring, more spiritual. The rational sciences give us better symbols of the unseen than the pseudo-sciences. Professor Curie's radium emanation is a finer analogy of the radiance of personality than Mrs. Besant's polychromatic auras.

The reason why Christmas gifts are so often valueless is because they lack this radiant emanation of personality. The gift without the giver is dead. The only thing worth giving is ourselves. The barbaric custom of cementing a friendship was actually to mingle the blood of the two persons. We have grown above this gross symbolism. We know that the

circle of one's individuality extends beyond the limits of one's skin. It covers also one's intimate belongings. "Personality" and "personalty" are as closely related in meaning as in sound. A true gift, then, carries with it something of the giver's self, not in a physical or a metaphysical, but nevertheless in a very real sense. And gifts without this are to the recipient merely the acquisition of so much wealth. The object of an exchange of gifts is the mingling of personalities.

The true gift is the material expression of the friendly sentiment. The curator of one of our great museums of natural history has defined a museum as "a complete collection of accurately prepared and systematically arranged labels, accompanied, wherever convenient, by the objects referred to." In a similar way a Christmas gift may be defined as a card bearing the good wishes of the giver, accompanied, if convenient, by an object of value. The Christmas card and the souvenir postal are, therefore, the gifts of friendship reduced to their lowest terms. A gift book of which the flyleaf is not worth more than all the other pages is not a true present. If you have a friend who loves you do not give him a new book; give him one from your own library, containing your own book plate, one that opens spontaneously at your favorite passages, that is interlined and annotated by your own hand, one that you have used and that has become part of yourself. Then, if necessary, buy a new copy for yourself.

The ideal present is that which expresses equally the personality of the giver and recipient; one that would be inappropriate if coming from any one else to any one else, as individual as a private letter. It should represent the common taste of both, the one point where the two spheres of personality touch each other. Therefore give what you value most to the one person in the world who will value it more than you. The book to give to a friend is the one you would enjoy reading aloud to him, knowing that he would enjoy listening. The picture to give is the one you would enjoy looking at together. It is not necessary to enclose your card in a gift of the proper sort. If you have made the

right selection, your friend will know it is from you as soon as he sees it. The best gifts need no label. (This is an apparent contradiction to what we said above, but that does not matter, since both statements are true.)

Obviously one cannot give many presents in this way. And this is well, for Christmas giving has become promiscuous, perfunctory and commercial. We give from a sense of duty, not from a spontaneous impulse. A present should always be something of a surprise, in form if not in occasion. This is the reason for that atmosphere of ostentatious mystery which envelops the home at this season. Were it not for the fact that we are apt to neglect anything which has not a fixed date assigned to it, it would be better to scatter gifts thruout the year, rather than bunch them at Christmas to the impairment of their value and the embarrassment of the clerks of the store and post office. Christmas Day should be multiplied by 365.

The desire to impart something of one's own personality to one's gifts has led many to adopt the custom of making all their Christmas presents by hand. This is more commendable in theory than it is satisfactory in practice. Sometimes more labor and money are expended in the making of a useless and inappropriate article than would suffice for the selection and purchase of a gift that would remind the recipient still more vividly of the giver. The gift sentiment has been expressed in thousands of poetical forms, but they are all mere variations and elaborations of the two lines which have survived longest, because they express it most completely and succinctly:

"When this you see,
Remember me."

The gift should also be something that one would not otherwise get. The boy who prayed to Santa Claus not to bring him any useful presents this year had the right feeling about it. A Christmas present should be a luxury, however slight its money value may be. On the first Christmas the Kings of the East did not present the babe in the manger with clothing or a cradle, much as these were doubtless needed, but they brought

perfumes and jewels, the emblems of their own royalty, for the new born King.

Growing Unity

WHILE it is true that the invitations to the late meeting of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation were sent only to so-called Evangelical Protestant Churches, yet it should be understood that the object sought was inclusion of such as could now be included, and not the exclusion of others. Accordingly, while it would, under present conditions existing out of New England, have been impossible to form a federation in which Unitarians and Universalists should be included, there were expressions of regret by a number of speakers, such as Justice Brewer, that such was the case. This was similarly expressed by President Faunce, of Brown University, who said:

"Those who are sure of Christ ought to be patient with those who are feeling their way towards him."

One of the finest illustrations of Christian spirit has been shown by the attitude of these two bodies which were omitted in the call, not excluded. *The Universalist Leader* says:

"Every loyal lover of humanity must eagerly greet any promise of the union of Christian forces in their service to the world; and in all sincerity, even tho our own Church is at present omitted from the lists, we hail the movement as one of the most promising of the age and prophesy that in the very nature of its own composition it must become more and more inclusive until all followers of Christ, without regard to name, are keeping step in a great forward movement towards righteousness. Naturally we regret the omission of our Church from any movement for righteousness, but we are a patient body because we are assured of ultimate justice, and under the established conditions of membership, 'recognition of Jesus Christ, our divine Lord and Saviour,' it would appear that the Universalist Church is eligible under its own 'official' recognition of 'the spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.' The projectors builded better than they knew when they laid a foundation of a possible temple 'lofty as the love of God and ample as the wants of man.'"

Equally are we pleased to observe the attitude of representatives of the Catholic Church to this federation. Thus, in *The Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons's organ, the most prominent position is given to a long address

by Father M. M. Sheedy on union, devoted entirely to the discussion of the late Conference. It is most sympathetic, and laments the divisions of sects:

"Besides the scandal of a divided Christianity it is now generally recognized that the existence of so many religious bodies is a shameful waste of money and effort. . . . Unity, organization, co-operation—these would put a stop to the great leakage in religious bodies and would immeasurably strengthen the work of the churches. How often do we not see in the small town or village, four or five different churches where there are hardly enough church-goers to fill and properly maintain one? . . . These churches ought to be starved into decency. A determined effort is being made to put an end to the rivalries and jealousies that hitherto have existed among the different sects.

"To that end the most important and impressive religious gathering ever held among non-Catholics is now in session in New York. Its purpose is to organize a permanent federation of the churches in this country and to effect, if possible, a recognized basis of union.

"Now if this movement remains true to its practical purpose, it ought to succeed in showing that there is a sound basis on which the different non-Catholic denominations of the country can stand. We believe that if ever church unity is to be visibly attained, even in a moderate degree, it will be brought about under some such form as their great Conference in New York has assumed."

Father Sheedy then refers to the more cordial relations between Catholics and Protestants, and concludes his most significant address:

"From many quarters are heard sweet sounds to the music of heaven, that tell of this universal desire for unity and peace. . . .

"These are surely evident signs that religious strife and dissensions are rapidly passing away and that we are nearing Christian unity. The God of the Christian is the God of peace, and not of dissensions. And the churches of our day are coming to see the pressing need of the reunion of Christendom and are praying that 'they may be one as Christ and the Father are one.'"

Similarly also speaks that most influential Catholic paper, the *Boston Pilot*:

"A great Protestant religious gathering closed in New York on Tuesday, November 21. It represented thirty-two denominations with a total of 18,000,000 communicants. Better still, it represented the weariness of these of the religious divisions which have made all professed Christianity outside the Catholic Church a jest or a stumbling block to the unbeliever. Best of all, it was the occasion of a great public act of faith in the Divinity of Christ. . . .

"There was no bitterness in the gathering. Not once was the Catholic Church attacked, although for obvious reasons it could not par-

ticipate in the conference. Rather was it praised, as, for example, in Bishop Greer's reference to the Holy Sacrifice, which is the sun and centre of our worship.

"The Conference did not even assert essential Protestantism. It wants to call itself 'The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ of America,' and to hold quadrennial sessions, not to formulate creeds, but to help in extending Christian influences in all matters of common interest.

"Let us Catholics watch the movement in hope and prayer. The confession that sectarianism is a failure is in itself a good, decisive step on the way to Christian unity."

Thus are we coming nearer together, tho seemingly far apart, and the meeting of the Conference is justified by those who took no part in it.



The Cost of Our Army

Not long ago statistics were printed in certain journals to show how much larger were the expenditures for the United States Army than for those of foreign nations. The attempt was to prove that we are expending more for our standing army than Germany is for hers. Such fleeting comparisons, tho obviously erroneous, cannot always be traced to their source; but when a standard book of reference, which may well find a place on every editor's table, contains such misleading statements, it is important to correct them. Thus, in that excellent book, "Social Progress," edited by Dr. Josiah Strong, "A Year-book and Encyclopedia of Economic, Industrial, Social, and Religious Statistics," we find a table giving the "Armies and War Budgets of Principal Countries," compiled from Whitaker's Almanac for 1905. From this table it would appear that while the standing army of Germany in time of peace is 617,977 men and the standing army of the United States is 63,750, the expense to Germany is \$143,945,000, compared with \$240,410,000 to the United States. Thus the United States is represented as paying for its military establishment \$97,000 more than Germany pays for hers, altho the peace strength of the Germany army is nearly ten times greater than that of the United States. This apparent disparity is so astounding as almost to furnish its own refutation; nevertheless, confiding people are sure to be misled by it, and the statistical investigator

wonders where such figures come from. It should be said, in the first place, that Whitaker's Almanac, tho presumably reliable as far as British statistics are concerned, is evidently not trustworthy as regards this country. It takes totals from budgets and appropriation bills without analyzing their composition. So far as the relative strength of the armies of different nations is concerned, the comparison is easily made, tho the strength of the United States Army at the present time is 60,183, instead of 63,750; but when it comes to comparing the expenses of the different national and military establishments the budgets are made up in such different ways that no accurate comparison is possible without an extended analysis.

It is true, for instance, that tho the Germany army is ten times larger than that of the United States, the relative expense of maintaining the American army is much greater per man, because while the private in the United States Army receives \$13 a month, the private in the Germany army receives but \$2.50. The disparity is greater still with other nations; for in France he receives but \$1.74; in Austria-Hungary, \$.73 per month; in Japan, \$.60, and in Russia but \$.12 a month. Thus it costs the United States, at the rate of \$13 a month, for its army of more than sixty thousand soldiers, of whom 56,439 are enlisted men, more than Russia pays, at the rate of \$.12 a month, for its army of over four millions and a half. In a comparison between the rations and the clothing of the army of foreign nations to those of the United States, Secretary Taft says:

"It is no exaggeration to say that the troops of the United States are the best fed, best clothed, and best sheltered troops in the world."

Nevertheless, Germany, though it pays its private soldiers about one-fifth of what they are paid by the United States, having an army ten times as large, expends three or four millions of dollars more than the United States for the pay of troops.

The misleading character of the figures in Whitaker's Almanac, however, is not to be accounted for merely by expenditures for food, clothing and pay.

The compiler has probably tossed into the total the whole amount of our river and harbor appropriations, and very likely the \$150,000,000 we expend for pensions.

Those who really want to know what the military establishment of the United States costs can easily find out without recourse to a foreign almanac. The appropriation for the military establishment proper, including salaries, subsistence, horses, clothing, the medical department, the ordnance department and the military academy, was, for the year ending June 30, 1905, \$77,655,162. Of that sum, \$29,510,364 was for the pay of the army; seven million dollars for subsistence, about thirty-two millions for the quartermaster's department, four millions for clothing and fifteen millions for transportation. In addition to these expenditures nearly eleven millions went for military public works in the preservation and repair of fortifications.

Then there are expenditures under the War Department of a purely civil character, such as the improvement of the Yellowstone National Park and the buildings and grounds in Washington. There were spent for river and harbor improvements of a purely civil character nearly eleven millions. In addition to these, nearly five and a half millions went for miscellaneous items having nothing to do with the present maintenance of the army; \$126,000 on national cemeteries, in addition to \$61,000 for the pay of their superintendents; \$50,000 for headstones for soldiers' graves; \$20,000 on roads to these cemeteries; \$1,850 on the Confederate cemeteries at Camp Chase, Ohio, and in Chicago; \$5,000 for marking civilian graves. In the medical department the appropriation for the last year for artificial limbs was \$120,000, and for the present year \$425,000. Besides all this, the Government spends \$5,000,000 on national and State soldiers' homes.

Taking all the appropriations together, however, they amount to but \$107,519,000, instead of the \$240,000,000 of the Whitaker Almanac. As to the military establishment proper, excluding the amount spent for the civil expenses quoted, it is less than ninety millions.

We do not know how the figures for

other countries are compiled for Whitaker's Almanac, but if they are no more accurate than for the United States, it would be better to leave the whole subject to the imagination of the reader.



A Cause of Postal Deficiency

CONGRESS, deliberately, we may almost say of malice aforethought, creates an annual postal deficiency of \$13,000,000 to \$14,000,000 by confining our rural post-wagons to the handling of letters, newspapers and magazines. The sixteen cents a pound tax, levied by Congress on merchandise limited to four pound parcels, effectually debars our farm-post wagons from the transportation of supplies, produce and baggage on their routes, and, on no condition, may a farm-post wagon carry a passenger.

The result is thousands of farm-post wagons at work—over 31,000 at present—collecting and delivering in the daily service of the 125 families on the average twenty-five mile route, less than twenty pounds of mail matter per wagon, less than half the load packed by Congress on over-burdened city foot-postmen, to whom Congress refuses the use of wagons. Forbidden by Congress to bring to the farmers the supplies they need from the village store or from the railroad station, or to take to market the butter, eggs and other produce the farmers have to sell, the average farm-post wagon collects on its daily rounds less than two pounds of letters, newspapers and magazines, practically the only matter carried in the rural mails, and brings in to the Post Office from this restricted service less than forty cents a day. The net loss on the average wagon is about \$1 a day.

Congress, therefore, has to face a deficit—if the estimates of the last report of the Post Office Department were correct—of over \$14,000,000 for the year ending June 30, 1905, and over \$13,000,000 for the ensuing year.

To meet this deficit, inevitable under existing legislation, and to enable the rural post-wagon to do a wagon's work for the rural public, Congressman Henry, of Connecticut, on December 21st, 1904, introduced in the House of Representa-

tives a bill to secure the full use of the United States rural post equipment and to place the rural post service on a paying basis.

In this bill all parcels collected and delivered within the limits of a rural route, in dimensions from a pint to a barrel, in weight from a half pound to 200 pounds, were placed in one class, whether sealed or unsealed, with rates of 1 cent on parcels up to 8 ounces, 2 cents on parcels over 8 ounces to 1 pound, 5 cents on parcels from 1 pound to 2 pounds, etc., up to 25 cents on a barrel.

It is safe to say that from the day such a rural post-wagon service comes into operation—it should include the transport of persons as well as merchandise—from that day the postal deficit would begin to decrease, and the steadily decreasing postal deficiency would be accompanied by a steady increase in the efficiency and usefulness of the postal service that would add to the wealth of the rural population by many millions of dollars a year.

We respectfully suggest to the present Congress that legislation enacted this winter providing for the full use of our rural post-wagons at low, uniform rates will please the people.

It is reported that the German Government has recently ordered several hundred automobiles to be employed in the German rural service. The least that can be fairly expected of Congress in the improvement of our free rural service is an appropriation of \$200,000 or \$300,000 for an experimental full post-wagon service, using two or four horse teams or automobiles on a considerable number of routes to be determined by the Postmaster General.



The Surrender of Halifax

GREAT BRITAIN has surrendered Halifax to the care and control of the Dominion of Canada. The two largest passenger steamers leaving Montreal before the ice closed the St. Lawrence called *en route* at Halifax and conveyed to England all the officers and men of the Royal Garrison Artillery. Henceforward the citadel and forts about Halifax harbor will be garrisoned by enlisted men in the service of the Dominion Government.

Canadian troops also garrison Quebec and Esquimalt; and now for the first time since England began the colonization of America, there are no troops whose pay is voted by the British House of Commons anywhere on the North American Continent.

This withdrawal of the insular British forces has much significance for the city of Halifax, for the Dominion of Canada, and for the United States. Before the Royal Artillery left the citadel, Halifax had ceased to be the headquarters of the British North American naval squadron. That change was made when the stations of the British navy were rearranged in consequence of developments due to the war between Russia and Japan; and now that the troops are also withdrawn, vast expenditures of British money in Halifax, which had gone on since 1749, have come to an end. British squadrons will from time to time visit Halifax, and the great dry dock there will occasionally be used for overhauling British war vessels; but a British admiral will no longer have his shore headquarters in Halifax, and the city has ceased to be the headquarters of the commandant of the British forces in North America.

The military expenditures at Halifax will henceforth be defrayed by the Dominion Government, and Halifax disappears from the list of naval and military stations at which there are large expenditures of imperial money. Hitherto British expenditure there has been on a large scale, for in the century and a half during which Halifax has been a naval and military station, nearly as much British money has been expended there as at Gibraltar. Commercially these expenditures have been of much importance to Halifax, and the presence of naval and military forces has had an important effect on the social life of the city.

The social effect has not been wholly good, for British naval and military officers usually hold social ideals for which there is no place in a new country where there is not much landed or inherited wealth. Halifax has never been characterized by the wholesome social freedom of Toronto or Hamilton. Its social atmosphere has differed from that

of the inland cities of Canada; and this difference has been largely if not entirely due to the social dominance of the British naval and military officers so long permanently quartered there. Halifax will have to adapt itself to the new conditions. There will for a time be some commercial loss; but the social readjustment cannot fail to be for the general advantage of the people of Halifax.

For Canada, as a whole, the significance of this change is that it marks the beginning of the end of the pupillage of the Dominion. The withdrawal of the insular British troops from Halifax and Esquimalt means the severing of another formal link with Great Britain; and the only obvious formal link, as distinct from the sentimental tie, that now remains is the presence at Ottawa of the Governor-General, who is, of course, appointed by the British Government, and who acts as the King's Viceroy. The significance for the United States of these withdrawals from Halifax and Esquimalt is, that they betoken the new and more cordial relations now existing between the Americans and the English. The only external danger that can threaten Canada must come from the United States; and the abandonment of Halifax and Esquimalt to Canadian militia and the withdrawal of the North American squadron form a good indication of how slight this danger is considered in Great Britain.

Secretary Bonaparte's Recommendations

Of special interest is Secretary Bonaparte's report. He does not favor an enlarged navy—all that he asks is that the present force be kept up and that old and useless vessels be gradually replaced. He allows two new battleships, and not three, as the naval boards recommended. This has been represented as a courageous resistance to the President's desire for a larger navy. Equally interesting is his comment on the case of the death of Midshipman Branch. He has no mercy for the "code," aping the duello, which exists at Annapolis. There is no more to be said, he tells us, in favor of such conflicts than in favor of the duel. The custom he calls "highly objectionable and

essentially unmilitary." That is true. It is unmilitary because the "code" in the Academy, allowed by incompetent and self-indulgent Superintendents, divides authority. It puts in the senior class authority which should belong entirely to the officers. It is further unmilitary because it is not the business of members of an army to fight each other, but to fight the enemy. For personal quarrels military law provides other remedies.

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The Coming Parlia- ment of Nations

We cannot publish this week the full report of the commission appointed by the Interparliamentary Conference held in Brussels, received just as we go to press. It opens the way for the realization of the plan for an International Congress proposed by Mr. Bartholdt, representing the American members of the Interparliamentary Union. The report favors, first, the transforming of the second Hague Conference into a permanent institution, assembling periodically and automatically, under the name of International Congress; second, the codification and development of the law of nations in the best possible way, which means that a subcommittee of the second Hague Conference ought to do the work of codifying the law of nations, or that a special commission should do it, and that the permanent Congress at The Hague shall keep it up to date; third, the turning the Interparliamentary Union into an official International House of Representatives, so as to act as the people's chamber of the international body. This is a step forward toward the realization of the grand object aimed at, the abolition of war by the creation of a Parliament of Nations.

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Dr. Crapsey's Case

The heresy case of Dr. Crapsey, of the Episcopal diocese of Western New York, would seem to have come to an end, but it may be reopened. Certainly the press of that Church does not appear satisfied with the conclusion. Dr. Crapsey has published a book, "Religion and Politics," in which he undertakes to deny whatever is miraculous in the birth, life

and resurrection of Jesus Christ. He says:

"In the light of scientific research the Founder of Christianity no longer stands apart from the common destiny of man in life and death, but is in all things physical like as we are, born as we are born, dying as we die. . . . The fact of His miraculous birth was unknown to Himself, unknown to His mother, and unknown to the whole Christian community of the first generation."

Of course this absolutely contradicts the Apostles' Creed; and yet when-complaint was made, and the Bishop referred the case to a commission of enquiry, no sufficient reason was found why he should be presented for trial. Let it not be understood that the commission were indifferent as to his views, but they find that he still declares his belief in the creeds, but in a sort of "spiritual sense"; and while they condemn his views, yet such condemnation is by inference rather than from direct evidence. What more direct denial is needed it is not easy to see. If a man can "spiritualize" away the plain meaning of words, theology may become, like diplomacy before John Hay, an art for the easy reversal of solemn asseverations.

During the past week one million and a half of Jews have been celebrating their quarter-millenary. They have much to boast of, but most of all, of late, over the grand contribution of over a million dollars the last few days to aid their co-religionists suffering in Russia. It should go, every cent of it, to Jews, not to Christians, much as some of them have suffered. Perhaps Christians have not aided in this as they should, but they have hardly been asked. The suffering has been fearful and might well appeal to the philanthropy of all. What we should at least do is to hold our doors wide open to the refugees that flee to our shores from Christian persecution abroad. But we hope that Witte's promise of religious freedom will be carried out.

The proud Conservative Government of the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, for three years Prime Minister in succession to Lord Salisbury, and for ten years leader of the House of Commons, has gone down ingloriously. The country was tired of it, and its own support-

ers had quarreled. And yet it has been a Government that will be writ large in history. It consolidated all South Africa, suppressing the two republics; and it formed the alliance which allowed Japan without interference to conquer Russia. Against these achievements must be set the blunder of Church schools and the coquetting with the protective tariff. It is time that a Liberal Government should take its place.

It will be most humiliating if the European Powers shall back down after having made their demands for reform in Macedonia, and after sending their fleets to take possession of Mitylene. They ought to have anticipated the possible refusal of the Sultan. But we still anticipate that they will insist, and that the Sultan will find some way to harmonize his necessities with the requirements of Koranic law. The threat of massacre may be made, but the attempt to execute it would send the Sultan out of Constantinople, and then to some St. Helena. We do not fear any vast uprising of the Moslem world at his command.

The Mayor of Minneapolis has put his foot down and absolutely closed the saloons all day Sunday. He was afraid he could not do it; so he sent men to investigate conditions in St. Louis, a city not very puritanical, and he found the saloons were closed there, and at St. Joseph, and Pittsburg, and Boston. So he issued the order to the police, and it was obeyed, and the people approve, and most of all the families of those who spend their Saturday wages in the Sunday saloons. But if Sunday, why not Saturday?

We would like to call your notice to the page among the advertisements which has for several weeks been giving interesting information about the history and policy and plans of THE INDEPENDENT. Our purpose is, in part, to get our many new readers acquainted with what it has stood for in the present and the past. We intend to continue this series for some weeks, at least, and such a page is to be found in this issue, to which we direct special attention.

Insurance

The Insurance Investigation

THE reforms advocated in THE INDEPENDENT under date of November 23d are beginning to bear fruit. Richard A. McCurdy offered his resignation as President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, on the ground of ill health, and this resignation was accepted by the Board of Trustees on November 29th. It is expected that Mr. McCurdy's resignation is to be followed by other resignations not only of his immediate family. Justice Rufus W. Peckham, who has resigned as a Mutual trustee, in a statement issued by him giving his reasons for so doing, spoke of his "indignation and astonishment" at the recent disclosures. History is making fast in insurance circles just now, for upon the heels of the McCurdy resignation comes the announcement, reported in the public press, that George W. Perkins, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., will retire from the vice-presidency of the New York Life Insurance Company and from the chairmanship of its Finance Committee at the coming election, next April. It is stated that this action is to be taken at the suggestion of Mr. Morgan himself. The Mutual Reserve Life Association has been under investigation, and there were certain developments regarding the gift of \$6,000 to Frederick A. Burnham on the part of Horace H. Brockway, proprietor of the Ashland House, because "Burnham was a good fellow and needed the money." In return for this altruism on Brockway's part he was placed upon the pay roll of the Mutual Reserve at \$300 per month until he had received, according to the recipient's own estimate, some \$6,500. Medical testimony was introduced before the Armstrong Committee to show that President Frederick Burnham was not in a condition to appear before the committee or to have his deposition taken. Indisposition on the part of insurance officials seems to be rapidly approaching the epidemic stage.

A bill extending Federal visitorial power over certain life insurance companies was introduced in the House of Representatives at the beginning of the present session by Representative Morrell, of Pennsylvania. This bill sets forth that

the investigation now going on in New York has "disclosed grave abuses and irregularities in the management of these companies, which are manifestly due to the lack of an efficient system of governmental inspection, supervision or control." It also recites that these companies "have become practically amalgamated with certain trust companies and banking associations, and are performing indirectly, by means of such amalgamation, many of the functions of banks, in addition to those of life insurance companies, thereby invading the province and imperiling the stability and usefulness of the National banking system."

Another bill, which seeks to place insurance companies under the control of the Department of Commerce and Labor, was also introduced at the same time. A third bill was introduced, which contemplates a joint investigation of insurance companies by House and Senate in order to ascertain to what extent Federal control and supervision is desirable.

A dispatch to the *Times* from Berlin, under date of December 1st, states that the Imperial Insurance Office has informed the Equitable that it will appoint a receiver to administer on the company's property in Germany in the interest of the German policyholders unless the company increases its premium reserves invested in Germany as required by the insurance law of May, 1901. The company has taken the ground that it is not subject to the operation of that law, since it no longer seeks or accepts new business in Germany.

If the threatened receiver is appointed he would take possession of the Equitable's buildings in Berlin and other German cities and administer them, or, if need be, sell them and devote the proceeds of such sale to the benefit of German policyholders.

Temporary President Cromwell, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, has issued a circular to agents, in which he says that thoro reforms in the Mutual are being pushed, and that the financial situation of his company is such that its ability to meet all its obligations is largely above its liabilities. According to Mr. Cromwell's circular:

"Policyholders should be strongly advised that they will make a mistake if they surrender their rights or interests under their policies to those who, for their own purposes, seek to obtain them."



The New Head of the Mutual Life

Frederic Cromwell, who was elected Acting President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city on November 29th, vice Richard A. McCurdy, resigned, was born at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson on February 16th, 1843. After graduating at Harvard University, in the class of 1863, he entered the service of the Mutual as Trustee in 1880, and has been the Treasurer of that Company since 1884.

He is on the directorate of the Delaware and Hudson Company, the Morris and Essex Railroad, the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company, the National Bank of Commerce, the Guaranty Trust Company and other financial institutions. Mr. Cromwell is a member of the Century Association, the Metropolitan, Tuxedo, University and Down Town Clubs.

Financial

Seventy-five Years Old

IN our comparatively young nation, seventy-five years is an exceptionally long life for a financial institution. To this ripe age has the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company now come, and its history has been most interesting and creditable. This institution was chartered in 1830, and there is only one other Trust company in New York as old. William Bard, an enthusiast in what was then the new field of life insurance, was the first President. In 1843 Stephen Allen succeeded him; John R. Townsend followed in 1845; and in 1846 David Thompson, who had been cashier of the Bank of America, became the head of the company. After twenty-five years of excellent service, he died in 1871. Whereupon Henry Parish was elected to the office, and he is still President. Under his skillful and conservative management the company's deposits have risen from \$6,000,000 to about \$34,000,000. Its capital is \$1,000,000, its surplus and undivided profits are \$4,342,594, and its assets exceed \$42,000,000. Long terms of service are noticeable in its history. With Mr. Parish (President for thirty-four years) was associated Joseph R. Kearney, who, at the time of his death in 1893, had been with the company fifty-six years, and for twenty-four years had been its Secretary. Some time ago the fortieth anniversary of the service of Mr. Walker, the present Cashier, was suitably celebrated.

The practice of the company has been of an exceptional character, in that it has never done any corporation business, or accepted corporation or railroad trusts, but has been content with acting in all fiduciary capacities for individuals and for charitable, religious and educational institutions. Retiring from the business of life insurance in 1840, it has now outstanding only fifteen policies, but it does a considerable business in annuities. It does not deal in securities, and we are informed that it has never been a member of a syndicate. But to the bankers who undertook, some years ago, in time of stress, to supply the national Treasury with \$50,000,000 in gold, it loaned \$2,500,000 in gold from its vaults. Its

shareholders have received 1,538 per cent. in dividends. After the panic of 1873, Mr. Parish decided that it was advisable to keep a cash reserve in the company's vaults, and this has been the company's policy ever since. The two Vice-Presidents are Walter Kerr and Henry Parish, Jr., and George M. Corning is Secretary. Among the Trustees are Joseph H. Choate, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, Stuyvesant Fish, C. O'D. Iselin, Augustus D. Juilliard and John Claflin.



THE Van Norden Trust Company, at a recent meeting, adopted resolutions providing for the maintenance hereafter of a cash reserve of 7½ per cent. It is thought that other Trust companies will take similar action.

.... The Lackawanna Steel Co., of Buffalo, has sold 6,282 tons of steel rails to the Government of Victoria, Australia, for about \$27.50 per ton, which includes the freight charges to Melbourne. The price in this country is \$28 at the mill.

.... John B. Daniels, George Mercer, Jr., William G. Brown, Edward S. Farrow, and William A. Griffith are organizing a bank, to be known as the Beaver National Bank, with a capital of \$200,000 and a surplus of \$100,000. It will be situated at Beaver, Pearl and Wall streets, and will serve the interests of merchants in that vicinity.

.... Harvey Fisk & Sons have underwritten \$8,000,000 of 5 per cent. first mortgage extension bonds of the Bethlehem Steel Company, at a price said to be 92½, and the same firm has an option on the underwriting of \$4,000,000 more. These bonds are secured by a first mortgage on nearly 75 acres additional area recently acquired at Bethlehem, Pa., and the costly extension of the company's plant to be erected thereon.



.... Dividends announced:

Amer. Chiclé Co., 1 per cent., payable December 20th.

International Paper Co. (Preferred), 1½ per cent., payable December 30th.

Amer. Can Co. (Preferred), 1¼ per cent., payable December 16th.

The Independent

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Survey of the World

The Session of Congress

In the House, last week, the proposed emergency appropriation of \$16,500,000 for the Panama Canal was reduced to \$11,000,000, after a debate in which a desire for a detailed statement of all payments heretofore made and all obligations incurred was plainly shown. The Democrats, or a majority of them, asked that the sum be reduced to about \$7,000,000. There was a disposition in both parties to criticise the Commission.—Interesting bills relating to the tariff were introduced by Mr. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, and others. Mr. Williams in his measures suggests a maximum and minimum tariff, the maximum to be the present rates, and the minimum to be rates 20 per cent. lower, for use in reciprocal agreements. He also provides for free trade with the Philippines and for a reduction to 100 per cent. of all duties now above that limit. A bill introduced by Chairman Payne, of the Ways and Means Committee, removes all duties on Philippine products imported into the States, except those on sugar and tobacco, which are reduced to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. At present the duties are 75 per cent. of these rates.—Many bills and resolutions relating to political contributions and insurance companies were introduced. Inquiries as to the Constitutional power of Congress to legislate for the national supervision and regulation of insurance companies were ordered. Mr. Jenkins, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has made an elaborate statement designed to prove that Congress has no such power. Senator Tillman spoke vigorously in support of a resolution calling upon the Treasury Department to show whether any na-

tional bank had made contributions for political purposes. He referred to the discoveries made by the Armstrong Insurance Committee in New York, and quoted (for publication in the *Record*) all of Senator Platt's testimony before that committee as to his collection of campaign funds. Reference was also made to the contributions received by Mr. Cortelyou from the life insurance companies in the last Presidential campaign. Mr. Tillman remarked that there were "some lame ducks" in the Senate, and he urged the Senate to take steps for lifting itself out of the disgrace and suspicion now attaching to it. Senators Platt and Depew were absent. In New York, Mr. Hearst's newspapers are circulating petitions asking the State Legislature to pass resolutions calling for their resignations. Mr. Tillman's resolution was adopted. In both houses bills were introduced forbidding national banks or corporations engaged in interstate business to contribute money for political purposes.—The Esch-Townsend Railroad Rate Bill of last session, with some changes, was introduced again, and in the Senate the Elkins Committee has before it the Commission's bill, Mr. Foraker's bill and others. It is predicted that the Senate will pass a compromise measure nearly in accord with the President's views. From the Merchant Marine Commission comes a Ship Subsidy bill. The California Representatives have agreed upon a bill for the exclusion of Japanese and Korean laborers. Mr. Goldfogle has introduced a resolution deploring the persecution of Jews in Russia and asking the President to use his good offices for securing action by the Russian Government that will prevent such persecution there hereafter.

One of Mr. Hearst's bills is designed to enable the Government to acquire and operate the existing telegraph system.—Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, recently convicted of violating the law in certain land cases, died on the 8th in Portland of hemorrhage and exhaustion following the removal of several teeth. He had served in the Senate for twenty-six years. In the House there is no member from Oregon to make formal announcement of his death, one of the two Republicans having been convicted of land frauds and the other being under indictment for a similar offense.



From the Cabinet Reports

The annual reports of the Executive Departments have been published. We refer here to some of the recommendations and statements in them. Postmaster-General Cortelyou says that merit should be the controlling factor in appointments and promotions. To each post office is now given a careful rating, based upon inspectors' reports and other data, and this rating has much weight in determining the Department's attitude toward a postmaster's reappointment. "Fourth-class postmasters will be retained during satisfactory service." The ratings will be a guide for the Department in its recommendations to the President concerning postmasters of the highest class. The establishment of a separate parcels post is not recommended, but third and fourth class matter should be merged at one cent for two ounces. The laws concerning second-class matter (two-thirds of the bulk and yielding only four per cent. of the revenue) should be thoroly revised.—Secretary Metcalf, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, argues at length in advocacy of the supervision and regulation of all interstate corporations by Federal license. It would be better, he says, to give up all our trade with China if unrestricted immigration of Chinese is the price of retaining it; but the laws concerning the admission of Chinese should be amended. It is not clear to him that the Constitution permits Federal supervision of insurance companies.—Secretary Taft shows that the actual strength of the army is 59,814 officers and men, and nearly 12,000 of these are

in the Philippines. There are not enough officers. The reorganization of the militia has progressed steadily, and nearly the entire body of militia now conforms to the organization of the regular army. Much space is given to matter relating to the Panama Canal and to desired legislation affecting the Philippines. The Secretary's views on these subjects have recently been given to the public in his addresses.—Secretary Bonaparte recommends that provision be made for two Vice-Admirals and for a re-establishment of the grade of Commodore, to which rank he would have a dozen or more Captains promoted. Not agreeing with either the General Board or the Board of Construction, he asks for two battleships, of 16,000 tons, two scout cruisers, four destroyers, and several smaller vessels, at an estimated cost of \$23,300,000; also for 3,000 more enlisted men, more warrant machinists, and the organization of a service of marine engineers for shore duty only. Obsolete ships should be replaced by new ones, but he thinks that the number of ships built, under construction, and authorized is sufficient. Speaking of the death of Midshipman Branch, he says that while there is something to be said in favor of permitting such conflicts as the one in which the young man was fatally injured, such encounters are crimes, under the law, and the law will be enforced by the Department. He regards the custom of so adjusting personal controversies as highly objectionable and essentially unmilitary.—Attorney-General Moody recommends that imprisonment be added as a penalty for violation of the Elkins Rebate law, the penalty now being only a fine. He shows how difficult it is for the Department to obtain evidence as to discrimination in railway rates. If the Commission should be empowered to fix a maximum rate, he suggests, it might take the low and unlawful rate given to a favored shipper and make this the general rate. The company would have no reasonable defense, and courts would uphold the Commission's action.—Secretary Hitchcock makes a long and interesting statement as to the prosecution of the land thieves, referring with some indignation to the action of a court in Nebraska, where two wealthy and promi-

nent violators of the law who pleaded guilty were fined \$300 each and consigned to the custody of a marshal for six hours. The recent addition of twenty-six forest reservations makes the entire number eighty-three, and their area is 85,618,000 acres. The report of Mr. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is an admirable exposition of an enlightened and sympathetic policy.—Midshipman Meriwether, to whose encounter, or fist-duel, with Midshipman Branch Secretary Bonaparte refers in his report, has been sentenced to confinement within the limits of the Naval Academy for one year, and to be reprimanded publicly by the Secretary. He was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter, but found guilty of conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline, and of violating the rule which forbids midshipmen from engaging in fisticuffs.

New York's Recent Election In the legal proceedings concerning the ballot boxes in New York, Mr. Hearst won a victory last week, when the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court unanimously sustained the original order of Justice Amend for a recount of the ballots in five district boxes, as against his modified order. The question was whether there should be a recanvass as well as a recount, and the final disposition of many counted votes alleged to be void was involved. The court's decision was that the recount should also be a recanvass, but a stay was granted in order that the Court of Appeals might decide finally whether a recount was permitted by the statutes. The question was taken up at once to the Court of Appeals, before which arguments were made on Monday last by eminent counsel. Mr. Alton B. Parker, representing Mayor McClellan, and contending that the law did not authorize the courts to direct either a recount or a recanvass, was confronted by his own opinion to the contrary, expressed not long ago in a decision made when he was Chief Judge of this court. That opinion, he said, was mere dictum, and after mature deliberation he had come to the conclusion that it was erroneous. Much depends upon the de-

cision of the Court of Appeals. If it be favorable to Mr. Hearst, hundreds of boxes will be opened. His supporters are confident that a recount and a recanvass will elect him, believing that thousands of ballots improperly marked were counted for Mayor McClellan.—Since the election eleven men have been convicted of illegal voting or of perjury in the interest of persons attempting to vote unlawfully. Eight of these are in the penitentiary. Joseph J. Cahill, formerly a member of the Legislature, was convicted last week. Many indicted men are yet to be tried.

Through the Northwest Passage

Dispatches received last week from Capt. Roald Amundsen, who was then at Fort Egbert, near Eagle City, Alaska, show that in his sloop of 47 tons, the "Gjoa," he has succeeded in making his way thru the Northwest Passage. This is the first time that the entire voyage from Baffin Bay to the waters north of Alaska has been made by one and the same vessel. Captain Amundsen, accompanied by Lieutenant Hansen and a crew of eight sailors, left Norway in June, 1903, his purpose being to make extensive observations in the neighborhood of the north magnetic pole and to pass thru to Bering Strait. His observations were made at Leopold Harbor and on King William Land, and he says they were very successful. In his opinion, the magnetic pole is within ninety miles of his station on King William Land, and he thinks he passed over it. From the north point of Peel Sound to the western end of Simpson Strait, the sloop's compasses were found to be useless. He is confident that the results of his observations, when the necessary work upon them is completed, will show the exact position of the magnetic pole at the time when he was in the neighborhood of it. The channel westward was very shallow and narrow. On August 13th, after the sloop had arrived at King Point (Mackenzie Bay), Amundsen left her (all on board were well) and started for the Alaskan settlements. A few days later he saw twelve whalers that had been caught in the ice. Five were

wintering near Henschel Island, others were not far away, and one had been wrecked. Leaving Henschel Island on October 24th, he arrived at Fort Egbert on December 5th. His first dispatch was sent to Dr. Nansen. At the close of it, having shown what he had done, he asked: "How is the political situation?" He will rejoin his men on the sloop, and it is said that in the Spring he will attempt to return to Norway by moving westward along the northern coast of Siberia, hoping thus to complete a voyage around the world in Arctic waters.

No More Railway Passes

It became known on the 6th inst. that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had decided to issue no more passes. The words of the order were as follows:

"In view of the general agitation on the subject of legislation on railroad rates and the abolition of all forms of rebates and concessions, it has been decided by the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad that all forms of free transportation will be discontinued after the end of the present year."

On the following day it was announced that the New York Central had taken similar action two weeks earlier. President Baer, of the Reading and the New Jersey Central, said that no more passes would be issued by those companies; he intended to obey the Interstate Commerce Law and the Constitution of Pennsylvania. The Lackawanna, the Norfolk & Western and the Lehigh Valley followed the Pennsylvania's example, and it is expected that all roads east of the Mississippi will become parties to a no-pass agreement. Dispatches from Chicago say that while this action in the East is watched there with much interest, and openly approved by several prominent railway officers, no Western road is at present considering the question of cutting off all free transportation. Only by concerted action, it is said, can a successful movement against passes be made in the West. In the orders of the Eastern roads only the officers of railway companies are excepted; legislators, politicians, newspaper men and all other persons come under the rule. Free transportation has assumed very large proportions in some parts of the country. Current reports say that on the Pennsyl-

vania road it has amounted to \$1,000,000 a year in Pennsylvania alone.

Labor Controversies

The building industry in New York is again in danger of a general strike. Some months ago a strike against the American Bridge Company was ordered by the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union because a contract had been sublet to a firm that employed non-union men. Afterward additional cause for the strike was found in the employment of twenty-five non-union men by the American Bridge Company at McKeesport. In New York the building firm of Post & McCord, engaged in erecting many steel-framed structures, was attacked by the union, which alleged that the firm was a constituent part of the Bridge Company. This the firm denied, asserting that it had not been connected with the Bridge Company for two years, and offering proof, which the union declined to consider. The firm is a member of the Employers' Association, with which all the building trade unions entered into an agreement last spring, providing for a "closed shop" and arbitration. The arbitration board, to which the firm appealed, ordered the men to resume work. They would not obey, altho the order was approved by a large majority of the unions represented. Therefore the Association stands by the firm, and has engaged non-union men for the firm's work. Some expect that all the unions will eventually be drawn into the controversy, owing to the use of strike-breakers on the firm's work by the Association. Thus far, however, the union men who stand by the arbitration agreement have not refused to work with the strike-breakers.—It is now reported that a strike in the anthracite coal districts next spring will be averted by mutual concessions, the union withdrawing its demand for eight hours, and the operators consenting to recognize the union by making a formal agreement with it.—At the recent election in New York all the proposed Constitutional Amendments were approved, including one giving the Legislature power to regulate the wages and hours of persons employed by the State or by any county, town or city.

or by any contractor or sub-contractor doing work for them. This Amendment is designed to permit the re-enactment and the enforcement of wage laws which were recently declared to be unconstitutional.—In New York the Typotheta, a large association of employing printers, is preparing to resist the demand of the Typographical Union for an eight-hour day after January 1st. Both sides are determined, and a bitter contest appears to be at hand.

Cuba and Porto Rico

Secretary Root's letter setting forth the views of our Government concerning the Isle of Pines has not restrained the American residents of the island from attempting to carry out their plans. They have sent to Washington their recently elected Delegate, Edward C. Ryan, and one of their leaders, Captain Percy, has already arrived in that city. In an answer to the Secretary's letter it is asserted that the American settlers had official assurances that the island belonged to the United States, that this was the expressed belief of Secretary Hay, and that they are suffering under the rule of corrupt Cuban officials.—There has been a considerable increase of the number of cases of yellow fever in Havana.—Gen. Manuel Sanguily has resigned the office of President of the Senate, owing to impaired health and an unwillingness to obstruct "the unrolling of the new situation."—Owing to some criticism of the Government's expenditure of \$29,000,000 for a settlement of the soldiers' claims, Minister Quesada asserts that Cuba was never before in a better financial condition. About \$19,000,000 is taken from the Treasury, and bonds are issued for the remaining \$10,000,000. The entire national debt will be about \$46,000,000. There has been a large increase of revenue, and the special taxes which guarantee the loan of \$35,000,000 are sufficient to pay interest upon the additional \$10,000,000 also. Of that loan, \$1,000,000 has been brought in and canceled.—Governor Winthrop, of Porto Rico, now in Washington, supports the request of Porto Ricans for a tariff duty of 5 cents a pound on all coffee imported into the States from foreign countries.

The New Liberal Cabinet

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, on the evening of December 10th, presented to the King the names he had selected for his Cabinet and received the royal approval. It is regarded by all parties as a surprisingly strong Ministry, and the new Premier is congratulated upon his success in securing the support of all factions of the Liberals. On the question of Home Rule, which has divided the party ever since 1885, when Gladstone declared for it, there is, it is true, an agreement between the members of the new Ministry, but the Liberal leaders have pledged themselves not to bring a Home Rule bill before the present Parliament and not to make that an issue in the coming election. They will try to make the election turn upon the sole question of free trade against the protective tariff policy of Mr. Chamberlain, but the Conservatives, who are united against Home Rule, but divided upon the tariff question, will endeavor to force the Irish question to the front and take advantage of the division of their opponents. Sir Campbell-Bannerman recently reaffirmed his personal belief in the right of the Irish to govern themselves, whereupon Lord Rosebery, the last Liberal Premier, took occasion to say emphatically and explicitly that he would not serve under the Home Rule banner. He is not included in the new Cabinet, but his son-in-law, Lord Crewe, is, and he will doubtless give it his support so long as the Irish question is dormant, which is likely to be the case for some time, altho a majority of it favor Home Rule. Mr. Morley, its most enthusiastic advocate, has been placed in the Indian Office. For the first time a British Cabinet includes a labor leader, Mr. John Burns. The present Cabinet is unusually large; it contains three more members than the last Liberal Cabinet. They are as follows:

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Lord Chancellor—Sir Robert T. Reid.

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Herbert Henry Asquith.

Secretary of State for Home Affairs—Herbert John Gladstone.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—Sir Edward Grey.

Secretary of State for the Colonies—The Earl of Elgin.

Secretary of State for War—Richard Burdon Haldane.

Secretary of State for India—John Morley.

First Lord of the Admiralty—Lord Tweedmouth.

President of the Board of Trade—David Lloyd-George

President of the Local Government Board—John Burns.

Secretary of State for Scotland—John Sinclair.

President of the Board of Agriculture—Earl Carrington.

Postmaster General—Sydney C. Buxton.

Chief Secretary for Ireland—James Bryce.

Lord President of the Council—The Earl of Crewe.

Lord Privy Seal—The Marquis of Ripon.

President of the Board of Education—Augustine Birrell.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Sir Henry Hartley Fowler.

The following Ministers are not in the Cabinet:

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—The Earl of Aberdeen.

First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings—Lewis Vernon Harcourt.



The Abolition of the Concordat

The Concordat, concluded in 1801 between Pope Pius VII.

and Napoleon, by which the clergy were supported by the State, was abolished on December 6th, when the Senate passed the bill which, on July 3d, had been passed by the Chamber of Deputies. The measure has been debated at length in the Senate, but the majority would not permit any amendments of importance, however desirable, for fear that if returned to the Chamber it might not be passed before the next general election, and the members would be at a disadvantage in coming before their constituents with the confession that they had failed to accomplish what they had promised. The final vote on the separation of Church and State stood 181 to 102. The vote in the Chamber last July was 341 to 233. The Council of State will devote three months to working out the details of the transition. The public worship appropriation for 1906 will be reduced from \$8,400,000 to nearly \$6,800,000, and will continually decrease as the salaries and pensions of the bishops and priests now in office are withdrawn or expire. The effect of the new law upon the 38,000,000 of Catholics is uncertain. As the people are not

accustomed to supporting the Church by voluntary contributions, it will be difficult to keep up the services. Another very radical change in the organization of the Catholic Church is made by the provision which places the control of the church buildings and property in the hands of local associations (*Associations Cultuelles*) composed of laymen. The Clericals protested that this undermined the authority of the bishops, and, as a compromise, it was provided these associations should be established "in conformity with the general regulations of the form of worship the exercise of which they propose to maintain," a clause of doubtful meaning and one which will give the Government a chance to do about as it likes. The stringent laws relating to ecclesiastical associations, passed within the last few years to break up the power of the religious orders, will apply to these new associations, so the Catholic Church is by no means freed from Government control. Most of the church buildings will belong to the communes or municipalities and may be rented to the associations.



The Russian Chaos

It is impossible to discern any clear tendencies or logical outcome from the present confusion in Russia, complicated, as it is just now, by the irregular workings of the postal and telegraph systems. Rumors of the resignations of Premier Witte, of Minister of the Interior Durново, and of the whole Cabinet; rumors of the increasing influence of the deposed reactionaries, such as Trepoff, Pobiedonostseff and Ignatieff, are mingled with news of strikes of workingmen, mutinies of soldiers, assassinations of officials, massacres of the Jews, jacqueries of the peasants, petitions of the Zemstvos, appeals by the Government and manifestoes by the revolutionists. The strike in the postal service was broken partly by the destitution of the strikers, partly by the promises of pensions for employees who were disabled or killed in the service, partly by the action of aristocratic ladies of St. Petersburg, who took their places. Duchesses, princesses and baronesses entered the post offices, sorted the mail and delivered

it in their automobiles thru the city. These were not seriously molested, but when other outsiders attempted to do the work they were attacked upon the streets by the strikers. Many of the railway, postal and telegraphic employees had returned to work, and communication between the Russian cities and with the outside world had been partially restored, when the strike was again precipitated by the action of the Government in arresting the labor leaders. The Printers' Union, where the Central Labor Committee, the "Union of Unions," met, was surrounded by Cossacks on December 9th, and all the members present were seized, together with their papers. Afterward all but four of them were released, but the President of the Central Committee, a man who goes by the name of Krustaleff, the real leader of the unionists, is still in prison. In an interview shortly before his arrest he had made the following statement:

"It is probable that a general strike will be declared just after Christmas. Delegates who were sent to all parts of the country report that the proposal for a strike has been welcomed with enthusiasm, and in fact that the whole country is ripe for revolution. A vast majority of the workmen are true revolutionaries, though starvation sometimes compels them to subordinate their political aims.

"Preparation for an armed rising is highly advanced, but it cannot hope to succeed unless the insurgents are joined by a considerable body of troops. The propaganda, however, has made such strides in the army that the Revolutionaries are justified in counting on sufficient support from that source to insure victory.

"The peasants everywhere are willing to join the Revolutionaries. They are the principal sufferers from oppression and excessive taxation, and have lost confidence in the Emperor. The Revolutionaries have their own postal and telegraph services, through which they are able to keep in touch with their organizers throughout the Empire."

At Kief, at Kharkoff, at Ekaterinodar and other cities the troops and workingmen are reported to have joined forces, raided the arsenals and seized the forts. Lieutenant General Sakharoff, ex-Minister of War, who was sent to the Province of Saratoff to quell the agrarian riots there, was assassinated by a woman who called to see him at the Governor's house and fired three revolver shots at him. At Harbin, in Manchuria, the troops are said to be entirely beyond control. They

have not been paid for several months, and have been raiding the farmers and looting the shops. They attacked the hospitals to get the food and liquors kept for the patients, and bound the doctors and nurses hand and foot and left them in the snow-fields outside the city. The Cossacks are all that can be depended upon, and even they are beginning to take advantage of their position to demand favors. The Czar issued an address to the Cossacks thanking them for their

"self-sacrificing, untiring and loyal services to the throne and fatherland, both at the seat of war and in the preservation of order within the Empire."

The new press law is very disappointing and not in accord with what was promised. It retains the censorship over all criticism of the Government's policy, and the Minister of the Interior is entitled to suppress a newspaper at will without giving any reason. A delegation of loyal peasants from Tula, who came to the Czar to thank him for the removal of the land taxes and to appeal for protection against the revolutionists, was received with great honor by the Czar, who assured them of his intention to restore order. That Count Witte may soon be obliged to resign and a policy of severe repression be adopted has been often suggested, and it appears from the following language which he used in a recent interview that he has begun to despair of his task:

"If the alternative of recurring to coercion as a means of restoring order should come to pass it would be confided to somebody qualified to essay it. I assuredly am not qualified. My task is to solve the problem by moral means. If the problem proves insoluble it must be formulated differently and tackled by others."



Settlement of Turkish Difficulties After the pacific seizure of Mitylene and Lesbos, the Porte has acceded to the general policy of reform advocated for Macedonia by the Powers. The Sultan has asked, however, for a few modifications to the original demands. These modifications have been accepted by the ambassadors and have been sent to their governments for ratification. The alterations granted will not in any way affect the efficacy of the proposed reforms, but are merely

made for the sake of recognizing the sovereign rights of the Sultan, and not forcing him to a flat surrender. The changes granted provide for an Ottoman representative on the Financial Commission, and for the submission of all the Commission's decisions for formal imperial sanction by the Sultan. There is no doubt but what the Powers will ratify the treaty drawn up by their ambassadors, so that the incident may be considered closed.

The Suffrage Movement in Austria

Baron Gautsch, the Austrian Premier, showed his political insight when he objected to the introduction of the question of universal suffrage into Hungarian politics because it would tend to disturb Austria. The Socialists in Austria took up the issue with as much enthusiasm as their Hungarian brethren, and demonstrations occurred in all the cities, accompanied at first in some cases with more or less rioting and conflicts with the police or university students. Finally the Socialists determined to give a proof of their power to organize and manage the people by a monster procession in Vienna at the assembling of the Reichsrath. A strike of twenty-four hours was ordered and the demonstration so carefully planned and competently controlled that there was no disorder, notwithstanding that more people were assembled in the Ringstrasse than ever were brought together in the capital before. The procession included 240,000 working men and women, marching ten abreast for four hours past the Reichsrath building in absolute silence. The Socialist leaders had forbidden all singing and cheering. The 3,000 marshals appointed by the party organized, managed and dispersed the demonstrators without the assistance of the police. Maps of the city had been published in the Socialistic press marking the assembling place of each group, and every man knew his place. Red flags bearing the same inscriptions in all the languages of the Empire symbolized the unity of the movement transcending racial lines. But their opponents are not actuated by the same idea, and it seems impossible for Baron Gautsch to get passed even his moderate Franchise Reform bill in the face of the

bitter opposition of the Germans in Parliament. Burgomaster Lueger, of Vienna, a notorious anti-Semite, in a recent speech warned the Jews that their support to the Socialistic cause would cause atrocities in Austria like those of Russia.

China and Japan Come to an Agreement

The conference at Peking between the representatives of Japan and the Chinese Government in regard to Manchurian problems and the future relations of the two countries has practically come to an end. The Chinese members have been entertaining Baron Komura, the Japanese plenipotentiary, at a series of banquets, and Viceroy Yuan-Shih-Kai will give him a reception at Tientsin. The conclusions of the conference have not been made public and probably will not be. There is little doubt, however, that the result will be to strengthen the hands of the party, headed by Viceroy Yuan, which favors a policy of "China for the Chinese." Foreign railway concessions are being canceled and bought back, and twenty-four provincial boards have been by Imperial edict established under the control of the Board of Commerce to develop the mines and forests of the Empire. It is evident that the boycott is not directed against the United States alone, but is part of a general nationalistic movement of great force which is taking many forms. Literature stirring up hatred against all foreigners is being extensively circulated, as it was before the Boxer outbreak. The agent of the Standard Oil Company at Niu-chwang reports that the Japanese Government and military in Manchuria have ceased to purchase foreign goods. Under the influence of the native press mass meetings are being held in many places to protest against granting concessions to foreigners and to raise money for the support of the boycott. The viceroys are making great efforts to bring their provincial armies into a state of efficiency. The Government has been prompt in punishing those who took a prominent part in the massacre of the American missionaries at Lienchau. Three of them have been beheaded, eight have been sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for terms from five years to eighteen months, and seven have received minor punishments.



St Bartholomew's Day

When the day
 is spent, with
 one consent
 Again we all
 agree
 To caper and
 skip it, trample and trip it,
 Under the greenwood tree!

D'Orfey

A SPECIMEN OF COLOR WORK
 FROM THE
 METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

W. H. RUSSELL, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK



GERANIUM

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- Japanese Life in Town and Country.* By George William Knox. Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.20.
- Chinese Life in Town and Country.* Adapted from the French of Emile Bard. By H. Twitchell. Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.20.
- Indian Life in Town and Country.* By Herbert Compton. Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.20.

The Cathedrals of Northern Spain. By Charles Rudy. Illustrated by Blanche McManus. Page: Boston. \$2.00.

Point and Pillow Lace. A Short Account of Various Kinds, Ancient and Modern, and How to Recognize Them. By Mary Sharp. Dutton. \$2.00.

Dean Hoffman. A Memorial Biography. By Theo. Myers Riley, S.T.D. Portraits and other illustrations in photogravure. 2 vols. in a box. Privately printed at The Marion Press, Jamaica, New York. \$5.00.

Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table. By Beatrice Clay. Illustrated by Dora Curtis. Dutton. \$2.50.

Una and the Red Cross Knight and Other Tales from Spenser's Faery Queene. By N. G. Royde Smith. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. Dutton. \$2.50.

Football Grandma. An Auto-Biography, as Told by Tony. Edited by Carolyn S. Channing Cabot. Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL.D. Small, Maynard. \$1.00.

The Value of Simplicity. Edited by Marion Minerva Barrows. Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. Rose tinted marginalia. H. M. Caldwell: Boston. \$1.50.

The Value of Courage. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Tinted marginalia. H. M. Caldwell: Boston. \$1.50.

A Corner in Women and Other Follies. By Tom Masson. Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson and others. Moffat, Yard. \$1.60.

Eve's Daughters. Compiled by a Mere Man and Portrayed by Arthur G. Learned. Illustrations and marginalia in black and white. Dana, Estes: Boston. \$1.75.

Sovereign Woman Versus Mere Man. A Medley of Quotations. Compiled and arranged by Jennie Day Hains. Paul Elder: San Francisco. \$1.00.

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom. By Childe Harold. Paul Elder: San Francisco. 75 cents.

The Homes of Tennyson. Painted by Helen Allingham, R.W.S. Described by Arthur Paterson, F. R. Hist. S. Illustrations in color. Macmillan. \$2.00.

One Hundred and One Entrées. Compiled by May E. Southworth. Paul Elder: San Francisco. 50 cents.

Camera Work. Alfred Stieglitz: New York. \$3.00.

Christmas Bells. Words by Mary Drummond. Pictures by Louisa M. Gibson Pratt. McClurg: Chicago. \$1.00.

THE holiday books of the present year are characterized by more conservatism than ever before. Simplicity seems to have been the ideal of most of the publishers. Few, if any, freak books appear in the holiday offerings. Books with pincushion sides have entirely gone out, and there is not such lavish use of color plates among the American publishers this year as has been the case in previous years. A large number of English books of the present year in the gift class are more elaborate in so far as color plates are concerned.



Frontispiece from Haines's "Sovereign Woman Versus Mere Man." Paul Elder & Co.

For the most part, however, the best books are rich in their simplicity.

Those who have an idea that the way to collect books is to go into a book store and buy the current publications that are there exposed for sale will be undeceived when they read *How to Collect Books*, by J. Herbert Slater. Collections of books made with discrimination today are usually quite different in their scope and character from what they were but a century since. A library was then regarded as being good only to the extent of its capacity for answering the questions that might be addressed to it. Today the best collectors ignore all but the very early editions of the Greek and Latin classics; the polemical works of the Fathers are regarded as of no account, and the lexicons and grammars are not wanted at all. Just so soon as any person is seized with "book madness," the present Slater volume will become interesting. Even a hasty perusal will reveal new joys and new delights that await the book collector. In the earlier chapters a lot of alphabetic information is given that will be found very valuable. Mr. Slater in his book has lovingly described manuscripts, paper and paper marks, the title page and the colophon, early printed books or incunabula, illustrated books, some celebrated presses, bookbinding, great collectors, auction sales and catalogues, early editions and strange books. No one but a real collector could have set forth what Mr. Slater has put into his volume.

It is not so very long ago that a collector of paintings gathered together a Corot, a Breton, a Bouguereau, a Diaz, two or three De Neuilles, a Daubigny, a Detaille, a Fortuny, possibly a Gérôme, a Landseer, a Millet, maybe a Meissonier, of course a Troyon, and possibly a Vibert, together with others of the modern French school, and thought he had a collection of paintings. No one ever seriously considered American art. No one had any use for a Benjamin West painting, even though it might be so that one of those he painted with his famous cat-tail brush would be available for purchase. Step by step, however, American collectors came to realize the fact that an American school was growing up, which compelled some appreciation of American art. One evidence of this fact, if evidence is needed, lies in the publication of such a book as Isham's *The History of American Painting*. The careful study of this volume brings out the fact that we have many American artists of whom we may all be justly proud and whose work has taken high rank, even when compared with the best of the foreign artists. The art collector no longer spurns an Inness, a Whistler, a Le Farge, a Sargent, or any one of a score or more of American artists. On the contrary, he now includes as many of them in his collection as he can afford to buy and glories in their possession.

In *How to Study Pictures* the author has tried to present a survey of the whole field of painting rather than to write a history of artists or schools. If one can know what the painter of any picture had in mind when he was busy with the creation of the picture, the joy of beholding is intensified just so much as the observer can measure how near to the painter's own ideal he was enabled to come. Mr. Caffin's book was needed and will be found to contain much information not easily obtainable elsewhere.

The current Gibson book, *Our Neighbors*, possesses more than ordinary interest, because of the fact that this artist, with a smile on his lips, relinquishes a fortune in annual income that was assured and becomes a student again. It was a bold thing to do, and with this boldness before us it is interesting to study *Our Neighbors*. The Gibson Girl



Illustration from Harte's "Her Letter." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

again figures, of course. She holds up her hands in mock horror at the thought of the present book being the tenth! The art student at the easel with palette and numerous brushes in hand has, perhaps, a touch of the prophetic lurking within it. Whatever else may be said of Gibson and his work, certain it is that he makes you see what he sets out to show you, and he does it pleasantly and with a deal of humor. Gibson, after the fashion of Whistler, continues to find subjects for his pencil wherever he goes. In the street, in society, everywhere. One of the most interesting pictures in the present collection is entitled "To See the Art

Editor." It is eloquent, besides being pleasing and well done.

The colorings in the *Christy Pictures in Color* are a trifle overdone in tint, but

life and its activities a perpetual charm. In his work he reflects all this, and many of his types will never die.

The chief value of *The Days and Hours of Raphael* as issued by the Grafton Press will be found to lie in the fact that most of those who read it will not have had any access to larger and more comprehensive works. The explanations of the illustrations the book contains are comprehensive and interesting. The book will have a place in any collection of Raphaeliana.

In the *Art Lovers' Treasury* an attempt has been made to assemble certain famous pictures and pieces of sculpture, and to bring into association with these certain poems that have been inspired by the various works of art that are pictured or which have been written as descriptive of them. The book may be described as "Famous Pictures Described in Poems." Many of the best artists are represented, as well as poets such as Dante, Keats, Browning, Longfellow, Whittier, Markham, and some others.

A rather sketchy consideration of "the female form divine" as interpreted by less than half a dozen famous artists bears the caption *Womahood in Art*. (As the little boy said of the butter, "It is good, what there is of it.")

Some of the ancient glory of Venice as she was when she was in reality the "Queen of the Adriatic," and exercising a decided influence on European policy, is incidentally reflected in *The Art of the Venice Academy*. The sovereign power of Venice still finds at least an echo in the Venetian art that has come down to us, and which has been given a refuge in the Venice Academy. Titian, Lorenzo, Giovanni. Bellini, Veronese, Tintoretto, Bordone, Adriaen Van Ostade, Hals and Van Dyck are some of those

whose works have been preserved in the Venice Academy, and every one of these are names to conjure with.

In *The Cities of Umbria* Mr. Hutton has gone afield along the byways and olive gardens of Umbria, the true Italia



THE POT OF BASIL.

A Painting by J. W. Alexander. From "The Art Lovers' Treasury." Dana Estes, Boston.

they form a splendid series and are in every way worthy of framing.

The *Drawings* by A. B. Frost differ essentially from those of Gibson, but Frost, like Gibson, loves to tell a story in his use of the pencil. Frost also finds in



The Tomb of Tokugawa Iyasu.

Specimen illustration from "Japanese Life in Town and Country," by George W. Knox; Extra-illustrated Edition. Reproduced by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, for the Holiday Book Number of The Independent.

Mystica, whose saints have captured the world, whose valleys have beckoned many armies toward Rome. He has rested under the cypresses beside the Tiber, and in the course of his journeyings he has turned aside to see and then to describe Giotto's frescoes and some other things artistic.

About twenty-five miles northeast of Florence there lies, in the heart of the sterile Apennines, a green and fertile valley called the Casentino. Here the Arno takes its rise and flows for many miles of its early course, fed by a thousand rivulets on its way. It is with this region that *The Casentino and Its Story* are concerned.

Italy as it was during the early part of the nineteenth century inspires the book *With Shelley in Italy*. The Shelley poems and letters are the sources that have been drawn upon.

Another volume in the Italian series bears the suggestive title *The Italian Lakes*. This title is perhaps more comprehensive than is the descriptive text, since, as the author confesses in his preface that he has omitted all mention of the Lago di Garda, considered by many to be the finest, as it is the largest, of the Italian lakes, and the Lago di Varese, which also has its votaries. Enough is included in the volume, however, to compensate for almost any omission, and in the pages of this beautiful book there have been gathered enough pictures of the Italian lakes that have been included to make those who read to realize at least somewhat of the wonderful beauty of the lakes of Italy, even when they have not seen them. The Lake of Como in particular stands out in the color plates introduced, so as to appeal to every one who has half an eye for the beautiful.

The pictures in the National Gallery in London have been carefully studied and described in *The Art of the National Gallery*.

Notable Pictures in Florence is a book somewhat broader in scope, since it deals with the pictures in several galleries.

The Island of Enchantment takes the reader back to the fourteenth century and to Venice, and with all the glory and magnificence of a Venetian setting a love story is cunningly developed after the fashion of the old school. The story is

a good one to read during the holiday season.

St. Abigail of the Pines has to do with sea and shore. It also makes an appeal to every man and woman having any sentiment in their make-up. The story has the old New Bedford whaling days as a background, and is characterized by vivacity, perspicuity and pathos. The movement of the story is smooth and even. Considerable mastery of seamanship is characteristic of the author.

Since fairy tales and folk lore stories have begun to attract the attention of learned societies, the monopoly of them



ANGELA.

From a Photograph by F. Benedict Herzog in "Camera Work."

so long enjoyed by children is no longer theirs. Hence *The Face in the Pool; a Faerie Tale*, will be read by advanced as well as by juvenile readers.

If a book collector should limit his gatherings to the books written by Cyrus Townsend Brady he could gather together a considerable number of volumes. Possibly the number would not be as great as are the editions of Omar Kháy-yám or the Henty books, but then the number of the Brady books is constantly increasing. This year he writes *My Lady's Slipper*, in which he treats this theme much as he used to develop his sermons while at Overbrook, Pa.

When Christ suffered crucifixion there

were fixed at the head of his cross the four mystic letters, I. N. R. I. Peter Rosegger, the German peasant-author, has chosen these for the title of his latest book, and in *I. N. R. I.; a Prisoner's Story of the Cross*, he has set forth the life of Christ, telling of Jesus as a man, living and doing good among men.

The Line of Love is a love story, pure and simple. Some people have called such a tale "a sweet little love story," but the author rejects such a designation for his story with fine scorn, and says, no doubt with uplifted hands, "Love, then, is no trifle. And literature, mimicking life at a respectful distance, may very reasonably be permitted an occasional reference to the corner-stone of all that exists." Our reproduction in black and white of Mr. Pyle's delightful frontispiece in color gives almost no idea of its charm.

Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tôkyô, with Japan for its background, is issued in special dress. The author has contrasted Oriental and Occidental traits in his well known style.



From Cabell's "The Line of Love."
Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers.

Another love story, in which the decorations are not the least of its attractions, is *An Orchard Princess*. The heroine is a real girl, which cannot always be said of romantic heroines.

Henry Hutt and Theodore B. Hapgood in collaboration have given a very dainty setting to Paul Leicester Ford's *His Version of It*, one of the cleverest of this author's short stories.

Miss Montague's volume, *The Poet, Miss Kate and I*, is very dainty.

China has been so much pushed to the fore during the last few years that a woman's point of view, as contained in *With the Empress Dowager*, cannot fail to interest a very large number of persons who have watched the unfolding of that great empire. The author of the book was entertained for several months in the palace of that very remarkable woman, the Empress Dowager of China, while she was engaged in painting four portraits of her. To be a staying guest at the palace of a Chinese sovereign is an experience that comes to but few persons, but when such a thing does happen it affords infinite opportunity for close acquaintance with the hostess.

Richard Le Gallienne has collected half a dozen French romances that are now published under the title *Romances of Old France*, with festal decorations.

The delights of rambling in a picturesque country like Normandy are well set forth in the volume *Rambles in Normandy*. The author has not tried to make a record of all the historic and picturesque features of the ancient province of Normandy, but has enjoyed a series of little journeys in and off the beaten tourist tracks.

A similar theme is continued in *Normandy; the Scenery and Romance of Its Ancient Towns*. A very successful attempt has been made to convey, by means of pictures and description, a clear impression of the Normandy which awaits the visitor. It is pleasantly set forth that the hotels of Normandy are not what they were twenty years ago. Great improvements have been made, both in sanitation and otherwise, so that the journey of today thru that country has not its former terrors. Something is said about Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, and the tragedy connected



Homer's *The Life Line*. From Isham's "History of American Painting."

with Joan of Arc that was enacted there.

Considerable variation in theme appears in *Songs of the Open*. "The Christ Child," "A Gaelic Lullaby," "A Valentine," "A May Song," "Birds in Spring," "Song for Plowing Time," "The Bonfire," "Easter Lilies," "October Song," "Morning Prayer" and "Good Night Song," are some of the titles taken at random from the book.

Joshua Sylvestre, under the title of *Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern*, has collected and arranged some of these songs. The marginalia, printed in delicate green and introducing Christmas symbolism, is very effective. The illustration accompanying "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," which is perhaps the greatest favorite of all the carols now sung at Christmastide, is reproduced in connection with this article.

Harte's poems, *Her Letter*, *His Answer* and *Her Last Letter*, have been beautifully and sympathetically illustrated in holiday edition by Arthur I. Keller. These three classic American love letters are, in the present volume, grouped together for the first time. The combination is an exceedingly happy one.

The illustrations of Will Vawter in black and white and in color are features in a holiday edition of *Riley Songs o'*

Cheer. Mr. Vawter has admirably caught the Riley spirit as set forth in the poems he has illustrated.

Charles G. Blanden has written some pleasing verse under the title of *A Chorus of Leaves*. The tendency of it all is toward the sentimental. Mr. Blanden is positively at his best in the following lines:

THE WOMAN SPEAKS.

Because you love me, sir, so much
You have no tongue to shout it?
Pray, love me just a trifle less
And tell me all about it.

Motor Goose Rhymes are one indication of the growing popularity of cycling. The introduction is as follows:

Little drops of gasoline
Little bits of steel
Make a lot of noise and smell
Called an automobile.

Auto Fun contains a little more sentiment, and the work of such men as Kemble, Dirks, Taylor, Keller and others.

In *The Mysterious Stranger and Other Cartoons* it is possible to get a very satisfactory idea of the charm that attaches itself to the work done in this field by McCutcheon. The events of the day serve as *motifs* for his facile pencil, and as we look we have to laugh. No higher praise than that is possible for a cartoonist.

It is interesting to a degree to compare the work of John Leech in *Punch*, as set forth in *Pictures of Life and Character*, with some of our American illustrators of today, and note the difference between methods and mediums. Leech having obtained the point he wished to make in any drawing, went no further in his elaboration.

Irving's Selected Works, in Crowell's Miniature Edition, include "Christmas Sketches," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," "The Alhambra" and "The Sketch Book." They are $1\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size, and are bound in limp

in a new holiday edition of Austin's *The Garden That I Love* add much to the attractiveness of it.

Russia, by Theophile Gautier and others, bringing the history of that great empire, now in transition, down to her disastrous conflict with the Japanese, must now interest many people. The illustrations in the present edition are particularly noteworthy.

Mr. Kelly has described an out of the way corner of the earth in his *Burma*. He frankly states in his preface that he approached his subject without previous knowledge. His point of view is there-



"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen."
From Sylvestre's "Christmas Carols." Wessels.

ooze leather, with gilt edges. In size they are much larger than are some of the English miniature books, but when compared with the ordinary 12mo book they are small indeed. The five volumes in their neat little leather case will make a very charming Christmas gift.

Charles E. Brock has pleasingly illustrated in color *Three Dickens Books*, viz., "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Chimes." The three in a box are delightful gift books.

Mr. Brock has also similarly illustrated a holiday edition of George Eliot's *Silas Marner*.

The Elgood illustrations that appear

fore that of a stranger. His book is a book of first impressions, possibly all the more vivid on that account. His stay in Burma was limited to seven months, but into this period he crowded many fatiguing journeys thru forest and jungle. The climatic conditions under which he worked were most unkind to the painter-author, and, as may well be imagined, his appraisal of a strange country and a strange people was not without much difficulty. Seen with this author's eyes, Burma is a country of great tropical beauty. His record of things observed during a journey of some 3,500 miles is full of charm, even if that record does



The Crucifixion

Specimen illustration from I. N. R. I.: A Prisoner's Story of the Cross, by Peter Rosegger, reproduced by permission of the publishers, McClure, Phillips & Co., for the Holiday Book Number of THE INDEPENDENT.

but touch the fringe of the immensity of subjects contained within the 156,000 square miles of Burma's territory. In Mr. Kelly's pictures we catch something of the charm of travel in a strange country and among people entirely unlike our own.

The feature of *In the Track of the Moors* lies essentially in its illustrations. The artist whose work illuminates the text has gone through Spain and Northern Africa, carrying pencil and brush,

varied to harmonize with the particular phases of the country described.

The author of *The Cathedrals of Northern Spain* has an unbounded love not only for Spain but for the Spanish people. He sees the cathedrals of the Castilian country with enthusiastic eyes, and he writes as he sees. He admits that Spain's architecture is both agreeable and disagreeable, but he excuses the disagreeable because it happens to be Spanish.



PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

From McClutcheon's "The Mysterious Stranger and Other Cartoons."
McClure, Phillips.

using both when any encouragement has been offered. A lot of encouragement has evidently been offered, for there are sixty-three illustrations in color as well as many drawings in the text.

In Putnam's Asiatic series there are three volumes that have just been issued in new and more elegant form. They are, respectively, *Japanese Life in Town and Country*, *Chinese Life in Town and Country*, and *Indian Life in Town and Country*. The plan and scope of these volumes are all similar, altho necessarily

Mary Sharp's book on *Point and Pillow Lace* is a much more comprehensive volume on the subject than was the Goldenberg publication of last year. The point of view is English, but the style of the book is infinitely better, and it supplies to owners and lovers of lace clear information, easily referred to, by means of which they can ascertain the true name and nature of any particular specimen they may possess. In the Sharp book the historical and technical aspect of lace is kept well to the fore,



131 FROST.

"Whoa There," from "Drawings by A. B. Frost." Fox, Duffield & Co.

and almost no attention has been paid to its romantic side. There is one reference to sentiment, however, where it is set forth that lace bobbins were at one time used as love tokens between the young people of the day.

A particularly sympathetic memorial biography of Eugene Augustus Hoffman, under the title of *Dean Hoffman*, has been written by Theo. Myers Riley, S. T. D. The early life of the Dean and his subsequent career are interestingly sketched. He is followed from church to church until his entrance upon the deanship is reached as the crowning event in his useful life. Dean Hoffman was incidentally a bibliophile, and as such a worthy follower of Richard de Bury, Dibdin, Heber, John Allen, Lenox and the like. He made many gifts to the library of the General Theological Seminary. One of these gifts was a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the first of printed books. He also completed the seminary's collection of Latin Bibles, which is now the finest in the world, surpassing in number those of the British Museum in London and the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. The present biography reveals Dean Hoffman as a singularly interesting and admirable type of the Anglican theologian. Never narrow in any respect, he stands before the reader of this book as an admirably balanced man, in whom the note of our common nature was always predominant to those who knew him best. The book was privately printed, in two volumes, at the Marion Press, Jamaica, Queens Borough, New York, and is an excellent example of the book making done by this press.

There are some spirited drawings and a very handsome colored frontispiece by Dora Curtis in Clay's *Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table*.

T. H. Robinson has similarly illustrated *Una and the Red Cross Knight and Other Tales from Spenser's Faery Queene*. Mr. Robinson's figure drawing in this volume is particularly good.

The point of view of the child is well set forth in *Football Grandma*. Colonel Higginson has ventured the statement in his preface that the material in the book will be real to children and to "football grandmas," and after this fact has been proved they may justly attract the attention of wise philosophers and even of college presidents.

Julia Ward Howe has written an introduction to *The Value of Simplicity*, in which she makes an earnest plea for simplicity, somewhat as Charles Wagner has set forth its desirability in his "Simple Life." The rest of the volume is made up of pertinent selections on the subject of simplicity, derived from various authors. *The Value of Courage* is along similar lines.

Tom Masson's *A Corner in Women and Other Follies* is made up of some



THE PLACE OF THE HONORABLE FESTIVAL.
From Long's "Miss Cherry Blossom of Tôkyô." Lippincott.

bright things contributed by the author to *Life* and other publications that have now been assembled in book form. They will afford no end of amusement to the reader who picks up the book at intervals and reads some of the prose or poetry it contains. All of the included items look upon life from its lighter side and will admirably serve to drive dull care away. It may be said in passing that there is only one Masson.

Eve's Daughters is a book of epigrams about women from world-wide sources. It belongs to a class of books somewhat similar to *The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar* of last season. The present book is somewhat garish in its decorative features. The epigrams have been chosen with considerable judgment.

Sovereign Woman Versus Mere Man is a book the plan and scope of which are along similar lines, except that the idea of contrast obtains in this book more than in the previously named volume. The following quotations are fair samples from the book:

"It is never quite possible to get at a woman's way, because it is invariably the other way."

"There is a tale of a man who spent his life in wishing he had lived differently; and when he died he was surrounded by a throng of spectred shapes, each one exactly like the other, who, on his asking what they were, replied, 'We are all the different lives you might have led.'"

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom is more likely to interest adults than children. The decorations are clever, and so is the verse it contains.

In *The Homes of Tennyson*, written from a personal rather than from a biographical standpoint, there is much material regarding the life of England's Poet Laureate. The book pleasantly deals with Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, where Tennyson usually spent the winter, and with Aldworth, on the borders of Surrey, and Sussex, the summer home of Tennyson's declining years.

One Hundred and One Entrées will appeal particularly to young housekeepers, as well as some housekeepers who are older.

The current *Camera Work*, as edited and published by Alfred Stieglitz, contains a number of admirable examples of his work and that of F. Benedict Herzog.

E. P. Dutton & Co.'s calendars for 1906, for the most part printed in Bavaria, are beautifully executed.

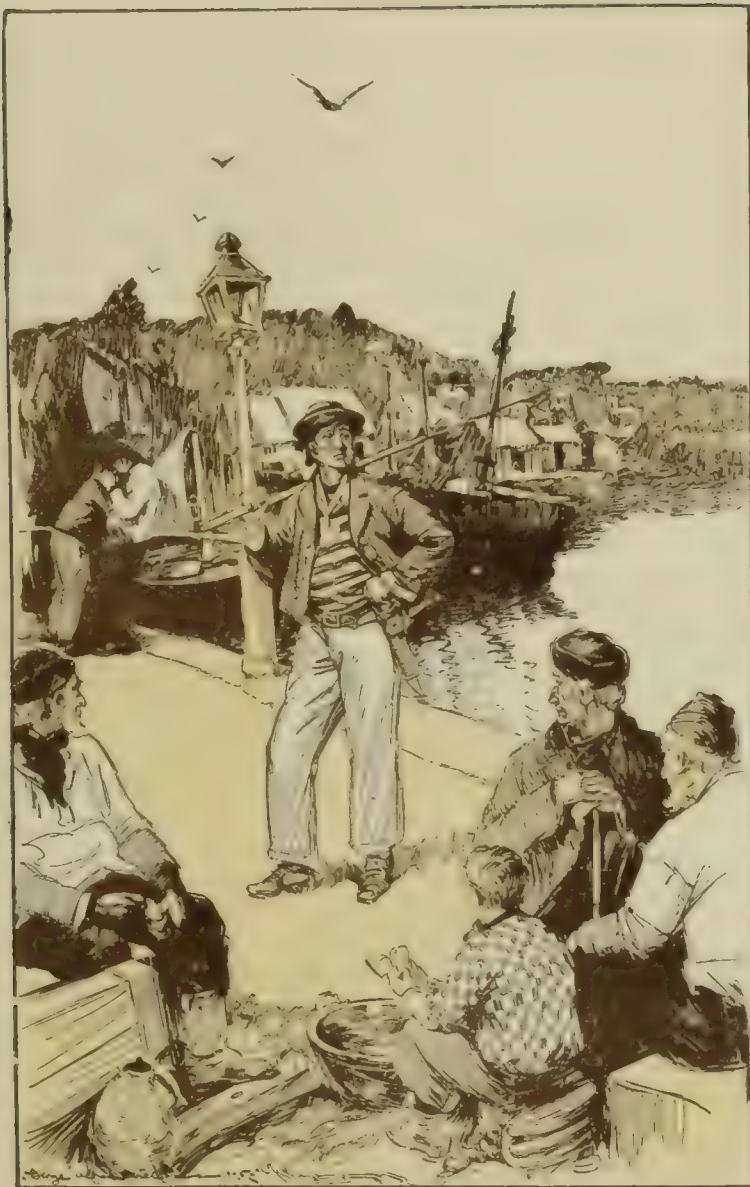
The Canterbury Company, of Chicago, issues a very artistic line of postal cards, etc., with suitable holiday inscriptions. The calendars issued by this concern are also very pleasing typographical creations. *The Cornhill Dodgers* and *Broadsides*, published by Alfred Bartlett, of Boston, Mass., are in the same class. McClurg also issues a pretty booklet called *Christmas Bells*.

Among the notable European Christmas magazines carrying colored illustrations are the *London Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Pear's Annual*, *Sketch*, *Holly Leaves*, *Black and White*, *Paris Illustré*, *Le Figaro Illustré* and the *Art Annual*.



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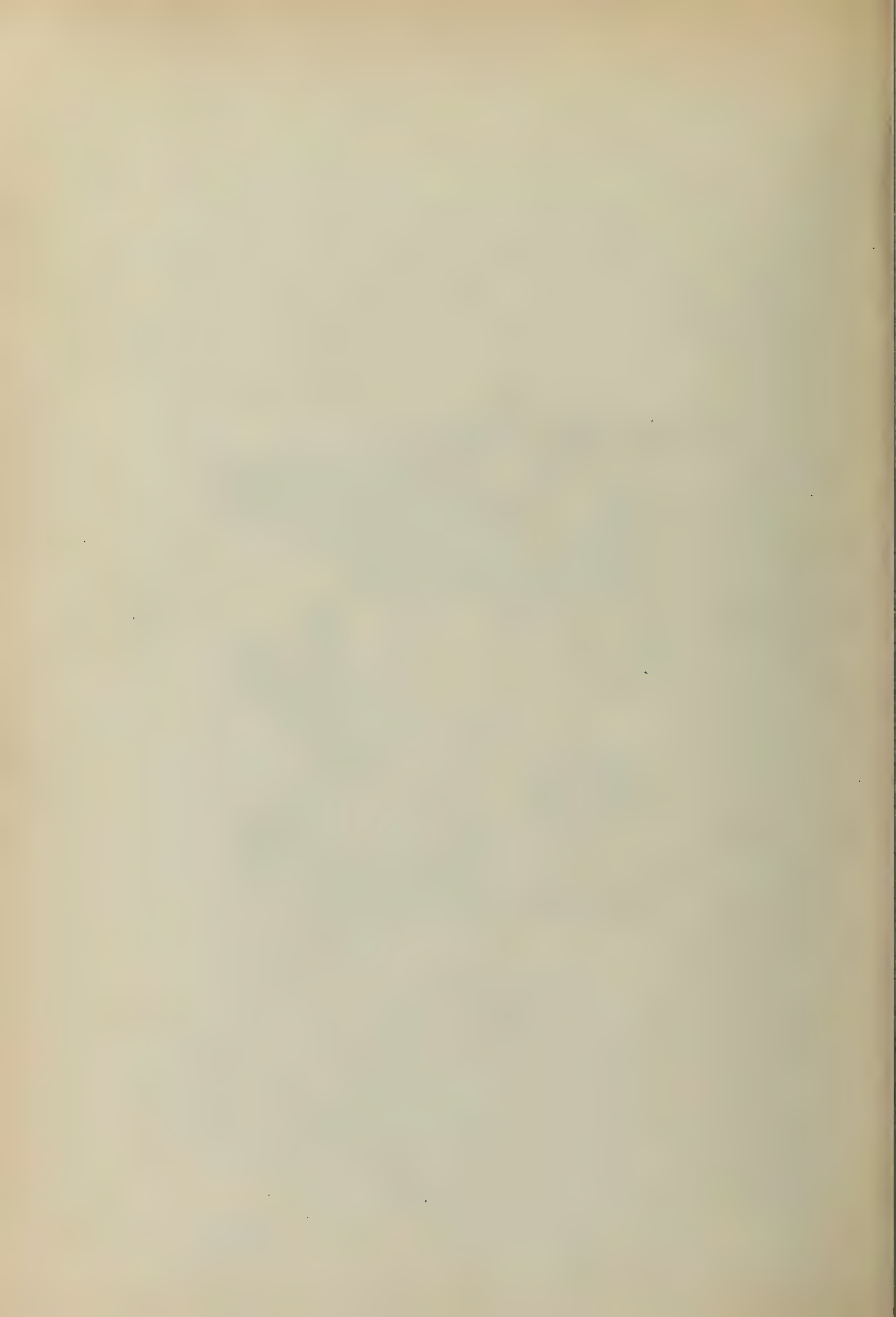
From Christy's "Pictures in Color."
Copyright, 1905, by Moffat, Yard & Co.



"Just wait till Dick Endicott's a Cap'n"

From "ST. ABIGAIL OF THE PINES," by WILLIAM A. KNIGHT, author of "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," "The Love Watch," etc.

Published by **The Pilgrim Press**, Boston. \$1.00.



Juvenile Books of the Season

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WERE we to attempt a thoro analysis of the juvenile books which represent the holiday offering from the publishers we should go far beyond our allotted space. Happy the boy or girl who will receive the right book; that is, the book which represents or satisfies the *particular* taste. We enter a book-shop with our Christmas list, little realizing the difficulty before us. From a mass of bright covers that greet us by the hundreds, we are to select, maybe, one or two. The *embarras de richesses* is startling. Is it possible, in the face of the classics, indicated by school-boards for supplementary reading, that a market is found for these newcomers? What are they all about?

Fairy Tales

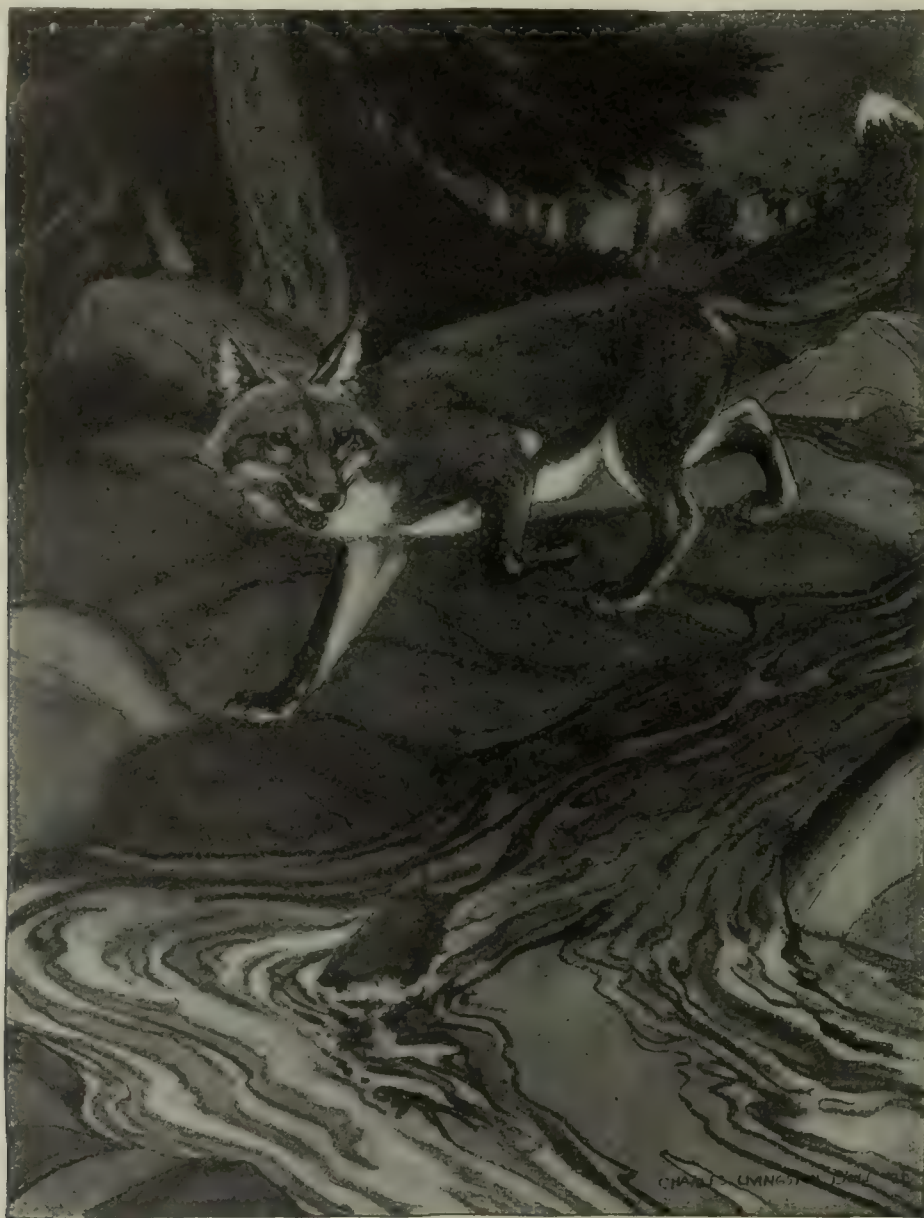
Æsop's Fables. Illustrated by J. M. Condé. Moffat, Yard. \$2.00.
The Ugly Duckling. Hans Christian Andersen. Moffat, Yard. \$0.75.
Told by Uncle Remus. Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips. \$1.50.
The Oak-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Little, Brown. \$1.75.
The Dwarf's Spectacles. Max Nordau. Macmillan. \$1.50.
At the Big House. Anne Virginia Culbertson. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25.
The Golden Heart. Violet Jacob. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25.
The Golden Goose. Eva March Tappan. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.00.
Mother Goose in Prose. L. Frank Baum. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25.
The Only True Mother Goose. Lee & Shepard. \$0.60.
Humpty-Dumpty. Anna Alice Chapin. Dodd, Mead. \$1.40.
The Moon Princess. Edith Ogden Harrison. McClurg. \$1.25.
Queen Zizi of Ix. L. Frank Baum. Century. \$1.50.
Father Goose—His Book. Baum and Denslow. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25.
Fifty and One Tales of Modern Fairyland. F. Strange Kollé. Grafton Press. \$1.50.
The Red Book of Romance. Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green. \$1.60.
Stories from Wagner. J. W. McSpadden.
Stories from Plutarch. F. J. Rowbotham. Crowell. \$0.60 each.
Stories of King Arthur's Knights. Mary MacGregor.
Stories of Robin Hood. H. E. Marshall. Dutton. \$0.50 each.
Bold Robin and His Forest Rangers. Caroline Brown. Dutton. \$1.25.

In the Reign of Coyote. Katherine Chandler. Ginn. \$0.40.
The Story of the Champions of the Round Table. Howard Pyle. Scribner's. \$2.50.
Heroes of Iceland. Allen French. Little, Brown. \$1.50.
Northland Heroes. Florence Holbrook. Houghton. \$0.35.

We are confronted, first of all, by an unusual number of fairy tales. *Æsop*, with a series of illustrations, by J. M. Condé, has lost none of the classic flavor, and the morals dot the pages in bold-face type. Elizabeth Luther Cary writes an introduction for this book. The centenary of Hans Christian Andersen is the reason for a special issuance in attractive color and pleasing print of *The Ugly Duckling*, with pictures by M. H. Squire. No series of tales will be more welcome than the new instalment of *Told by Uncle Remus*, in which Joel Chandler Harris reveals the fact that the advance of years only makes his tone the surer in telling the negro folklore. The illustrations from various pens are wholly in accord, and the cream paper agreeable to the eye. There has always been a tendency to modify the cruel element in imaginative tales. The schools are divided upon this question, but to those who support the theory, Clifton Johnson's *The Oak-Tree Fairy Book* will make an especial appeal. The fact that Mr. Johnson edited the book shows that he is indebted to many sources which it would have been helpful as well as just to mention. These sweetened tales ought to be popular. *The Dwarf's Spectacles* and other fairy tales were told by Max Nordau to a little girl between her fourth and seventh birthday, and they are now gathered in this book for others to reap the pleasure. The volume is thick and its contents betoken good times. Belonging to the same school as *Uncle Remus* are the tales by Anne Virginia Culbertson in her thick and clever volume *At the*

Big House, where many a folk-legend is told in the negro dialect—surprisingly good dialect. Violet Jacob dedicated *The Golden Heart* to three little boys and little girls. To judge by the format of the book, and its romantic spirit, the author, in print, will have a much larger reading public. Eva March Tappan, through her tales, *The Golden Goose*, presents a series

for the author tries, in unified tales, to explain consistently the inconsistencies of the nursery rhymes. The other book is *The Only True Mother Goose*, a facsimile of the original Boston 1833 edition. Edward Everett Hale discusses its history, and facts are given as to the real Mother Goose. The woodcuts are odd.



"For a Little Distance the Fox Followed Its Channel."
From "Red Fox." L. C. Page & Co.

of Swedish legends, told in an interesting manner. Fairy stories are common the world over; they simply wait interpreters. Seek and you shall find. Two books, large and small, attract our attention. One is by L. Frank Baum, wherein *Mother Goose in Prose* is pictured by Maxfield Parish. The scheme is clever,

With its highly decorative pictures, done by Ethel Franklin Betts, *The True Story of Humpty Dumpty*, as imagined by Anna Alice Chapin, will please. Those who can't "make believe" had better read the book at once. The cover design is alluring in its conception and color. *The Moon Princess* is full of delicate shades;

it is told by Edith Ogden Harrison in a poetic manner, a fact which will take it beyond the reach of many children. Lucy Fitch Perkins adds much grace to the text by her line and color drawings. In the realm of fairy fiction comes *Queen Zixi of Ix*, by L. Frank Baum; all sorts of adventures occur through the workings of a magic cloak. Nothing is explained; in the end, even, the children do not "wake up." The same author has written some rather stilted verses for the gay Denslow pictures in *Father Goose—His Book*. Some new fairies with good morals for the nursery appear in the *Fifty and One Tales*.

It is an easy transition into the realm of lore. Legendary material is the brawn of a section or a country. The romance spirit comes to us down the ages, and Mrs. Andrew Lang gathers some of it into her collection, which Andrew Lang edits in *The Red Book of Romance*, a volume which opens up another vista of colored books, even as the fairy tales before this. The book is rich in appearance and varied in contents. Two little books of commendable value are *Stories from Wagner* by J. Walker McSpadden, and *Stories from Plutarch* by F. Jameson Rowbotham. They are both pleasingly told, and are of importance because of their student spirit as well as their simple interpretations. In more decorative form are the *Stories of Robin Hood* told to children by H. E. Marshall, and Mary MacGregor's *Stories of King Arthur's Knights*, where the atmosphere is well sustained. Every year these legends come to us variously told, but no one has yet struck the style that lasts. One always welcomes Robin Hood; he lends an adventurous spirit wherever he goes, and the bright cover to Caroline Brown's *Bold Robin and His Forest Rangers* excites somewhat our expectations. Miss Katherine Chandler's *In the Reign of Coyote* draws upon the folklore of the Pacific Coast; it is so arranged as to form a good supplementary reading book in schools. For years the sagas and legends of the North have remained buried to childhood, until through an educational impulse, doubtless, certain writers began retelling these romances and adventures in amended fashion. Beginning with Sidney Lanier and his boy Frois-

sart, we come to present days, and Howard Pyle is ever welcome in his *The Story of the Champions of the Round Table*, even as he was in his similar books before this. His bold pen drawings are strong and telling in execution. Full of virility also is the book by Allen French, called *Heroes of Iceland*. It is an adaptation of the "Story of Burnt Njal," and in his comprehensive introduction as well as his notes, the author gives a thoro setting. A map also is a thoughtful addition to the kind of book that needs one. In simpler form and for closer study is Florence Holbrook's *Northland Heroes*, wherein the story of Fridthjof and the story of Beowulf are traced by their significant details.

Educational

- How to Tell Stories to Children*. Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton. \$1.00.
Bible History. Pastor X. Koenig. McClure, Phillips. \$1.00.
Telling Bible Stories. Louise Seymour Houghton. Scribner. \$1.25.
The Life of Christ for Children. Florence Baillie Fitzpatrick. Westminster Press. \$0.50.
The Story Bible. Margaret E. Sangster. Moffat, Yard. \$2.00.
Japanese Child Life, and Girls and Boys. Eight illustrations in colors. Stokes. \$1.50 each.
Jogging Round the World and Children of Other Days. 35 half-tones. Stokes. \$1.50 each.

How to Tell Stories to Children is a matter discussed by Sara Cone Bryant in her little book of that name; it is pleasant to realize that she places more store by the imaginative force of the legend than its educative value, that she realizes the first requisite of the story is to give joy rather than to carry primarily useful information. In a deeper vein Louise Seymour Houghton, in her *Telling Bible Stories*, sketches the best way of outlining the Old Testament for young folks. Her discussion is of wider interest than mere educational guidance. Another particularly suggestive book for Sunday-school teachers is Pastor Koenig's *Bible History*; he here outlines and interprets fifty Old Testament lessons, systematically arranged. *The Life of Christ* has been written many times for children. One of the latest, by Florence Baillie Fitzpatrick, is so arranged as to cover a two-years' course. It is more faithful in attempt than beautiful in style. Margaret E. Sangster, in her narration of *The Story Bible*, is far more felicitous in her telling of the chief incidents of both Old and New Testaments. Four well



From F. Montgomery's "Frances the Irrepressible."
The Saalfield Company, Akron, O.

illustrated books published by the F. A. Stokes Co. give geographical and historical information in a way palatable to young children.

Yuletide Books

- A Chronicle of Christmas.* Jeannette Grace Watson. Saalfield Publishing Co. \$1.00.
The Little Colonel's Christmas Vacation. Annie Fellows Johnston. Page. \$1.50.
Kristy's Surprise Party. Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton. \$1.25.
Chatterbox. 1905. Dana Estes. \$1.25.
Jack and Jill. Under the Lilacs. Louisa M. Alcott. Little, Brown. \$2.00 each.
The Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. Scribner. \$2.50.
Tales from Shakespeare. Charles and Mary Lamb. Scribner. \$2.50.
A Child's Garden of Verses. Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. Scribner. \$2.50.
The Luxury of Children. E. S. Martin. Harper. \$1.75.
Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood. Pictures by F. Y. Cory. Harper. \$1.50.
Rhymes of Little Boys. Burges Johnson. Crowell. \$1.00.
A Christmas Carol, and The Cricket on the Hearth. Charles Dickens. Baker & Taylor. \$2.00.
Child Characters from Dickens. Retold by L. L. Weedon. Dutton. \$2.50.
A Little Princess. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribner. \$2.00.

Save their bright covers and their multiplicity, there is nothing about the juvenile books to indicate the festive season. A few volumes adhere to the spirit of the

year. *A Chronicle of Christmas*, compiled by Jeannette Grace Watson, is a Yuletide anthology, decorative in make-up, and varied in selections. Holly berries stamp the binding. So, too, in such a volume as Annie Fellows Johnston's *The Little Colonel's Christmas Vacation*, not only is the outside bright in red and green wreaths, but the jolly girls both at school and at home during holiday time are full of life and healthy fun. The little Colonel herself, with a marked accent, is heroic, and a romance gives a grown-up touch to the plot. Even as this is one of a series, so *Kristy's Surprise Party*, by Olive Thorne Miller, reminds us of last year's estimable *Kristy's Queer Christmas*. The little heroine is indeed lucky to have so many story-tellers as assemble in these pages. The cover design is wintry, but the illustrations are over-brilliant in color.

The very fact that Christmas would not be Christmas without certain books makes the reader expect certain things. *Chatterbox* is a staple product; in old-fashioned dress, it is as unvarying through the progress of time as human nature is, even beneath its changing fashions; the same melodramatic woodcuts and small print, yet always welcome! Two volumes of Miss Alcott's, *Jack and Jill* and *Under the Lilacs*, come in sumptuous form, with the soft and poetic pictures done by Alice Barber Stephens and Harriet R. Richards. It is to be deplored that the cover designs are equally as hideous as those on last year's volumes belonging to the same set.

It is uncertain whether any *edition de luxe* for children is to be desired; it is true, however, that for grown-ups beautiful volumes are pleasing to handle. Though not many children are brought up nowadays on *The Pilgrim's Progress*—how many of the mature beings know even who Bunyan is!—they could not easily resist the exquisite edition imported by the Scribners. The pictures are perfect examples of the printer's art, and the editor has done much with his marginal references. It is good to read from such a volume. In the same category may be placed the *Lamb Tales from Shakespeare*, where the comedies and tragedies are pictured by Norman M. Price, and the volume would have made the gentle

Elia curious and given him delight to handle. The most exquisite title page of recent years is to be found in the new edition of Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, pictured by Jessie Willcox Smith. The whole conception of the book is in perfect good taste. This is a volume to be looked at only when hands are washed and curls are not awry—to be treated as carefully as the Sunday sash or the party dress. The child-like appearance of Edward S. Martin's *The Luxury of Children* only adds to this agreeable essayist's philosophy regarding girl and boy land. The poetic play of imagination is seen in fine illustrations by Miss Stilwell, and this grown-up knowledge of youthful fancies is humorously continued in a book of Fannie Y. Cory's, called *Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood*, for which Burges Johnson wrote some perfunctory verses. However, this same writer of verses, in his *Rhymes of Little Boys*—a collection bound in brilliant plaid cloth—shows his knowledge of his younger brothers, especially in a series of soliloquies which are full of humor. His more serious attempts are not so successful. But the book is clever.

The humor and pathos alike in Dickens have always been treated humorously by artists; the special issue of *A Christmas Carol and The Cricket on the Hearth* seems to have been made so that George Alfred Williams, with his brush and pen, could act contrarywise; his drawings are strikingly sympathetic. L. L. Weedon has adapted many of the incidents from Dickens dealing with children, thus forming stories with an object to create further interest in the novelist. While not wholly wise in method, it is conscientiously done and most artistically published. Another volume enlarged and richly pictured by Ethel Franklin Betts is Mrs. Burnett's *A Little Princess*. Soon after this story was staged questions began to pour in regarding gaps in the plot, and Mrs. Burnett set to work to fill in, telling all the children wanted to know about Sara Crewe's sad little life with its happy ending. This special book is the outcome.

Historical

The Red Chief. Everett T. Tomlinson. Houghton. \$1.50.
A Soldier of the Wilderness. Everett T. Tomlinson. Wilde. \$1.50.

In the Days of Milton. Tudor Jenks. Barnes, \$1.00.
Captain John Smith. Captain Myles Standish. Tudor Jenks. Century. \$1.20 each.
Hernando Cortés. Frederick A. Ober. Harpers. \$1.00.
The Coming of the White-men. Mary Hazelton Wade. Wilde. \$0.75.
Ten Big Indians. Mary Hazelton Wade. Wilde. \$1.00.
American Heroes and Heroines. Pauline Carrington Bouvé. Lothrop. \$1.25.
American Pioneers. William A. Mowry. Blanche S. Mowry. Silver, Burdett. \$0.65.
French Pathfinders in North America. William Henry Johnson. Little, Brown. \$1.50.
Boys Who Became Famous Men. Harriet Pearl Skinner. Little, Brown. \$1.25.
Our First Century. Life in the Eighteenth Century. George Cary Eggleston. Barnes. \$1.20 each.
Our Holidays. Colonial Stories. Revolutionary Stories. Civil War Stories. Century. \$0.65 each.
Uncle Sam and His Children. Judson Wade Shaw Barnes. \$1.20.
A Frontier Knight. Amy E. Blanchard. Wilde. \$1.50.
The Boy Pathfinder. Wm. C. Sprague. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
Milton Blairlee and the Green Mountain Boys. Grafton. \$1.50.

The historical section of bookland is always easy to approach by way of biography. In this line Tudor Jenks is doing good work. His series of *Lives of Great Writers* is of such a character as to be welcomed by high schools and colleges. *In the Days of Milton* does more than give the mere facts; it reproduces the spirit of the age; in its appendix matter



From "Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood."
 Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers.

it is concise. The same author has written *Captain Myles Standish*, equally as well told. We wish Mr. Jenks was as anxious to put maps in his books as he is careful to prepare excellent indexes. This map feature is regarded by Frederick A. Ober in his study of Mexico, which takes the form of a full account of *Hernando Cortés* and his various expeditions. Five books group themselves as being modeled with the same purpose in view. Mabel Hazelton Wade tells of the *Coming of the White-men*, starting with the Norsemen, and by the same author is *Ten Big Indians*, historical red men, whose romantic lives have been largely fact. The definition of history as the biography of great men might serve as a suitable inscription for Pauline Bouvé's *American Heroes and Heroines*, for therein one finds personalities sketched from different sections of the country. In simple form, but cut after the same pattern, is Mowry's *American Pioneers*—those of civilization and of reform. Of larger scope, and for older readers, William Henry Johnson has written his *French Pathfinders in North America*, dealing with such men as Cartier, Marquette and La Salle.

Out of a far different field Harriet P. Skinner has chosen her *Boys Who Became Famous Men*, biographies told as simple stories. More unified and distinctively historical is George Cary Eggleston's *Our First Century*. In the course of this book he points out our mistakes in the beginnings of the nation, when colonization resulted in suffering which was the outcome of mismanagement and ignorance.

Five commendable compilations with varied contents drawn from *St. Nicholas* are *Our Holidays*, *Indian Stories*, *Colonial Stories*, *Revolutionary Stories* and *Stories of the Civil War*. In these books fiction, fact and poetry are so arranged as to please the reader, whether in school or out. There is likewise a book entitled *Uncle Sam and His Children*, in which J. W. Shaw endeavors to indicate the strength of our resources, the dangers in our national life. While intended for grown readers, there is much in it to appeal to younger minds. Among the many stories wherein fiction, history and social conditions are so commingled as to create

atmosphere may be mentioned Amy E. Blanchard's *A Frontier Knight*, which, belonging to *The Pioneer Series*, is laid in Texas; W. C. Sprague's *The Boy Pathfinder*, which deals with the Oregon trail, and has Lewis and Clark for characters; Everett T. Tomlinson's two volumes, *The Red Chief*, of Revolutionary color, and *A Soldier of the Wilderness*, wherein the French and Indians of 1758 figure, and the *Green Mountain Boys*, a story of Ethan Allen.

Outdoor Land

- The Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Natural History.* John D. Champlin. Holt. \$2.50.
Natural History for Young People. Rev. Theodore Wood. Dutton. \$2.50.
Red Fox. Charles G. D. Roberts. Page. \$2.00.
Animal Heroes. Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribner. \$2.00.
Woodmyth and Fable. Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribner. \$1.25.
The Race of the Swift. Edwin Carlile Litsey. Little, Brown. \$1.25.
Sá-Zada Tales. W. A. Fraser. Scribner. \$2.00.
Hector, My Dog. Egerton R. Young. Wilde. \$1.50.
Pup, the Autobiography of a Greyhound. Ollie Hurd Bragdon. Caldwell. \$1.50.
Tige—His Story. R. F. Outcault. Stokes. \$1.25.

We enter the realm of outdoor land through the *Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Natural History*, a treasure-house for the young naturalist, and *Wood's Natural History for Young People*, which, on account of its sumptuous format, is for the library rather than for field and forest. The aforementioned books are concise in fact alone. Such a writer as Charles G. D. Roberts, however, can very agreeably combine fact with fancy, so as to give a human element to his accounts. This he has done in *Red Fox*, which is as charming in style as it is in atmosphere, and he is ably assisted in illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. Equally as delightful are the *Animal Heroes* of Ernest Thompson Seton, for heart interest is readily appealed to through such a sketch as Arnaux, the homing pigeon. Mr. Seton also tells in a bright fashion for older readers *Woodmyth and Fable*, artistically decorated with pen and ink sketches. *The Race of the Swift*, by Edwin Carlile Litsey, belongs to the same school; and so, too, W. A. Fraser's *Sá-Zada Tales*, where the animals talk in a very virile fashion. Through the assistance of Egerton R. Young, *Hector, My Dog*, tells his own life, lived in the semi-Arctic regions, and in the same fashion *Pup, the Autobiography of a Greyhound*, is made public, through the ready pen of Ollie H.

Bragdon. It is with some hesitation that we place here R. F. Outcault's *Tige—His Story*, which, humorous as it is, belongs to a deeper negative philosophy, which makes us question whether Tige be dog or devil.

Fiction

- The Story of the Big Front Door.* Mary F. Leonard. Crowell. \$0.75.
Two Little Knights of Kentucky. Annie Fellows Johnston. Page. \$1.25.
Deerfoot in the Mountains. Deerfoot on the Prairies. Deerfoot in the Forest. Edward S. Ellis. Winston. \$1.00.
The Fort in the Wilderness. Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
Dave Porter at Oak Hall. Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
The Winning Run. Captain Ralph Bonehill. Barnes. \$1.25.
Winning His Degree. Everett T. Tomlinson. Griffith & Rowland Press. \$1.00.
Dan Monroe. W. O. Stoddard. Lothrop. \$1.25.
For the Mikado. Kirk Monroe. Harper. \$1.25.
The North Pacific. Willis Boyd Allen. Dutton. \$1.50.
Tales of the Fish Patrol. Jack London. Macmillan. \$1.50.
In the Line. A. T. Dudley. Lee Shepard. \$1.25.
An Island in the Air. Ernest Ingersoll. Macmillan. \$1.50.
The Dorrance Domain. Carolyn Wells. Wilde. \$1.50.
Nut-brown Joan. Marion Ames Taggart. Holt. \$1.50.
When Grandmama Was Fourteen. Marion Harland. Lothrop. \$1.25.
Sidney, Her Summer on the St. Lawrence. Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown. \$1.50.
Five Little Peppers. Ben Pepper. Margaret Sidney. Lothrop. \$1.50.
That Preston Girl. Nina Rhodes. Wilde. \$1.50.
Helen Grant at Aldred House. Amanda M. Douglas. Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
Some Adventures of Jack and Jill. Barbara Yechton. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.
The Queen's Page. Cornelia Baker. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25.
Wee Winkles and Wide Awake. Gabrielle E. Jackson. Harper. \$1.25.
Tommy Postoffice. Gabrielle E. Jackson. McClurg. \$1.00.
Micky. Evelyn Sharp. A capital story. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Pinky Perkins, "Just a Boy." Captain Harold Hammond. Century. \$1.50.
Sir Toady Crusoe. S. R. Crockett. Stokes. \$1.50.

Over the vast field of fiction we can do little more than cast our eye; the books are much of the same color. The moral tone of such a volume as *The Story of the Big Front Door*, by Mary F. Leonard, is healthy and good. It is repeated in a different fashion by Annie Fellows Johnston in *Two Little Knights of Kentucky*, where service is emphasized and a little waif made happy. This same author continues her popular style in the *Little Colonel Series*. There are some authors we may take on reputation. Young readers flock to Ellis, and his output is generally copious. Three volumes from the *New Deerfoot Series* have been written to fill a clamorous demand, and the Indian is brother of a younger age to Cooper's red man. Stratemeyer, author of many a series, depicts exciting adventure

in *The Fort in the Wilderness*, whose very title anticipates, and he touches very largely in his *Dave Porter at Oak Hall* on the same subject that Captain Ralph Bonehill, another boy idol, exploits in *The Winning Run*. The baseball cover designs of each are sufficient indications of what to expect. Everett T. Tomlinson tells a vigorous tale of college life in his *Winning His Degree*; while W. O. Stoddard, a veteran in the field, sprinkles Bunker Hill patriotism through *Dan Monroe*. This name recalls the author, Kirk Monroe, who in his tale, *For the Mikado*, becomes timely in his accounts of Russia and Japan; a subject likewise treated more minutely by Willis Boyd



From Sabin's "When You Were a Boy."
Baker & Taylor Company.

Allen in his story *The North Pacific*. The vigorous style of Jack London is clearly seen in his *Tales of the Fish Patrol*, wherein local color and adventure are plentifully spread. *In the Line* is the third volume of the "Phillips Exeter Series"; a stirring football story.

Girls are in equal luck. They will share similarly with boys in the pleasures of Ernest Ingersoll's *An Island in the Air*, and Carolyn Wells's *The Dorrance Domain*, where plucky characters have an odd vacation. Without asking why or wherefore, they will turn to such a book as *Nut-brown Joan*, whose title, and author, Marion Ames Taggart, are pleasant guarantees. Unfortunately, the other

books along this line can only be indicated by mention, since their story value and interest cannot be summed up in a word.

Miscellaneous

- When You Were a Boy.* E. L. Sabin. Baker & Taylor. \$1.50.
Lonely O'Malley. Arthur Stringer. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.50.
The Home Kindergarten. Katharine Beebe. Saalfeld Publishing Co. \$1.00.
Occupations for Little Fingers. Sage and Cooley. Scribner. \$1.00.
The Boy Craftsman. A. Neely Hall. Lee & Shepard. \$2.00.
The Scientific American Boy. A. Russell Bond. Munn & Co. \$2.00.
A Little Garden Calendar. Albert Bigelow Paine. Altemus. \$1.00.
The Runaway Donkey. Emilie Poulsson. Lothrop. \$1.50.
More Adventures of the Happy Heart Family. Virginia Gerson. Fox, Duffield. \$1.00.
Verses for Jock and Joan. Helen Hay. Fox, Duffield. \$1.50.
The Story of Noah's Ark. Told and Pictured by E. Boyd Smith. Houghton. \$2.00 net.

There are the usual books that show an author's intimate knowledge of boy life. Edwin L. Sabin's *When You Were a Boy* is not more spirited than Frederic Dorr Steele's pen sketches. Arthur Stringer's *Lonely O'Malley* is more poetic in treatment, though none the less true.

Five volumes will bring delight to the practical minded as fun for children, and as marked guides for teachers—telling how to make things, how to plant things, how to play things. A test only need be given, for these books should be examined.

And finally, among the picture books, Emilie Poulsson brings her kindergarten knowledge to bear on simple tales and rhymes in *The Runaway Donkey*. Then there is the delightful conceit of Virginia Gerson, carried into a second volume, *More Adventures of the Happy Heart Family*. Helen Hay publishes *Verses for Jock and Joan*, accompanied by Charlotte Harding in pictures.

Most delicate are the paintings made by E. Boyd Smith for his *The Story of Noah's Ark*, a series of illustrations, exhibiting a rare sense of humor. Gertrude Smith's *Little Mother and Georgie* will delight the five-year-old.

Like those who rush from an overladen store, like those who go away from a picture gallery with aching heads, so we come precipitately to a close. We have done what we could to indicate, to warn you what to expect when you enter a book shop. Woe betide you if you do not know what Johnny wants. There is much of a common excellence. Whoever gives a book should know something about what he gives. There is one way of buying a railroad ticket by shoving your money through a window-slide and having a bit of cardboard thrust back. You will not take *any* ticket, however, though often you will take *any* book. *The* particular story lies among hundreds: do you know *the* particular taste? Take care, for it's a wise publisher who selects an exciting frontispiece.



The Great Word

BY ROBERT P. LEONARD

[These lines were found in the personal papers of the supposed author, an aged Scotchman, who lately died in Springfield, who lived and worked unknown, and in deep poverty, but who wrote much solely for his own satisfaction. This poem we have received from his literary executor, W. McCourtie, Esq.—EDITOR.]

"It is order," said the law court,
 "It is knowledge," said the school,
 "It is truth," said the wise man,
 "It is pleasure," said the fool;

"It is love," said the maiden,
 "It is beauty," said the page,
 "It is action," said the athlete,
 "It is rest," said old age;

"It is art," said the painter,
 "It is honor," said the knight,
 "It is Church," said the prelate—
 And I said, "Who is right?"



M. VINCENT D'INDY.

The French Composer who is Visiting the United States to Conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in his Own Works.

Vincent d'Indy

BY G. W. HARRIS

[In the manifestation of musical activity at the present time, France is surpassed by no other nation. Her living composers form a most interesting group. The most interesting man in that group—and, after the aged Saint-Saëns, whose work is probably done, the most accomplished and the most versatile—is M. Vincent d'Indy; for, most of the others—Massenet, Charpentier, Bruneau—have been obsessed by the national mania for the theatre. A visit from a man of such force in modern music as M. d'Indy is an event of the first importance. While here he is to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in performances of his own works, not alone in Boston, but in all the cities visited by that excellent band; to appear with the Kneisel Quartet, and also to lecture at several of the leading universities. The following sketch of his career by Mr. Harris is, therefore, of very timely interest.—EDITOR.]

IN the realm of music the most interesting and the most important event of the current busy season is the coming of M. Vincent d'Indy to our shores. Ever since the death of César Franck in 1890 M. d'Indy has been recognized at home as the foremost representative of the modern French school; indeed, he and certain other pupils of the

shy, simple, gentle and kindly Franck have been humorously accused of trying to establish in music a "Republique Franckaise." They have at any rate accomplished something new in music, established a style and method of their own, recognizable at once as strikingly and unmistakably individual. They have tried many odd experiments in harmony,

attempted to find new bases for tonal relationships, and even expressed their thought in new melodic lines. Their music is a new language, and, as always happens with the new in art, it has aroused much discussion among musicians and critics, and no little condemnation. But it is a perfectly safe prediction that this new music will ultimately be adjudged far from devoid of beauty when the world shall have become familiar enough with it to make a just appraisal.

Among French musicians Vincent d'Indy is the master craftsman. He has the ripest scholarship and the largest skill. He has gone further afield than any of the others in his experimentation with and his development of musical form and expression. But in all his experimenting he is the sincere and conscientious artist. For many years the anti-Wagnerian cabal in Paris pursued him with the bitterest hostility for his espousal of the Wagner cause, and decried him and all his works unceasingly (a condition that is now happily long past), but through it all he was content to work for his art alone, regardless of popular heed, or praise, or blame. By his long and deep study, his patient perseverance, his persistence in his search for the right idiom in which to express his musical thought, Vincent d'Indy has managed to equip himself with a mental technic as a composer which has hardly been surpassed in the history of the noble art.

Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d'Indy was born in Paris on March 27, 1851, of a wealthy family of musical amateurs—his paternal grandmother having been an excellent pianist, his father a violinist and an uncle a composer of chamber music and *opéras de salon* that were popular in Parisian society half a century ago. His family designed him for the law, but his ambition from early youth was to become a professional musician. Only after a struggle that lasted several years against the uncompromising opposition of his family was that ambition realized. Altho he was an accomplished pianist at fourteen, and continued his musical studies with unremitting zeal, trying his hand at composition in several of the smaller forms, it was not until after the close of

the Franco-Prussian war (during which he served as a volunteer in the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment) that M. d'Indy was able to settle down to the serious work of fitting himself for his chosen profession.

In 1872 he met César Franck and entered that master's class at the Paris Conservatory; entered also Colonne's orchestra as a kettle drummer, and remained three years in order to obtain training in the details of instrumentation. He left the conservatory in 1875, but remained with Franck as a private pupil for several years thereafter, receiving from him a thoro grounding in counterpoint, fugue and composition. In the competition of 1885 M. d'Indy won the prize of 10,000 francs offered by the City of Paris for the best musical work by a French composer with his cantata, "The Song of the Bell," a setting for solo voices, double chorus and orchestra of Schiller's well-known poem. Together with Franck, Saint-Saëns, Fauré and others, he was one of the founders of the Société Nationale de Musique, which has done good service in fostering the love of symphonic and chamber music in France. Since the death of Franck in 1890, M. d'Indy has been the president of this society. In 1892 he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and in 1896 a Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain. In 1895 the position of professor of composition at the conservatory was offered to him, but he declined it. The next year, together with Charles Bordes and Alexandre Guilmant, he founded a new music school in Paris, the "Schola Cantorum," of which he is the director and professor of composition.

While he appears to have kept himself fairly busy with studying, orchestral playing, chorus training, teaching and directing, the main activity of the man for the last thirty years has been writing music. His compositions extend to about sixty numbered works, and include pianoforte pieces, concertos, string quartets and other chamber works, overtures, symphonic poems, symphonies, many songs, choral ballads, cantatas, an operetta, and two music dramas. Among them, to mention only a few that are of importance—both intrinsically and as stepping stones in their author's development—

in the order of their composition, are: "The Enchanted Forest" (1878); a frankly impressionistic "symphonic ballad" after Uhland; "The Ride of the Cid" (1879), a Moorish-Spanish scene for baritone, chorus and orchestra; a "Wallenstein Trilogy," a descriptive symphony, which was begun in 1873, but laid aside for a while and not finished until 1881; "The Song of the Bell" (1879-83); a symphony for piano and orchestra "on a French mountaineer's song" (1886); "Fervaal" (1889-95), a music-drama which has been widely her-

alded as the greatest thing of its kind since the later tragedies of Wagner; "Istar" symphonic variations (1896), a curiously interesting work delineating in music the story of Istar, from the Babylonian "Epic of Izdubar," by means of a unique transformation of the hackneyed theme with variations form; "The Stranger" (1898-1901), a second music-drama, presenting an allegory of the typical artist's life; and a second symphony, in B flat major (1902-3), the most difficult but also the most impressive thing he has yet done.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Russian Crisis

BY VISCOUNT MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ

[The close political official relations existing between France and Russia should be borne in mind in reading the view given below. Viscount Melchior de Vogüé, of the French Academy, has a Russian wife and has written with authority on things Muscovite.

—EDITOR.]

THE incidents of the last few months in Russia are, very likely, but the preface of a new order of things, whose exact final character I do not at all pretend to be able to predict. But on one point I have a presentiment that I do not hesitate to express. It seems to me there is good reason for predicting that Moscow will again become the real capital of Russia. In the future National Assembly to be convened at Moscow—whatever may be the mode of its election or the form of that body—will be decided how to build up the New Russia on the ruins caused by the St. Petersburg bureaucracy. The sincere friends of Russia should hope that such will be the case, for if things political are left to worry on in the present capital, "confusion worse confounded" will be the order of the day for a long time to come.

It is my daily prayer that this noble Russian nation may escape the many dangers that now beset its path—an aggressive return to power of the discred-

ited aristocratic bureaucracy, now incapable of restoring life to the *régime* which it has killed; a prolonged period of anarchy, which will be utilized by the disorderly elements of society and chimerical theorists; a loosening of national ties, with an attempt to form a federative country, which would be playing into the hands of covetous neighbors; a shrewd exploitation of the nation's miseries by the powerful Jewish organizations, to-day victims of cruel injustices, tomorrow perhaps masters of Russia, exercising a secret power which would soon bring down on the heads of these associations fresh atrocities—such are some of the pitfalls which strew the thorny path of struggling Russia at the present moment.

It is to be hoped that there will come forth from Moscow, head and heart of historical Russia, enough light and patriotism to form the nucleus from which will spring the necessary creative elements of the New Russia, free and prosperous.

PARIS, FRANCE.

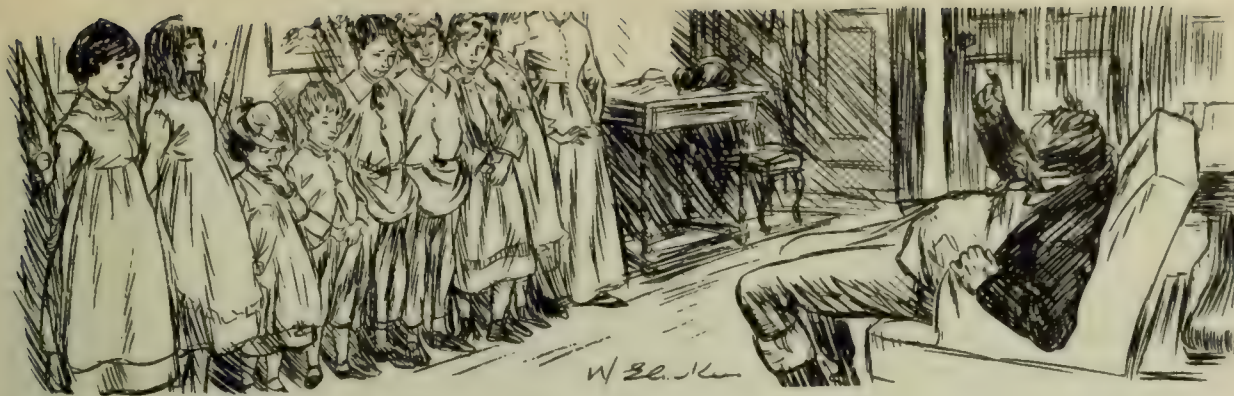


Collier's



S V M M E R

Summer Cover. By Maxfield Parrish,
From the Collier Exhibition.



A Glackens Drawing.
From the Collier Exhibition.

Our Leading Illustrators

BY MARY H. BOTHWELL HORGAN

ILLUSTRATION is a comparatively recent art activity. It may almost be said to be the special art form of today. It has no "Old Masters" to learn from and it has developed beside the novel and the short story and in conjunction with the multiplicity of magazines. From being the pot boiling occupation of men who were striving always to leave it for the fields of color work, it has become the work by choice of men who have lifted it above the tentative stage and established it as well worthy of attention. The perfecting of reproductive processes has gradually broadened the possibilities of varying the mediums employed, until now many illustrations are practically paintings, in as full color as the artist wishes to use.

The larger public likes realism rather than suggestion, the obvious rather than the subtle, so that to place William Glackens very near the top in a list of illustrators will meet with little sympathy except among artists. Yet he is a master of the essentials of the art, and in a sense a realist, too, seizing, as it were, little pieces of life's panorama easily and rendering them in pen-and-ink in the most direct and expressive way. His work has no effects gained by use of "values," which are out of the province of point work, but it has a pleasant grayness of effect that makes it set well into the pages of light type used today. He gets suggestions of texture even with the least possible use of light and shade, and his color sense is noticeable in every slightest drawing. Much has been said

of his originality, more particularly, perhaps, in relation to his paintings. In reality he is a man of the strictest English tradition in illustration, more perfectly a successor of Keene than any Englishman now at work.

Born in Philadelphia only thirty-five years ago, he is one of the innumerable successes among students of art who received their early training in the Pennsylvania Academy. His years in Europe made him a painter of the reaction against *plein-air* ideas, and he is in his color work, as in his illustrations, a man who realizes fully that art problems are primarily those exercising power of choice, economy of means and intensity.

When it becomes a question of valuing a man for the so-called "originality," who can more quickly be singled out than Peter Newell? He certainly carved out his own way in art and made it lead as far as possible from academic paths. He has created "a school," one might say, of a humorous style, that is in his imitators dependent upon mere queerness as much as upon any other characteristic. The comic-grotesque talent is always rare, though never entirely absent in any art period, but it is not often manifested in conjunction with such delicate sentiments as Newell is so often able to express. He is at his best in pictorial accompaniments to gentle nonsense rhymes which range over the world of intimate children, animals and flowers. It is hard for any one brought up on the original "Alice in Wonderland" to forgive him for having re-illustrated that, but having

it to do, he did it in a most interesting way.

It is a question whether Newell should be considered an illustrator for children. There might be some nervous shocks in his mild monsters and the little ones might fail to enjoy the side of his art that is beautiful—the spotting out of his compositions and the pleasing pattern making in line and tint which make of his work delightfully good art. His con-

Benjamin Constant, altho little in his work would suggest that master's influence. In America this is conspicuously an age of experiment in architecture and in the manipulation of the contours of nature, to bring them into something better than the natural relation to buildings.

Mr. Guerin, more than any other illustrator, is able to realize this phase of our art development, and presents to us from month to month, in the magazines and



W. Glackens in His Studio.

tribution to the bag of Santa Claus this year is a new Mother Goose book. Mr. Newell was born in the backwoods in Illinois, in a cabin that stood out from among its neighbors thru the dignifying difference between clapboards and hewn logs. He studied a short while at the League and under painters like Dewing and Chase and Weir. He has been often abroad, but never for definite study in the schools.

Jules Guerin, in spite of his French name, was born in St. Louis, but his art training was received in Paris under

in the Architectural League exhibitions, the significantly new and beautiful "arrangements" in monumental line and mass with which our architects are transforming our cities. Perhaps no form of illustration at present in use is of more educative value than his accompaniments to the descriptive articles that are doing much to give us the sense of need of civic beauty so lacking in our earlier city building periods. So often he makes us feel vividly the glorious uplifting power of scenes from heights, the charm that lies in the curve of a well planned street,



The Pack Train. By Frederic Remington.

Copyrighted by Frederic Remington, 1905.
From the Collier Exhibition.



Howard Chandler Christy in His Studio.

the enduring power to please of a massive stone bridge, or the grace of a steel structure. Pleasant conjunctions of buildings with tree groups, and possibilities for effects of light and shadow in architecture studied by itself.

Two men who outrank all others as chroniclers of phases of American life and character are A. B. Frost and Frederic Remington. Frost is the older man, and tho he was born in Philadelphia only as far back as 1851, his career covers nearly the whole of our short epoch of good illustration. The Mark Twain of the illustrators, he draws for us the suburbanite, the farmer and the sportsman, in their most comical dilemmas and occasionally in serious moments of their lives, with a sensitiveness to characteristic incident and a sympathy with homely life of the most perfect kind. No one else drawing animals realistically can make them so truly funny. The pen-and-ink drawing of "Emily" on the run for that story of the hen by Wister, printed in a magazine and afterward incorporated into "The Virginian," is unforgettable,

and the "Stuff and Nonsense" book of many years ago was a contribution to humorous art worth reprinting. Then there are "Br'er Rabbit" and all the other characters in "Uncle Remus," more of whose tales are coming out for Christmas this year, all so delightfully illustrated by Mr. Frost.

His compositions are apparently done so easily, he realizes his scenes so perfectly himself and is so convincing in his placing of the accent, that one has no hesitation in saying that it is that of a cheerful, healthy optimism bred in sunny American country life.

Frederic Remington has made the West of the great cattle-raising days exist for the East. The wiry little mustangs and broncos, with their alert cowboy masters, the life of our army men in their conflicts with the Indians, the dramatic moments in the lives of the hunted men and beasts; the sombre grandeur of great skies, great wastes, great prairies, great hills; the wild life in the open, away from all major comforts and instinct with the thrill of struggle—these,

and the momentary pauses in which simple human occupations caught the artist's eye, have all served as motives in a very consistent series of truly historical records.

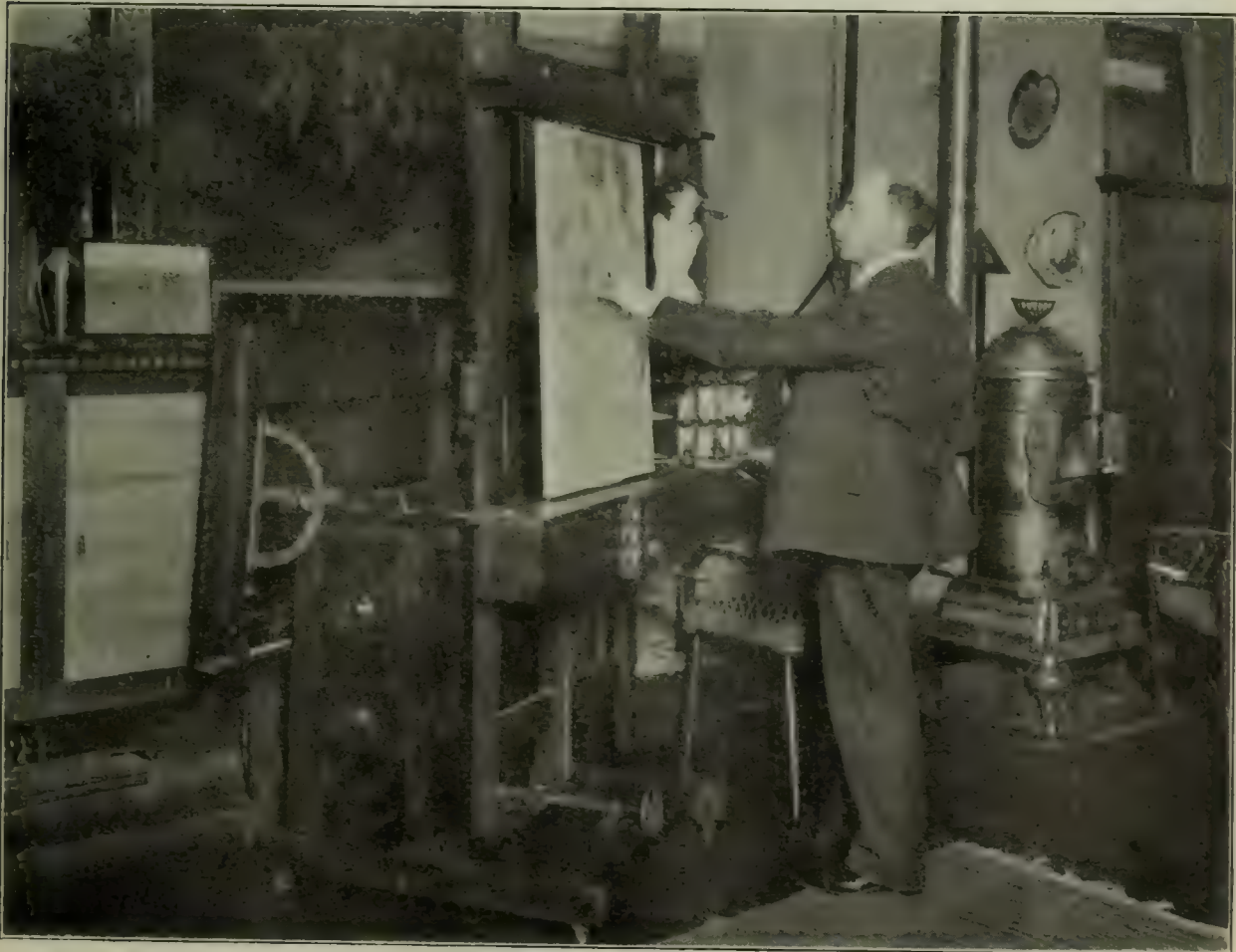
Mr. Remington's paintings and drawings are all of the same technical character. His color is never imaginative, always deals with hard, unbalanced facts, and his handling has become stilted at times, as does that of all men addicted to snapshot treatment of light and shade. It was Western life that seized him, not art in the abstract, and, as with Frost, no wish to have him different or regret that he had little influence from art schools in his training can be allowed to alloy thankfulness that at the right time he made the life of the ranchman his chance to perpetuate for us the vigor and picturesqueness and meaning of the conquest of the great West.

As a sculptor Mr. Remington is even more noticeably free from traditions, dealing freely in violent action and breaking every convention, often with results not altogether successful. The French

Exposition of 1900 gave him a silver medal for his groups of bronco busters and soldiers on horseback.

Of the same age as Remington, and like him in having made his early reputation by specializing, E. W. Kemble's art is more than a record of the negro life he draws, or used to draw, for lately he has turned cartoonist, and is exercising his humorous vein in political satire for *Collier's*.

Though his work was always a little uneven in merit, when at his best, as in his drawings for the *Century's* early dialect stories, and for Cable's beautiful Creole tales, he often did astonishingly delicate and beautiful pen-work, and in those days Abbey was in the field and Blum was doing his few but great pen-drawings like those of Jefferson as Bob Acres, and of the statue of Thackeray, so that the standard was a high one. Strong in characterization and perfectly sympathetic with his stories, Kemble's selection of darks and lights and the handling of his fine lines always spoke the love of the master for the delicate little implement.



Jules Guerin in His Studio.

Often merely a figure of a negro mammy or uncle and a pickaninny or two, the drawing was sure to be satisfying as pen-and-ink work.

"Kemble's Coons" were just pure fun, and Kemble's political cartoons are very serious indeed, so that the man has many sides.

It is astonishing that among all our artists who received their training in the Pennsylvania Academy it cannot be said that any one influence or style predominates. The cosmopolitan influences of the American world prevent that. Two more absolutely different modes of conceiving of art and beauty than those of



The Burning Ship. By Howard Pyle.
From the Collier Exhibition.

Glackens and Maxfield Parrish can hardly be imagined, yet both received the foundations of their art education in that ancient and honorable school in the Quaker City. Mr. Parrish, indeed, comes from an old Quaker family, and his work suggests that all the secretly accumulated sensations of the loveliness of color and form felt and suppressed by generations of Quaker ancestors had been passed on

for the observation and enjoyment of the other things that contribute toward pure beauty—the cool greens of summer woods, as in the cover for *Collier's* summer number; the riotous autumn reds and browns, the spirit of seasons—as in that most beautiful autumn picture reproduced this fall in *Scribner's*, in which there is all of the joy of the culmination and fruition of the passing summer; the



Peter Newell in His Studio.

to him to use in his ever varying decorative compositions.

His work shows, too, how certain it is that the classic spirit is always alive. A calm completeness and faultless finality are in everything he does. His color schemes are as synthetic and clearly understood as his architectural settings, yet he adds to his classically perfect technique an invention rarely seen in the work of men of that school, and the delightful touch of humor, without which art is too remote from life. He seems to have been born with a talent for drawing perfect forms, and so to have had all the time necessary

inspiration to be had from fairy tales and all wonder books, from which he seems to have dreamed his "make believe" backgrounds of baronial castles and gnarled trees.

One scarcely realizes the amount of his knowledge because it is all presented so easily and with no obtrusive note of mere scholarship. Much of it must be intuitive knowledge, for Mr. Parrish in most of his thirty-five years has been so constantly busy with his hands that it is hard to see where he could have found time to acquire his lore consciously. He is a remarkable craftsman, can build a frame,



A. B. Frost in His Studio.
Courtesy of "Collier's Weekly."

or a cabinet, or a house with the same constructive perfection as that shown in his cover designs. The boxes in which he ships his drawings to the publishers even are things of beauty.

A wonderfully deep-toned picture, characteristic in motive and treatment, called "The Sandman," was shown at the Society of American Artists in 1897, and won his admission to that body. It made one wish that his energies would more often be turned in the direction of permanent designs for decoration. Think of the delight generations of children would have in a series of wall-pictures by Max-

field Parrish in the children's room in our own new public library! Absolutely brimming over with adventures and interests dear to childhood they would certainly be, and perfectly fitted to the classic detail of the building as well.

Mr. Parrish's accomplishment is amazing in quantity. Every month there appear covers for magazines, monthly and weekly, pictures and head-pieces and tail-pieces in the text illustrating stories and verses, and each year editions of such books as Grahame's "Golden Age" and Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood," with many pages of beautiful drawings.

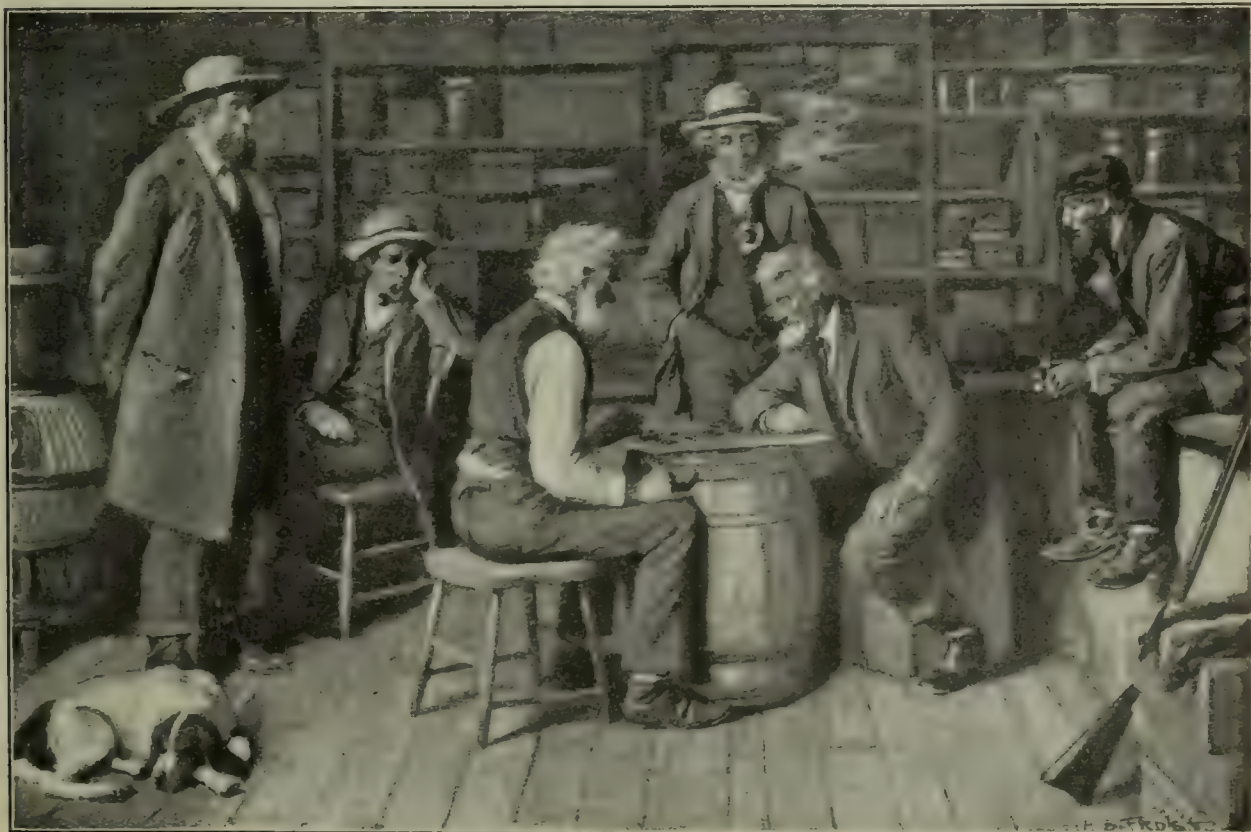
Mr. Parrish lives in the Vermont hills, in a house of his own building. Sometimes he goes to far quarters of the earth for change, and the result is always at once apparent in his work, as in the series of pictures illustrating "The Great Southwest," that appeared a few years ago, or in the series of Italian villas for Mrs. Wharton's book last year, and indirectly in the greater and greater variety and sureness of his color schemes and settings.

Another artist identified with art in Philadelphia is Howard Pyle, whose influence is perhaps the strongest one given there, and from closer personal contact with whom the group of students who gather about his home in Wilmington are helped toward sincere endeavors to find themselves. Parrish, Schoonover, Aylward, the strong young marine illustrator, and many of that group of clever women, of which Jessie Wilcox Smith, Miss Green and Miss Oakley are the best representatives, were started on their careers by Mr. Pyle.

He is a man of strong convictions, some of which, like his objection to foreign study for artists, are too much like prejudices. One cannot help feeling that

broader experience in Old World scenes would remove some of the appearance of strain from his own work, give greater spontaneity to his human beings, and make them exist in other than an archeological way. He knows history so well and so enthusiastically and is such a splendid craftsman, that his limitations never seem necessary ones.

He is a truly great creative illustrator, without having departed from the best traditions that the art has been accumulating since bookmaking began. He is both realistic in his way of seeing things and imaginative in his power of selecting both the points to be illustrated and the special treatment best fitted for the subject. In his earlier manner he imitated while studying the work of Dürer, the great German engraver, but in the pen and ink handling which was the result of this he produced pictures for some of his own books, "Otto of the Silver Hand," "The Wonder Clock" and others, which have never been equalled, though a large number of English and German illustrators have spent all their efforts on decorative work in pen-and-ink, with the same origin in the woodcut technique. Often he would thus produce in-



The Checker Players. By A. B. Frost.
From the Collier Exhibition.

comparable little drawings, like those for "Flute and Violin," by James Lane Allen. His later work generally shows him the complete artist-writer, decorator, illustrator and spiritual thinker as in the imaginative "Travels of the Soul," in the *Christmas Century* of 1902, and in the



A Kemble Type.
From the Collier Exhibition.

"Fate of a Treasure Town," so different in character, in the current *Harper's*.

In his paintings and in a decoration shown at a recent architectural exhibition he seems to lose breadth by overloading with accessories, accurate details of

costume and furniture, etc., and he is never at his best in the creation of female figures, both faces and proportions usually having much unnecessary ugliness; but where beauty is a secondary consideration his types have splendid dramatic force. All carping against his methods ceases, however, if one looks about, either at home or abroad, for such another figure in the field of illustration.

Personally he is a lovable enthusiast, with the heart of a big, generous boy, intensely interested in living the fullest and healthiest life. His fifty-two years do not make us feel that he has nothing further to show us in his art.

Walter Appleton Clark has advanced more rapidly toward the best kind of work than any of the younger men of first rank in illustration. His first published work appeared about 1896, when he was only twenty and a student at the League. He had from the first a distinct sense of the color that can be expressed in black and white by careful observation of "values" or exact relations of tones, and in those days he made successful drawings with crayon. By 1899 he had reached almost the limit of expression by means of values, and showed also the true illustrator's instinct for the fitting point to emphasize in the story. His first published color work, a harvest cover for *Scribner's*, appeared then, and showed his ability to compose in line and mass for decorative effect and possibilities in the direction of mural work.

Up to that time he was still likely to show mannerisms of the life class in the over-accentuation of details, notably in hands, but he soon conquered that fault to a large extent, and some of the illustrations for "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" and for Davis's story, "The Derelict," had wonderful simplicity. The illustration for Mrs. Wharton's ghost story called "The Lady's Maid's Bell," done early in 1902, was superb in composition and quality of line and tone, and is a fitting expression in black and white of the author's creepy idea.

Soon after that Mr. Clark married and went abroad, two moves that necessarily must have a profound influence on a man's life. He has been experimenting in several directions since his return last

winter, and his work is now in that interesting stage that promises much because of its plasticity. Some drawings in color for Percy Mackaye's "Canterbury Tales" were shown last winter at the Society. In them the decorative sense had become almost too conventional, but Mr. Clark has always tried a method to its extreme

ably the most generally popular among the numerous inventors of those types of pretty girls which the public has been assumed to be demanding since the Gibson Girl appeared upon earth. Mr. Christy is a great influence in New York sketch classes. His method is easy to learn, and requires neither genius nor much taste.



E. N. Kemble in His Studio.

limits, getting all possible good from it before leaving it for another. His most recently published drawings for the charming little reverie called "Black Care and the Horseman" in the Christmas *Scribner's* is a pledge of the beautiful work we are to have from him.

Mr. Howard Chandler Christy is prob-

It is hard to place him as an illustrator because he lacks so many of the characteristics that go to make an illustration a work of art. Such work as that in illustration of Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" ought to ruin the reputation of any artist, and yet Christy is probably the most successful illustrator commer-



Walter Appleton Clark.

cially now at work. His cleverness in handling textures and a sort of general smartness in costume and character seems to make the public forgive him his rococo boudoirs with patterns jumping up from the carpets and impossible, tasteless mantels and furniture, as well as the absolute lack of character in his faces. He often does single figures of much charm, and if a careful selection of stories were made for him he need not so often be put beyond his depth.

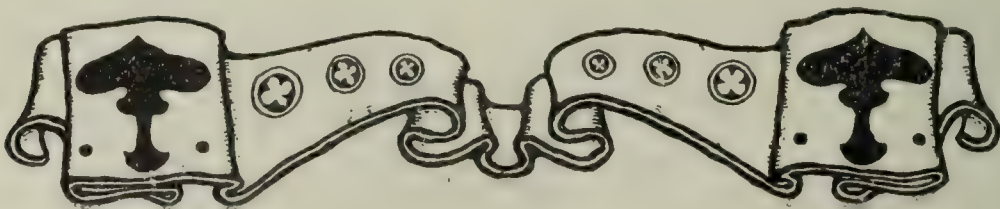
His work as a war artist in Cuba was very promising, and he is still young enough for us to hope that he may yet abandon the facile for the art that holds interest to the end of a man's career.

American illustration is an interesting

subject, and one leaves out reluctantly such men as Smedley, who is more truly in the style of the years before 1900; Henry McCarter, who taught us so much of the value of the decorative page, and is more inventive than Guerin; Sterner, the most artistic of them all, who in spite of many weaknesses can scarcely produce a drawing that is not full of color and quality.

Most closely in touch with the whole public, the larger part of which never sees the painters' work, it is to illustration we must look for the strongest influence on the taste of the country, and with the men we have been discussing as leaders we can hope for a steady decrease in Philistinism.

NEW YORK CITY.



Two Heroes

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Two heroes do the world's insistent work:
One rushes in the battle's blood and
murk
And, knowing the foeman flies,
In one rich moment dies.

The other, on a path he long has feared,
By bugle-blast and drum-beat all un-
cheered,
At duty's chill behest
Gives life to want and waste.

For him, the battle hero, high we pile
The sculptured stone; his ringing name, the
while,
In praises and in songs
Its lyric life prolongs.

For the other, we fashion a heaven of late re-
ward,
His life, all dark, and desolate, and hard,
Down to oblivion goes,—
Unless some great God knows!

NEW YORK CITY.



Fighting at Annapolis

BY A MIDSHIPMAN OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY

[This article is written by a midshipman personally known to us and we can vouch for his good faith and truthfulness. He naturally prefers not to be made conspicuous during the present investigation, and therefore does not wish to have his name used.—EDITOR.]

THE recent death of Midshipman J. R. Branch, Jr., of New York, at the Naval Academy, and the developments of the subsequent court martial have caused much curiosity thruout the country concerning the prevalence of fighting at the Academy, the sentiment of the midshipmen in regard to it, and the attitude of the authorities toward it.

Most of the newspaper articles, when referring to the fights between midshipmen at the Naval Academy, are inclined to call them "prize fights" and to sneer at what they call the "Code of Honor." The code that governs a man's honor at the Academy is the same as that which is understood to be in force at any of the large colleges. Under the Academy code, however, there are two distinct classes of fights: First, those purely personal and the direct result of personal disputes; secondly, those which result from the disregard of class privileges by lower classmen.

The first class need not be discussed in detail here, as personal fights at the Naval Academy take place under exactly the same conditions as at any outside college or school. The second, however, since it depends on a system of privileges

or "rates" which have been honored and respected from the time of Admiral Dewey down, requires a discussion of conditions existing inside the Academy between the upper and lower classmen.

Every year the First, or Senior, Class establishes the "rates" which all lower classmen are bound to respect. For instance, a Fourth classman, or Plebe, must keep to the side of the walks or the center of the corridor; he must always carry a ramrod brace, must answer an upper classman with due respect, and never speak unless spoken to. There are certain walks about the yard, such as Lovers' Lane, where the Plebe must never walk; certain benches he must not sit on and certain stairs he must not tread. All these rates are designed with the intention of early teaching a newly entered midshipman the respect due all superior officers from the moment the Plebe takes off his caps and dons Uncle Sam's blue.

If a Plebe sees fit to break these rates by refusing to keep to the side of the walk, or by attempting to sit on a bench especially reserved for members of the First Class, he is first warned of his "rateyness," and if he be stubborn enough to persist in disregarding the rates he is

reported to the president of one of the upper classes, who takes the matter in hand. A man of the same weight and height is picked from that president's class, and a fight is brought off with all due ceremony. If the under classman succeeds in winning out over every man who is picked to meet him, nothing more is said and he is allowed as much freedom as a First classman. But this kind of a fight is very rare, since a man who is too stubborn to take "running," as it is called, or too weak-kneed to take what every upper classman has gone thru before him, soon finds that he is becoming exceedingly unpopular, both among his own classmates and among the men of the upper classes. The personal affairs are more numerous, but are seldom serious enough to send both participants to sick quarters.

As to the sentiment of the midshipmen in regard to settling disputes at fisticuffs, it is safe to say that there is not one out of fifty who thinks that it ought to be abolished, and who does not think that if it were abolished the Academy would soon degenerate into a school that would be unable to put into the service men who would be worthy of wearing the uniform. And, indeed, this seems to be the only way either of controlling the lower classmen or of settling personal disputes.

Altho an officer will let nothing stand between him and duty, yet he would go the long way round if he thought that going the short way would necessitate his reporting two midshipmen for fighting. Every officer in the service has been a midshipman, and knows that it is necessary to uphold both his own honor and that of his class; also every officer knows that no two midshipmen would demean themselves by fighting over childish matters. Having gone thru it all himself, he does not care to meddle with their private affairs unless forced to do so in the performance of duty. Since medical officers are not connected with the Department of Discipline, they are not in duty bound to report any midshipman, altho it may be obvious that his injuries are the results of personal encounters.

During the summer practice cruise two or three years ago one midshipman reported another in such a way as to practically accuse him of lying. Upon hear-

ing of this the captain of the ship reported the second young man for not resenting a personal insult. On the practice cruise last summer, while two middies were settling a personal affair by rounds on the forecastle, an officer appeared on the bridge. Of course, the fight was stopped immediately, but the participants were merely reported for "creating disturbance." Later they were called aft and admonished to settle their disputes ashore, where they would not make a display for the amusement of the enlisted men.

The term "prize fight" has been applied in connection with the Code of Honor at the Naval Academy. This undoubtedly arises from the fact that the fights have been reported as of "so many rounds' duration," "fought to a finish," etc. But when the term "prize fight" is used it brings up suggestions of betting, of crowds cheering the contestants, and gloating over the bloodshed and display of brutality. This, of course, is mere fancy. All fights which take place among midshipmen are conducted in a quiet and orderly manner, as such affairs should be. Two seconds are provided, who take care that the contestants receive proper attention; a referee is present to see that there is no unfairness, and a timekeeper is appointed to time the rounds and intermissions. No one else is allowed to be present, and the affair is brought off in a spot as secluded as possible. In order to avoid interruption by any officer, it has become the custom for the participants to "skip" supper formation, as was the case in the recent contest between Branch and Meriweather, which took place in one of the rooms of Bancroft Hall while the officer in charge was at supper.

As this system has been in existence since the foundation of the Academy in 1845, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is conducted on a fair and manly basis. And it must be taken into consideration that, of all the hundreds of fights that have gone down in the memory of graduates of the Naval Academy, this last is the only one which has had such an unfortunate ending. And let us hope that as many more years shall have passed before there shall be another such sad occurrence to call into question the efficiency of the "Code of Honor."

The Retort of an Average Woman

[Many another woman, who has failed to satisfy all the ambitions and anticipations of admiring relatives and teachers, will sympathize with this spirited defense of one who has preferred to be "miscellaneously useful" rather than to be selfishly distinguished. To avoid exposing to public censure her over-critical and unappreciative family and friends we suppress the writer's name.—EDITOR.]

ALL my life people have been trying to make me discontented—they call it "rousing my ambition."

We, the people of the United States, are success-mad, and the present definition of success is to be "in the public eye," a distinction which falls alike upon the just and the unjust. Unless my name stands for splendor of achievement in righteousness of what avail is it that ten thousand or ten million men know how to pronounce it?

My friends urge and expect me to "do something," an indefinite and vague expectation, without detail or any real advice or help, even of sympathy; just as we tell a child to "be good" without explaining how, we implore older people to be "great, noble and distinguished" without indicating how they are to achieve distinction by being a "celebrity at large."

"Success" tries to estimate the value of a rose by using a tape-measure. The "biggest of its kind" may be far from the sweetest or most lovingly colored.

Just recall all the women you have ever loved; think of the two or three you have deeply admired; the one, perhaps, you would be willing or glad to resemble, and confess that they were not "successful" in the mob-sense of the term. The woman you remember as the ideally womanly woman, was she not enshrined in the old, fine word, "Lady," as a gentlewoman; one who considered others; who lived retired; who effaced herself, save for the pervasive fragrance of an exquisite personality; a human arbutus hiding under brown leaves its wealth of waxen bloom; whose manners were marked by the utmost refinement, and never degenerated into "a manner"; who forgot herself, only to be remembered by those whose high privilege it was to know her as their ideal of womanhood?

Or she was of the other type, the "motherly" woman, who spread her soft,

warm wings of protection and comfort over the heterogeneous brood of some small community, who rushed to her in sickness, sorrow or danger. She was a large woman, with comfortable curves, a plump neck, where babies loved to nestle; a voice like velvet, rich with caressing intonations; no harsh angles anywhere about her; a rosy, wholesome and benign being, yet with a clear intelligence, a strong will, power to see things in their right and sensible relations, executive ability of no mean order, so that she found time in her busy life to serve many people in numberless ways; yet, a woman who would look at you with limpid eyes of wonder if you talked to her of "success" as a personal ambition.

We are restless and unhappy, when we care overmuch for success, or have ambition thrust upon us. We scribble our puny names upon the rocks, or carve them on the trees, or print them on the title-page of a book, in the same vain hope of cheating oblivion.

I know all that you will say. I know that my life is a thing of shreds and patches, a tangle of conflicting claims, a snarl of small, indefinite, but exacting, duties, to none of which should one yield in supreme subjection. No doubt it is true that women lack a sense of proportion, that they squander themselves upon the little and the irrelevant; that they do not know how to eliminate the insignificant, nor how justly to economize time, strength and energy; yet I protest that it is not fair for those who have made many claims upon the average woman, and upon whom she has lavished largesse of life, to turn and taunt her with her resultant poverty. My life may be poor and meager, but never have I had a chance to live it unhindered by my critics.

It may be the result of unwise training or of the expectation of those about me, or

the pressure of social theories, or it may be the fault of my own unfurnished soul, but I have never felt free to turn a deaf ear to any call.

The sick must be taken care of; the unhappy comforted; the children washed, fed, dressed, taught and amused; the church, Sunday school, missionary society and "Ladies' Aid" attended and attended to; dinners must be given; guests for a day, a week, or a month entertained; neighborly services must be rendered; stupid callers must be talked with and "brilliant" ones listened to; a house must be kept either personally or by those who need oversight and direction. These are a few of the many things a woman must do, in addition to keeping herself sweet, serene and interesting, and, according to some higher critics, beautiful as well. And, then, her friends wonder why she has not "done something" to win distinction.

I do not mean that I have not had time

to read, to study, to help in social and municipal ways, for I have. I have had time to do a thousand things, but not to do "One Thing." I know bitterly well that I am a "Martha at all trades, and mistress of none"; that my life has as much unity and dignity as a scrap bag; that I ought to have "done something;" yet I am certain at the back of my miscellaneous mind that the first time the critic wants a button sewed on, or the baby tended, or a dinner prepared, or a recalcitrant cook discharged, or a new one caught and tamed, or a book read aloud, or a duty-letter written to any given relative, or any invalid in the family nursed, or a new neighbor called upon, or the janitor faced, or the grocer's bill disputed, or any other little item of life's business, agreeable or disagreeable, to be transacted, I am so sure that I shall be called upon to attend to it that I take what satisfaction I may in feeling myself miscellaneously useful.



One Ewe Lamb

BY SUSIE M. BEST

(I HAD one ewe lamb.)

And the King had flocks on a thousand hills.

And they browsed full-fed on their pastures
fair.

(I did not care).

I did not feel in my inmost heart

A pang of evil or envy start,

I was so content with my one ewe lamb

My soul went up in a joyful psalm,

And I blessed the Lord of us night and day.

(Ah, well away.)

(I had one ewe lamb.)

And the King had flocks on a thousand hills.

So many—yea—they were numbered not.

(I cared no jot.)

My heart was never disquieted,

"For rich are the poorest who love," I said,

And I knelt by the cote of my one ewe lamb,

And I cried to the Lord of us "Glad I am!

And never a mercy more I pray!"

(Ah, well away.)

(I had one ewe lamb.)

And the King had flocks on a thousand hills.

When they called for a sacrifice, why, oh why,

Was he passed by?

For oh, from the flocks that had multiplied

Death, the Destroyer, turned aside,

And sought the cote of my one ewe lamb;

And I grieve with a grief that knows no calm,

And I've turned my face to the wall for aye.

(Ah, well away).

CINCINNATI, O.

Editorials

All About Immigration

THE big national conference on the subject of immigration, that was held in New York last week at the call of the National Civic Federation, was full of interest.

Delegates represented the several States and Territories, including Hawaii, numerous learned bodies, colleges and universities. Among them were Governors of States, members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and not a few gentlemen of more national fame based upon intellectual achievement. In point of quality and representativeness the gathering was unusual.

No attempt had been made by anybody to force thru a cut and dried program. The convention organized itself, framed its own rules of procedure, and drew up its own program at the first session. It showed itself, moreover, possessed of much common sense when, after having imposed a twenty minute time limit upon speeches, it promptly voted down the first motion to extend a speaker's time, and thereafter consistently held to its rule. The result was that the convention turned out to be an excellent object lesson in the possibility of organizing methodical deliberation, getting thru with a good deal of real business, and finishing up on time, all without resort to machine methods.

Naturally, such an opportunity appealed mightily to every crank and windbag from Maine to California, and the program committee received requests from nearly a hundred individuals for permission to address the convention from the platform. From this large number of potential addresses the committee selected just enough to "occupy the time." We do not doubt that the selections made were the best possible; but the speaking of the first two days was disappointing. With the exception of Mr. Brandenburg, the men that talked had very little but rhetoric and platitudes to offer. They were unprepared to make any real contribution to our knowledge, their use of statistics was, to the scientific

mind, appalling, and they didn't get anywhere.

Not so the committee on resolutions, which was remarkably strong, including, as it did, men of such special knowledge and good sense as Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell, whose experience in numerous Government investigations has peculiarly fitted him for a judicial view; Prof. John R. Commons, of Wisconsin, who knows the labor situation in America better than any other living man, and Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, who, as chairman of the committee, brought to bear the broad view and the conciliatory spirit which secured the adoption of pertinent resolutions by practical unanimity in the committee, and afterward by unanimous vote in the convention.

The speaking on the last day, when the special topic of Asiatic immigration came under discussion, was of a far higher character than that of the session devoted to white immigration. It was by men who knew their subject at first hand, and who had definite points to make. As an intellectual effort and as a broad and strong presentation of his case the speech of the Chinaman, Mr. Poon Chew, of San Francisco, was the most noteworthy incident of the convention.

Interests demanding the further restriction of white immigration on economic grounds developed curiously little strength. The resolutions adopted were all in behalf of honesty, humanity, and race vitality. Congress was called upon to provide for examinations at ports of departure and to levy the one hundred dollars fine upon steamship companies—which is collected now whenever it is necessary to deport a diseased passenger—in all cases of deportation, for whatever cause. If this can be done it will put upon the steamship companies much of the responsibility for bringing over persons that must be sent back. An increase of the air space below decks for each steerage passenger to two hundred cubic feet was demanded, also eating space, provided with tables, outside of sleeping quarters. To prevent the mis-

use of naturalization papers a description of the rightful owners, in the papers themselves, similar to that included in passports issued by the State Department, was called for. Exclusion was extended to the feeble-minded. To further a better geographical distribution of immigration Congress was asked to make a larger provision for the landing of immigrants at Southern ports. Commissioner Sargent's crude proposition to establish at Ellis Island State bureaus, to capture immigration for their respective commonwealths, was trimmed down to a suggestion that the States be permitted to maintain at New York information agencies.

On the question of Asiatic immigration the conference, as was to be expected, stood for the general principle of exclusion, but called for a decent treatment of students, professional men and merchants, whom the present law theoretically admits, but who are often subjected to indignity and injustice.

Assuming that the conference fairly reflected the public opinion of all sections of the country, it was made plain that we are not prepared to convert the limitation of white immigration into a phase of industrial protectionism at the behest of the trades unions, or to enter upon a vast experiment of selection for the purpose of improving our population, by excluding the merely ignorant and underfed. Known criminals, imbeciles and feeble-minded persons, and persons likely to become a public charge, we do not intend to admit. On the other hand, the country appears opposed to taking any risk of a great inflow of Asiatics. In the last analysis this opposition, as reflected in the addresses, seems to rest on race prejudice. It expresses a feeling of danger, rather than of any clear demonstration of inexpediency. The position of such men as Mr. Gompers is more than unchristian, it is foolish. We need more labor, not less. Every man who gives labor gives good pay for the money he receives, and adds to the wealth of the country. The Chinese editor, in reply to Mr. Gompers, declared that the Chinese laborers were ready enough to join the unions if they would only be allowed. He said his journal was a white paper edited by yellow men,

while attacking them were yellow papers edited by white men. Why should our millions of white people be afraid of a hundred thousand Chinese. The admission of decent laboring men, whether Chinese, Japanese, Irish, Italians or Hottentots, ought to be welcomed from the side whether of political economy or humanity, and we regret the popular obsession on this subject.



The Nobel Awards

THE separation of Norway and Sweden makes a division in the Nobel Prizes necessary, since the Peace Prize is awarded by the Norwegian Storting, and the literary and scientific prizes by the Swedish Academy. Accordingly, on December 10, the anniversary of the death of the Founder, King Haakon bestowed the one in Christiania at the same time that King Oscar bestowed the others in Stockholm.

The result tends to justify the boast of Kaiser Wilhelm that Germany is the intellectual leader of the nations, for seven out of the thirty persons rewarded are Germans, and perhaps we should also include linguistically, tho not nationally, the Austrian Baroness von Suttner. Next in the roll of honor comes France with six names, and then follow Great Britain



Baroness von Suttner, Who Has Received the Nobel Prize for the Promotion of Peace.

with four, Switzerland and Holland with three each, Russia with two, and Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Spain with one each. No Americans are yet admitted to this contemporary "Hall of Fame," but our readers, at least, cannot complain of this, for when we asked them last March to suggest any Americans whom they thought worthy of such an honor, they were very chary with their nominations.

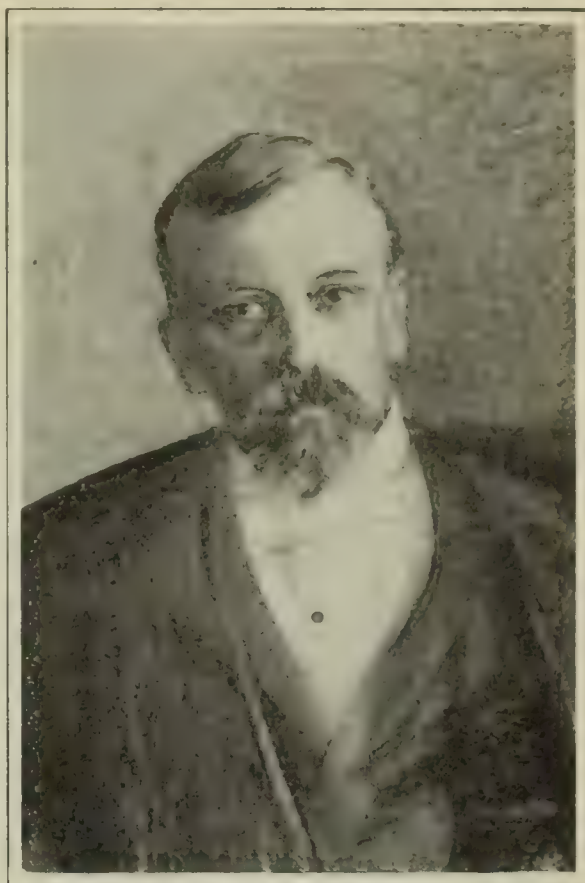
But it is really improper to consider the awards from the point of view of nationality when the administrators have



Dr. Robert Koch, Who Has Received the Nobel Prize for Medical Discovery.

so grandly carried out the instructions of Alfred Nobel in disregarding national lines. Science is thoroly international, literature of the highest type scarcely less so, while the direct object of the fifth prize is to promote internationalism.

For this last prize President Roosevelt's name has been frequently mentioned during the last few months, both here and in Europe, but it must be remembered that the nominations for these awards had to be made before February 1st, and at that time Mr. Roosevelt was not recognized by the world at large as a peace maker. The awarding of this



Henryk Sienkiewicz, Who Has Received the Nobel Prize for Idealistic Literature.

prize to the Baroness Bertha von Suttner will give general satisfaction, for her novel, "Die Waffen Nieder!" ("Ground Arms!") has been a powerful force for disarmament in Europe, and is popularly supposed to have influenced the Czar to call the Hague Conference. This book, "the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Peace movement," as it is called, would certainly not entitle her to the other Nobel Prize for a great work in pure literature, and it has not been so popular in the United States as in those countries where its lesson is more needed. She learned to hate war in childhood from the stories of his campaigns told her by her father, the Austrian Field Marshal Count Franz Kinsky. She was born in Prague in 1843, and in 1876 married the Baron von Suttner, whose father, curiously enough, was a great authority on weapons and armor, the author of "The Helmet from Its Origin to the Middle of the Seventeenth Century," and other works of that kind. She lives in Castle Harmansdorf, in lower Austria. Last year she was a delegate to the International Peace Congress at Boston. She is the **second**

woman to receive a Nobel Prize, the first being Madame Curie, for the discovery of radium.

There is an apparent incongruity in the fact that, while one prize is given for a peace novel, another is given to the author who has shed more blood on paper than any other living, Henryk Sienkiewicz. But Sienkiewicz did not write his immortal trilogy for the glorification of war, but, as he says, "for the strengthening of hearts," which, being interpreted, meant the arousing of Polish patriotism for struggle with Russia, in which he is now actively engaged. It is, therefore, unjust for us to have classed him as a Russian, when, as he said at Stockholm, he received the honor not as a personal tribute but as a recognition of Polish literature and a disproof of the assertion that Poland is a nation of the past. Rather let us class Sienkiewicz with Madame Curie, who, by naming her new element polonium, showed that she was loyal to her native land, both citizens of a country which exists in the world of literature and science, altho it has no name on the map. Henryk Sienkiewicz was born in Radom, Poland, in 1846. He came to this country in 1877 to seek his fortune, but did not find it, so returned home and devoted himself to authorship. In 1884 his first great novel, "With Fire and Sword," was published, which was followed at intervals of two years by "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael." These in the translation of Jeremiah Curtin attracted a small but enthusiastic class of readers in the United States, and it was not until his novel of Roman life at the beginning of the Christian era, "Quo Vadis," was published that he became popular. He well deserves the prize, for no other living author has produced work with so much of the epic movement and heroic quality.

The first Nobel Prize for the greatest discovery in physics was awarded in 1901 to Professor Röntgen for the new form of radiation which he modestly called "X-rays." This year the Nobel committee have gone still further back and given the prize for the antecedent discovery of the "Lenard rays." If it is their policy to thus work backward, we may expect them next year to reward Professor William Crookes, who in 1879 discovered the

cathode rays, the grandfather of the Röntgen rays. Professor Crookes found that when a current of electricity passed thru a tube from which the air has been almost completely exhausted, a glow extended from the cathode or negative pole. Such tubes, filled with greenish blue light, can now be seen in shop windows and photograph galleries. These cathode rays were very curious, but they could not be studied easily because they were shut up in a sealed glass tube. It was Professor Lenard who in 1890 found a way to get them out, and for this he now receives the prize of \$40,000. It was very simple. Anybody could have thought of it—only nobody else did. He put a window in the Crookes tube made of the lightest of metals, aluminum, and the cathode rays streamed right thru, like sunlight thru a window pane. These rays, which now they were outside were called Lenard rays, in honor of the man who had liberated them, behaved in the most remarkable manner. They were bent by a magnet, they made all gases good conductors of electricity, and they acted on a photographic plate even when it was covered. We now know that both the cathode and the Lenard rays consist of a stream of corpuscles of negative electricity, a thousand times smaller than the smallest atom, that they are shot out from the cathode at a velocity of some 50,000 miles a second, and that when they strike glass or some other substance they produce the Röntgen rays, by the aid of which most of us have seen the bones in our hand and how little money we had in our purse. Prof. Philipp von Lenard was born June 7, 1862, and studied at Heidelberg and Berlin, and taught at Bonn, Breslau, Heidelberg and Kiel.

The Nobel chemical prize goes to Prof. Adolf von Baeyer, of Munich, for his discoveries in theoretical and practical chemistry. He was born in 1835 at Berlin, the son of a Prussian general and mathematician. By his "strain theory" he explained what had long puzzled chemists, the paradox that the more bonds or valencies there are connecting two carbon atoms, the more unstable is the compound. From his laboratory have come thousands of new aniline dyes of more colors than there are in the rainbow, among the best known of

which are cerulein, which is green instead of blue; eosine, the color of the dawn, and indigo. By this one discovery of how to make indigo Professor Baeyer has given Germany a new industry worth millions of dollars a year.

Prof. Robert Koch, of Berlin, who receives the medical prize, is already well known to the public as the discoverer of tuberculin. He was born December 11th, 1843, at Klausthal, and educated at Göttingen. His first work was in the improvement of microscopic technique, such as new methods of staining mounts, which enabled him in 1882 to discover the tuberculosis and the following year the cholera bacillus. Besides these he investigated the causes of the rinderpest, the Texas fever and malaria, and has been foremost in the development of the new science of medicine.

The Nobel Committee of the Swedish Academy at Stockholm are now advertising for sealed proposals, accompanied by published books, for the prize to be awarded next year "for the most distinguished work in the field of literature of an idealistic tendency." National academies of literature and professors of literature, esthetics or history in universities are entitled to make nominations, which must be received before February 1st.



"A Stimulating Challenge."

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the Hon. John D. Long and Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, have signed a circular letter on the relation of the Unitarians to the late Inter-Church Conference on Federation, to which Conference no invitation was sent to the Unitarian denomination, of which they are members. It will be remembered—for it is the kind of a matter that is sensational enough to attract attention—that the officers of the Unitarian National Conference selected the three gentlemen named above, and asked that they be received as delegates from the Unitarian body; but the Committee in charge of calling the Conference declined to take the responsibility of adding other denominations to the list of those who had received and accepted invitations. In their circular letter these gentlemen say:

"The Unitarian churches of America, and all who desire to promote pure Christianity in our land, should be glad to be confronted by a stimulating challenge."

It is hardly true that they are confronted by any challenge. No challenge was sent them or has been received by them. They sent a challenge to the Committee in charge, and meant it as a challenge. There was to be a Conference to which certain denominations were invited, some thirty out of four times as many; the Unitarians were among the one hundred not invited. They felt that they ought to have been invited, but they suspected that the omission of their body was intentional. So they wrote a challenging letter to the Committee, mentioning that they suspected they might not be welcome, but urging that they ought to have been included, and selecting the names of the most distinguished Christian men in their body as delegates. Because they meant it as a challenge, "faith, they prented it." It made the disturbance they meant it should, and it got the answer they expected.

They further say:

"Our characters were not impeached, but our beliefs were condemned as heretical. In spite of the protest of a number of the most distinguished Christian scholars and leaders of other denominations than our own, this exclusion has now been confirmed by the action of the Conference itself."

This is rather surprising. These three excellent Christian gentlemen were not excluded. Any one knows that Dr. Hale, author of "In His Name," and Chautauqua lecturer and teacher, would be welcome personally in any Christian circle. Dr. Eliot is also a highly honored Christian teacher, and ex-Governor Long's praise is in the churches as well as in civil life. It was not these men, but the Unitarian denomination to which they belong, and of which they are the particular Christian glory, that was not invited, and which then, thru its officers, asked an invitation.

Not only did the committee in charge not exclude the Unitarians, when it declined to invite them and a hundred other bodies, but the Conference when it met did not exclude either these three gentlemen or their denomination. Indeed, the question came before them only indirectly in the discussion of the Plan of Feder-

ation. Amendments intended to commit the coming Federal Council to the admission of Unitarians were rejected, but it will be free to the Federal Council when it meets in 1908 to invite the Unitarians if it chooses. Not a word in the Plan of Federation, says *The Christian Register*, excludes them, or any other Christian body. Under that plan the Council will be at liberty to invite the Unitarians, or the Catholics, or the Dowie Church, or the Church of the Latter Day Saints, or any other body which can claim to be Christian. It could hardly admit the Jews, or the Buddhists, or the Ethical Culturists, no matter how good they may be. The circular letter signed by the three gentlemen says that "righteousness of life and spiritual efficiency" should be the test of Christian discipleship, and so of admission to this federation. Doubtless Jews, as an organization, meet these conditions, but this proposed federation evidently had in mind that the profession of "Christian discipleship" itself is to be added to "righteousness of life and spiritual efficiency"; and this the Jews do not add, and it probably was doubtful to the denominations represented whether Unitarianism adds it, sure as we all are that Dr. Hale and Dr. Eliot do add it.

Now, the Unitarian body has two wings, one of which moves toward Christ as Master and Lord, while the other moves from him. Which is dominant we do not know, but those who move toward or reach pure Deism have the louder voices. If really the Unitarians desire to join the Federal Council, when it meets, it will be an evidence that it is their desire to be one with the Christian world, and not to be chiefly a dissenting and protesting body, and we sincerely hope they will then be admitted.



Buying Books for Children

WE are not writing classics nowadays for children: we are doing in a milder form what novelists are doing in the grown-up world. The difference between a modern novel and a boy's book of adventure is only one of degree and not of kind. But there are certain tendencies that might be noted by every shopper to the advantage of each.

However much we may look askance

at the austerity of Puritan New England and its staid primers and catechisms of childhood, the book of long ago was given with a purpose; parents were sure of the dose. Today, we may say that the grip of education is assuming similar rights. One can hardly find a book where the imagination is not shackled with fact, where the story is but a thread to carry an historical character or the spirit of an historical age. It is all a sincere effort—but at best an effort. Scott's story was one with his history—but today the useful element in our juvenile books seems in most cases to be an injection prescribed by some board or some school system.

Peculiarly, the year's books, even as they are one tone in their excellence, seem to lack very much of an age-distinction. With all the theories regarding how a story should be told to a seven-year old, and to a twelve-year old, the volumes do not adapt themselves to such a classification. The buyer must say: Is it to be read *by* the child? Consider his schooling. Is it to be read *to* the child? Consider his understanding. For a young person is nearly always far older than his reading ability.

In another respect the Christmas books are sadly deficient; no distinctive Yuletide spirit, no breathless expectancy greet us. Santa Claus is a legendary figure, gone these ten years; Donner and Blitzen are become as naught beside automobiles. Living in an age of mechanical marvel, we have ceased to marvel; the element of mystery is peculiarly and guardedly used.

Yet this much the shopper may rest assured of: among the many books that have come to our table, the same care is evident to develop the noblest and healthiest part of a child's nature. But these very angles of vision which the present day writers of juvenile books exhibit prove to be their own undoing. The joy of story telling for its own sake is held in abeyance.

Two things are emphasized now. That youthful reader was correct when he complained of the sameness of his story books. So, too, was that psychologist a humanist when he declared that a child's taste for reading flourishes above method and exact science.

Therefore it is essential to consider your book list before December 24. Is there not excitement in the very drawing out from a child his heart's desire? Book buying should not be a lottery, nor should a child's one book upon the Christmas tree represent a grown-up's afterthought.

We take up a good deal of space in this issue with a comparative appraisal of some of the illustrated and juvenile books which appear in such large numbers at this season of the year. These book lists and composite reviews cannot be made very interesting the best we can do, but we hope they will be useful as a clue to the literary labyrinth. We had 212 new juvenile books sent to us by the publishers this year. Very few of these were deserving of condemnation, most of them were fairly well written and illustrated, and would amuse, interest or instruct the various classes of young people for whom they were intended. It was impossible to draw the line anywhere without excluding some books as worthy as some included, but we finally cut the list down to 120 titles, from which, we hope, parents and friends will be able to satisfy the most voracious of juvenile bookworms.



Dealing With Indians Individually

MR. LEUPP is the first Commissioner of Indian Affairs, we believe, since Grant made his first appointment, who was chosen because he was an expert on the subject. For this reason his first report may properly attract interest, and may indicate a new and better policy. The chief rule he lays down is, that we must deal with the Indian individually. This is the fruit, he says, of "twenty years' study of the Indian face to face and in his own home." The Indian's individuality must be respected, his avocations, his music, his art, his myths and the differences between him and those of other races. He must be measured by his own standards in his primitive surroundings; his racial characteristics of independence, endurance, grit, strong family affection and faith to a pledge must be preserved, and the effort must be not to transform him but to improve him, and to adapt him to

his changed and still changing environment.

The Indian service, with its eight million dollars of appropriations and fourteen millions of expenditures in a single year will cease only as the Indian tribe disintegrates and its merits are treated separately. It is as necessary to divide tribal funds as tribal lands into individual holdings, and it is hoped that the Lacey bill, for distributing the money held in common, will soon take its place beside the Dawes bill, which allotted the landed estate held in common. Cut the leading strings which have held the Indian an "economic nurseling" to the United States treasury, even tho his liberty will bring him into new danger and even disaster; and begin the work at once—a band, a family, or only one person, as the case may be, at a time.

As steps in this direction, the moneys which now come to Indians from sale and lease of allotted lands, mineral leases, cutting of timber, etc., are deposited to their personal credit and subject to their personal check (when countersigned by the agent) in designated banks, which are required to give bonds for the safety of the deposits. An employment agent is bringing together the waiting job and the Indian laborer, and to those who are employed by the Government as day laborers wages are now paid weekly instead of once a month. This lengthens the hours of the bookkeeper, but frees the Indian from the slavery of debt for daily bread.

In the Government schools Commissioner Leupp would confine the teaching pretty closely to the three R's, plus a thoro, practical training in farming and farm tinkering, all domestic affairs and the use of tools.

As to the contract schools, which last year enrolled nearly 1,000 Indian children, a history is given of the decisions of the Department of Justice, which declared that there could legally be paid over to sectarian schools "moneys belonging to the Indians themselves and not to the public." Hereafter, however, it is the Indian who sends the child to the sectarian school, and not the tribe in general, who must pay the bills. That is, he must agree in writing that the cost of the child's schooling shall be deducted from his own personal *pro rata* share in

the tribal fund out of which the school contract is to be paid. This is more individualism.

Tuberculosis and whiskey are the scourge of the red man. For the one the establishment of a sanitarium in the Southwest is recommended, both "for the protection of healthy children from perilous contact with those who have been stricken," and to "insure to the unfortunates the special care and the chance for recuperation which is their due."

The whiskey problem has become tenfold more difficult since the decision of the United States Supreme Court last April, in what is known as the "Heff case," that it is not illegal to sell liquor to an allotted Indian in a State when he is off a reservation. In a Territory or on a reservation the laws against selling liquor to Indians are still in force. It now rests with the States to protect themselves from the plague spots of besotted Indian communities. It is also harder than ever to keep liquor out of the reach of unallotted Indians, and the oft repeated request is renewed that Congress make an appropriation to defray the expense of procuring evidence and prosecuting the liquor sellers.

The new condition and status of the Indian in the Indian Territory is a separate and difficult question, complicated by the proposal of Statehood with Oklahoma, and is treated at length. It is pleasant to read a report on this subject by one who can speak positively and with knowledge.



A Warm Winter?

It is a mistake that we cannot greatly influence the weather, more especially in winter than in summer. We can modify the cold to the extent of a difference of two or three degrees from one side of a road to the other. While on the one side a frost sweeps over the gardens, the gardens only a few rods away escape the chill—by only a degree, perhaps. This not only makes the difference from comfort to chilliness, but allows a sort of horticulture which, two hundred rods away, is forbidden. Fruit growers prefer a southeast slope for hardy fruits, but for peaches, and some varieties of pears, a cold northern slope is better, as this

prevents thawing out in winter. Successive thawing and freezing make hardy fruits very susceptible, and destroy what one continuous freeze cannot. The secret, however, of a warm winter does not rest altogether with the exposure, but with provisions quite within the command of any one; first of all, with windbreaks and protective trees.

It is true, not only in a general way, that forests modify climatic conditions, but in a very small way a stout hedge of arbor vitæ or hemlock does the same thing. If these were generally planted they would become an economic factor of the most important sort. Each farm and homestead would then loan protection to every other. Nature attends to this by promptly sowing seeds of trees and bushes along every fence row, and she thickens up the frontage of every forest, so that behind it is comfort even in the bleakest of winds.

The very first thing to be done with our new country place is to study the exposure. Where does the wind most easily strike, and where does it sweep most roughly against orchards or garden? Let Nature have a free hand at once and plant her windbreaks. Our duty is to supplement Nature. In preference to her mixture of wild cherries and beech and evergreens, we may prefer a row of lindens fronted with shrubbery; or a wall of crab apples fronted with mountain ash; or mountain ash fronted with bush honeysuckle; or a close row of erect-growing Buffum pears. There are advantages either way, for Nature's artless selection cannot be surpassed for beauty, while our own may combine the beauty of arrangement with the utility of fruit. Nothing more solid and impenetrable can be had than Norway spruces, or hemlocks, or pines; planted close enough to interlock when ten years old. These windbreaks need never include the thorny and disagreeable and they need never involve the labor of shearing.

Warming up winter is, however, not limited to protective planting. Our comfort depends a good deal on what we see, as well as what we feel. Any one going into the country to live should plant his place for winter as well as for summer; that is, he should provide trees and

shrubs that give a summer look in January. The evergreens, almost all of them, are cheering, over the snow, with their perpetual green; but quite as valuable are some of the shrubs that carry red seeds or red bark all winter. One of the dogwoods changes its green bark for an intense crimson as the cold weather comes on, and sits on the snow-covered lawn, like a day of June. Eonymus is cheering about Thanksgiving time; but the glow of the highbush cranberry and the New England barberries extends into April. If you have these plentifully planted, so that you can look out upon masses of them in midwinter, the snow loses much of its chilliness. Into a natural landscape you will find these red berries are introduced with perspicuousness—and for a good reason. The berries are good for the birds that ought to be encouraged to spend their winters with us, and the rest of them serve those birds that get here too early in the spring—this in addition to enlivening the winter landscape. One may almost warm his hands in a big blazing barberry bush; at any rate, he may warm his soul, and kindle a kindly memory.

In another way we may make winter warm, at least rouse a warm sensation, by painting our houses with warmer colors. What can be more delightful than the old-fashioned red farmhouse of New England—seen at a distance, while our train plows thru the snowbanks? Why ever paint a country house white, as if there were not white enough already during six months of the year? And inside the house much may be done in the way of warming the tone. At least one room should be papered or painted a good generous red; not a flaring nerve-rasping red, but something warm and warming. There is a red that irritates, provokes, and disturbs; there is another red that gives a sensation of rest and peace. It is like the hues that Nature paints over the autumn trees. Provide also, of course, for soul-shine. A country house should never be thought of without a family room, where there can be daily gatherings of all. Such a room used to be the kitchen, but that is over with; for the kitchen, instead of being a gathering place for the family, is the

cage where we keep our alien help. The family room should be free from ornament, be provided with music, and possibly flowers. It is not the place for books and reading. It is the place for social games.

Let in the sunshine is a good rule at all seasons. Every country house should be built with this always in view, not to shut out the sun from a single room—if possible. Blinds and curtains suggest shadows, secrets and shade; they should be dispensed with just as far as possible. The sun kills germs, and sweetens thoughts, while it invigorates bodies. A room with a sunny window is as good as a family doctor. A sun-bath window is an indulgence that costs nothing but pays a fine dividend.

With all this, we should have at least one good, big fireplace in every house. This old-fashioned rallying place for winter should never have been given up. Coal furnaces are no compensation. The heat of the blazing logs was enlivening, while the flue was a ventilator, and the companionship incomparable. The language of the beech log and maple chips was almost human. In some things we have gone ahead too fast. To go back to the open fireplace will be a decided gain—not a petty grate, but a large, hearty place, where the fire may snap and crackle and glow and roar, as it happens to feel. Those were indeed days of real warmth, while the whole family gathered about the burning fuel, cut from the farm itself, and never dependent upon a strike.

And yet you have still one more resource for warming winter; to gather about you the birds. This can be done to an extent not appreciated by the majority of Northern people. No doubt the wise creatures of the air will still make their annual pilgrimages to the South in large numbers; but, if we will only provide for them abundance of food, they will flit about our windows and porches, and even come indoors during the winter months. A full dozen varieties of our feathered friends do not mind the cold weather, if they can only have sufficient to eat. Corn meal and meat are all that they ask for. But you will bear in mind that many of them dine heartily on the seeds of the shrubs

and trees that we plant because of their beautiful colors, the barberry and the highbush cranberry more particularly.

So it is we may make our winters far more cheery, and may warm the worst of climates. It does not depend on corn shucks and goose-bones whether the winter shall be severe; but it does depend very largely on our prevision and provision.



Amundsen's Feat

For the first time in the history of navigation a little vessel has sailed, by the aid of steam, along the polar coast of North America and made the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The passage eastward along the Siberian coast had already been made. Captain Amundsen, with his "Gjoa," has achieved what Franklin sought and others after him, and has won eternal fame. To be sure, there is no practical good gained for commerce; and, indeed, it was not the Northwest Passage that he was after, but the scientific investigation of the magnetic pole. There are two northern magnetic poles, and they are movable. Ross found in 1831 that at Boothia Felix the needle pointed straight down, but Amundsen finds that this pole has shifted to King William Land, a little southwest of Boothia; and from there he was able to move farther west till he reached the Mackenzie River and added the Northwest Passage to his other achievements. Also the study of the magnetic pole is rather a matter of pure science than of practical importance. Its position depends on the eastward and westward magnetic currents, which themselves depend mainly or entirely on the sun's relation to day and night, summer and winter. On this matter there is yet much to be learned, and Amundsen's is a great feat.



The celebration of Mr. Mark Twain Clemens's seventieth birthday follows hard after that of Mr. Garrison's one hundredth birthday. Of Mr. Garrison Colonel Higginson and Professor DuBois have spoken to our readers. Mr. Garrison was a remarkable man, a voice crying in the wilderness, and with no language but a

cry. His influence was that of the denouncing prophet, not of the constructive statesman, and has been much exaggerated by his admiring friends. The great work of emancipation was done by those who were not "Comeouters," but who remained in the Church and the State, who voted and who fought. Mr. Garrison was a writer of no mean literary power, developed by his intense emphasis of belief. A very different man is Mr. Clemens, whose main work has been to amuse the people. And yet we have found critics who believe that he ranks with the very chief of our authors, and that his "Huckleberry Finn" deserves to rank, as a work of art, with the best of Washington Irving. While we can hardly accept this view, and while we do not regard the very best of broad, exaggerated humor as a superior style of literature, one must admit that Mark Twain's wit, by its brilliancy and geniality and healthfulness, has added honor to our American literature and has deserved the immense popularity it has secured in all lands.



The New British Cabinet

It was not the bravest thing for Mr. Balfour to put on the Liberals the responsibility of dissolving Parliament and the appeal to the country, but it may have been fine political tactics. So Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman takes office with a hostile House of Commons, and then has to make up the issue for the dissolution and appeal. He will present just one issue, Free Trade, leaving out Irish Home Government, altho the majority of his Cabinet are for this measure also. But on this question Liberals are divided, as Conservatives are on Protection, so that it is clear that the Irish Nationalists will hardly be satisfied. Something they may get, but not all they want. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has got together a remarkably strong Cabinet. John Morley is Secretary for India, and that assures the real interests of India. Herbert J. Gladstone has charge of Home Affairs, and Earl Grey of Foreign Affairs. Asquith is Lord of the Exchequer, and James Bryce Secretary for Ireland, while John Burns is the first Labor man to get, as he deserves, a seat in the Cabinet. The Government

of Mr. Balfour has much to its credit in foreign affairs, and little in home affairs. What we most fear for the new Cabinet is the affairs of diplomacy and the colonies, but whatever its majority may be it will have sharp and merciless critics and very difficult questions to meet. In home affairs it will not make blunders, but the opposition it will meet in the policy of education and the Established Church may result in a short lease of power. Liberal Governments have been brief.



Other Tainted Money

"Tainted money" has broken out in the Socialist organization in this city, and, *olet*, it smells. Mr. Robert Hunter gave \$25 to their treasury, and they took it that he was a sound Socialist. But afterward he espoused the Municipal Ownership League and worked for Mr. Hearst when his brother-in-law, Mr. Stokes, had been put in nomination on that ticket. As soon as they learned that Mr. Hunter was supporting the Hearst ticket they returned him his money, as not clean enough for their use. Now their organ, *The Worker*, is in a hot discussion over the propriety of returning it, and the honesty of Mr. Hunter in leaving them and so tainting his gold. The heated nature of the feeling excited is shown by even so cool a man as Mr. W. J. Ghent, who says of Mr. Hunter:

"He had an undisputed right to see things differently in a critical time and switch over to Hearst. It was a piece of arrant folly, grossly inconsistent with his utterances, and he will have the good sense in time to repent it and make amends. If he does not I shall have less respect for his integrity and his intellect than I now have."

Evidently the sectarianism of Socialism is likely to become more intense than that of religious denominations.



Another Union Movement

Now that Church union is so much in the air, it will be interesting to note the position of the Free Baptists. They have differed from the regular Baptists in that their theology is Arminian and not Calvinistic, and also in their open communionism. But the regular Baptists have changed wonderfully during the past thirty years. Their close

communion is almost a thing of the past, insensibly melted away, and decrees and free-will are no longer a question of serious debate. Accordingly, their relation to the Free Baptists is very nearly that of the Presbyterians, since their new creed, to the Cumberland Presbyterians. There is very little, if anything, left to keep them apart, except the memory of old protests and conflicts. Even the Baptist practice of refusing to give straight letters of recommendation to their members who wish to join a Free Baptist church is coming to an end, and within a year or two this serious offense has, by action of many of their conferences, been changed. Meanwhile there is a quite general opinion among the Free Baptists that the time is near when there is no longer reason for their existence as a separate denomination, and a strong committee has been appointed to consider where they should go, if they unite. Already, in New Brunswick, the Free Baptists and regular Baptists have united very lately, and they are likely to do the same soon in Nova Scotia; and in this country probably the attraction is in the same direction. But the committee are also conferring with the Disciples and the Congregationalists. With the latter the Free Baptists have had fruitless conferences for twenty years, but the practice by the Congregationalists of infant baptism stands somewhat in the way, as the lingering close communionism of the Baptists is a deterrent in that direction. Probably the spiritual affinity is more with the Congregationalists, but their form of baptism takes them to the great Baptist body. The principle of generous liberty is slow to learn and fully to apply.



Bourke Cockran's Advice

Mr. Bourke Cockran possesses an eloquent flow of silvery sounds, but with them an unusual gift of unconsidered expression, of talking *per capitis tegumentum*. Seldom has he illustrated this errabundancy of his more notably than in an address the other day to a large gathering of Catholics of Chicago, in the presence of Archbishop Farley. His topic was his late visit to the Philippines, and his proposal was that the United States Government should sub-

sidize Catholic missionaries and teachers, and others also. The Government, he said, is bound to spread civilization, and this is the best way. We hardly credit the published report that he would have us take the same course in China. There is not the slightest chance that our Government will subsidize any missionaries of any Church. Yet we are not surprised that Mr. Cockran is ready to turn in the most hopeless direction, now that he must be so disappointed, if not indignant, that the millions paid by our Government for the land owned by three monastic orders was not left in the Philippines for the benefit of the Catholic Church there, but was selfishly taken to Spain and elsewhere, perhaps partly to this country. This was against the will of the Pope and against the understanding with Secretary Taft. Catholics are very sore over it, and well they may be. Now they will be called to give money to build churches in the Philippines, while the exiled orders carry off their millions. This is a strange way either to obey the law of poverty or to build up the Catholic Church there.

To End the Chinese Boycott

The Chinese boycott of American goods is shown to be a most serious injury to our commerce, when the American merchants in China have met the Chinese guilds and accepted, in principle, the recommendations asked as changes in the operation of our exclusion laws. Twelve points are agreed on, and every one of them just; and more would be proper. They do not ask that "laborers" be admitted, but that the term be interpreted by the usage of English dictionaries; that others than "laborers" be freely admitted, on consular and medical certificate, and that those admitted be treated as well as citizens of other lands. Other provisions agreed upon are equally right. It is a shame that we, a so-called Christian people, should have to submit to being taught the laws of justice and hospitality by these yellow men who do not call themselves Christians.

Let it be understood that the United States Government has withdrawn from sale about eighty-six million acres as for-

est reserves, and more will be reserved. That is to be our policy. This land will all remain public land after other lands are sold. Equally the United States will own and manage for the people vast systems of reclamation of waste lands, which will be sold as the irrigation systems are created. Many millions of dollars are going into these systems. And all this adds to the extent of the principles of public ownership. The people will own all this land and this irrigating plant. They will sell the extra timber and fuel and the right to water. Thus we advance, much as we lag behind Europe in postal banks, postal express, postal telegraph and telephone service, municipal gas and trolley service and national railways.

The students of Laval University, in Quebec, were brutes who attacked Sarah Bernhardt and two women and a man, members of her company, with rotten eggs and ice as they were leaving the theatre where they had been playing. While she escaped, her companions were struck and wounded. It is true that she is a Jewess, but that does not justify such an assault, whether in French Canada or in Russia. To be sure, she had in conversation spoken unfavorably in some respects of the people who had criticised her, but even if she had called them a mixed race of French and English, Canadians, Sioux and Iroquois, that does not justify conduct which only proves that those guilty of it are still Iroquois.

A correspondent of the *London Times*, returning to China after seven months' absence, finds a great change in the attitude of the Government and the people, and he grieves. Yet it is, on the whole, an improved attitude, one of more self-respect and firmness. Why should not the Chinese develop patriotism, resist aggression, and demand China for the Chinese? He finds that the victory of Japan has encouraged the Chinese. Naturally. He finds that the American expected concession as to our exclusion laws, following the boycott, has had an unhappy effect. On the contrary, the Chinese resentment is natural and creditable, and it is we that need to take the lesson.

Insurance

Federal Supervision.

It is quite apparent that President Roosevelt has read but one side of the discussion respecting the proposition to centralize the supervisory power over the insurance business. An intellectuality so virile and so well-balanced as his could not easily have dismissed the strong arguments presented by Mr. Vance in his minority report to the American Bar Association; Assistant Attorney-General Nash, of Massachusetts, before the Insurance Commissioners at Bretton Woods, N. H., last September; Senator Bulkeley, the President of the Aetna Life Insurance Company; and other able controversialists. In his message this year the President largely elaborates what he said last year on this subject—multiplying words rather than reasons. He even ignores the Supreme Court decisions, repeatedly referring to insurance as a part of our interstate and foreign commerce.

He insists that the business of "the great insurance companies" has grown so far beyond the boundaries of the States which created them "as to preclude strict enforcement of supervision and regulation by the parent States," the inadequacy of which, he observes, is conceded. He finds "there is need of a far stricter and more uniform regulation of the vast insurance interests of this country," and believes that we should, in this respect, emulate the examples set us by other nations "by providing adequate national supervision of commercial interests which are clearly national in character."

He recalls the diplomatic communications which were made under the administrations of Presidents Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley "to prevent unjust discrimination by foreign countries against American insurance companies"—alluding to the efforts of the Mutual Life and Equitable to force a change in the German insurance regulations—and cites them as an illustration of "the propriety of the Congress recognizing the national character of insurance." The following paragraph from the message bears an interesting resemblance

to Question 2 in the inquiry made by Senator Dryden, printed in THE INDEPENDENT November 9 last:

"I repeat my previous recommendation that the Congress should also consider whether the Federal Government has any power or owes any duty with respect to domestic transactions in insurance of an interstate character."

Senator Dryden wanted to know if insurance was not national in character "and properly entitled to the solicitude and care" of the Government.

The contention that national regulation is essential because State supervision is inadequate or ineffective is without merit. The weaknesses and defects characteristic of the supervision exercised by the National Government over banks, resulting in the periodical scandals like that in which the Central National of Allegheny, Pa., was but recently involved, are not calculated to reassure us that anything better in the way of protection can be devised for application to the insurance business. State supervision has proven to be inadequate and inefficient only when its administrators have been corrupted in greater or lesser degree. The present system is productive of entirely satisfactory results if the laws under which it operates are fairly and honestly enforced. That they have not been in the State of New York is already clearly made manifest before the Armstrong Committee, which, as yet, has not examined one individual connected with the Insurance Department. When an investigation of that branch of the State Government is made the public will begin to appreciate how completely it has worked in harmony with the able and unscrupulous men who, as the President observes, "exploit the companies in their own interest at the expense of the policyholders." If the President will take the trouble to investigate the matter he will find that he is in error when he says "there has been for many years a widespread demand for Federal supervision." He will learn that only a small contingent of life insurance managers desire it. The policyholders want the present system improved and administered by incorruptible officials.

Financial

Annual Treasury Reports

Not much in the way of recommendations for new legislation is to be found in the Government's annual financial reports. Secretary Shaw would impart elasticity to the currency when rates for loans on call at New York are high, as they have been for some weeks past, by permitting the national banks to issue additional notes, guaranteed by the Government, but not secured by bonds, up to 50 per cent. of their bond secured currency. This additional quantity would be subject to a tax of 5 or 6 per cent. until redeemed by the deposit of a like amount in the Treasury. The following passage might well have been omitted:

"By eliminating the words 'secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States' from national bank-notes now authorized, the additional currency would be identical in form with that based upon a deposit of bonds, and its presence would not alarm, for it would not be known."

The plan proposed is substantially the one used by the Imperial Bank of Germany. We see no reason why it should not be tested here, but we are by no means confident that the result would meet Mr. Shaw's expectation. Our banks might not care to take the risk of some delay in availing themselves of such a privilege to meet abnormal conditions that might continue for only a very short time. We are glad to see that Comptroller Ridgely, in his report, asks for the repeal of the law which limits the retirement of national bank circulation to \$3,000,000 in any month. Freedom to retire would promote a natural increase of issues when it is needed, and this change would really give some measure of elasticity. Mr. Shaw repeats his recommendation of last year that the large Trust Companies be invited by law to accept the privilege of Federal incorporation, with Federal supervision. He suggests that the Government ought to establish and maintain at Washington a savings bank for the exclusive use of Department employees.

Mr. Ridgely says he is satisfied that a national bank could safely be permitted now to loan to one customer one-tenth of its unimpaired capital and surplus, instead of only one-tenth of its capital. It

seems to us that such a relaxation of restrictions imposed some forty years ago ought to take place. It is an open secret that these restrictions are frequently disregarded, because, under certain conditions, they are unreasonable. The Comptroller's report shows that there are now in the country 4,541 school savings banks, with 191,009 depositors, and that the balance due to these depositors is \$616,940. Of the world's stock of money, \$5,987,100,000 is gold, and we have \$1,348,200,000 of this, or more than is held in any other country, France coming next, with \$926,400,000. In holdings of silver, also, we lead all other countries, having \$685,100,000 out of a total of \$3,130,400,000.

ACCORDING to Dun's index number, intended to show the cost of living, commodity prices on December 1st reached the highest level known in twenty-two years.

.... Bank clearings in November exceeded by $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. the highest monthly total ever before reported.

.... The Lackawanna Steel Company recently sold 6,000 tons of steel rails for delivery at Melbourne, Australia, at about \$27.50, the company paying \$6 per ton freight charges from the mill. For American buyers the price at the mill is \$28.

.... In announcing the dividend of the American Can Company (preferred) last week, we inadvertently gave the date of the closing of the books as the date when the dividend is payable. The books close December 16th, and the dividend of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. is payable January 1st.

.... Dividends announced:

Am. Car & Foundry Co. (Preferred), $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable December 11th.

Amer. Can Co. (Preferred), $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., payable January 1st.

Chicago Great Western R'way (Debenture), \$2.00 per share, payable January 15th.

Nat'l Sugar Refining Co. (Preferred), $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable January 2d.

Southern Pacific Co. (Preferred), $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable January 15th.

New York Co. Nat'l Bank, 50 per cent., payable January 1st.

Plaza Bank, 10 per cent., payable January 2d.

Manhattan R'way Co. (quarterly), $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., payable January 2d.

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Survey of the World

Appropriation for the Canal

The emergency appropriation bill, carrying \$11,000,000 for Panama Canal expenses, was passed in the Senate on the 16th, after much debate, in which the management of canal affairs was sharply attacked by several Democrats. They complained that the salaries paid to the chief officers were too high. Secretary Taft, Chairman Shonts and Secretary Bishop had appeared before the committee and been heard at length. Mr. Bishop explained that in addition to the work of keeping the minutes and preparing reports he gave news to the newspaper correspondents who asked for it, and sometimes prepared statements for their use. He also had supplied much material to persons desiring to use it in articles for magazines and in lectures. Reference to this testimony was made in the debate by Senators, who were unwilling that, as they said, a "press agent" should be employed. Mr. Hale said all the members of the committee thought that this part of the secretary's work should be discontinued. He promised that Mr. Bishop should not be required to do any more such work. Because of this promise Mr. Culberson withdrew an amendment providing that no part of the money appropriated should be paid for such service. Reference was also made to Mr. Bishop's testimony concerning a proposition made to him before he became secretary. He said to the committee that a combination of hostile interests, including the Nicaragua route, the Darien route, the Tehuantepec route, and, so far as he could make out, certain railway interests, had offered to pay him any salary he wished if he would take charge of a pub-

lication bureau in the interest of their opposition to a canal on the Panama route:

"I said: 'What is your object?' They said it was to 'create in Congress the impression that the canal will never be built at Panama. We do not expect,' they said, 'to defeat it, but we expect to delay it. That is all the object we have. We want to get such confusion in the mind of Congress about the possibility of building that canal at Panama that they will withhold appropriations.'"

It appears that Chairman Shonts is still President of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western Railroad Company, but it is explained that he gives all his time to the canal. Mr. Gallinger said his salary was too high. This was Mr. Bacon's opinion about the salary of Chief Engineer Stevens. Mr. Tillman asserted that the high salaries were graft of the worst kind. He also, while introducing a bill concerning railway rates, remarked that he didn't believe "we should ever get anywhere in this matter, so long as the President of the United States is willing to whitewash members of his Cabinet, as he did Paul Morton." Mr. Culberson turned aside for a moment from the Canal question to consider the New York life insurance companies. "I look upon the men who are managing these affairs," said he, "as the greatest aggregation of thieves and perjurers that this age of graft has produced." An amendment proposed by Mr. Bacon, and adopted, directs the Secretary of the Treasury to transmit to Congress quarterly a list of estimates of salaries and expenses to be paid to all officers and employees (laborers excepted) connected with the Canal Commission. In his testimony before the Committee, Secretary Taft said that 17,000 men were now employed on the

canal route, 4,000 of them in sanitary work and 13,000 in laying tracks, erecting buildings, making machinery and preparing equipment for the work of excavation.—Colonel Gorgas, chief sanitary officer of the Zone, in his report for October, says that altho the month was wet and hot, and all the conditions were favorable for yellow fever, there was only one case of the disease among the employees, 4,000 of whom were not immune. Health conditions will be further improved when the sanitary work is completed, but he thinks the sanitary problem is already solved, because it has been shown that a large force of laborers can work in the Zone without suffering from the fever, and that the general health of the same force can be as fully maintained as it could be if they were digging a canal in a healthful part of the United States.



Pursuit of Rebaters

In obedience to a letter of instructions from Attorney-General Moody, the District Attorneys at all the prominent railroad centers have begun a campaign against rebaters. This letter, dated on the 8th inst., directed them to search diligently for information upon which indictments could be based, and, when the evidence was sufficient, to procure the indictment of both the shipper and the railroad company, or its agent. The most interesting and significant part of the instructions is that which suggests that whenever the evidence warrants such action the attorneys should obtain indictments for conspiracy, instead of indictments for violation of the Elkins Act, because the only punishment provided by that act is a fine. The Supreme Court, Mr. Moody points out, has held that conspiracy to commit a crime, punishable only by a fine, may be punished by imprisonment. If an Attorney procures a conviction for conspiracy he is directed to ask the court to impose the penalty of imprisonment. On the 13th, in Philadelphia, a number of indictments were found, the defendants being the Great Northern Railroad Company, the Mutual Transit Company, their Eastern agents, and four members of the firm of R. D. Wood & Co. The rebates in question were paid in connection with shipments of iron pipe and other mer-

chandise to Manitoba. Other railway companies in the East were involved, but they avoided indictments by giving information. At a banquet given in his honor on the following evening, President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, said that his company, like others, had been forced by large shippers to yield to the terms imposed by them in order to secure traffic. On the 13th, in Chicago, the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, with two of its officers, was indicted for giving rebates to one of the great beef companies, the evidence having been furnished by the beef company's traffic manager. Two days later, in Kansas City, fourteen indictments were found against the Burlington, Alton, and St. Paul railroad companies, their agents, and several shippers. Here again the beef companies are involved, and it is noticeable that five of the men indicted are charged with conspiracy, for which the punishment may be imprisonment. The rebates to which these cases relate were given in July last.



Labor Questions

The American Woolen Company decided on the 12th to increase the wages of its 30,000 employees by 10 per cent. on January 1st. This means an addition of about \$1,000,000 per annum to the employees' receipts. Two or three days later several prominent independent manufacturers of woolen goods took similar action. Therefore the increase of 10 per cent. will be made in substantially all of the New England woolen mills.—As the associated employing printers of New York, the Typothetæ determined some time ago to oppose the Typographical Union's demand for an eight-hour day after January 1st, it is expected that a strike will begin on that date. In anticipation of it the associated employers are training one hundred young men and women in a school for the work of operating type-setting machines, and they expect to have two hundred of these pupils ready for service at the end of the year. They announce that the publishers of the leading monthly magazines have had the type set for their issues until March or April next. Notice is given by them that they will gladly retain union men who

are willing to accept a nine-hour day and the conditions of an "open shop." There are no indications that the union will recede from the position it has taken.—At last week's convention of the union coal miners of the anthracite districts a committee of union officers, President John Mitchell included, was instructed to confer with the operators as to a formal agreement concerning the terms of employment after April 1st. If such a conference is held it is expected that the committee will ask for recognition of the union, an eight-hour day, and an increase of wages. It is said, however, that the operators will decline to confer with the committee, but will offer in March, by posted notices, to renew the present agreement for a term of years, each company dealing exclusively with its own employees.



The New York Election

Last week, Wednesday, the Court of Appeals handed down a decision reversing the lower courts in the Hearst mayoralty litigation, and declaring that the ballot boxes could not be opened and the votes recounted by order of court. Four members of the court concurred with Judge Gray in the prevailing opinion, while Judges Bartlett and Vann dissented. The nub of Judge Gray's decision seems to be:

"That the courts may enforce provisions of the law and compel obedience to its commands may be true, but I do not believe that the Legislature intended that a Court, or a Judge, should sit in review of the ministerial work of the election officers, and I do not find any provision of this law that goes so far."

In the dissenting opinion Judges Bartlett and Vann say:

"If it is to be the settled construction of the election law that the ballots locked and sealed in the boxes for six months after an election cannot be recounted save in an action of *quo warranto*, which may drag for years thru the courts, a new election law cannot be too soon drafted and enacted."

Immediately upon the news of this decision the attorneys for Mr. Hearst announced that they would fight the case to the very end. They expect to introduce *quo warranto* proceedings after Mr. McClellan receives on the first of the year the certification of his election, and to introduce a bill into the Legislature which

will cause the ballot boxes to be opened and recanvassed. Mr. Ivins, the defeated Republican candidate for Mayor and now counsel for Mr. Hearst, says the ruling of the court simply means

"that the good of society demands that an unelected person should be seated provided the inspectors certify his election, rather than there should be a temporary vacancy in the office."

In the meantime the criminal end of the prosecution of the election frauds is being pushed vigorously, and so important a person as ex-Assemblyman Cahill has been convicted of perjury in connection with certain cases of fraudulent registration and sentenced to serve two years in Sing Sing. The Municipal Ownership League has changed itself into the New York city branch of the Independence League, which is a newly incorporated State party. It is said that Mr. Hearst will be the first president of the league.

—Other political topics in this city of interest are the resignation of Mr. R. Fulton Cutting from the chairmanship of the Citizens' Union. Mr. Cutting has long desired to relinquish his arduous duties at the head of the Union, but he had been prevailed upon to retain his office until the present time. Even now the City Committee of the Union would not accept his resignation, feeling that no one could possibly fill Mr. Cutting's place, and Mr. Cutting has accordingly withheld his resignation for further consideration. The new January Special Grand Jury expects to make a thoro investigation of the election system of this city with a view to suggesting reform, and already various non-official committees in the city for ballot reform are getting together and preparing to introduce a bill into the Legislature for the establishment of a ballot law founded on the Massachusetts model.



The Isle of Pines

Edward C. Ryan, who asserts that he is a Delegate to Congress from the Isle of Pines, has arrived in Washington and has sought there the aid of members who oppose the pending treaty of cession. Mr. Raynard, president of the association of Americans on the Isle of Pines, who recently received from Secretary Root a letter defining our Government's attitude

toward the movement for an American Territorial Government on the island, has forwarded to the Secretary a long argument in support of the American settlers' claims, and has also given to the public the following statement:

"The last mail from the United States brought additional guarantees of \$40,000 in cash from men, and all the ammunition needed to defend our rights and uphold the American flag in this isle. This makes over \$200,000 in cash, 6,000 men, and all the munitions needed should we elect to use force in maintaining the rights of Americans on American territory."

When this was shown to the Cuban Secretary of the Interior, he remarked that his Government would pay no attention to it, and that the United States doubtless could be depended upon to prevent the embarkation of men and munitions of war for the island. The Mayor of Nueva Gerona, which is the principal town on the island, has complained to the courts that at a recent meeting of the American residents an attempt was made to incite those present to overthrow the local Government.

The Philippine Islands

Opponents of the Payne bill for a reduction of the tariff duties on imports from the Philippines have been heard by the House Ways and Means Committee. Objection is made chiefly by representatives of the domestic beet sugar industry, who assert that sixty Republican members of the House are in sympathy with them. The Administration opposes the pending amendment, which provides for the reciprocal free admission at Philippine ports of all products from the States, except sugar and tobacco, because this removal of the Philippine duties would seriously reduce the revenue of the islands.—Bids were opened on the 15th for the railway concessions to be granted by the Philippine Government. Speyer & Co., of New York, offered to construct about 425 miles of road in Luzon without a guarantee of bonds. This offer was made in connection with the existing railway company, which owns and operates the only road in the islands, the line from Manila northward to Dagupan, with its branches, in all about 200 miles. Morris McMicken and others, of Seattle, offered to build 100 miles of road in southern

Luzon, from Pasacao to Legaspi, under a four per cent. guarantee for thirty years on ninety-five per cent. of the cost. This line was included in Speyer & Co.'s offer. J. G. White & Co. and two other firms, with whom are associated Cornelius Vanderbilt, R. T. Wilson & Co. and the International Banking Corporation, offered to build 100 miles on the island of Panay, 100 miles on Negros, and ninety-five miles on Cebu, under the proposed guarantee. It is stated that under the bid of Speyer & Co., if accepted, 633 miles of road in Luzon would be operated by one company.

The German Navy

In view of Emperor William's somewhat belligerent speech at the opening of the Reichstag and the heavy appropriations asked for increasing the strength of the navy, there was a general demand for an explanation from the Chancellor of the foreign policy of the Empire. Chancellor von Bülow's long speech in the Reichstag on that subject failed to satisfy public curiosity, for he dealt in vague generalities. He stated that there was nothing in the wording of the Anglo-Japanese treaty to interfere with Germany's policy in the Far East, as her aims were purely economic, and, following the ratification of the Portsmouth treaty, she had proposed to the Powers the withdrawal of all military forces from China. They had agreed to this, and the evacuation would take place in the spring. There was no intention to interfere with Russia's internal affairs. He considered that there was a strong feeling of aversion against Germany in England, but hoped that it would be counteracted. Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, in attacking the naval bill, held that the anti-German feeling in England was not so great as the Government had implied. He thought Germany should withdraw immediately from Kiao-Chau. "We have spent there altogether a hundred millions and our trade is zero." He ridiculed the telegram sent by the Emperor William to the Emperor Nicholas, "The Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific," adding that he hoped that "the Admiral of the Atlantic" will never be in the same plight as "the

Admiral of the Pacific" is now. The new appropriations asked for by the Government will require the raising of some \$60,000,000 more by taxation of some sort. It is proposed to raise this by increasing the tax on beer and tobacco, by a stamp duty on bills of lading and railway and steamboat tickets, by a tax on motor cars, and by an increase in the death dues.



A Revolt in the Baltic Provinces

The disorders in Russia have hitherto been of an industrial, political or racial character, and consisted of strikes, riots and mutinies, mostly in the cities, but now the situation is complicated by what appears to be a real territorial rebellion. The Letts, Esths and Lithuanians in the country districts of the Baltic Provinces have risen in mass, murdered or captured the German land owners, and established a provisional government. Outside of Riga the Provinces of Courland and Livonia seem to be completely in the power of the revolutionists, and the revolt has extended northward into Esthonia and southward into Kovno. The disaffected population numbers about 2,500,000, and among them are some 200,000 Germans and 65,000 Russians. The Germans have had political, financial and agricultural control of the provinces ever since the thirteenth century, when the Teutonic Knights were organized to keep the border of Christendom, and the peasants have been so oppressed by excessive rents and feudal exactions that violence now manifested against the proprietors is not to be wondered at. Bands of peasants, mutinous soldiers and outlaws are roaming thru the country, looting the estates, burning the houses, murdering the landlords, wrecking the trains and fighting with each other. August von Hennings, a prominent member of the Baltic nobility, and assistant chief of his district, was attacked at his residence near Riga by a revolutionary band, who demanded his sword. He replied that as an officer he could not surrender it, whereupon he was shot, his head hacked off and his body cut to pieces and fed to dogs. Seventeen of the landed proprietors, four of whom are German subjects, are held as hostages by the rebels,

who, in their negotiations with the municipality of Riga, offered to surrender them on condition that the independence of the Lithuanian republic be recognized and all arrears of rent and taxes be remitted. Their leader is Jansohn, editor of the *Deenas Lapor* and head of the federated revolutionary societies. The number of Letts under arms is estimated at 60,000. All the troops in St. Petersburg except the Guards will be dispatched to the Baltic Provinces, if necessary, to put down the rebellion. They will have to be sent by water to Riga, as the first detachments sent into the country by rail were captured by the insurgents, who wrecked the train. At the first news of the outbreak the Czar issued a ukase granting the people a zemstvo, including representation of the peasants, to have control over local affairs, and at the same time placing the Provinces under martial law, with a Governor-General having dictatorial powers. Apparently both the concession and the show of force have come too late. Riga, which is full of refugees, is practically besieged on the land side, and communication and supplies from the surrounding country are cut off. German ships have been sent to take away German subjects. In Mitau and Libau troops are barely sufficient to defend the towns. The country has been abandoned to the revolutionists, except for a few castles which are still holding out against their besiegers.



Elsewhere in Russia

Agitators succeeded in inducing the Rostoff Grenadier Regiment to mutiny on the grounds of bad treatment and poor rations on December 16th. They seized the arsenal, freed their arrested comrades and placed machine guns before the barracks. A committee of twenty was elected to take command, and the usual personal and political resolutions were adopted and presented to General Plavoffski, the division commander. On the following day, finding how extreme were the plans of their Socialist leaders, the soldiers repented, and sent a deputation to the commander, imploring pardon and offering to return to duty and to seize the revolutionary committee. Accordingly both the military and civilian agitators were arrested. The soldiers were

promised increased pay and better rations. The military court which has been trying forty-nine of the mutineers of Kronstadt has acquitted eighteen and sentenced the rest to imprisonment for terms of two to twenty-four months. On December 15 a revolutionist manifesto in the regular form of an imperial ukase was issued at St. Petersburg, attacking the Government on the financial side. It declared that the Government was bankrupt owing to the extravagance and incompetency of the bureaucracy, and charges the Government with confiscating the funds of the savings banks and planning to float a depreciated currency. Accordingly, it calls upon the proletarians to refuse to pay all taxes, to withdraw in gold their deposits in the savings banks, and to insist upon receiving their wages in coin. The manifesto was signed by the members of the Workmen's Council, the Committee of the Pan-Russian Union, and the Central Committees of the Social Democrats, Social Revolutionists and Polish Socialists. The League of Leagues, or Central Committee of the professional and industrial unions, was not asked to sign it, as this body is now regarded with some distrust by the other organizations. The manifesto was published in almost all the newspapers, in spite of the fact that the editors thereby made themselves liable to eight months' imprisonment and \$1,500 fine. All of the editors were arrested by the Government and released under bonds of \$5,000 each. The comic papers, which have been publishing caricatures and political cartoons, were suppressed. The only paper published on the following morning was the *Novoé Vremya*, which is under the protection of the Cossacks and police. The *Slovo* and *Novosti* could not appear, as the printers struck because these papers would not publish the revolutionists' manifesto. The whole Council of Workmen's Delegates, comprising 250 members, was arrested. It is said that two or three sets of duplicate officers have been elected by all the workmen's organizations, so they will not be without leaders in any case, and a general strike is expected. The Government has adopted two new repressive measures: one is a severe law against striking and inciting to strike, and the other gives all Governors and Prefects thruout the Em-

pire, whenever they are cut off from telegraphic communication with the capital, power to declare a state of siege, or martial law, and to take such measures as may be necessary for maintaining order.



The Martyrs of Lien-Chau

Details of the massacre of Lien-Chau on October 28th have now been received in letters from Canton, and these show that it was an outbreak of mob frenzy for which the missionaries had given no provocation. A booth for the worship of ancestors had been erected, partly upon mission grounds. Dr. Machle protested against it, as he had done the year before, when those in charge had promised not to repeat the offense. He called the attention of the elders to this violation of their agreement, and they admitted that it was not just, and promised to remove it after the next day, which was the last of the feast. Soon after a crowd of young men, armed with clubs, spears and other rude weapons, gathered, and Dr. Chesnut attempted to go to the officials to secure protection. She was attacked, and forced to take shelter in a guard-boat. After a little she insisted upon going back to the rest of the missionaries, saying: "If they are to be slaughtered, I shall go up and die with them." The Woman's Hospital was sacked and set on fire, and the mob, finding a skull and other medical specimens, carried them thru the streets, thus attracting a crowd of five or six thousand. The missionaries, who were in the residences on the hill above, were told by the officials to wait until a boat could be obtained, when they would be taken for safety to the yamen. While the officials were gone to get the boat, a man, pretending to be their messenger, came to the missionaries and enticed them out by telling them that the boat was ready. When they found they were betrayed, they took refuge in a temple, the keepers of which demanded money for the shelter. Dr. Machle stayed behind to close the doors in the face of the mob, and then hid himself, while Miss Patterson, Mrs. Machle and Amy went into a dark cave back of the temple. Here in the darkness and

confusion the party became separated. Miss Patterson squeezed thru a narrow place in the cave, but Mrs. Machle could not follow. Miss Patterson's life was saved by a Chinaman, who came to her and said: "It is not safe here. I am a Christian; follow me." In leading her thru the cave they both fell into a hole some fifteen feet deep, containing two feet of water. He hid her, and afterward brought Dr. Machle to the place. After dark they both escaped to the yamen, and were hidden by the officials for four days, and were then sent down the river under a guard. The man who rescued Miss Patterson from the fury of the mob at the risk of his life was not a Christian, but professed to be to induce her to follow him. Consul Lay, at Canton, recommends that he be awarded a Carnegie hero medal and pension. Mrs. Machle and her little daughter Amy, Dr. Chesnut and Mr. and Mrs. Peale were taken to the river and murdered. Mrs. Machle was calm and reasoned with the crowd till the last. Dr. Chesnut pleaded for the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Peale, saying: "If we have ever done you harm, kill us; but do not kill these new missionaries, for they have never done anything to you." The bodies of the dead were recovered by the officials and buried by two Chinese Christians. Dr. Machle will return to the field, and calls for volunteers. He hopes to see memorial hospitals and mission schools erected on the site of the burned buildings, in order that the work for which these brave men and women devoted and lost their lives may go on. The letter concludes: "Do not have too hard thoughts against the Chinese."

Anti-Foreign Riot at Shanghai

The boycott agitation in China resulted in a riot at Shanghai on December 18, which, however, was put down by the naval and municipal authorities before there had been any great loss of life and property. A public meeting of the local guilds had been held the day before, which doubtless stirred up the anti-foreign feeling, and a mob attacked the Mixed Court, stoning the German Consul and the American Vice-Consul, burning the police station and releasing

the prisoners. No Japanese were injured. The foreign warships landed marines and protected the lives and property of the foreign residents. The American Consul-General, Rodgers, telegraphed to the commander of the cruiser "Baltimore," then at Chingkiang, 250 miles up the river, and that vessel, together with the gunboat "Villalobos," went at once to Shanghai. The consular body will make a joint protest to the Chinese Government and demand the immediate re-opening of the Mixed Court and the arrest of the mob leaders. At Singapore the Chinese workmen refused on account of the anti-American boycott to repair the Standard Oil Company's steamer "Acme." The American Consul complained to the Governor, who ordered the Chinese back to work on threat of deportation if they refused.

The Manchurian Convention

The results of the convention held last week by the representatives of China and Japan at Peking is published by the *Asahi*, of Tokyo. The most important feature is the announcement that Port Arthur will be returned to China in 1923, as had been originally agreed by Russia. Japan will hold the peninsula until that date. The railway south of Chanchung, the northern limit reached by the Japanese armies, will be handed over to Japan. China, however, will have the right to repurchase it in 1906, should the Russians relinquish the northern section of the road. Japan will not construct any branch lines. A section in the agreement provides that Japan must evacuate Manchuria within eighteen months, but will be allowed to maintain railroad garrisons, and garrisoned consulates at Niuchwang, Mukden, Antung, Kirin, Changchung and a few other cities. The custom house at Niuchwang will be maintained, but the customs hitherto collected by Japan shall be restored to China. The Japanese military administration of Manchuria is to cease with the formal evacuation. China is making extensive plans for the occupation of Manchuria. It is planned to keep a permanent garrison of 100,000 men in the Shinking, Kirin and Amur provinces. Japanese officers have been

engaged to make the troops more efficient in expelling the bandits and maintaining China's sovereignty. The military activity in China is startling. Enormous financial sacrifices involving \$600,000,000, spread out over twenty years, are being made to create a force to hold China for the Chinese. The imperial army will consist some years hence of 1,250,000 men. By the beginning of the coming year China will have 400,000 men, all provided with magazine rifles, modern field guns and European equipment. This army will cost \$40,000,000 annually. The standing army of Japan will be increased by four divisions, for which the sum of \$5,000,000 is allotted. The Government has decided to make a loan of \$725,000 to Korea to relieve the tension of the money market. The firm stand taken by the professors of the Imperial University of Japan against the Government in its attempt to interfere with the right of freedom of teaching has resulted in a practical victory for the faculty. Professor Tomizu, who was removed from the chair of Roman Law by the Minister of Education because of his outspoken criticism of the Japanese administration in Manchuria, was immediately appointed by Professor Yamakawa, President of the University, as "lecturer" in Roman Law, as the President has power to appoint a lecturer without consulting the Minister of Education. The Minister of Education has lost his post.

The Chinese students in Japan were very much incensed at the action of the Japanese Government, and 8,200 of them resolved to return to China as a protest. In their manifesto the striking students declare their antagonism to the Manchu dynasty. The fear that the return of the Chinese students would increase the anti-Japanese feeling in China was possibly one of the forces which have brought the negotiations to a conclusion. The Sino-Japanese treaty is to be signed on December 21st. China has apparently conceded all important points. The official welcome of Field Marshal Oyama and General Kuroki took place in Tokyo on December 17th. The victorious armies from Manchuria were represented by 10,000 men, who marched in the field uniforms and with their guns and tattered battle flags thru the streets.

The Herero Rising Quelled

In January, 1904, the Hereros and other tribes of Damaraland, or German Southwest Africa, went upon the warpath, massacred the settlers and missionaries, and drove the few and inefficient German troops in the colony to the coast. After eleven months of guerilla warfare, in which the German troops made little progress, Hendrik Witboi, a Hottentot chief with a strain of Dutch blood, who had been an ally of the Germans, went over to the insurgents, and his experience and education greatly strengthened their cause. General von Trotha last May offered a reward of \$1,250 for Witboi, alive or dead. Recently Witboi offered to make peace on condition of being made again an officer of the German colonial troops on double pay, and that his men be supplied with 150 rounds of ammunition monthly, and that their land and cattle be restored to them. This offer was naturally rejected. Now it is reported that he died on November 3d of a wound received in an attack upon a German convoy on October 29th. His son Isaac succeeded him in command, but the Witbois were not able to hold out longer, and most of them have already surrendered. Lieutenant Colonel von Semmern, in the early part of November, found 400 natives under Morengo entrenched on the Orange River, near Hartebeestmund, and after some hard fighting dislodged them. Herr von Lindequist, the new Governor of the colony, reports that the backbone of the rebellion is broken. The Herero tribe is practically annihilated. At the beginning of the war their number was estimated at 60,000 or 80,000. Now only a few scattered bands are known, in addition to the 1,275 who have taken refuge in British territory, and the 2,054 men and 5,018 women and children who have been captured by the Germans. The rest are supposed to have perished in the Omakiki desert, as the number killed in action has always been relatively small. During the two years of fighting the Germans have lost 1,051 officers and men killed and 637 wounded. In addition, 221 civilians have been killed or wounded, and 750 officers and men invalided home. An appropriation of \$600,000 has been made to complete the pacification.

The World's Peace Makers

BY HAYNE DAVIS

[On account of his services at the St. Louis Session of the Interparliamentary Union, Mr. Davis was invited by Mr. Richard Bartholdt, President of the American Delegation, to attend the Brussels Session of the Union. There his services were so highly appreciated that several members of the Commission appointed to pass on the plan submitted by Mr. Bartholdt, invited Mr. Davis to visit them while they were considering the subject. He spent four months in this work and was present at the Paris Session of the Commission, when a report was adopted which opens the way for the early and full realization of the plan submitted by Mr. Bartholdt, and in advocacy of which Mr. Davis has published many articles in our columns during the past two years. Our readers have assisted, therefore, in bringing this movement to its present happy position, and we are glad to present to them articles by both Mr. Bartholdt and Mr. Davis on its present state. We will continue to keep our readers in the forefront of this, the greatest political movement of our times.—EDITOR.]

THE Peace of Portsmouth on the 29th day of August marked the transfer of the world's political capital from Europe to America, and this is its chief significance: Henceforth the political center of gravity is in the New World, or preferably in the world of *new ideas*. And on the very day that the Peace of Portsmouth was announced, the wires flashed out the glad news that the American plan for an International Parliament was approved in principle by the Interparliamentary Union, and that a Commission of seven eminent members of the various world parliaments had been named to consider all the details of the plan. So that on the same day, by the same nation, one war was brought to a speedy and timely end and a practical plan for perpetuating peace on a foundation of justice was presented to all the nations. Nothing like this ever took place before.

Of course it was inevitable that the United States would, in due time, exert pressure for the general acceptance of her principles. The remarkable thing is that pressure for this was powerfully applied on the very same day that the world awoke to the fact that hereafter America would exert the paramount influence in world politics.

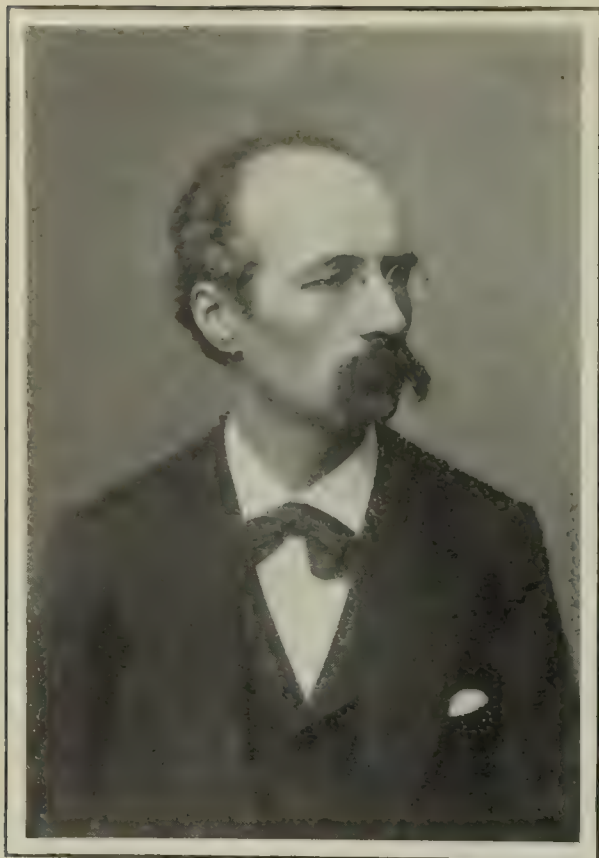
Americans who were in Europe when the Peace of Portsmouth was announced became conscious that the Continent had passed to that attitude of mind which such political prophets as Gladstone foresaw and foretold several decades ago.

The day after the Peace was declared, Count Albert Apponyi, the great Hungarian, rose in a company of national

lawmakers, assembled at Liège, and declared in words that silenced and inspired every person in the vast audience that this peace was not merely or mainly a personal triumph for President Roosevelt, but for the great principles on which this nation is founded; that back of President Roosevelt was the mighty power of the American people, exalted by their enjoyment of and fidelity to the true principles of liberty! A thrill shot thru the audience, and thru Europe, as his words were flashed over the wires; and as he took his seat in the midst of a burst of inspiration rather than applause, this thought came to me: Not Hungary only but the world is safer because this man lives and labors in its political fields.

He had declared, in effect, that the principles of political liberty would win a complete victory thruout the world. And his declaration woke response thruout Europe. Seventy-five years ago all Europe assembled at Vienna and conspired together in an unholy alliance to kill with sword and spear the very ideas which were now announcing thru this man, their early and full conquest of the world. The day before he had been appointed one of the "Seven." And from this scene he returned to Hungary to mature his views on the proper form for an International Parliament, to which the world may wisely delegate the task of bringing the law of nations out of darkness and uncertainty into the clearness of a system, duly sanctioned by the Nations and developed by the aid of this International Parliament.

It was my privilege to visit him and all



Henri Lafontaine.

but two of the other European Members of this Commission while they were considering the American plan, and also to be present at the sessions of the Commission at Paris on November 18th and 19th, when the way was opened for its realization by the report of the Commission.

I had rare opportunity to see into the secret of their lives, and I found that by daring deeds, when it was necessary to make a stand for "Principle," they have all been prepared for places on this Commission, and to lead in this great work.

The world has a right to know these men well, and they have a right to be known well, because in this way alone can they be properly sustained and enabled to finish the work they have begun for the welfare of the world.

Americans are fairly well acquainted with Richard Bartholdt, the United States member of the Commission. THE INDEPENDENT has given its readers a slight sketch of him. But a man cannot be condensed into a magazine article. We can lift the veil and let the world catch a glimpse of him in action. The eye that sees must interpret the thing seen. And Americans owe it to themselves to under-

stand Mr. Bartholdt in order that they may sustain him properly in what he is attempting for their welfare and the welfare of the world.

He dares to grasp every opportunity to make a stand for progress and right, and



Albert Apponyi.

to look for support after—not before—he takes his position.

It was this quality which enabled him at Vienna, in 1903, to make a stand for America as the proper place for the 1904 session of the Union, altho he had no other Members of Congress to sustain him, no authority to speak in the name of the nation, and no assurance from any source that the Congress would appropriate the necessary funds. Because he dared to do this, the whole world has made an immense move forward.

When the session convened at St. Louis, he dared to propose the calling of a second Hague Conference, and to suggest that it should consider the advisability of establishing a Permanent International Congress.

Many were astonished at his boldness when he walked into the Conference at Brussels and laid on the table a plan for a Permanent International Congress.

Some voices were even heard to say, "This is revolution." Mr. Bartholdt replied, "We call it evolution," and he stood like a rock until every wave of opposition or even of doubt was stilled.

Henri Lafontaine, the great Belgian Senator, says that Mr. Bartholdt's action has given new life to the Interparliamentary Union, and has put into practical politics the ideas which will solve the world's gravest political problems. For ten years Mr. Lafontaine has been a member of the Belgian Senate. He is one of those bold intelligences which walk about the world with open eyes,

of Arts and Sciences in 1904, he declared that an International Legislature must come to develop the law of nations, an International Judiciary to apply it to controversies, and an International Executive to see to its execution. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should be an ardent advocate of the American plan. And he was its most radical champion. He desires to go even farther than Mr. Bartholdt suggested.

The Hon. Philip Stanhope, president of the British delegation, was appointed President of the Commission. He enjoys being used as a battering ram to break thro reactionary thought. He has attended every session of the Interparliamentary Union since its organization at Paris in 1889, and can be counted on to take a stand for every progressive idea. It was he who made the motion in the British House of Commons, which summoned Cecil Rhodes to the Bar of the House to explain Chamberlain's connection with the Jameson Raid. And when his party was running away with the na-



Philip Stanhope.

maintaining the same mental attitude to a king as to any other man, for he can always give and always calls for a reason for any position assumed. He looks at institutions in order to see where they may be improved, he considers conditions in order to change them. He is not to be changed by them. He is always going forward and upward. In an address at St. Louis, before the Congress



Baroness von Surtner.

tion on the South African question he fearlessly threw himself in the way.

When the storm subsided the Hon. Philip Stanhope was no longer a Member of Parliament. But as soon as the nation became clothed and in its right mind again he was found in his accustomed seat. When the Commission met at Paris he drew up the preliminary report, and in doing so, set the example of "preferring others in honor." He was first to suggest the idea of turning the second Hague Conference into an International Congress, with power to assemble periodically and automatically, as the first step in realizing the ideal proposed by M. Bartholdt. In drawing the report, he mentions that this idea was put forward in Marquis Pandolfi's (Italy) suggestions, the Marquis himself being prevented from attending in person by imperative national duties. All the members of the Commission concerned themselves to see that the suggestions of others were duly credited.

When the members of the Commission were appointed, it was decided to leave the naming of the member for France to the President of the French delegation, the venerable Senator La Bische. Considering that this must become a notable part of history, some ambition to take part in the work of the Commission would be natural. There was one man in the French Parliament, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, to whom men naturally turned as France's representative. He was not at the Brussels Session, he was not even an active member of the group of which Senator La Bische was organizer and president. Indeed, he had organized an Arbitration Group of some 200 members, and was working independently of the regular group of the Interparliamentary Union.

And it was Senator La Bische who requested that Baron d'Estournelles be placed on the Commission for France. At every turn, every person engaged in this work has subordinated self, and considered only the finishing of the work

wisely and well. Baron d'Estournelles expressed to me the great joy he had found in working with men so devoted to the cause and so careless of the consequences to themselves.

And the Report of the Commission, signed at Paris November 19th, opens the way for the early realization of a Permanent International Parliament.

After the appointment of this Commission, I had the privilege of meeting Baroness Suttner at the fourteenth International Peace Conference at Lucerne. For many years she has been crying out to Europe that war was unnecessary. Her words have carried into many lands and have deeply moved many people.

She has not seen just how her hopes were to be realized, but however dark or apparently interminable the night, she has kept steadily to her premonition that the day of Peace must dawn some time and in some way. And tho many discouragements have been met she has never ceased to labor in this great cause. When I saw her she was laboring under a momentary sense of depression. After hearing what had been proposed at Brussels, and how this idea had been enthusiastically endorsed since January 1st of this year by over 100,000 people in America, in twenty-five States, she gazed long and silently at the Alps, which were shrouded in dark clouds. Mr. Felix Moscheles asked, "What are you looking at?" She replied, "The clouds, which this news from America makes radiant."

At that moment the members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee were scanning the heavens with their telescope in search for the greatest Peace worker of the world.

When they saw the light of Baroness Suttner's fruitful and incessant labors they ended their search, and all Americans who understand what she has done will rejoice in their award.

Without exception all these workers for Peace in Europe look to America for the realization of their hopes. And they do not look in vain.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Year in Finance and Trade

BY FRANK D. ROOT

[Mr. Root is a member of the staff of THE INDEPENDENT, and has for years devoted close attention to the general course of financial and industrial affairs, as described in the following article.—EDITOR.]

IN 1903, an almost continuous decline of prices in the securities market was accompanied by a large and ominous reduction of the iron output and by falling wages in some industries. The first half of 1904 was marked by uncertainty; in the second half, with the harvesting of great crops (wheat excepted), confidence was restored and the market value of securities rapidly advanced. In the final month a sharp but temporary reaction was caused by Mr. Lawson's attack upon a top-heavy speculative market from which strong support had been withdrawn.

At the beginning of the present year, there was nothing in the condition of trade and the industries to cause disquietude. The crops had been abundant. Of cotton there had been 13,500,000 bales, the greatest quantity ever harvested. In the iron and steel industry, that unfailing barometer, the revival that had begun in August was steadily increasing the output of products and enlarging the earnings of the manufacturing companies. Money could be had at low rates. During the first quarter, the market for securities, following the wild speculation of December, was in no way sensational, although the volume of business was large—more than 75,000,000 shares. In the last quarter of the preceding year, nearly 90,000,000 had been sold, but that had been almost half of the entire year's business. These first three months of 1905 saw 5,300,000 tons of iron made at the furnaces. If that rate should be maintained, the year's output (more than 21,000,000) would largely exceed that of 1904 (16,500,000) or the 18,000,000 tons of 1903. The rate of the first quarter has been maintained, and even increased. In the industrial and financial record of 1905 there is nothing more important than the great crops and this enormous output of iron. Activity at the furnace and the steel mill was stimulated by the railroad companies' large orders for rails, cars, etc., and the companies' ability to buy was due mainly to the crops.

During this first quarter were seen the beginnings of large additions to the prices of what are called gilt-edged stocks, and a considerable rise of the shares of Southern iron companies was caused by negotiations for a consolidation of those corporations. Later, these negotiations were suspended, to be renewed at the end of the year. Railroads sold large issues of bonds with ease. Half of a Japanese loan of \$150,000,000 was allotted to this country, and was heavily oversubscribed in New York, which eventually will be the chief money centre of the world. Part of another Japanese loan was placed here in December.

Demand for iron and steel was noticeably strong in April and May. In each of those months the furnace output was nearly 2,000,000 tons, and there was evidence that substantially all of it went at once into consumption. In June, however, buyers were less eager, and the output fell away a little until September, when demand revived and sales became enormous. In April, collapse of a corner in wheat for May delivery, with the accompanying highly sensational defalcation of a Milwaukee bank president, affected the securities market. The bitterly contested strike of the Chicago teamsters exerted a depressing influence, and the election of Mayor Dunne upon a platform calling for the immediate municipal ownership of the Chicago street railways was used by some to the disadvantage of values. The condition of the Equitable Life Assurance Society began to excite public interest, but it is not clear that the life insurance scandal has affected the price of securities. Winter wheat was reported by the Government to be in fine condition (91.6). This was encouraging, because of the shortage last year, when 5,000,000 acres of the winter-killed plants were plowed under.

It was in the latter part of May that prices declined because the pace had been too fast. On the 22d, following an advertised prediction of Mr. Lawson, many stocks touched the lowest point of the year. There were signs that in the

iron industry production had passed the limits of consumption. But money rates were still low, bank clearings very largely exceeded those of 1904, and the increased earnings of railroads were providing funds for enlarged dividends soon to be announced. Peace in the building trades at New York had been restored by a new arbitration agreement. Japan's victories pointed to peace in the East, and in June Japan and Russia were to accept President Roosevelt's proposition for a peace conference. As the season advanced, the weather was most favorable for the growing of crops. But June was a waiting month. Only 12,500,000 shares were sold on the New York Exchange. Dividends on Reading common and Amalgamated Copper were increased, and in July additions were made by several other companies. News relating to the anthracite coal roads was of the most encouraging character, foreshadowing the large advance in share values which was to be realized before the end of the year.

Beginning with July, the market was affected chiefly by crop reports and railway earnings. For the first half of the year gross earnings showed an increase of about \$70,000,000. July's official crop report indicated 2,625,000,000 bushels of corn and nearly 700,000,000 bushels of wheat. But not until August was the revival of trade and speculation to be shown clearly by the record. In that month buyers turned again to the steel mills, and the iron output began to rise again, meeting a demand so great that in October the furnaces produced the enormous quantity of 2,053,127 tons. The world was also buying copper, and the rapidly advancing price of this metal was to stimulate speculation in the shares of copper companies. In August Mr. Lawson advertised for subscriptions to a pool capital of \$10,000,000. This was to be used in depressing the market values of copper shares and the metal. He obtained the money, and in the last month of the year he admitted that he had lost \$3,600,000 of it.

It is difficult to illustrate the course of this year's securities market by a brief table of prices. The figures given below indicate the very small gains of some railroads, the large gains of others, the

low quotations of May 22d, and the great advance (mainly in the latter part of the year) of the shares of coal roads, copper companies, and the corporations engaged in various branches of the steel industry:

	Jan. 3.	Apr. 1.	May 22.	Aug. 1.	Dec. 15.
Atchison..	88½	88½	77½	87¾	88¾
Bk. R. Tr.	61	68½	57½	69½	91½
Can. Pac..	133½	148½	142½	155¾	174¾
St. Paul..	172½	176	168½	181½	180¾
Del. & H..	185½	192	178½	194¾	223
Lackaw'a..	340	395	370	425	475
Erie	37¾	45½	37½	46½	48½
Lou. & N..	140	141½	140	146¾	153¾
Metropol.	120¼	123	114½	128¼	121¾
N. Y. Cen.	142	162¼	136¾	147½	147¾
Mo. Pac..	107½	107	94½	101¾	103¼
Pennsyl....	138¾	143½	131½	143½	142½
Reading ..	80	95	86½	105¾	139¾
Un. Pac...	114½	130¾	115	131½	145½
Amal. Cop.	72	80¾	75	85½	102½
Am. Loc..	35	50¾	44	49¼	70
" " pr.	103	115	100	112	116½
Am. Smelt.	81½	104½	106¼	125½	164½
" " pr.	113	122½	116¾	124	131½
Am. Sugar	142¾	142½	130	144¼	149½
Fed. Smelt.	62½	111	100	109	137½
Nat. Lead..	24¼	48¾	42¼	48¾	87¾
" " pr.	96½	110	106	105	105
Steel Car..	38½	42	34½	43	56½
Ten. C. & I.	71½	98¼	73	90¾	141½
U. S. Rub..	33¾	43¾	35½	52¾	56
U. S. Steel.	30¾	36	24½	35½	38½
" " pr.	93¾	96½	90¾	104½	105½

In September, all conditions were favorable. Official reports on the 10th proved that the country's crops were the largest ever harvested. General business had never been better. On the railroads there was a congestion of freight. Earnings showed considerable increases, even when compared with the large totals of the corresponding weeks in 1904. But, if stocks were to advance, they must contend against the restraining influence of high rates for money.

Stringency in the money market has been a prominent feature of the financial history of 1905's closing months. From the beginning to the end of 1904 the rates for loans on call were very low. At the end of September, in the present year, the rate rose to 7 per cent., which was the highest since 1903. Eastern money was going westward to move the crops; at the same time speculators for the rise were bidding for it in New York. This rate of 7 per cent. was followed a few weeks later by one of 28 per cent. Reserves were low in the banks; they were also low at London, Berlin and Paris. All over the civilized world there

was an unusual demand for capital. The Bank of England's discount rate was raised twice, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3, and then to 4 per cent. Germany's Imperial Bank increased its rate to $4\frac{1}{2}$, to 5, to $5\frac{1}{2}$, and then (in December) to 6. At the end of the first week in October the New York Clearing House banks' surplus above the required reserves was only \$4,200,000. A month later it had fallen to \$2,354,000, and on November 11th a deficit of \$2,428,000 was shown, the first since September, 1902. On the next business day, therefore, the rate in New York for call loans rose to 25 per cent. But the reserves were speedily replenished by a severe contraction of loans, and before the end of the month the surplus was \$9,000,000.

This lack of money, however, could not prevent a remarkable speculative rise in the prices of some securities, notably the shares of coal roads and steel and copper companies. In November, nearly 27,000,000 shares were sold on the New York Exchange, and November's clearings, for the entire country, were the largest ever reported in one month.

Money rates were high again in December, rising temporarily even to 28 per cent. On the 9th the banks' reserve was again deficient, but it was replenished a week later, with \$4,000,000 to spare. General confidence and the real strength of the situation have been shown by the large and even sensational advances on the Exchange that have taken place during this period of monetary stringency. On Monday, December 18th, it was announced that a national bank, a savings bank and a trust company, in Chicago, all controlled by John R. Walsh, were to wind up their affairs and go out of business, having been seriously embarrassed by their loans to their controlling owner. A disastrous failure appears to have been prevented by the prompt support of Chicago's other banks, and all depositors will be paid in full. This untoward event depressed prices on the New York Exchange for a few hours, but nearly all of the decline was recovered before the close of the day.

Below are shown the sales of stocks and bonds on the New York Exchange for eleven months of the present year. The total for twelve months will nearly

equal that of 1901, which was 265,944,000 shares. Last year's was only 187,312,000, and neither in 1902 nor in 1903 were more than 190,000,000 shares sold:

	Stocks Shares.	Bonds Par Value.
January	20,792,558	\$139,454,100
February	25,239,088	112,810,850
March	29,138,838	99,534,600
April	29,298,456	76,806,400
May	20,517,560	68,532,650
June	12,576,469	79,995,800
July	13,273,665	64,581,250
August	20,205,735	89,362,500
September	16,012,044	69,313,000
October	17,674,807	73,857,720
November	26,823,550	77,333,300

Those who review the year will see that first in importance have been the crops. One great harvest has followed another, for the agricultural output of 1904 was deficient only in wheat, while the yield of cotton was the greatest ever known. This year's crop of cotton is probably a little in excess of 10,000,000 bales (instead of 13,550,000), but the higher price will give the planter satisfactory profits. By the official final report, the corn crop of 1905 was 2,707,993,000 bushels, the greatest ever harvested, and the yield of all the other kinds of grain has been large. The beneficent effect of this abundance will be felt thruout the year to come.

A marvelous record has been made in the iron and steel industry. Since 1897, the iron output of the United States has been doubled, and the quantity produced here this year is equal to more than half of the entire world's output in 1904. Here is a table that shows what the furnaces have been doing since the beginning of last year:

	1904. Tons.	1905. Tons.
January	921,231	1,776,568
February	1,205,449	1,596,933
March	1,447,065	1,936,229
April	1,557,267	1,922,041
May	1,533,350	1,967,586
June	1,292,030	1,793,289
July	1,106,297	1,741,935
August	1,167,672	1,841,413
September	1,352,677	1,898,873
October	1,450,401	2,053,127
November	1,480,602	2,014,021
December	1,614,349	

Of course, the report for December is not yet available, but it is known that at the beginning of the month the weekly capacity of furnaces in blast was 474,500 tons, against a capacity of 460,000 on November 1st, and in November more

than 2,000,000 tons were produced. In 1904, the world's output was 44,804,000 tons, the greater part of which was distributed as follows: United States, 16,497,033; Germany, 9,944,261; Great Britain, 8,562,658; France, 2,952,377; Russia, 2,839,800; Belgium, 1,262,566. Our output this year will be about 22,500,000. In the following table is shown the growth of the pig iron industry in this country:

	Tons.
1896	8,623,127
1897	9,652,680
1898	11,773,934
1899	13,620,703
1900	13,789,242
1901	15,878,354
1902	17,821,307
1903	18,009,252
1904	16,497,033
1905 (11 months).....	20,540,015

Thruout the past year, except for a few weeks in the summer, the demand for manufactured products of iron was enormous. In the year's last quarter all records of production in the steel mills were broken. Orders already placed cover the capacity of some of the great mills for a year to come. It is predicted that 37,000,000 tons of ore will be shipped from the Lake mines next year. This year the shipments were 34,000,000. Of the ore available in 1906, 96 per cent. has already been placed. The price of copper has risen to 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents, apparently in response to a genuine demand for consump-

tion. This explains the intense speculation in the shares of copper mining companies.

A reaction in copper share prices may reasonably be expected, and Mr. Lawson may be able to take advantage of it. Thus far he has been unfortunate, and the experience of those associated with him in his \$10,000,000 "bear" pool has been depressing. It was at the end of August that he advertised his prediction that the price of the metal and of Amalgamated shares would sharply decline. Since that time the price of copper has advanced to 18 $\frac{3}{4}$, about 20 points have been added to the price of the company's stock, and his pool has lost \$3,600,000.

What are sometimes called underlying conditions have, thru the past year, continuously opposed any one who sought to depress values. They have also defied successfully a tight money market and the effect of such disclosures as have been made in the life insurance investigation. Great crops, unprecedented activity in general business, growing railway earnings, increased dividends, and leading manufacturing industries driven to the limit of capacity, have actually and steadily increased the value of securities. At the same time the cost of living has been rising, until now, according to the tables of measurement, it is higher than at any date in the last twenty-two years.

NEW YORK CITY.

Three Score

BY FRANCIS C. MOORE

*"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him."—Psalm 91.
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—Isaiah 26:3.*

UPON Life's summit here I stand,
Dear Lord, so near the promised land,
E'en as of old, from Pisgah's crest
Thy servant gazed ere laid to rest;
But not for me such vision clear;
I may not see the end, though near,
Nor would I ask—submissive still
In all things to thy sovereign will;
My only plea my love for thee,
My only hope thy love for me.

How can I doubt that love today
So helpful on my Heavenward way,
From planted grain to harvest yield,
On many a hard-fought battlefield;
Salvation's helmet on my brow,
I will not doubt deliverance now;
In perfect peace, come toil or strife,
I trust thee to the close of life;
My only plea my love for thee,
My only hope thy love for me.

Ere long in Christian armor bright
I'll gird me for my last great fight,
To fight alone, no comrade near;
With Shield of Faith I'll feel no fear
Nor blench when called to take my stand,
Thy Spirit-sword within my hand;
On that last battle turn thy face,
O Lord of Hosts, and grant me grace;
My only plea my love for thee,
My only hope thy love for me.

The Demand of the Hour

BY RICHARD BARTHOLDT

Member of Congress from Missouri and Ex-President of the Inter-parliamentary Union.

SINCE the blot of slavery has been wiped from the escutcheon of the American Union there has been no great, soul-stirring moral question before our people. That the human heart longs for such an issue, consciously or not, there can be no doubt, and this possibly explains the deep-going interest which all classes of our population—at least all thinking men among them—evinced in the progress of the peace movement. The problem of limiting the possibility of public war in the same manner as private war has been limited, and of thus conforming the status of international relations to the requirements of a humane and enlightened age, is evidently being regarded by the American people as a moral question of the high order just described.

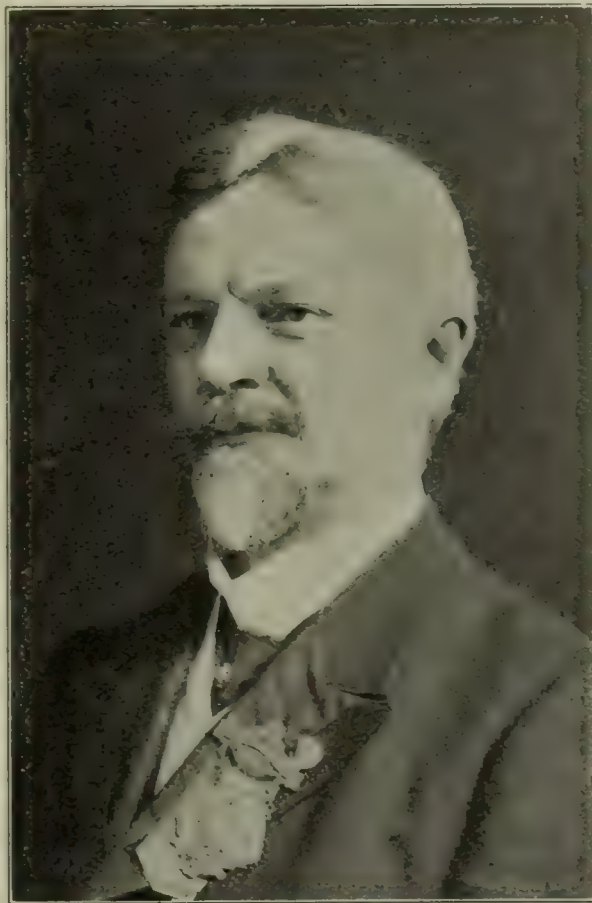
It is no doubt due to this consideration that the editor of *THE INDEPENDENT* has kept his readers so exceptionally well informed as to the progress of that movement, whose well known object is simply to substitute international order for international anarchy, trial by court for trial by battle, judicial decisions for bloody war. The readers of *THE INDEPENDENT* are aware that in every part of the civilized globe there are moral forces at work to secure such wise substitution, and they are also advised as to the measures which the leaders of the movement are regarding as necessary to accomplish this purpose. In the matter

of bringing the question down from the cloudy domain of speculative thought to the solid ground of practical statesmanship and of concentrating the many divergent views upon concrete and well defined demands, great progress has been made during the last two years. This is largely due to the influence of the Interparliamentary Union, that organization of lawmakers which makes for in-

ternational amity and peace and which has formulated these demands in such a way as not only to make them acceptable to every well meaning government, but also to leave no valid excuse for their rejection by any nation. To appreciate fully the extent of the progress recently made, it is necessary to refer to the latest developments, which are not only new and most interesting, but, up to date, have not been mentioned either by the daily press or any other publication.

It will be remembered that at the recent conference of the Interparliament-

ary Union, held at Brussels, one of the American propositions was to create an International Congress to codify international law and secure to such law, thru the solemn forms of legislation, the sanction of all the nations. This is an old American pet scheme which Elihu Burritt and others advocated in European Peace Congresses as long as fifty years ago. But the same objections raised then were interposed this year,



Richard Bartholdt.

namely, that the plan would interfere with the principle of sovereignty. In spite of these objections, however, the American delegates stuck to their proposition so persistently that the plan, instead of being pigeonholed, was finally referred to a commission with instructions to report within three months. This was generally regarded as a significant American victory, but the more substantial part of the triumph was yet to come. A few weeks ago cable dispatches announced that the commission had met at Paris and practically decided in favor of the American plan of an International Congress, without stating, however, how the Congress was to be constituted. Mail advices have, in the mean time, supplied this information, and the news is of such a character as to justify the friends of peace to hail it with delight. The proposed solution of the problem will appear to them as what it really is: an inspiration. Listen how the commission proposes to constitute the Congress:

The next Hague Conference (which is to meet some time during the coming summer) is to be constituted into a permanent body, a sort of senate, which is to assemble automatically and periodically, and the Interparliamentary Union is to be reorganized so as to act as a parliamentary official adjunct or a lower house. In the senate each nation is to have the same voice or weight by vote, while in the lower house the representation will be proportional. Thus there would be two chambers: In the one the executive, in the other the parliamentary branches of national governments would be represented and carried up into the new International Parliament.

It will be noticed at a glance that in its results this plan will insure to the world, in the simplest and most practical manner possible, exactly what the writer, on behalf of the Interparliamentary group in Congress, had proposed at Brussels, namely, an International Legislature of two houses, one to be created and controlled by the executives; the other by the parliaments or, which is practically the same thing, the people. The first duty to be performed by that new international body is declared to be "to codify international law and keep it up to date."

The question naturally arises how this great international reform is to be brought about. In view of the early assembling of the new Hague Conference, it appears to be merely a question of inducing this body to proceed to the consideration of the plan. Its feasibility will surely be admitted by the delegates of the several countries as readily as the supreme necessity of an early compilation and sanction, by the nations, of what now passes under the name of international law. It would seem that the advocacy and presentation of the plan by so influential an organization as the Interparliamentary Union should in itself be sufficient to insure its respectful and favorable consideration by the Conference; but, in addition to this, the members of that Union will no doubt use their influence with their respective governments in favor of the proposition. To leave nothing to chance, however, and to guard, if possible, against the loss of a golden opportunity of advancing a great cause—too many of these have been lost in the past—the writer proposes to introduce a resolution in Congress authorizing and directing the President of the United States to instruct the delegates to the Hague Conference to favor this plan and to do all that lies in their power toward securing its adoption.

What favorable action, by the Conference, upon this magnificent scheme would mean to civilization and to the cause of humanity and international justice, is apparent to all. In addition to an international judiciary, now afforded by the High Court at The Hague, the world would be assured of the benefit of an International Legislature charged with the duty first of supplying the law which is to govern the judiciary in the adjudication of cases to be brought before it, and secondly of agreeing on a system of arbitration by which the possibilities of war will be reduced to a minimum. A reduction of armaments will follow without further agitation, and as naturally as ripe fruit falls off the tree, and this will be only one of the beneficial consequences of the proposed international organization. A permanent "Hague Conference," with the power to meet periodically and when it pleases, once assured, there will be no more need

of the friends of peace and arbitration to prevail upon Czars or Presidents to call such a body into being.

It goes without saying that the change here proposed will require the sanction of all the governments to give it force and effect, even after the second Hague Conference has pronounced in its favor. But no one need feel any concern on that score. If the people are given a

chance to pass judgment upon this reform—the greatest, most far-reaching and most beneficial to mankind yet undertaken—they are sure to rise to the full height of their glorious opportunity, and the moment they grasp the new dispensation in its full comprehensiveness, their majestic power will force all other “majesties,” great or small, to capitulate unconditionally.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



The Cathedral

BY THOMAS WALSH

(High in their groves of stone the ancient
Bells intone:)

Hosannas fling we on the midnight air!

The tongues of silver, lips of brass are
ours.

And far to sound their gladness or their
care

Men hung us here amid these carven towers—

In excelsis Gloria!

(Pulse with that joyous tone the Spires in
unison:)

We that are earth's last flowering up to
God

Bear to the stars the gladness of the land!

(The Gargoyles mouth and leer from every
spire and pier:)

We for earth's outcasts witness; in the sod

The worm and flower are equal in His
hand—

In excelsis Gloria!

(Then the Foundation Stone heaves forth its
joy alone:)

Brother to that bare stone of Bethlehem

Whereon His earliest pillow was—am I!

Let the glad chimes remember that for them

My shoulders prop their cyries in the
sky—

In excelsis Gloria!

(Then from the Organs pour their canticles of
yore:)

To God in utmost heaven what proud acclaim
Of Glory, Love and Sovereignty shall sound!

Oh, that the winds which over Bethlehem came
Were in our throats to make His praise
abound—

In excelsis Gloria!

(As their great chants arise the Baptistry
sighs:)

O Bethlehem in me each day renewed!—

(The Crypts where deep are stored monarch
and saint and lord:)

Hosanna from the Manger of the Dead!—

(The Altar Tapers fair burn out their souls in
prayer;)

There was a star upon that solitude

Wherefrom was Perfect Light on Juda
shed—

In excelsis Gloria!

(Then all the Townsfolk cry in one pure chant
on high:)

Flesh of our flesh unto the earth He came;

Soul of His soul to win us home again;

Wherefore let soul and body both proclaim

The Christ in us reborn this night to men—

In excelsis Gloria!

Et in terra Pax!

MT. ARLINGTON, N. J.

Peace Before the Angels' Song

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D.D., LL.D.



HAD left Baghdad several days before and was going south with some ten men and twenty horses and mules to explore the almost unmap-ped sands, swamps and mounds

about the lower Tigris and Euphrates. We saw on one side the prominent mound of Zibliya, and I bade my caravan move on toward the distant Niffer, then unexplored, while my companion, Mr. J. H. Haynes, and my interpreter, Mr. Daniel Noorian, rode with me to the top of Zibliya, to examine the mound and take observations with the prismatic compass. From there I saw a smaller mound half a mile off, and I told my two companions to follow after the caravan, while I would ride rapidly to the mound and soon overtake them. It was a dreary waste, blown into lines of sand hills, and a war between the Arab tribes was said to have made it dangerous. I had just reached the top of the mound when I saw Mr. Haynes galloping toward me. He hastily told me that an Arab was stealthily watching us, and that we must get together as quickly as possible. So we galloped on and overtook our caravan several miles ahead; but all the time we would see the Arab horseman occasionally emerging from behind a sand hill and keeping abreast of us. Soon we saw directly in front of us a flag waving from the top of a far distant hill, and a man standing beside it in full view. Then there came another, till some twenty armed Arabs stood ready to meet us. We could only go forward and learn their purpose, as they evidently wished to know ours. Our interpreter and our Turkish soldier rode forward to meet them and cried, "Salaam," "Peace." "Salaam," "Peace," they replied, and on both sides, armed as we were and ready to defend ourselves, we felt relieved. We rode on toward Niffer, and as we left them the Arabs

formed in a line, dancing and singing: "O Beg, we are beating our niter; O Beg, we are beating our niter," a war refrain to indicate that their powder was being prepared and they were ready for war. I learned two things; one that the measure of poetry is dictated by the dance, and the other the meaning of *Salaam* and the value of Peace.

To the savage war is the natural condition. The only peace it knows is that of conquest. It makes a desert and calls it peace. A stranger is an enemy. In Latin the same word *hostis* means both *stranger* and *enemy*. When two strangers met it was necessary that they should make truce by calling out "Peace." We do not need to utter the Oriental greeting, because with us peace is the normal state of society. When Jesus was born the angels greeted the world with the Eastern salutation, "Peace on earth to good-willing men," the men of peace. What other greeting could there have been when it was prophesied that the Messiah should be the "Prince of Peace"?

In the Old Testament *peace* is one of the commonest words of blessing as well as of greeting. Jehovah's "covenant of peace" is many times repeated. The longing for peace is expressed in the description of the coming Messianic age, when they shall beat their swords into plowshares. The angels' *salaam* was the announcement that the Messianic age had come. Peace was thought of as the greatest of blessings. Said Jehovah to Moses, as his chief promise to Israel, "I will give peace in the land, and none shall make it afraid." In the Psalms the highest promise is "abundance of peace till the moon be no more." The petition is, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," and the answer is, "Peace shall be upon Israel." Israel's golden age was in the reign of Solomon, when there was no war, and Solomon's name means *Peace*. Because he was a man of peace he could build the temple to the God of peace. The Hebrew word which means *Peace* is

common in proper names; more than a dozen men in the Hebrew Scriptures are called *Shallum*, and there are other such names as *Shelemiah* and *Salome*.

Before the Prince of Peace came the world had always hungered after peace. The wisest of the Greek deities created the olive, and when the gods contended as to which had given the best benefaction to man, the honor was awarded to Athene, because her gift of peace was more precious than the war horse of Neptune. What the Greeks thought of peace is further shown in the fact that they made her a special goddess, Eirene, one of the Hours, in conjunction with Eunomia, Good Order, and Dike, Justice. Her father was the supreme lawgiver, Zeus, and her mother Themis, Right; and her son was Plutus, Wealth. On the other hand Bellona, goddess of war, was the daughter of Mars, and her companions were the Furies, and Fear, Terror and Dread. In her hair were flying serpents, her garments were stained with blood, and before her she swung the torch of conflagration. The Romans held it a rare and blessed year when, in times of peace, the temple of Janus could be closed. In such a time, says Horace:

"Now Peace, and ancient Chastity, and Faith,
And Honor dare return, and Virtue long
forgot,
And blessed Plenty, with her laden horn."

When Virgil wishes in his highest strain, which Pope has imitated in his "Messiah," to picture the coming Golden Age, he tells Pollio that the newborn child "shall rule over a world all at peace, by the ancestral virtues," and "cities shall no longer be protected by walls"; "the deadly serpent and the poisonous plant shall cease." And even in war-loving Greece Euripides feels the curse of the Trojan War, and the Chorus cries that, but for Helen and Paris,

"No tear had dewed the widowed bed;
No father mourned his children dead."

Still clearer did the Greeks recognize the preciousness of peace in their myth of the peaceful Island of the Hesperides, with its golden fruit, beyond the ocean, where day and night were equal, and where, undisturbed by war, Atlas holds up the heavens. Thither wended Hercules, and many another son of the gods, to find an Elysium on earth.

The Egyptians were an agricultural people, and so not naturally given to war. Accordingly, we have the most extraordinary fact that Egypt had no god of war, and, secluded as she was by the sea and the deserts, she was seldom in danger of invasion. Her gods were the Sun and the Heavens, and those that ruled the realm of the dead; gods of nature or the resurrection. The hostile god Set was god of darkness and cloud and desert, and fought only the good Sun-god, Ra. And when the soul of the dead stood for judgment before Osiris, judge of the under-world, and his forty-two assessors, to each of them the soul protests its innocence, while in life, of some special sin. This wholly negative confession declares the man in his lifetime to have been a man of justice and peace. "Hail," says he to one of them, "I have not made any man to be afraid." "I have not made my speech to burn with anger." "I have not made any person to weep," he says to another of the forty-two. Perhaps the most remarkable Egyptian document is a treaty of peace with the Hittites.

Babylonia and Assyria differed from Egypt in that half their gods were gods of war. They carried no emblems of life, no lotus or papyrus blossoms, but swords, axes, arrows and clubs. And yet the Assyrians had a god Shalman, Peace, and four Assyrian kings bore the name *Shalmaneser*, Shalman will protect. One of the oldest of the myths, that of Dibbarra, is devoted to the horrors of war and the blessings of peace. The god Dibbarra thus addresses a leader:

"Thou shalt fear no one, nor have compassion.
Kill the young and old alike,
The tender suckling likewise; spare no one."

It sounds like the words of Jehovah to the angels that watch over Jerusalem as given by Ezekiel:

"Go ye thru the city and smite:
Let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity.
Slay utterly the old man, the young man, and
the maiden,
And little children and women."

But another god protests against such slaughter, and he is appeased. And the story ends with the promise that he who worships the god shall dwell in peace; "he shall escape from the grasp of the enemy"; "sword and pestilence shall not

touch him; he shall dwell in safety." If it be true that the Babylonians and their gods were mighty in war, it is yet true that they felt the value of peace. The use of the salaam goes back to them. Their greeting was with this very word for peace, and their prayers of dedication were for the peace and life of the king. Their word for *peace*, the same word as appears in *salaam*, in *Jeru-salem*, City of Peace, and in *Solomon*, was from a root that meant *to be complete, perfect*, as if peace were the perfection of all blessing. Especially does Hammurabi in the prolog and the epilog of his Code, some 2200 B. C., dwell on the blessings of peace, which his laws were meant to assure and preserve. For his first blessing to his people, he tells us:

"I provided them with a peaceful country; . . . I brought health to the land; I made the people to rest in security. . . . In my bosom I carried the people of the land; under my protection I brought their brethren into security; in my wisdom I restrained them, that the strong might not oppress the weak, and that they should give justice to the orphan and the widow."

Such was the value set upon peace by Hammurabi, who calls himself "*Shar misharim*," "King of Righteousness," an exact translation into Babylonian of the

name of his contemporary, Melchizedek, who ruled the city of Jerusalem, City of Peace.

Of old China has been a land of peace, and has hated war. Confucius and Lao-tze equally taught that peace is the chief of blessings. Thus the latter, who wrote more than 500 years before our era, says in his "Ethics":

"Where armies are quartered briars and thorns grow. Great wars are always followed by famines. Even beautiful weapons are unblest among tools, and people should shun them. The superior man uses arms only when compelled. Peace and quietude he loves. To rejoice at a conquest means to enjoy the slaughter of men."

One need not quote further from Confucius, nor from the sayings and stories of Buddha and the sages of India.

The world has always longed for peace, and has always had a golden age of peace behind it, and has expected a second Eden yet to come, when "wars hateful to mothers" shall cease. But of all the ancient eulogies and prophecies of peace the most eloquent and beautiful was the salaam of the angels to the world, which announced the coming of the Prince of Peace and the Kingdom of God.

NEW YORK CITY.



The King's Own

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY

'Tis but a Jew-baby—"Nay, 'tis God's Son!"
'Tis but an outcast—"Nay, the King's Own!"
Naked He slumbers—"Kings' cover His."
Landless and houseless—"But His mother's kiss?"

'Tis but a Jew-baby—"Hark, the white wings!"
Manger-born, kine-keeping—"Wide heaven sings!"
Crownless His head is—"See, then, the thorn."
Out of night's black void—"Golden the morn."

'Tis but a Jew-baby—"Saviour and Son."
'Tis but an outcast—"Nay, the King's Own!"
Road-worn, barefoot—"But the loving waves part."
Houseless and homeless—"Here, then, my heart."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The United States of America

BY KOGORO TAKAHIRA

Japanese Minister to the United States and Peace Commissioner at Portsmouth.

AT this season of the year the whole of Christendom should be dominated by feelings of peace on earth and good will toward men. Particularly should this kindly feeling permeate the length and breadth of this great country, stretching, as it does, from ocean to ocean and bounded on the north and south only by the extreme of latitude.

Your farmers are prosperous; your mines are yielding enormous returns, so far as they have been developed; your factories are working full time; your railroads are burdened with traffic, and every channel of commerce is at flood tide; and yet vast as it is in area and populated with over 80,000,000 of contented people, this nation is but in its infancy to what it will grow in the next fifty years. What will be its place among the nations of the world at the end of that period? It takes no prophet to predict what that position will be. Forecast the future with what has been accomplished in the past, and the question answers itself.

Less than half a century ago your frontiersmen were battling with marauding Indians and struggling at the risk of their lives to build homes in places now not so remote from the center of population. The only means of transportation were the flat boats of the Ohio, or the prairie schooners of the plains, while your foreign commerce was carried on fast sailing Baltimore clippers.

Today the emigrant from Europe travels in rapidly moving steam cars, and your sailing vessels have given place to steamships, so that the journey of months is now reduced to days.

At that time agriculture was the chief industry, and undoubtedly in the years to come the largest percentage of your population will be engaged in that calling. In this connection I learn that the prosperity of your country is said to depend upon the prosperity of the farmer.

When the crops are good, the factory runs full hours, and the storekeeper does not hesitate to order a full stock of goods. It would seem improbable, however, that in this wide country there should be in the future a universal failure of crops, so that either the farmers as a class or the other inhabitants of this country should suffer. This might have happened twenty years ago, but when one considers that since your great Civil War there have been developed the vast wheat fields of the



Kogoro Takahira.

Northwest; the far greater area of land in the corn planting belt in the Middle West; the enormous cattle and sheep ranches, and that all this vast territory is compactly joined together by your splendid systems of railroads, there should be but little chance of a universal crop failure, and financial depression among farmers. What is true as to the development of the great West is also true as to the South. The Southern States now have a larger acreage of cotton than

ever before, the character of crops is more diversified, and fortunes are being made in raising enormous quantities of fruit and vegetables for Northern markets.

Many of your eminent statesmen have confidently asserted in the past that the United States must always remain distinctively an agricultural country, and I am informed that there are millions of acres of land under cultivation; that many more have not yet been reclaimed, and also that the last census gives a large percentage of your population as engaged in tilling the soil. Nevertheless, I believe it needs no acute mind to discern that the wealth, strength and prosperity of the United States does not depend entirely upon agriculture. Prosperous it is beyond all doubt, but it seems to me there is greater prosperity enjoyed by the other industries of your country.

I am amazed wherever I travel to see the varied industries; the thousands of men employed, and the unostentatious display of wealth back of these teeming, bustling, successful enterprises. I have been told most of them have come into existence within the past thirty years, and that every year new enterprises are starting up.

In this period of great prosperity your country is now enjoying one becomes sanguine and fails to keep in mind that depression and adversity may come at the most unexpected time. Such is the history of trade, in all nations and all times. But it is well also to reflect that in this great country you now have a population which is increasing at the rate of about 1,000,000 a year, and that your home industries have made but a small tho keen impression upon the foreign commerce of the world. You are manufacturing to supply a home demand. The time is coming when your merchants and manufacturers will reach out and grasp their share of that foreign commerce; when your industries, varied and great as they look now, will be considered in-

significant. When that time comes Americans will compare the future with the present, and the comparison will be as striking as the present is with the past of ten to fifty years ago. With all these natural resources, which have barely been developed, the United States of America is bound to become the most powerful nation in wealth and influence in the world. And what strikes me most keenly is that even with the enormously rapid increase of population America will never be compelled to buy abroad her food-stuffs or any other articles of daily necessity, as most other countries do. This is the most important point where lies the great strength of this country. It may, therefore, be predicted that the position the United States will gain among the nations will be most prominent and powerful. It will not, however, be maintained by force, such as maintained in some countries, altho that force may be latent, for the traditions of your country are against it. It will, in fact, be maintained by pacific measures, fair treatment and dignified peace.

Such a code of conduct has controlled the United States in the past, will be potent in the future, and is characteristic of your people as the result of your education. It is true your population of 80,000,000 is not all native-born; but the power of assimilation peculiar to this nation, encouraging the foreign-born emigrant to quickly acquire the attributes of American citizenship, is an emphatic indorsement of those cardinal principles of the American people: to maintain law and order; and an unvarying adherence to the doctrine that the majority shall rule. Under such institutions, the solid and vigorous growth of this already great nation must be most assured and the power consequent upon it must be most telling in backing the position of the United States among the nations and in contributing to the peace of the world.

WASHINGTON, D. C.





The Magi

BY JOHN WARD STIMSON

The Magi came, at Christmastide,
Into the night, with gifts resplendent—
Coursers, camels, robes of pride,
Wealth of satellites dependent!

They came with pomp; they came from far,
And followed fast the "Morning" Star!

Low, in a cradle made of hay,
A monarch from the heavens lay!
Was it a king in glory dight?
No—'twas a cherub in pink and white!

It, too, had traveled alone from far,
And came in the arms of the "Evening" Star!

Which of the twain shall we worship most?
The Star with the train and the splendid host?
The Star of triumph? the Star of power?
Or the Star that twinkles at twilight hour?

The "Love Star" tender? Now, watch and see,
It is the Magi bend the knee!

Ah, glory of genius, pride or wealth!
Splendor of wisdom, knowledge, health!
Powers of busy brain and feet,
All of the treasures of earth complete!
Spirit of beauty and love, at last,
At Thy tiny feet, all crowns are cast!

NORDHOFF, CAL.



Charles Augustus Peabody

BY FISHER A. BAKER

[Mr. Baker, who contributes the following article on the new President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, has been associated in the practice of law with Mr. Peabody for the past thirty years, and consequently writes with full authority and ample knowledge.—EDITOR.]

MR. PEABODY, who was unanimously elected President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held last Wednesday, was born in New York city on April 11th, 1849. He was prepared for college at the Columbia Grammar School and was graduated at Columbia University with the class of 1869. Studying law at the Columbia Law School, he was admitted to the bar in 1871, since which time he has practiced his profession in this city with marked ability and success. For the last thirty years he has been a partner with me and is now carrying on business under the firm name of Baker & Peabody.

I have known Mr. Peabody from the time he was a boy, as I had known his father before him, and I bear cheerful testimony to his rugged honesty and high character.

In 1876 Mr. Peabody was nominated for and elected to the State Legislature from the old Eleventh Assembly District. He served only one term and refused a second nomination. The engrossing nature of his private business has since that time prevented his active participation in political affairs. He has always enjoyed good health and is now full of strength and vigor. He believes in reasonable economy in business and has but little patience with extravagant expenditure for purposes of show. He

is democratic in manner and easily approachable.

Mr. Peabody is a man accustomed to large affairs, and has for some years been the counsel and American representative of William Waldorf Astor. He is of calm temperament, transacts business easily, and the more it crowds him and becomes complicated the cooler he grows. He thinks for himself and does not borrow his judgments in business affairs from others. His mind acts quickly and his decisions once made are firmly held to. By principle and habit he says what he means and means what he says.

Mr. Peabody has set forth in the public press that he has but little knowledge of the scientific side of life insurance and that he will regard the problems arising in connection with his new position as head of the Mutual as in general administrative. He will not assume his new office until January 1st, when Frederick Cromwell, the Acting President, will retire from its administration.

The new head of the Mutual is pledged to honest management for the company and will not represent any faction. He will not be dominated by any one man or body of men, but will be absolutely independent. This fact is well brought out in the statement issued just subsequent to Mr. Peabody's election, as follows:

To the Policyholders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company:

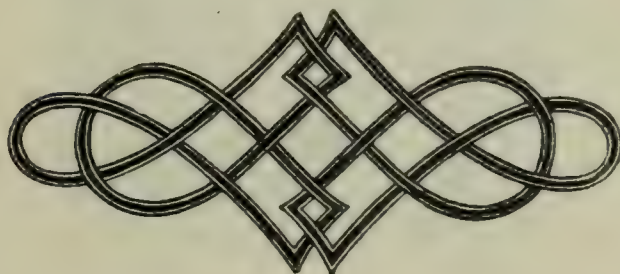
I have this day been appointed president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York and have accepted the position. I desire to communicate directly with the policyhold-

ers of the company, for whose benefit a great trust is being administered. No private interest controls this company, and I enter upon the discharge of my duties as the representative solely of the policyholders, chosen unanimously by their elected representatives, the board of trustees. The new administration stands pledged to economy, to lawful methods and to reform of existing abuses. Much has already been accomplished to carry out these pledges, and all will be done that is necessary to fully redeem them. The board of trustees is harmonious and united upon these matters. The company possesses financial resources far beyond its liabilities. Lapse and surrender of policies mean abandonment of accumulations and the savings of years of thrift. Policyholders are urged to continue their policies in the company and not to withdraw from it. I ask of our constituents that they will give me and the board of trustees a fair trial and judge us not in advance, but by results accomplished. I take the office conferred upon me with a full sense of the sacred nature of its responsibilities and of the obligations I owe to those who entrust to the officers and trustees of this company a provision for widowhood and orphanage.

(Signed) CHARLES A. PEABODY.

Mr. Peabody is a director of the Astor National Bank, the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, the Illinois Central Railroad Company, the Gallatin National Bank, a trustee of the Bank for Savings and other financial institutions. He has actively participated in the New York club life, and has membership in the University, Union League, Down Town, Apawamis and Tuxedo clubs. His town residence is 224 Madison avenue. Mr. Peabody will have a salary of \$50,000 as President of the Mutual, which is conservative when compared with the \$150,000 salary paid to the former President.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Remarkable Growth of American Banks and Trust Companies

BY SERENO S. PRATT

Editor of "The Wall Street Journal."

EASTERN people have not begun even yet to realize the enormous prosperity of the West. Still less do they realize to what an extent the money of the West has become a factor in the markets of the East.

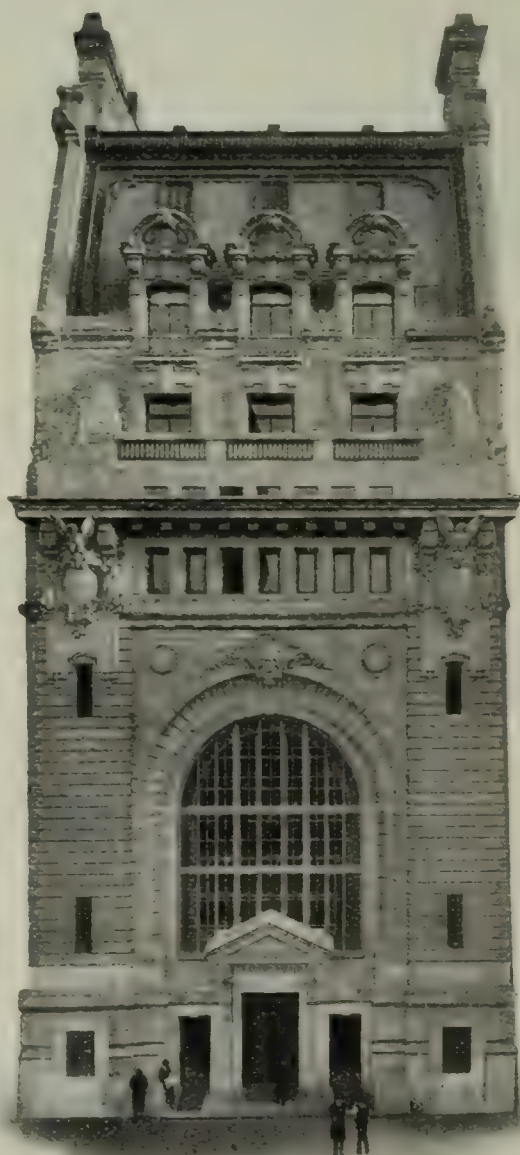
The South is beginning to enjoy the same wonderful revival, but to the present the West is supplying the great bulk of the nation's wealth and no small part of its financial power. The Western banker is invading Wall Street with his surplus capital to invest and to loan. It is the investing strength of that section that makes the chief demand for bonds. Read the recent report of the Secretary of Agriculture and learn the prosperity that a succession of rich harvests have brought to it. The Western farmers have paid off their mortgages, accumulated a surplus, bought more land, and making still more money and have paid it into their little country banks, and thru them are investing in securities. The Bank Commissioner of Kansas, in his report for 1904, says that it has been an era of small banks in isolated communities, and so many have been started

that today every hamlet in the State, where any considerable business is done, has a bank. This explains the disappearance of the West as a disturbing economic element. There is now no West or East in the true sense of the words. They have become one, so far as their financial interests are concerned. It is true, in no small measure, that the West is now able to finance the

movement of its own crops; that is to say, its banks are no longer obliged to borrow such large sums for crop purposes as in former years. What they do now is mainly to withdraw their own money reserves on deposit in the East, or call in the loans which they have made in New York. Such a movement as this took one hundred million in currency out of New York during the past fall.

While the deposits of Wall Street aid the Western farmers in their harvesting of grain, the money of the Western farmer, at certain periods of the year, actually makes the Wall Street market.

The country bank in which the farmer keeps his money deposits a part of its reserves, let us say, in Chicago or St.



Facade of the New National Park Bank Building,
Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.



Interior View of the New National Park Bank Building, New York.

Louis, and the big bank in Chicago or St. Louis, having in certain seasons more money than it can profitably employ at home, requests its New York correspondent to make call loans for it in Wall Street. So it may happen that the few hundred dollars to the credit of the little Kansas farmer may actually be included in the \$50,000 or \$100,000 loan made to a Wall Street broker, enabling him to carry his customers' stocks on margin.

Then later in the year there comes a time when the Kansas farmer has to harvest his crops. He employs a number of men, paying them in currency. The farmer draws on his deposit, and perhaps has to borrow until he can market his

wheat. The little country bank is obliged to draw upon its reserves in Chicago or St. Louis, and the big bank in Chicago or St. Louis calls in its loans in Wall Street, and directs its correspondent in New York to ship it so many thousands of dollars of currency. So that the money in the Wall Street banks is actually paid out to the farm hand in Kansas.

These two movements of money, one to and the other from New York, may affect the business of the whole country, and decide the rates of credit, the prices of stocks, the market for international exchange, the value of securities in London and Paris, and thus affect the financial situation around the globe.

The sudden growth of the West in

financial power constitutes one of the most striking features of the banking situation. Leading to an enormous increase in the number of banks, it has necessarily resulted in a larger appreciation of the value of banks. Just as the people have in recent years been studying

Shall the national bank note circulation be made more "elastic"? President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw, in their recent message and report, say that it should.

Shall the trust companies, which have grown so rapidly in number, deposits



The Present Building of the National City Bank, No. 52 Wall Street, New York.
A Wagon Stands in Front of the Banking House.

questions of money, corporations, transportation and insurance, so now they are beginning to give some attention to the question of banking.

The bankers themselves, in their conventions, their clearing houses, their financial papers and in their directors' rooms, are eagerly discussing many vitally important questions relating to their business. Some of these are:

and power, be compelled to keep larger cash reserves? Secretary Shaw in his annual report recommends that the trust companies of large capitalization be permitted to take out Federal incorporations.

Shall the banks themselves keep stronger reserves or, perhaps better still, make provision for more elastic reserves by gathering larger amounts of cash on

hand in July and August for use in the crop moving period beginning in September?

Shall the payment of interest, on deposits subject to withdrawal by check, be prohibited or materially reduced; particularly those deposits in the national banks of New York which repre-

What provisions should be made for a larger banking publicity, and particularly in New York, which is the chief money market of the country, for a comprehensive bank statement which shall report the condition of all the national and State banks and trust companies every week?



Building of the First National Bank of the City of New York, Corner of Broadway and Wall Street, New York.

sent the reserves of interior institutions?

Ought the commercial banks to invest largely in bonds, thus maintaining what is called a "bond reserve"?

Is it advisable that banks should conduct "bond departments" in which to buy and sell securities for their customers?

Shall the national banks be permitted to make loans on real estate?

Would a system of insurance for bank deposits be feasible or wise?

Some of these questions are bound, sooner or later, to become of general public interest. An account of the banking power of the United States will, therefore, be timely as a fitting introduction to the discussion of them.

The banking power of the world is es-



National Bank of Commerce Building, No. 31 Nassau Street,
New York.

timated at \$33,608,000,000, of which 41 per cent. is in the United States. The increase in this country is computed by the Comptroller of the Currency as having been 168 per cent. in fourteen years, against 82 per cent. in foreign countries. At this rate it will not be long before the United States will contain a larger banking power than all the other nations put together.

The total bank deposits in the United States in 1904 were \$10,110,000,000, as compared with \$4,535,000,000 in 1893, an increase of 123 per cent. In the same year the total amount of actual money in the United States was \$2,803,500,000, of which \$1,982,000,000 were in upwards of 15,000 banks; so that there were over

three dollars of deposits to every dollar of money in the country, and over ten dollars of deposits to every dollar of money in the banks. In this calculation the savings banks are included, altho they are institutions of safe-keeping and investment and not of discount.

These figures give some idea not only of the enormous power of banking in this country, but also of how the credit facilities of banks expand the exchange power of money.

Yet a stock market wrecker was recently advising people that they should all go to the banks at one time and draw their money out, pointing to the difference between the deposit liabilities and the cash reserves as proof that the banks

could not pay! Nothing worse could have been conceived than this scheme of playing on the fears of those who do not understand the function of banking. Of course, the difference between the sum of deposits and the sum of cash on hand represents commodities on which the banks have loaned their credit in order to facilitate the exchange of these commodities between producers and consumers. There is a dollar of wealth behind every dollar of deposits.

The recent growth of banking in this country presents these striking features:

1. The extraordinary expansion of the trust company business. 2. The growth

of the national bank system, especially in the small towns of the agricultural districts. 3. A notable development of banking power in the West, as already outlined. 4. The banking concentration which has gone on in the principal cities leading to the creation of banks and trust companies of immense size. 5. The inter-ownership or alliance of banks and trust companies, making what are sometimes called "chains" of banking institutions, subject, in general, to one or the other of great financial powers. 6. An eager and wasteful competition for deposits. 7. The introduction of "department store" methods in banking, many banks and trust companies under-



The Hanover National Bank Building, at Pine and Nassau Streets, New York, is the Tallest Structure Shown.

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taking to transact, under one roof, every kind of banking, and in order to increase their deposits, advertising extensively, not only in the newspapers and street cars, but also by means of elaborate circulars, by erecting costly buildings, and

there are institutions which undertake to combine all of these functions.

Formerly the banker regarded his work as in the nature of a profession. Now the business is being rapidly commercialized. Formerly it was respect-



Bird's Eye View of Wall Street, New York, Looking from William to Nassau Street, and showing the Gallatin, Merchants, American and Manhattan Company's Banks.

by other ways of attracting public attention.

Formerly banking was supposed to be a highly specialized business, one institution acting as a place of safe keeping for savings, another as trustee of trust funds, another as an institution of general deposit and discount for merchants, another as underwriter and promoter of great enterprises, and so on. But now

able for a banker to do business in dingy and dark quarters, often inaccessible. Now he works in costly business palaces, amid marble, mahogany and gilt, and pictures and carvings.

The trust company, a few years ago, was an institution that served especially as trustee, administrator, executor, and in other trust capacities, and received time deposits, which it loaned out or in-

vested, thus acting practically as an investing agent for investors and persons of means. But now the trust company, while still performing this special and eminently useful service, has entered boldly into the general banking business

seven per cent. of the entire banking power of the country. Their deposits amount to \$2,847,000,000, as compared with \$4,735,000,000 in the national banks. Over one billion of the total trust company deposits are in Greater New York.



Banking House of The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, No. 22 William Street, New York. The Cotton Exchange Appears at the Right and Delmonico's at the Left of Picture.

as an active competitor of the banks. There are still a few companies which remain in the old-fashioned trust business, and they are among the strongest in the field. But they are the exception.

Ten years ago there were only 569 trust companies. There are now 1,115. During this time their resources have more than doubled, and they now amount to \$3,802,000,000, or more than twenty-

where these institutions are relatively larger than in the rest of the country, and where their competition with the banks in general, as well as their affiliations with some of the banks, in particular, now constitutes one of the problems of the banking situation.

The national banking system has also had a remarkable development during this same period, altho the percentages



United States Trust Company Building, No. 45 Wall Street, New York. In the Picture a Motor Cab Touches the Banking House. A Portion of the Old United States Custom House, Recently Purchased by The National City Bank, is Shown at the Immediate Left.

of growth in deposits and resources do not equal those of the trust companies. The national bank expansion has been especially notable since 1900, when, by the act of March 14th, national banks could be incorporated with a minimum capital of \$25,000. This has led to the organization of 2,666 national banks, or practically one-third of the total number chartered since the national banking system was established during the Civil War. Of the total \$4,735,000,000 of national bank deposits on August 25th, \$2,117,000,000 were in the country banks. This growth in banking in the country districts is a most significant development, marking, among other things, a

decline in the prejudice against banks and interest. As Secretary Wilson says: "One of the most notable outgrowths of savings by farmers is the very great multiplication of small national banks in recent years."

When it is said that there is in New York, Chicago and St. Louis \$1,342,000,000 of national bank deposits, while in thirty-five other banking centers there is \$1,275,000,000 and in the rest of the country \$2,117,000,000, one gets some idea of the wide distribution of this banking power. While nearly twenty-one per cent. of the national bank deposits are in New York city, there are two cities—Chicago and Philadelphia—

that hold over \$200,000,000; three others that hold over \$100,000,000—Boston, Pittsburg and St. Louis, and four others that hold over \$50,000,000—Kansas City, Mo.; Cincinnati, Cleveland and Baltimore.

The resources of the national banks of the United States are greater than the capital of all the railroads of the country. Their outstanding loans are larger than the public debt of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, Italy or Spain. They hold in securities two per cent. of all the stocks and bonds admitted on the New York Stock Exchange. They hold in actual money sixty-six per cent. of all the money in all of the banking institutions, public and private, in the United States.

Their circulating notes, amounting to five hundred and thirty-three million dollars, are twenty per cent. of all the money in circulation in the United States.

With all this diffusion of money in banking there has at the same time been a remarkable concentration. This has been especially noticeable in New York, but the same thing has also taken place in Boston, Pittsburg and other cities, and it has generally been accompanied with close alliances between the big banks and groups of trust and insurance companies. In New York there are fewer banks but larger increased banking resources than ten years ago.

A recent compilation showed that there



Building Occupied by the Union Trust Company of New York, No. 80 Broadway, New York. The Observer Directly Faces the Bank Building.



General View of Building on Dearborn Street, Occupied by The First National Bank of Chicago.

are 149 national banks in the United States having gross deposits of five million dollars or more. There are twenty-eight banks having deposits of over twenty-two million dollars. These include fourteen in New York, four in Chicago, four in Philadelphia, two in Boston and two in St. Louis, and one each in Pittsburg and Kansas City.

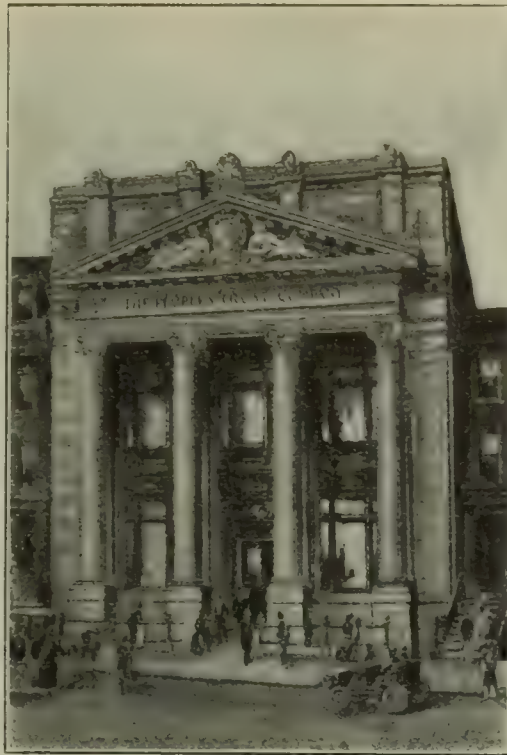
In New York the National City, the National Bank of Commerce, the First National Bank, the National Park Bank and the Hanover National Bank take the lead, their combined deposits making a total of six hundred and sixty-two million dollars. This is indeed immense, and yet there are five banks in Great Britain (not counting the Bank of Eng-

land) whose total deposits and current accounts make the imposing total of one billion and sixty million dollars. Yet the total deposits of all the joint stock banks in Great Britain, this time including the Bank of England, is over a billion dollars less than those of the national banks of the United States.

In Chicago there is one bank, the First National, having deposits of \$95,000,000, which ranks with the first five banks in the country. The Continental, of the same city, ranks among the \$50,000,000 banks. In Boston, the Shawmut nearly reaches the same mark. The Commerce, of St. Louis, the Fourth Street, of Philadelphia, and the First, of Boston, exceed \$40,000,000. The Commerce, of Kansas

City, has deposits of over \$32,000,000, and the Mellon, of Pittsburgh, of over \$27,000,000. While deposits are in reality liabilities, they are the usually accepted measure of the bank's standing.

Not a few trust companies have also attained great size. Last year there were twenty-nine trust companies, fourteen of them outside of New York, having assets in excess of \$23,000,000. While all bearing the title of "trust companies," they are in fact of different character and scope. Some of them combine savings banks with general banking and trust departments, like the Illinois Trust and Savings, of Chicago, and the Citizens Savings and Trust, of Cleveland. An-

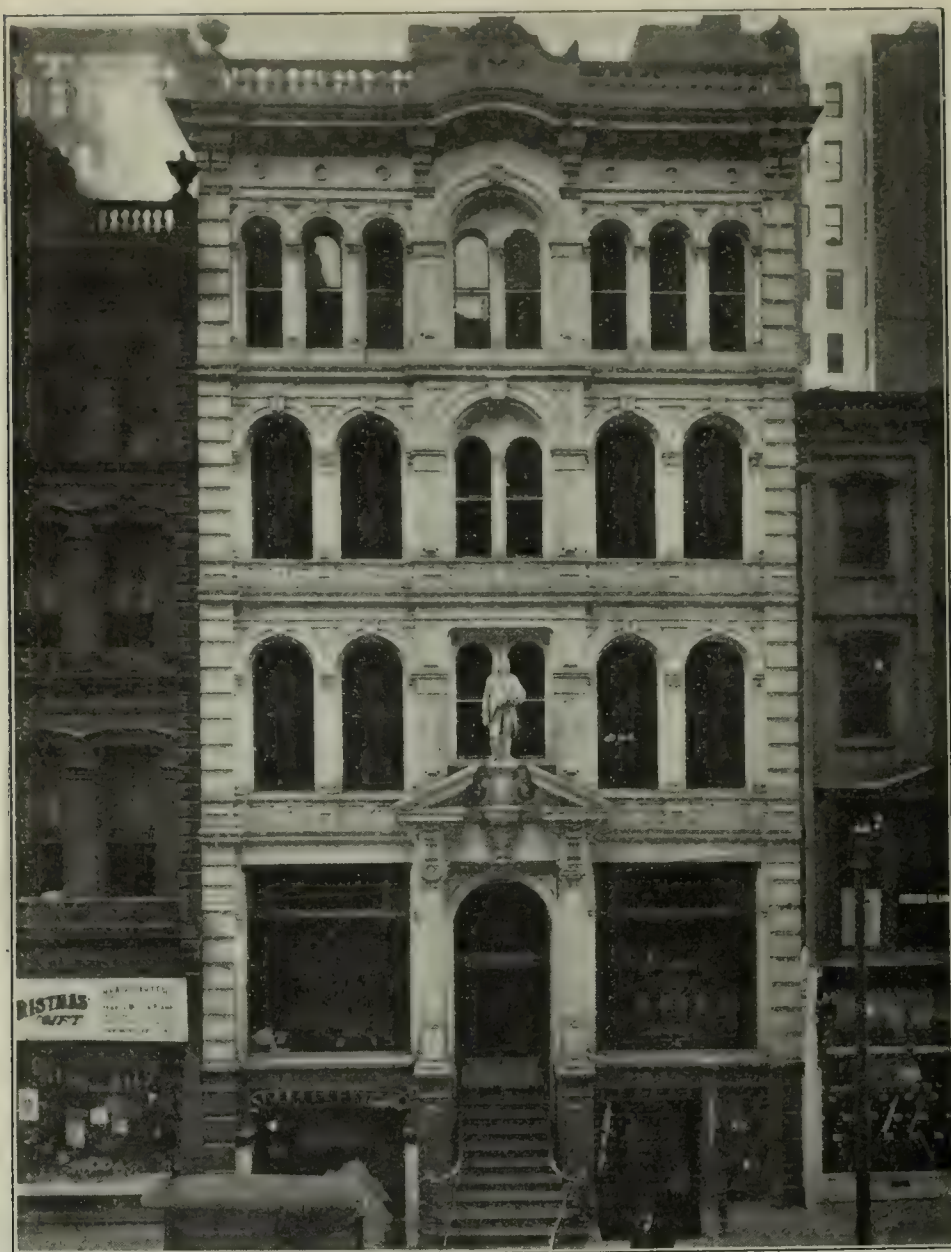


The New Building of the People's Trust Company, 181-183 Montague Street, Brooklyn N. Y.

other, the Provident Life and Trust, of Philadelphia, is both an insurance and a trust company. A few confine themselves to the trust business and to receiving deposits on time, as, for instance, the United States Trust Company of New York. The great bulk, however, transact a general financial business. These twenty-nine companies represent 41 per cent. of the trust company power of the United States, which shows the high degree of concentration that has taken place. Among them are such companies as the Mercantile, The Farmers Loan and Trust, The Union and The Central, of New York; The Merchants Loan and Trust, of Chicago; The Girard, of Philadelphia; The



Illinois Trust and Savings Bank Building, on the Corner of La Salle and Jackson Streets, Chicago, Ill.



Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Industrial, of Providence; The Union, of Pittsburg, and the Union, of St. Louis. There are five trust companies in New York having combined deposits of \$280,000,000, comparing with \$662,000,000 in the five largest banks. It is a question of how far this process of concentration in banking will go. The *London Economist* recently observed that concentration there had been checked for the time being. Just now this is the case in New York, but the tendency is irresistible, and it will again begin to show its power in spite of the fact that the recent disclosures in the insurance field have brought out the striking truth that an over-emphasis has been put, in the financial world, upon the value of mere

growth in size. It would not be surprising if three or four of our leading trust companies should in a year or so be combined in one institution, rivaling our biggest bank in amount of deposits.

A big country like this needs big banking institutions; and expansion keeping pace with the growth of the country is not in itself to be feared. What, however, is to be looked after is the tendency among some of the great banks away from commercial banking into the general financial field.

Both departments of banking are legitimate, but there is less danger and more power when they are separated than when combined. Even the great house of the Barings was shaken when, to its

immense business in commercial paper, Lord Revelstoke began to add to it promotions and speculations on a world wide scale.

Banks and trust companies alike perform an inestimable service to the com-

munity, but there is danger lest commercial banks rush into the work of permanent capitalization without having the equipment therefor, and lest trust companies invade the field of general banking without adequate cash reserves.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Wars of the Last Decade

BY EDWIN A. GROSVENOR, LL.D.

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CHRISTMAS in this year of grace 1905 finds the entire world enjoying international peace. There are indeed burning political questions still unsettled. There is more than one sensitive spot not yet made normal in the relations of adjacent states. Mutterings may be heard from Macedonia. Discontent is rife in Hungary and Austria. Uncertainty and terror wrap Russia in gloom. Agitation and unrest are the lot of various other portions of the globe. But at least on this Christmas day no armies are marching and no navies speeding to meet other foreign armies and navies in desperate encounter.

Far different was the spectacle presented on December 25, 1895—just ten years ago. Seldom has a Christmas dawn revealed a more ominous horizon. The sky was black with wars already in progress; with wars not yet begun, but to any prescient eye inevitable and speedily to come on; and with wars possible, those possible wars in each case to be averted only thru complete change of attitude on the part of one or of both the powers which confronted each other.

That is, the gazer from his outlook seemed to behold on the world map everywhere wars. The wars he saw were grouped in three classes: Wars actual and then raging; wars sure and about to be waged; and wars contingent, the realization or prevention of which depended on future and unknown factors.

Nor were these wars, present or fore-

seen, confined to one continent or hemisphere. Regardless of latitude and longitude, indifferent to religion and race, they dotted Europe, Asia, Africa, and both Americas, and had for their comprehensive arena the globe.

Of these three classes of wars, those actually being carried on when Christmas morning broke in 1895 formed the smaller and least important group. Not one of them rose to the melancholy dignity of a conflict between recognized States. Still, collectively they were attended with unspeakable horror and shedding of blood. Three Afghan armies were crushing the independent mountain kingdom of Kafiristan. In the island of Formosa feeble armed resistance continued against the newly asserted Japanese rule. The Arabs of Yemen were indulging in one of their desultory campaigns against the Turks. In sudden frenzy the tribes around Mount Lebanon had come to blows, and the report was current that 12,000 Druses had just been killed. In Asia Minor, radiating from Zeitoun as from a center, the Turks were stamping out the Armenian insurrection with hideous atrocities.

In Africa, however, more severe and extended fighting was going on. The Christmas season of 1895 was noted in the west, east and north of Africa by spasmodic and savage efforts on the part of the natives to retain or repossess lands which from all time they had occupied as their own. Prempeh, King of Ashanti, had thus defied the British. His capital, Koumassi, was captured by

the Inspector General of the Gold Coast forces at the head of 1,400 men, one-half of them picked British troops. Among the British officers in the expedition were Prince Henry of Battenberg and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. Prempeh placed his head in token of submission between the feet of the victorious commander, but was none the less sent into exile with his family and chiefs to Sierra Leone. He was in part avenged by the legacy which he left to his conquerors in the scandal of the Golden Stool.

In Portuguese East Africa, the Portuguese defeated Gungunhana, King of Gazaland, in a great battle, and burned his capital and kraal. Soon after the barbarous monarch was taken prisoner and sent with his wife and son in captivity to Lisbon.

In Madagascar the French, determined on the entire possession of the island, were carrying on a relentless war against the heroic Queen, Ranavalomanjaka, who, like her people, the Hovas, had some time before been converted to Christianity. After six hundred churches and chapels had been destroyed and immense tracts of country reduced to desolation and the people, thru hatred of the invader, had relapsed to savagery and more than 6,000 French soldiers had died from battle or disease, the annexation to France was declared accomplished. The Queen was banished to the French island of Réunion, and three years later to harsher exile in Algiers.

The attempt of the Italians to conquer or dominate Abyssinia was deplorable in its results for the invaders. Because of its costly failure it possesses a mournful distinction in the long story of European aggression. At Christmas time in 1895 it was close upon its ghastly climax and conclusion. The defeat by the Abyssinians of Major Torelli at Ambalaji on December 8, 1895, when the commander, sixty officers and nine hundred men were slain, and when all the arms and equipment of Major Torelli's force were captured, entailed the surrender of the Italian garrison at Shakaleh on January 1, 1896, and prepared the way for the terrible reverse at Adowah a few weeks later. On that memorable field the Italian army was crushed, losing all its guns

and 7,000 men. No Italian can speak of the battle of Adowah without shame and tears. It was the most overwhelming disaster in arms which united Italy has known. Its consequence was a treaty of peace between Italy and Abyssinia, based upon terms laid down by Menelek, the Abyssinian king.

The second group of wars embraced the inevitable, the irrepressible conflicts which—humanity being constituted as it is—it was not in the nature of man to avoid. Of these conflicts there were four. History calls them the Greco-Turkish war, the Spanish-American war, the Anglo-Boer war and the Russo-Japanese war. Racial instinct, national temperament, popular feeling, geographic circumstance, rendered each—the factor of human nature being given—as a determinate of fate. The Greek and the Turk, the American and the Spaniard, the Briton and the Boer, the Russian and the Japanese, as they clutch in the grim battle, seem like puppets of destiny. Profound and long existing causes, such as could not weaken, but must become more inveterate with time, had forged on the ultimate consequence. When the fiery spark in the burning fuse was to reach the powder no man could have told. But the spark of each determinant cause was as discernible and as distinct to the student of affairs on that fateful Christmas ten years ago as in retrospect it is today.

The determinant cause of the Greco-Turkish war was the ingrained antagonism between the Greek and the Turk. The Cretan question was the spark which flashed the explosion. For more than two centuries Crete had been a province of the Sultan. Its capital, Candia, had been forced to surrender to the Mussulmans in 1669, but only after a continuous siege lasting twenty-four years. The tradition of that unexampled siege was a ceaseless inspiration to the Cretan people. Despite the might of the Turks, in the recesses of the mountains bands of men maintained their savage independence. The whole story of the island since its conquest is one incessant struggle to throw off the Turkish yoke. In Southeastern Europe the tie of common blood and common faith is strong. More than once the kingdom of Greece

had perilled its own hard bought independence in desperate effort to assist the insurgent Cretans against their Mussulman masters. December 25, 1895, found the Cretan Greeks sanguine and determined in insurrection, and their brethren on the mainland in free Greece almost frenzied in sympathy. As against the Turk, it seems probable that this time the Cretans would have won. But the Great Powers sought peace at any price and shivered at the thought of possible conflagration in the Turkish Empire. They ordered the Cretans to submit.

They blockaded the island and discharged their cannon on the amazed islanders, who were fighting for liberty. They warned the Greek Government in no manner to assist the insurgents, who were to be considered rebels against their rightful lord, the Sultan. But the Greeks of the Greek kingdom could not be controlled. With utter recklessness, in a delirious burst which was the height of folly, but none the less sublime, Greece disregarded the mandate of the Powers and declared war against Turkey. After a conflict, hopeless from the start and of brief duration, she was compelled, by the treaty of September 18, 1897, to pay the conquerors \$20,000,000 as the cost of the war. Yet prostrate, seemingly defeated, Greece was the real victor. The autonomy or virtual independence of Crete was recognized by both Europe and Turkey; George, the second son of the Greek King, became its ruler under the title of High Commissioner, and the realization of the common dream of definite union with Greece is only a question of time.

The Spanish-American war is too familiar to recount. Of it the determinant cause is not to be found in hostility of religion or race. But, however long delayed, the conflict was sure to come between the democratic spirit of America and the medieval spirit of Spain. The continent itself was not broad enough for the permanent continuance of two so antagonistic systems, near each other and face to face. As in the Greco-Turkish war, so here, the spark was an island, Cuba. For years Spain had been despatching its ablest generals and draining its utmost energies to put down a sometimes quelled but constantly recur-

ring insurrection. On December 25, 1895, General Campos, the most chivalrous of Spain's commanders, at the head of 100,000 troops, was occupied in futile attempts to crush the insurgent chiefs, Gomez and Maceo, whose entire force, ill armed, ill clad, ill fed, was hardly one-fourth of his own. That Spain could ever conquer the obstinate resistance of her revolted colony no foreigner believed.

In the prosperity and welfare of Cuba the United States, far more than any other power, had a vital interest. The increasing disorder and the extending desolation in the island affected the American people more intimately than any other nation. Realizing the situation and reading the future, one could say even then, as did President Cleveland one year later, "A situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations, which we can hardly hesitate to recognize and discharge."

General Campos in 1896 was succeeded by the sinister figure of General Weyler, and he in turn in 1897 by Marshal Blanco. Meanwhile, threats, persuasion, coercion, extermination, promise, had all been tried. The American Consul General reported that in four Provinces of the island 200,000 of the rural population had died of starvation and resultant causes. On February 18, 1898, in the harbor of Havana, occurred the never-to-be-forgotten destruction of the "Maine." The press and pulpit all over the United States were vehement and practically unanimous in the demand that the independence of Cuba be recognized and that an end be put to her intolerable condition. On April 13, 1898, the war began. It is distinguished by the brilliant naval victories of Manila and Santiago and by the dashing charge up San Juan Hill. On August 2 Spain formally sued for peace, which was concluded on December 10.

In consequence Cuba took her place among the nations as a sovereign State. Spain renounced all her possessions in that New World which her Columbus had been the first to reveal. These, with the exception of Cuba, were acquired by the United States. No pecuniary in-

demnity was demanded from the vanquished. Instead, Spain received \$20,000,000 in consideration of the cession of the Philippine Islands, including the Sulu Archipelago. The American occupation of those islands, after being opposed by a portion of the inhabitants, is now universally accepted.

Never did combatants enter the field with forces more disproportionate than those of the British and Boers in the Anglo-Boer war. On the one side loomed the vastest empire on earth, able to draw inexhaustible supplies from its almost 11,000,000 square miles of subject territory and from a population of more than 395,000,000 human beings. On the other side were ranged two insignificant republics, which together combined an area of 167,465 square miles, and whose entire population—men, women, children, infants—was less than a quarter of a million. More startling disparity of numbers was not presented when the Persians and the Spartans met at old Thermopylæ. A struggle so unequal would appear absurd, unless the weaker party was resolved on self immolation.

None the less, on December 25, 1895, it was evident to the most superficial observer that such a struggle was sure and near. The Jameson raiders at that very moment were already marching in the expedition which the farcical battle of Krugersdorf was to terminate on the New Year's Day of 1896. But Dr. Jameson's raid, bitterly resented on the one side and ingeniously condoned by the other, was only a symptom and not a cause. It did not precipitate the conflict and it counted little in the result. Before the British empire builders gleamed a vision of British rule, continuous from Cairo to the Cape. Those two Boer or Dutch commonwealths, then known as the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, blocked the way. The Boer, Puritan in faith and practice, of Dutch descent, with the blood of Leyden coursing in his veins, would not and could not yield. That he would fall he knew, but the price to be paid for his subjection should stagger humanity.

The war began on October 12, 1899. Despite the heavy odds, it raged with varying successes for two years, seven

months and twenty days. Not till May 31, 1902, was peace proclaimed. The republics, under the names of the Transvaal Colony and the Orange River Colony, had been made parcel of the British Crown. For their subjugation the British Empire had been forced to exert its most gigantic efforts. The victory had been won. The cost of its achievement was well nigh \$1,000,000,000 spent, 300,000 soldiers sent into the field, and 93,523 officers and men invalided or dead!

To rehearse the origin, progress and conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war is to tell a tale that all men know. Moreover, it is impossible to touch more than in outline a war, so recent, conducted on so colossal a scale and bringing in its train results so immense and far-reaching. Those results are not of temporary but of durable significance, of an importance that will increase and be more keenly felt as the years go on. The magnitude of the armies engaged in Manchuria, prodigious as they were, is a minor matter. No sea fight since Salamis, not even the battle between the Spanish Armada and the English ships in 1588, means so much to Asia and Europe and the world as the destruction of Admiral Rodjestvensky's fleet by Admiral Togo last May in the Sea of Japan. Unborn generations are to realize all that is involved in the overwhelming, absolute victory of the Japanese by land and sea more clearly than can the men of today.

The law of their natural development and necessary expansion crowded the two empires against each other where there was room only for one. Japan, ever since her victory over China in 1894, had been making ready with a foresight which astounds and a persistence which appals. It is to the American a matter of national pride that the treaty of Portsmouth, which closed the bloodshed and contention, was signed September 7th, 1905, upon our shores.

Were this paper a compendium of military and sanguinary events between Christmas of 1895 and the Christmas so near at hand, one would be forced to linger upon the Boxer horrors in China in 1900, upon Great Britain's changing fortunes from 1897 to 1904 with the Mad Mullah and with the dervishes and

clansmen of the Soudan, upon the British expedition to Thibet in 1903-04, and upon the political upheavals and commotions which, after intervals of increasing length, have racked the South American States.

It remains to discuss those wars which were contingent or possible, the specter of which threatened for a time. Of this class there were three; between the United States and Great Britain, between Chile and Argentina, and between Norway and Sweden.

At the distance of a decade it is impossible fully to realize the consternation and panic into which President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message of December 18, 1895, plunged English speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic. The subsequent course of events vindicated the wisdom of that vigorous message. Still, it cannot be forgotten that in three days American securities depreciated to the amount of \$400,000,000, and that all apprehension of war did not cease until, at the Guildhall banquet to Her Majesty's Ministers on November 9, 1896, the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury said "A solution has been found by the Government of the United States. . . . I believe I am not using unduly sanguine words when I say that I believe it has brought this controversy to an end." The British Ministry had decided to accept the American contention.

For over forty years the boundary between the republics of Argentina and Chile had remained undetermined and a matter of constant dispute. The Andes mountains formed the indefinite line of separation and contact thru a length of almost two thousand miles. By December 25, 1895, the question had become so acute that an appeal to arms seemed imminent. A conflict between those well ordered and progressive states would have been a grievous calamity to themselves and to that South American civilization, of which Argentina and Chile are the worthiest representatives. Suddenly calmer counsels prevailed. A succession of arbitrations began, terminated on November 27, 1902, by the award of Edward VII., the final arbitrator. This award seemed to give to each party what

it had most desired in the dispute, and was surprisingly satisfactory to both. At the loftiest point in their common boundary a great cross was erected, attesting that henceforth, to the end of time, every difference between the two republics should be settled by arbitration.

Since 1814 Norway and Sweden have been bound together in what was declared to be an "indissoluble and irrevocable union." This union, always repugnant to Norway, had grown yearly more galling. It had been brought about and continued only by force. In March, 1895, Oscar II, King of Sweden and Norway, went to Christiania and did his utmost to placate the Norwegians. Insultingly received, he hastened back to Stockholm, where he was met by such an ovation as has never before been tendered to a Swedish King. On December 25, 1895, the independence of Norway, to be secured by a desperate war with Sweden, seemed only a question of time. It is useless to recount all the turmoil and dissension, happily without bloodshed, which make up the joint history of the two kingdoms during the last ten years. At last Norway has gained her end by peaceful means. On this Christmas Day of 1905 Prince Charles, formerly of Denmark, will be crowned King of independent Norway, under the title of Haakon VII. The last sovereign who reigned solely over Norway was Haakon VI, and he died 586 years ago.

Not yet can an affirmative answer be rendered to the fantastic query of Jean de Bloch, "Is War Now Impossible?" The millennium of a universally accepted and universally practiced brotherhood has not yet come. The rest and tranquillity of the present may be only a temporary lull in the world's strife. Yet each of those three wars, once possible but finally averted, marks a step in the progress of humanity. Today nation nowhere is warring with nation. The anthems which so soon hail the nativity of the Prince of Peace are nowhere mocked and drowned by roar of cannon and groans and curses from ensanguined battlefields. For this let us be thankful and rejoice.

The Village That Ran Away From Taxes

BY ERNEST POOLE

[The following story was told to Mr. Poole by a Russian country physician. It will be remembered that Mr. Poole has just returned from Russia, where he has had exceptional facilities for getting close to the life of the Russian people.—EDITOR.]

LOUD screams—now sharp and long—poured from Maria's hut. I had just driven into the village—a dozen log huts on either side the muddy, foul-smelling road. A score of men and women stood in a semi-circle round the closed door, listening and talking hard—some eager, some gloomy and tearful. One fat, sick-faced woman stood alone on the other side of the road, sneering.

I ran to the door, stooped and went in. A low, square log room, with dirt floor and black rafters above. A moldy odor. In the middle a tall, shaggy-bearded peasant was soberly, steadily beating a young girl, squeezing her against the table with his knee. The two thin peasants on the bench by the wall only grinned, but from the bed on top of the great square brick stove a wrinkled, white-bearded man looked down, cursing so hard that his head bobbed.

"Here! Stop!" I cried.

The big man kept on. I noticed by his official badge that he was the Starosta (village mayor). Suddenly he saw who I was—his arm dropped, he turned humbly and spoke in a low voice—cringing:

"What else can I do, my barin? I myself am beaten by the Ouryadnick (county official). Every month! And now he will beat me worse than ever, and then throw me into the village jail, then out for one day, then in again! Please—if you don't believe—look." He pointed to his own huge face, and even under his bristling yellow beard I could see the dark blue welts and livid bruises.

"Why does he beat you?"

"Why? For taxes of course! What else could it be? Heigh! Quit your howling!" He boxed the young girl's ear. "You've got me into this!"

"What has she done?"

"Oh, it's her family—the devils! They all ran away last night—fifty souls sneaked off and left the village half empty. Don't you see their game? They think they will move every year to a new

village just before tax time. The father of this girl—he got up the scheme. Off they rushed last night with women and babies and dogs and one pig. And now she—this devil's daughter here—she won't tell which way they went. And if I can't catch them I must be beaten fifty times—once for each peasant. Now, my good barin, please step out while I get to work again. My arm is so tired it aches, but I must keep on." He grabbed his whip and raised it. The girl gave a feeble shriek of terror.

"Leave her alone, you pig-devil!" squeaked the white old man from the top of the stove. "She stayed to take care of me. If you beat her any more she'll be too sick to hand up my supper. And I can't get down from here, so I'll starve to death. Leave her alone!"

"Only pay me their taxes," he cried, "and I won't touch her."

"Taxes!" yelled the old man, rising on his elbow and shaking his blue fist down over the edge of the stove. "Taxes! You mad dog! Do I look as if I had taxes up here to give you?"

"Where can we get money for taxes? 'Work! work!' bawls the Zunsky Natchalnik (Czar's representative). 'Work on my estate and you will be happy!' But how much does he pay? Ten kopecks (five cents) a day. Lovely work that is! Bare living costs more. So we just work our own land.

"But when the crop is ready and we load the wheat into our cart—then 'Hands off!' yells the taxman. 'This goes as taxes to the Czar!'

"But this year we had not even wheat for this tax devil! Just an empty hut, aching stomachs, a few cabbages over in that corner, and four big chunks of bread. And the taxman was coming! So my son whipped off with fifty others last night. And now these thirsty devils will come and bawl, 'Your son is a thief. He has run away from taxes. He is a traitor to his Czar!' Now, my good barin, tell

me, if they get caught, what punishment will they get for their crime?"

"Did they go without passports?"

"Of course, they did! They couldn't ask the police for passports, for these sly police know this old game of running away. It has been done all over Russia ever since my third marriage seventeen years ago. I remember how dozens of villages always keep running away every fall. Well—so they have no passports."

"Then they will all be put in prison for illegal traveling."

"Prison! Now devils to corners!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Devils to corners! For men are worse than devils! But look here." The old man watched me slyly. "Suppose they could run fast enough to get to Siberia—the south part, where it is warm. They say that there the peasants get land free and pay no taxes, and are never hauled off into the army."

"Yes!" cried the girl eagerly. "We heard all about it in Ivan's letter!"

"What letter?" growled the old man, pinching her arm angrily. "We never had a letter! I tell you they never went toward Siberia—they went just the other way. Oh, you she-devil!" He put his face close to hers and made a frightful grimace.

"Look here," I cried—"trust me, won't you? Look at my face. I'm honest. I won't tell! I promise. Now show me the letter."

The old man peered anxiously down, blinking and licking his lips. At last he crawled back and got a dirty red handkerchief. From this he carefully picked out a yellow, musty, torn bit of paper and handed it down. The letter was in an enormous scrawling hand:

"I bow to my father—to my mother, and again I bow to Aunt Maria and to old Ivan—to young Feodosia and to Stepan Petrovitch—and then to my toes; I bow to my Grandmother Feodotchia. I am here in the army in Siberia, and here they say you can have as much land as your soul wishes and not a kopeck to pay—all the firewood you want—I tell you, you can burn fires day and night—you can eat, too—the Tobol River is here with lots of fishes—now if you want to come here just walk from your village till you come to the railroad—walk along the railroad—never leave it for a minute—you must walk many weeks or perhaps a few months—then you come to the town Nizhni Novgorod, where the big fair is—a river is there and you must go

along this river to Perm—then turn to your right and keep walking to Katerinburg, and after that rush for the River Tobol—come quick for there are no girls here except four fat, ugly ones—we fellows want to get married, but the girls are too square and ugly—one of them has only one good tooth and a broken one—so bring all the girls along—girls, if your fathers stop you, rush out of the hut at night and come anyway—now I bow to my father and to my mother—and to my Grandmother Feodotchia. I bow to my toes, and I hope she will not forget to send me a little money.

Soldier of the Czar,

IVAN.

I read this letter laboriously aloud. I finished. A deep, musing silence.

"Now," said the old man, "please read it again."

(This was done. More meditation.)

"Well," he remarked, I have not heard that read for ten months."

"Ten months. When did it come?"

"I will think." He scratched his old white head. "It came a year ago last Easter. My grandson wrote it. He is smart—yes, sir, smart. No one else in this village could read except him, and he was so far away that he could not come here and read his letter to me. So there it lay. But I am an old man, and my head is full of everything, so I watched it, and the more I looked the better I knew this fine writing was the same as my grandson's writing used to be."

"Ho! ho!" I said. "This is from my boy." But I was too sly to show it to the priest or the police. They are both too close to our God, and might make us trouble. So I waited.

"Well, just before Christmas there came to here the man who buys the linen that our women spin. Even in the next village he heard about my letter.

"So he came and said, 'I will read it for ten pounds of raw linen.'

"'Go out of the door,' I said, 'while I talk with my woman.' At last my third wife and I decided we could give him the linen if we ate no soup but only black bread and water for a week. 'Ho! ho!' laughed those ugly little brats—my grandchildren. 'How funny they will look, for they have no teeth to chew the bread. We must make the old horn chew it for them.' But my oldest son thrashed the brats, and then I felt better.

"'Come in and read,' I said. In he came and read all this. That was ten months ago, and the funny thing is that

you come now and read it exactly the way he did—the same words—only he stopped four times to spit and once he got coughing.”

At this point the other peasants began coming in—big boned, dull, with white anemic faces and heavy eyes. In vain I tried to warn them against following their outlaw friends.

“We might as well die there as here,” cried one short man with a red, stubby beard and hollow cheeks.

“Yes,” said the sick-faced woman, who had stood sneering in the street. “Our babies die here anyway. I tell you I have lost both my last ones. One got dead before she was born. I tell you she was a beauty—she——”

“We have no wood!” cried one old woman. “Not even enough to make a whip-handle with. That’s why the babies freeze and cough and die!”

“But why not send some one ahead,” I suggested, “to look for the best place?”

“Good!” cried several voices.

“Oh, no—we won’t!” cried the old grandfather, still on top of the stove. “We did that once long ago—just before my third marriage. And he stayed away with the money we gave him to buy land with. One fine night his wife and children disappeared, so we know he took them, and all of them are rich and happy with our village money—the fat, chuckling devils!”

“But little money the crowd took last night! They had no carts and no blankets—only the coats on their backs, and a big chunk of black bread for each. They will starve to death. They will never get to my boy Ivan. I wonder if he is married. Perhaps he has a baby and——”

“Oh, shut up!” cried the sick-faced woman. “Let’s stick to our own things! I hate all babies anyhow!”

Now we heard loud cries outside.

“What’s up?”

“The ousyadnick (police officer) is beating the Starosta!”

“Fine!” laughed the old man on the stove. “Big devils beat little devils! Funny! Very funny! Fine!”

In rushed the Starosta and seized my arm. “Barin—barin! Don’t let him take me off from my wife and my brats!

They will starve! Tell him I did my best to find out! You saw how hard I beat the girl! Tell him how hard I beat her!”

But the ousyadnick—resplendent in gray coat and brass buttons—seized the Starosta and led him off.

“Now devils to corners!” the old man chuckled.

* * * * *

One year later I came back. I went to the old man’s hut and found him still up on the stove. But now the rest of the hut was crowded with five men and women and seven children of all sizes down to crawling babies.

“Yes,” he said, “they all came back, and all they brought was holes in their clothes. Four had rolled up their eyes and were buried in the big forest. The others built huts of branches and piled snow over and tried to live. They had plenty of wood to burn, but nothing to eat. They ate the pig right away and then all the dogs—even the old one whose teeth were gone. So they came home last Easter.

“But now this place is ten times worse. I have never felt so bad as this—never since my second wife ran away with young Samson the miller.

“So now they think they will sneak off again and find some place where land is rich and given away. Then they will send for me. They will take me to my boy Ivan—the smart one. And after that I will eat all I want—soft food and soup, so my gums will stop bleeding. This is what I always think about.”

He turned, crawled back painfully along the top of the stove—grunting. In a moment he crept back with a scrap of paper—faded, crumpled, dirty. He handed it down. As he leaned over I was shocked to see how emaciated he was. His breath came in short, hot gasps, his thin blue hand shook violently, he nearly lost his balance, and when I pushed him back I felt his old body—just a frame of bones. His faded eyes betrayed unmistakably the intense pains from the stomach that “jumped up and down.” But now his eyes gleamed expectantly.

“Now, barin, will you read for me again my letter from my boy Ivan—the smart one?”

War and Race Decadence

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

[War has usually been considered exclusively from a political or ethical point of view, but as President Jordan here shows, the biological argument against it is still stronger. In his little book, "The Blood of Nations," from which some of the following passages are taken, he has made a powerful plea for peace.—EDITOR.]

THE greatest blessing the twentieth century has in store for civilized nations is the permanent establishment of peace. Science made war too expensive, Christianity has found it too brutal, and commercial enterprise has made it too silly, and we must settle our disputes in some other fashion. We must find some better means of adjustment of differences national and international; we must perforce turn our attention to the extension of law over nations as well as over individuals. Just as the common law has taken the place of private combat, to the infinite advantage of every private human interest, so must war give place to international law to the equal advantage of every public interest.

In this paper I am asked to set forth one of the prime evils of war, one which has been generally overlooked because it lurks in the background, appearing only with the progress of the generations, the phenomenon of race decadence.

It is often claimed that certain nations or races are decadent. They are not living up to the high mark set in their own history. This is shown in lack of force, lack of initiative, physical weakness, reduction of stature, reduction of birth rate. That something of this sort existed in France is self-confessed, and a commission has been appointed to grope for its causes. They will not have to look far if they begin their investigation at the right end.

In the first place,

so far as race-improvement and race-deterioration goes, a nation or group of men is governed by precisely the same laws as a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep. Each generation is substantially like the one which furnished its actual parents, neither better nor worse. There is no such thing as a racial improvement (as distinguished from extension of civilization) except thru selection, the limitation of parentage to the best of the series. There is no such thing as racial decadence or racial slump except thru conditions which destroy or remove the best, leaving to the inferior individuals the responsibility for parenthood. The herd of cattle is readily improved in any line or all lines, by the preservation of those having the desired qualities and the removal of those who do not. If the best and fairest young bulls and cows are eliminated and the stock is bred from the

culls only we shall have rough calves, scrawny cows and a lower standard for the herd. Just so with a race of men. The future of the race remains with *the man who is left*, with the men who in the actual movement of history remain to furnish parentage.

Adversity does not destroy a race; neither does luxury; neither does any incident not fatal to the best individuals as such. The only race-decadence known in history is that produced by the destruction or removal of the best. Education affects the individual. It leaves no permanent



David Starr Jordan.

mark on the race. Each child is free born, born of what his father and mother ought to have been, and individual accidents aside, the child never ranges far above or far below the qualities involved in its parentage.

What influences tend to the destruction of the best in a nation? There are many of those which work in a small way, more or less overbalanced by the conditions which destroy the worst. Since the beginning of time, the way of the transgressor is hard, another way of describing the survival of the fittest.

One cause of local decadence is found in emigration. For example, on the coast of Kent in England, are two towns, Winchelsea and Rye, which are spoken of as decadent. Their harbors are filled with silt, their houses are falling to ruin, their population is small and feeble, their glory has departed. They are decadent towns, and their decadence is plainly due to emigration. Their best people have gone to better places, and the world, and even England is none the poorer. In like fashion, America has been built up at the cost of Europe. Emigration takes the more enterprising, and here and there in the Old World their absence can be felt. In like fashion the hill towns of New England are decadent. The young men have gone West and men of an inferior stock have bought up the old farms, developing an inferior breed.

The world as a whole loses nothing by this. It marks only a change of stress, a growth of one region in importance at the expense of another. But such removal means only loss, when the best are removed, not from one town to another, but from the face of the earth. That is the function of war, the one great destroyer of men and nations, the one great cause of race decadence.

Greece died because the men who made her glory had all passed away and left none of their kin, and therefore none of their kind. "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more;" for the Greek of to-day, for the most part, never came from the loins of Leonidas or Miltiades. He is the son of the stable-boys and scullions and slaves of the day of her glory, those of whom imperial Greece could make no use in her conquest of Asia.

Why did Rome fall? It was not be-

cause untrained hordes were stronger than disciplined legions. It was not that she grew proud, luxurious, corrupt, and gained a legacy of physical weakness.

"The Roman Empire," says Seeley, "perished for want of men." You will find this fact on the pages of every history, tho few have pointed out war as the final and necessary cause of the Roman downfall. In his recent noble history of the "Downfall of the Ancient World" ("Der Untergang der Antiken Welt," 1897), Prof. Otto Seeck, of Greifswald, makes this fact very apparent. The cause of the fall of Rome is found in the "extinction of the best," and all that remains to the historian is to give the details of this extermination. In Rome, "Marius and Cinna slew the aristocrats by hundreds and thousands. Sulla destroyed no less thoroly the democrats, and whatever of noble blood survived fell as an offering to the proscription of the triumvirate." "The Romans had less of spontaneous power to lose than the Greeks, and so desolation came to them all the sooner. He who was bold enough to rise politically was almost without exception thrown to the ground. *Only cowards remained, and from their brood came forward the new generations.* Cowardice showed itself in lack of originality and slavish following of masters and traditions." Had the Romans been still alive, the Romans of the old Republic, neither inside nor outside forces could have worked the fall of Rome. But the true Romans passed away early. Even Cæsar notes the "dire scarcity of men." Still there were always men in plenty, such as they were.

Berry states that an "effect of the wars was that the ranks of the small farmers were decimated, while the number of slaves who did not serve in the army multiplied."

"The period of the Antonines was a period of sterility and barrenness. The human harvest was bad." Augustus offered bounties on marriage until "celibacy became the most comfortable and most expensive condition of life." "Marriage," says Metullus, "is a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge."

So fell Greece and Rome, Carthage and Egypt, the Arabs and the Moors, be-

cause, their warriors dying, the nation bred real men no more. The man of the strong arm and the quick eye gave place to the slave, the pariah, the man with the hoe, whose lot changes not with the change of dynasties.

In his charming studies of "Feudal and Modern Japan," Mr. Arthur Knapp returns again and again to the great marvel of Japan's military prowess after more than two hundred years of peace. It is astonishing to him that, after more than six generations in which physical courage has not been demanded, these virile virtues should be found unimpaired. We can readily see that this is just what we should expect. In times of peace there is no slaughter of the strong, no sacrifice of the courageous. In the peaceful struggle for existence there is a premium placed on these virtues. The virile and the brave survive. The idle, weak and dissipated go to the wall. If after two hundred years of incessant battle Japan still remained virile and warlike, that would indeed be the marvel.

Other things being equal, the nation which has known least of war is the one most likely to develop the "strong battalions" with whom victory must rest.

It is a costly thing to kill off men, for in men alone can national greatness consist. But sometimes there is no other alternative. It happened once that for "every drop of blood drawn by the lash another must be drawn by the sword." It cost us a million of lives to get rid of slavery. And this million, North and South, was the "best that the nation could bring." North and South, the nation was impoverished by the loss. The gaps they left are filled to all appearance. There are relatively few of us left today in whose hearts the scars of forty years ago are still unhealing. But a new generation has grown up of men and women born since the war. They have taken the nation's problems into their hands, but theirs are hands not so strong or so clean as tho the men that are stood shoulder to shoulder with the men that might have been. The men that died in "the weary time" had better stuff in them than the father of the average man of today.

North or South, it was the same. "Send forth the best ye breed," was the

call on both sides alike, and to this call both sides alike responded. As it will take "centuries of peace and prosperity to make good the tall statures mowed down in the Napoleonic wars," so like centuries of wisdom and virtue are needed to restore to our nation its lost inheritance of patriotism—not the capacity for patriotic talk, for of that there has been no abatement, but of that faith and truth which "on a war's red touchtone rang true metal." With all this we can never know how great is our real misfortune, nor see how much the men that are fall short of the men that ought to have been.

It will be said that all this is exaggeration, that war is but one influence among many, and that each and all of these forms of destructive selection may find its antidote. This is very true. The antidote is found in the spirit of democracy, and the spirit of democracy is the spirit of peace. Doubtless one war will not ruin a nation. Doubtless it will not destroy its virility or impair its blood. Doubtless a dozen wars may do all this. The difference is one of degree alone. I wish only to point out the tendency. That the death of the strong is a true cause of the decline of nations is a fact beyond cavil or question. The "man who is left" holds always the future in his grasp.

If war is good, we should have it regardless of its cost, regardless of its horrors, its sorrows, its anguish, havoc, and waste.

But it is bad, only to be justified as the last resort of "mangled, murdered liberty," a terrible agency to be evoked only when all other arts of self-defence shall fail. The remedy for most ills of men is not to be sought in "whirlwinds of rebellion that shake the world," but in peace and justice, equality among men, and the cultivation of those virtues we call Christian, because they have been virtues ever since man and society began, and will be virtues still when the era of strife is past and the "redcoat bully in his boots" no longer "hides the march of man from us."

It is the voice of political wisdom which falls from the bells of Christmas-tide: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

Literature

A Few More Books on Japan

PROF. ERNEST W. CLEMENT, for years a teacher in Tokyo and at Mito, master of figures and student of both currents and surfaces, writes of *Christianity in Modern Japan*¹ with clearness, catholicity and accuracy. Map, index, tables, plenty of half-tone illustrations accompany the text. Orderly arrangement, historical development engagingly shown, philosophical insight, and a brisk luminous style make this a model handbook, pleasing and valuable. Rome did not fall in a day, nor will Japan's paganism, but it is weakening fast.

Modern manifestations of age-old specters of the brain go on in Nippon, despite geometry and physics. The author of "Japanese Girls and Women," already a classic, gives us in his new book, *In the Land of the Gods*,² ten true pictures of fairyfolk and phenomena set in the frame of a dainty English style. "The Peony Lantern" is a revelation. "The Blue Flame"—visible embodiment immediately after death of the freed soul—shows how a touching story of the modern man's real valor and sacrifice has its mystic counterpart in woman's imagination. This book is a "Japanese Fairy World" to date, but with something of Hearn's witchery of style.

Lafcadio Hearn not only buried himself in the Japanese world, but gave his ashes to the soil so often devastated by earthquake, typhoon, tidal wave and famine, but ever fertile in blooms of fancy which lies under the River of Heaven. The air of Nippon, poor in ozone, is overpopulated by goblins. No writer has ever excelled this child of Greece and Ireland in interpreting the weird fancies of peasant and poet in the land of bamboo and cherry flowers. In this his last volume³ we have some "Goblin Poetry" and three stories, all of them magic-mirror reflections of life among

the lowly. There are also reflections on the philosophy of Herbert Spencer—who, apparently, spoke to Mr. Hearn the last word on the subject of religion, or the science of it—and on the speculations of Percival Lowell concerning Mars. Hearn's life seemed crushed under "the horror of infinite Possibility." Hence, perhaps, the weird fascination of his work and style.

The two worlds of Buddhist conception are those of fixed law or cause, and the "floating" or passing (*ukiyo*) world of phenomena, including gods, mortals, buddhas, earth, heaven, men, women. Bound, printed and illustrated in Japanese book style, but written in excellent English, Dora Amsden's impressions of the Japanese color-print artists, from 1700 to 1900, make the best handbook on the subject.⁴ Accurate investigation of personalities, epochs and eras, and warm appreciation, expressed in highly rhetorical terms, of Japanese art characterize this informing volume.

At last we have a volume doing justice to Japanese architecture.⁵ On the principle that only a poet can translate a poet, Mr. Cram, an American architect, interprets for us the masterpieces of the Nippon builders' art. He enters into the spirit of those who upreared pagoda, yashiki and temple. No more is the Parthenon a true growth of Grecian genius or soil than is the Yakushiji pagoda at Nara, or the Kankakuji pavilion in Kyoto. Mr. Cram gives convincing reasons for his rapturous appreciation. Domestic interiors, allied arts, color prints and sculpture are also treated in masterly style.

Mr. Stewart Dick tells a bright story of *The Arts and Crafts of Old Japan*⁶ with all the *elan* of a man who has just discovered an Ali Baba's cave of riches. He talks entertainingly and correctly, and yet rather as a student and reader in Europe, than as an observer in Japan itself.

¹ CHRISTIANITY IN MODERN JAPAN. By Ernest W. Clement. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. \$1.00.

² IN THE LAND OF THE GODS. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

³ THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY, AND OTHER STORIES. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

⁴ IMPRESSIONS OF UKIYO-YE. By Dora Amsden. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50.

⁵ IMPRESSIONS OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE AND THE ALLIED ARTS. By Ralph Adams Cram. New York: The Baker-Taylor Co. \$2.00.

⁶ ARTS AND CRAFTS OF OLD JAPAN. By Stewart Dick. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Now that war is over, the strictly economic era in the Far East has already begun.' Mr. Hatch, a British business man, who has had an eye (in 1902) upon coal, iron, minerals, textiles and things that make trade and fill pockets and furnish houses, has wisely written his impressions.' Copiously illustrated pages and a text rather too full of quotations but rich in solid proofs tell of the wealth waiting to be raised up or dug out of the earth and fished from the sea are within these covers. Maps, appendix and index enrich a capital book for the investor and fortune seeker.

Early in 1904, Mutsuhito sent Baron Suyematsu, a scholar in English, French and German, to Europe to hold the world to its moorings of sympathy with Japan. Russia lost by not doing likewise. *The Risen Sun*—so un-Japanese in the eyes of Bushido—is the publisher's choice of titles. Three books, severally entitled "Antecedent to the War," "A Nation in Training," and "Eternal Relations," contain the luminous text. How Russia brought on the war is told in cool, dispassionate style. We learn how soldiers are made. The chapters on ethics, hara-kiri and religions are trans-



A VISION OF FUJIYAMA.

From Cram's "Impressions of Japanese Architecture."
Copyright, 1905, Baker & Taylor Co.

figurations and idealizations, rather than scientific statements of cool criticisms; but then the baron was on the defensive. Physical bravery may be moral poltroonery. To write of "the great change in Japan" as if it were wholly of interior and native causes or suggestion, and ignore foreign influences all the way from 1537 to 1900, is not history. The book is a superb piece of polemic, with a refreshingly cool and judicial temper like Franklin's and with eloquence that reminds us of Beecher. No critic or student of Japan, friendly or adverse, can ignore its sterling contents.

Mr. Kawakami,⁹ who wrote an admirable monograph on modern constitutional development in Japan, has collected a veritable literary mince-pie of alien opinions about his countrymen, who in critical eyes figure as demons, angels or men, according to the sanity of the tourist or resident spectator from lands afar. The quotations of title and author are accompanied with notes in Sinico-Japanese.

*All About Japan*¹⁰ is the ambitious title of a pleasantly written book on Japanese life and history, particularly intended and well adapted to interest children in the work of our missionaries there.



The Conquest of Canaan

The Canaan referred to in the title of Mr. Tarkington's latest novel* is a highly respectable country town in Indiana. It has just passed the board sidewalk stage when the hero puts on "long pants" and begins to slink down back alleys to play dominoes with the loafers in Louis Frabach's saloon. It is still owned body and soul by Colonel Pike, as towns of that age are usually owned and controlled by some whited sepulchre of a rich man. The hotel stands on the main street of the court house square, as it always does. And the rotunda of it is the roosting place of the sages of Canaan, doddering old men, whose gossip and philosophy

are features of this book. The author never showed more wit interpreting than he does in the conversation of these old window owls. And they are important factors in the tale, not only because they give a survey of the general situation, but because they prove to be the knights and standard bearers of a new order of things in Canaan. And it requires no small genius to change decrepit old men into stimulating heroes. Tarkington has the right faculty for creating heroes, any how. He understands that their substance is spiritual, beneficial, and, so far as he is concerned, boldly whimsical. Thus the real hero of this story is a bad man who had more virtues than any decent person in the town. He displaced Colonel Pike, befriended the poor, married the beautiful lady and made a conquest of Canaan generally because of his quality. In the beginning he was not above "shooting craps" with vagabonds, but he spent his odd hours figuring how to save three million dollars to the State in two years. At this period of his career the author makes the following appeal to the reader in his behalf: "He had the look of a puppy who thinks you would not have beaten him if you had known what was in his heart." Then he goes on to tell how often he was beaten and persecuted by the good people of Canaan, who sung "Rescue the Perishing" on Sabbath evenings, and counted it a virtue to shun the young scapegoat who whistled gayer tunes on the outside and perished with a fine Spartan courage.

Mr. Tarkington gives the impression of having himself an aching personal consciousness of how Loudens felt. The story contains the Ishmael note against the respectably good to be found in nearly all his stories. And doubtless there is much in life which justifies his point of view. No error is more firmly fixed in the popular mind than this, that the Devil is the peculiar companion of the wicked. It is when he enters into the hearts of the irreproachable members of society, takes on all the airs of honor and piety, that the worst happens. The Satanic conceit which causes the good people of Canaan to turn their backs upon Joe Loudens was as gravely wrong as that which infested the little brown jug in the young lawyer's office.

⁷ FAR EASTERN IMPRESSIONS. By Ernest F. G. Hatch, M. P. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

⁸ THE RISEN SUN. By Baron Suyematsu. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

⁹ JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE. As Seen by Foreigners. By Karl K. Kawakami. New York: Japanese American Weekly Co.

¹⁰ ALL ABOUT JAPAN. By Belle M. Brain. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00.

* THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper Bros. \$1.50.

But the story would not have the proper ethical proportions if only the self-righteous deacons were overturned. Louden escaped the snake in the jug, too. This must be so. There is no compromising with the powers of darkness when it comes to creating a character assigned to attract and fulfil even the average reader's ideal, and no one has a keener sense of this artistic obligation than Mr. Tarkington. He has a most irreverent way of putting the right at the bobtail end of society, but he does not give up the design until every man and every woman toes the mark to it. He flaunts the sweetest virtues where other authors are accustomed to offer merely scandalous details. And this is not so sacrilegious as it sounds. The sooner we learn that the good have not nearly all the goodness there is, the sooner we shall have a proper sense of people.

Mr. Tarkington has a most tender-hearted imagination whenever a lady is in question. He blesses them this way and that with more sweetness than any real woman ever possessed, and he sets their little jewsharp spirits to luring everybody until even the poor reader wishes he could get into the printed page for ten seconds just to kiss her. He has been quite as successful as usual in making Ariel Tabor adorable in this story. To her he gives all the characteristics most to be admired in women. Gentleness, sweetness, and other lovable qualities make her a Tarkington type, radiating sunshine. But for pure humor in an author, we commend the conversations of the old window owls in the "National House." The timid, ingratiating manners of servility, the cackling shrewdness with which they cover up lapses of memory, has never been done more clearly. They are irascible, incoherent and occasionally disconcertingly keen in their challenges to intelligence and faith. The old pessimist exclaims:

"Tell me why ain't the Church and the rest of the believers in a future life looking for immortality at the other end of life? If we're immortal, we always have been; then why don't they speculate on what we were before we were born? It's because they're too blamed selfish—don't care a flapdoodle about what *was*; all they want is to go on living forever."

Ancient Legends of Roman History

"Of such labor was it to found the Roman name!"

Half a century ago we used to read in college the early chapters of Livy as gospel truth. Niebuhr had, it is true, laid rude hands on that imposing structure called early Roman history, and Mommsen was hacking away at its corners. But it was reserved for the present generation to tear down the whole building.

Professor Pais* has sifted the origins of Rome without fear or pity; but in so doing he has incurred the *odium archaeologicum* among his countrymen, who could not bear to see the Roman kings transformed into Etruscans, "brave Horatius" Cocles etymologized into a one-eyed Cyclops, and even Coriolanus treated as mythical. When he went so far as to declare that the *lapis niger* and the tomb of Romulus recently excavated in the Forum were not earlier than 350 B. C., instead of belonging to the sixth or even the seventh century B. C., he crossed swords not only with Boni, the great excavator, but with Italian pride. As a result he has lost the directorship of the Naples Museum. Those pieces of Pentelic marble and *giallo antico* mixed with chips of the *lapis niger* around the "tomb of Romulus" were to him such strong evidence that he said, "I will speak out, for I dare not lie."

His bold criticism of "sources" also reveals the legendary character of what has so long been presented to us as the history of the first four centuries of Rome. But Italians are not yet ready to believe that the authentic history of Rome begins just before the Punic Wars. He who maintains this is on the road to martyrdom. There is, of course, no good reason why the small beginnings of Rome should be denied from national pride or that "the vain and incapable effort of those scholars who endeavor to keep the vanities of nations" should be so persistent. Rome's glory is not to be dimmed by the fact that it started as a weak and struggling band in the midst

* ANCIENT LEGENDS OF ROMAN HISTORY. By Ettore Pais. Translated by Mario E. Cosenza. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. pp. xiv, 336. Price, \$4.00.

of stronger and more developed peoples, like the Etruscans.

One contention of Professor Pais is obviously just, viz., that prior to the third century B. C. Rome had no ancient and authentic annals, and that the beginnings of literary Roman history were written by Sicilian Greeks and modeled on the history of Greece. The slaughter of the Fabii was made to accord with the battle of Thermopylæ in date and in the number of the slain, and this is only one of many similar cases.

We shall probably never know how much the Romans owed to the Etruscans, whose language is an enigma. A large slab covered with Etruscan characters found at Capua was declared on no evidence at all to be spurious, and was sold to a representative of the Berlin Museum for 200 francs! Some day it may be deciphered. Even now it is a token that Etruscan power once extended as far south as Campania. Etruria was strong in the sixth and seventh centuries B. C. That it early adopted Greek culture is shown not merely by the story of Demaratos, the Corinthian potter, but by the solid facts of innumerable Greek vases and by the Greek reliefs on the bronze chariot lately brought from that region to the Metropolitan Museum. Hammered on the north by Gauls and on the south by Syracuse, Etruria fell; and Rome rose, grew and prospered.

The book has faults. The style is not smooth. The lack of an index can only be excused by the consideration that such an index would have added materially to the bulk of the book. Names of persons and places are legion. The illustrations, about sixty in number, are good, even admirable, but they ought to be numbered for reference in the text. The maps are poor.

The Social Secretary. By David Graham Phillips. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

If this book were anonymous no one could be convinced that it was not written by a woman. As it is published under Mr. Phillips's name, however, we have to accept the fact, and merely wonder how any man could find out so much about the workings of a girl's mind. The story is told by Miss Talltowers, a

girl of an established Washington family, who, on account of financial troubles, engages to pilot Mrs. Burke, a rich Western woman, thru the Washington season. Her schemes, defeats and successes are all charmingly narrated, not the least valuable feature of which are her own naïve opinions on life. Toward the end of the novel Mrs. Burke's son arrives from Germany, and after a stormy and turbulent friendship, he and the Social Secretary finally agree on some disputed points, and announce their engagement to the Washington circle. The illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood are excellent.

The Structure and Development of Mosses and Ferns (Archegoniata). By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph. D., Professor of Botany in Leland Stanford Junior University. 8vo, pp. v, 657. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.50.

The Fern Allies of America north of Mexico. By Willard Nelson Clute, author of "Our Ferns in Their Haunts," etc. With more than 150 illustrations by Ida Martin Clute. 12mo, pp. xiv, 277. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.00.

We have here two very different volumes covering in part the same ground. One is a microscopic study of structure for the classroom, and the other a description of plants from the fields; one for the histologist and the other for the collector. For the general reader we need say little more of Professor Campbell's volume than that it is a second edition of a work published ten years ago, but entirely rewritten and enlarged, and printed from new plates, so that the author had full liberty of revision. He concludes that of all the mosses and ferns, using the terms in the broadest way, the most primitive in structure are the liverworts, and that these are descended from sea-weeds, or Algæ. Of the ferns he makes the Ophioglossum family the most primitive; while flowering plants have developed out of something like the Isoetes or Quill-worts. He thinks there is a real genetic relation between the conifers and the Lycopodiums, which they resemble. Much less technical, and so admirable for the collector's use, is *The Fern Allies*. One cannot but admire the numerous careful drawings, and a few colored plates which

are more pictorial than minutely scientific. Not a few amateur botanists confine their study to flowering plants and the ever attractive ferns; they will find it very pleasant to add the horsetails (*Equisetum*), the club-mosses (*Lycopodium*, and the Marsilias. One could hardly ask a better guide than Mr. Clute's handsome volume.



Oriental Studies. By Lewis Dayton Burdick. 12mo. 150 pages. The Irving Company, Oxford, N. Y. \$1.00.

There are four essays gathered in this volume. One treats of the antiquity of our ethical ideals, especially gathering the moral adages from ancient Egypt and Babylonia. The second makes a comparative study from other similar stories of the birth of Moses. The third discusses the faiths and folklore of the moon, and the fourth describes the epics before the Iliad, especially the Pentaur of Egypt, which gives the story of the historic battle of Rameses against the Hittite king, and the other the Gilgamesh of Chaldea. The author has gathered from various stories an interesting collection of facts for comparative purposes. It is a good thing to call attention to the Ten Commandments before Moses. Perhaps the least familiar of the matters brought together in this volume are those which have to do with the folklore of the moon. Here he gathers not a few quotations from English poetry, but we notice that in speaking of the idea that the spirits of the dead find their habitation in the moon he does not quote Milton's denial that the moon is the habitation of the souls in Limbo—

"Not in neighboring moon as some have dreamed:

Those are argent fields, more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold,
Betwixt the angelical and human kind."

The various facts and illustrations gathered are well selected and are from reputable and trustworthy sources.



The Heart of Lady Anne. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

There are books like an old tapestry, where woven lords and ladies in brocade and velvet, lace-trimmed and quaintly garbed, curled, and powdered, start into

a sort of resemblance to life as a faint breeze stirs the folds of the arras. Periwigged and powdered heads bend in gracious fashion in the stately movements of a mimic minuet. It has a charm—all of this elaborate masquerade—and the taste for tapestry fiction is as respectable and comprehensible as the present mania for mural upholstery in decoration. Agnes and Egerton Castle know how skillfully to weave such fabrics, or fabrications, and the soft colorings and eighteenth century patterns are very pleasing to the eye. The people who are woven into their latest canvas, *The Heart of Lady Anne*, are very human folk, altho they fairly rustle in their stiff silks and heavy embroidery. Lady Anne is a beautiful shrew, educated in France to hate the country which her young English husband loves almost as deeply as he does his wife. The duel of opposing tastes which gives a sufficiently entertaining plot to the story moves on for many chapters, but finally merges into a harmonious duet of mutual duties and pleasures, as happy and wholesome as an English garden full of roses, but with a corner sensibly reserved for homely and not uncomely vegetables. It is another "Taming of the Shrew" in crinoline, patches and powder, and 'tis a beguiling tale of a most magnanimous husband and a pretty goose of a wife.



Pisanello. By G. F. Hill, M.A., of the Department of Coins, British Museum.

Constable. By M. Sturge Henderson. London: Duckworth & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Each, \$2.

The scheme of that excellent series of monographs known as "The Library of Art," several of the volumes of which we have heretofore had occasion to commend, is one, according to the publisher's prospectus, in which all schools and periods will be represented, but only the greatest masters will emerge as biographies, the rest being treated in relation to their fellows and forerunners as incidents of a development. Now, Pisanello, as a painter at least, cannot by any stretch of imagination be accounted one of "the greatest masters," and one is surprised to find a whole volume devoted to him in a set of this kind avowedly de-

signed for popular enlightenment. It is chiefly, if not alone, as an important medallist that Pisanello deserves inclusion here, and along with some account of his life and art we should have something about the other eminent Italian medallists of his period. But Mr. Hill has chosen rather to construct an elaborate and ingenious critical essay on Pisanello as a painter, maintaining that tho he did not found a school in painting, the traces of his influence are to be found in widely distant places, in painters of widely different character; and that, while "the effect seems to have been to stimulate the artists who came into contact with him to further progress, rather than to overpower them by the force of his own personality, nevertheless, in the Northern Italy of his time (especially after the death of Gentile de Fabriano) there is no power in painting comparable to him, and his domination is supreme until the rise of Mantegna and of that Venetian school which he had helped to bring into being." This sort of thing serves far better to provoke controversy among the cognoscenti than to disseminate knowledge or arouse the interest of the general reader. The many interesting photographic reproductions of medals used as illustrations make it all the more regrettable that the other medallists have been relegated to the limbo of a final and very sketchy chapter. Mr. Henderson's *Constable* is a much more satisfactory, as it is a more readable, book. It is indeed an admirable short biography of the English landscape painter, who, by virtue of a naturalism that was unique in two respects—his "fearless adoption of 'unpicturesque' localities as subjects for his pictures, and his practice of using fresh, bright color"—pointed out to his successors "the way to a new kingdom." The bulk of Mr. Henderson's material has been drawn from the larger "Life" of the artist by his friend, C. R. Leslie, to which the last sixty years have added no incident of importance. But he has sifted, selected, digested and arranged that material with a deft skill that is rare in a condensation of any kind, and his critical comment, besides being sound, has the further merit of clear and concise expression. The book is such an excellent piece of work that we are puzzled to find the

author making the mistake (page 202) of bringing Corot into the world in 1776—twenty years too soon—and, as if to prove that the wrong date is not a mere typographical error, remarking that the poet-painter of Barbizon was already fifty years of age in 1830! The interest of the text is enhanced by thirty-eight good half-tone reproductions from Constable's paintings, sketches and studies.



A Concise Dictionary of the Assyrian Language. By W. Muss-Arnolt. 2 vols., pp. 576, 626. New York: Lemcke & Büchner.

It is a great work which Dr. Muss-Arnolt, of Chicago University, has accomplished in this *Concise Dictionary*, which covers 1,202 pages, and of which we receive the concluding part. It is more complete than any other attempt at a dictionary of the Assyrian language yet published in either English or German. Norris's dictionary of forty years ago reached three volumes, and the author left it unfinished; and in that early day Dr. Norris left out all the verbs as too difficult to deal with. Professor Delitzsch began a *corpus* of the language, but went only a few pages, leaving it to provide a dictionary much less extended than this. The present volume has the definitions in both English and German. It is extremely compact, and yet it gives us a considerable number of transliterated quotations. We should be grateful for a work of such enormous and almost thankless labor, which ought to be in the possession not only of the students of the Babylonian texts, but also of all those who are devoted to Semitic studies.



The Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. XI, Samson—Talmid Hakam. 8vo, pp. xx, 679. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This monumental work moves steadily on, and its completion is promised in the next volume. We observe that the number of illustrations increases with each volume, as well as their value, over three hundred in this volume. Among the topics included are Samuel, Samson, Saul, Sanhallat, Solomon, the Tabernacle, Slavery, Semites, and Tables of the Law, and many another interesting topic and distinguished man of post-biblical times of whom none is more

important than the philosopher Spinoza, of whom we have a colored portrait. This encyclopedia will be essential in any well equipped library.

Literary Notes

A NOVEL method of advertising is being tried by a prominent English publisher, who offers a prize of \$25 for the best epigram on a recent book.

....An excellent sketch of William Lloyd Garrison's life, by Ernest Crosby, is issued by the Public Publishing Co. of Chicago. ("Garrison, The Non-Resistant." 50 cents.)

...."The Lewis Carroll Birthday Book," issued by the A. Wessels Co., New York, contains all the stock quotations from "Alice in Wonderland," etc., arranged by Christine T. Herrick. (Price, 75 cents.)

....John Godfrey Saxe is a poet whose poems deserve to be better known to the present generation for their rollicking humor and splendid swing. A selection of his best poems is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (\$1.00.)

....The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston, print a little pocket edition of Lord Byron's "Lara" and "The Corsair." It is handsomely bound in red leather, but the print is too small. (Price, 75 cents.)

....The same publishers issue "The Poems of Whittier" in their Red Letter Library series. An introduction by the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter occupies the first seven pages. The edition is bound in red leather and contains 253 pages. (Price, \$1.00.)

....Admirers of Rev. Charles Wagner will be delighted with the "Simple Life Calendar" for 1906, issued by the A. Wessels Co. It prints as a heading for each month, attractively decorated, one of the passages from his well known book. (Price, \$1.00.)

....A first prize of \$500 and a second of \$300 are offered by a citizen of California for the best essay between 6,000 and 12,000 words sent in to Professor Dresslar, University of California, Berkeley, Cal., by June 1, 1906, on "Moral Training in Public Schools."

....The third of Judge Henry A. Shute's little books ("Letters to Beany," Everett Press, Boston, 50 cents), is fully up to the standard of the first two in humor and interest. These stories are almost unique, and their widespread popularity is attested to by the large number of editions struck off.

....E. P. Dutton & Co. have issued a beautifully illustrated series of over 200 Christmas Calendars. They range in price from the 5 cent miniatures to the large Hunting Calendar for \$2.50. Among the more attractive are "Gems From Shakespeare" (25 cents), and "The Nature" and "Phillips Brooks" Block Calendars, with quotations for every day in the year. (50 cents.)

...."The Foolish Almanack" for 1906, published by John W. Luce, Boston, contains startling astronomical and political predictions, unique marginal illustrations and many chunks of foolishness [or wisdom] such as the following:

"Where there's a will there's a way, but it's not always our way."

"Let your light so shine before men that they cannot see what is going on behind it."

"It's not what we tell people about ourselves that interests them; it's what we could tell and don't."

"Never write a compromising letter and never destroy one."

Pebbles

IF President Roosevelt succeeds in eliminating brutality from football, he might then attack the college yell.—*The Toledo Blade*.

....Yale University is to have a ton of fossils. Whether for the faculty or for the museums is not announced.—*The Atlanta Journal*.

....Faith is that quality which leads a man to expect that his flowers and garden will resemble the views shown on the seed packets.—*Country Life in America*.

....I wish I were a blade of grass
Beneath the sky so blue;
For then on every starry night
At least I'd get my "dew."

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

....I put my arm around her waist—
I drew her closely to me
And even as we had embraced
Ye Gods!—a pin ran through me.

—*Princeton Tiger*.

...."You say both his legs were shot off!"
"Yes."

"How did he ever get home—seven miles away?"

"Why, he said the shrieks of the wounded made his flesh creep so that he got home in very short time."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

....A month ago the stands were gay
With Christmas numbers in array,
With Yuletide cheer in stories terse,
And New Year's wishes writ in verse.

Now, just as Christmas comes along,
Long e'er the New Year's brew is strong,
There burst upon these merry scenes
The JANUARY magazines!

—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

...."Mistah Middleman, I's got a question."
"Well, what is the question, Mr. Tambo?"
"Kin a man light a cigar wid a pair ob cuffs?"

"Certainly not."

"Um! he can't, eh? Well, jes' s'posin' dem cuffs am matches?"

"Mr. Crackvoice will now sing that sympathetic ballad entitled 'Since Nellie Took My Bank Account Away.'"—*Judge*.

Editorials

A White Christmas

PREVIOUS to 1895 the opinion was very commonly expressed that war had practically become extinct. Men were too civilized. Weapons were too destructive. The cost was too great. Commercial interests were too powerful. From any one of these causes, or all four in combination, it was thought improbable that great nations would ever again engage in warfare, and, altho strife with and between barbarous peoples could not be prevented, yet they would become increasingly impotent as the white race, armed with the new and terrible weapons which science had given, spread its irresistible and benevolent sway thruout the world.

The events of the last decade have chilled that easy optimism. During that time there have been but few Christmases when the snow was not stained with the blood of soldiers. No continent has been exempt. Italy, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Great Britain and her colonies, the United States, Spain and Japan have all been involved in formal and important wars, while Portugal, France, Germany and Holland, in addition, have been engaged in serious if not dangerous conflicts with savage races. If we should mark in red upon a map of the world where battles have been fought in the past ten years we should find also marked in Asia, Arabia, China, Tibet, Manchuria, Afghanistan, Formosa, Java and the Philippines, and in Africa, Somaliland, Abyssinia, Nigeria, the Transvaal, Orange Free State, Morocco, Madagascar and German East and Southwest Africa. Upon American soil, except in Cuba, there have been no international wars, but there have been revolutions of importance in almost all the republics south of us, except Chile, Paraguay, Argentina and Mexico.

What reasons have we, then, for hoping that the gates of the Temple of Janus will long remain closed? Not because the nations show any disposition to lay down their arms. More men are now being drilled and equipped for battle than ever before in the history of the world. More money is being spent for

arms and munitions, more and bigger battleships are being built. Military exploits are as much applauded as ever, and the military hero outranks all others in the popular estimation. No new arguments against war have been brought forward than those which have proved so futile to prevent it in the past. Tolstoy's "War and Peace," Zola's "Débâcle," Suttner's "Ground Arms," and Andreyev's "Red Laughter" impress us with the grossness, the cruelty, the suffering of war, but did not the chiseled walls of the palaces of Sennacherib and Rameses tell the same terrible story to all that had eyes to see? Heralds of the advent of the Prince of Peace appeared thru all the ages before the plains of Bethlehem heard the song—or was it the command?—of "Peace on earth."

Causes of war, centers of apprehension, are as numerous as ever. Defeated Russia has to deal with a greater social revolution than defeated France had in the Commune of 1871. Who can say that the fires of revolt will be confined within her boundaries? The enmity between Germany and England is constantly growing, and the wisest heads of either country cannot discern its cause or remedy. Austria and Hungary seem ready to fly at each other's throats at any moment. China has repudiated her traditional policy of peace and is arming herself for an anticipated conflict, but with whom the world does not know.

But in spite of the increase of armaments, the apparent futility of argumentation, and the grave international problems, there is much reason to be hopeful for the future. If the period 1895-1905 is remarkable for the number of the wars that have been fought, it is still more remarkable for the number of wars that have been prevented. The allies of Russia and Japan were not drawn into the conflict; on the contrary, France and England have become closer friends than they have been for six centuries. The provocative action of Emperor William in regard to Morocco, his demand that France dismiss her great Foreign Minis-

ter Delcassé because he had slighted Germany, was received with unprecedented coolness by the French people and complied with by the French Government, altho, as we now know, they had good reason to hope for the support of England in case of war. The arrest of Colonel Marchand at Fashoda, the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, the firing upon the Hull fisherman, and a dozen other incidents which might easily have aroused a belligerent spirit, were treated with admirable coolness. The peaceful separation of two nations like Norway and Sweden without ill will is unprecedented in history. Turkey, the seismic center of Europe, is being gradually brought under the control of the Powers, whose action has been remarkably harmonious, altho not very efficient. The partition of Africa has been completed and the boundaries of the different claims settled without bloodshed. Even South America is free from revolutions, and the peace statue of the Andes looks down upon two disarmed nations. It really seems as tho people were learning to keep their national temper better than they used to; that they are not quite so liable to be carried away by the mob spirit of insane wrath.

To this increase in rationality, if it can be assumed to exist, are now added many artificial hindrances to precipitate action. Almost all civilized nations, except the United States, are now bound together by network of arbitration treaties, the strength of which bonds no one knows, for they have not been put to strain, but which may prove very useful in emergencies. The next meeting of The Hague Court will doubtless do still more to render war less likely and more merciful. International visits, interparliamentary conferences, peace congresses and many other agencies are working in the same direction. In European countries, especially France and Germany, the growing power of the Socialists is a strong influence for peace, both because they oppose militarism in all its forms, and because it would have to be a very strong issue which could induce them to stop the "class conflict" to take part in international strife. So, tho it is too much to expect that the reign of peace on earth has begun, we have much to en-

courage us in the belief that we shall have many a white Christmas.



What Socialism Is Not

THE ignorance of the ignorant is never ridiculous, tho it may be tragic. The ignorance of the educated is seldom tragic, but it is unfailingly ridiculous. And the bigger the subject about which the educated happen to be ignorant the more absurd is their misapprehension. For a generation past the chief objects of well bred ignorance have been evolution and "the higher criticism." These topics now have lost their novelty and their place in the realms of intellectual darkness is being taken by socialism.

The other day a well known New York financier was denouncing socialism, when one of his listeners pulled him up with the question, "What do you think socialism is?" "What do I think socialism is?" was the reply. "Why, everybody knows what socialism is. It's the lunatic proposition to divide all property equally among all men." The questioner laughed, and the now angry financier clinched his demonstration with the crushing rejoinder: "That's just what socialism is. My daughter told me so. They taught her all about it at college!"

It so happens that the professor whose lectures the great man's daughter had attended is a political economist of international fame, whose clear thinking and lucid writing have made his books contributions to literature no less than to science. He will have to console himself as best he can with the philosophy of Dr. Johnson's reply to the man who complained that he could not understand the definitions in the Doctor's dictionary.

Now, of all the many things that socialism is not, this "lunatic proposition" to divide up the world's wealth is conspicuously first. No socialist can possibly advocate such a proposition, and no person, sane or insane, who does advocate it, can possibly be a socialist. The essence of socialism is the public ownership and control, not the distribution and private dissipation, of the means of production. Socialism, so far from scattering wealth, would collect it. It would make the public the supreme property owner.

Probably, however, there are not many men and women even in select "financier" circles and college classes quite so ignorant of the socialistic program as were the magnate and his offspring whose expositions we have quoted. A commoner misunderstanding of socialism relates to the attitude toward the individual.

Socialistic schemes have been put forward that have given occasion for criticisms like that of Herbert Spencer, which characterizes socialism as "the coming slavery." If all private property should be merged in public property, and all work should be organized and directed by a central board having all the coercive powers that governments now possess, the individual would undoubtedly be lost in the mass, and his status would for all practical purposes be that of the most helpless slave. The mere fact that he was one of some tens or hundreds of millions of voters would not help him in the least. The majority would rule as it pleased.

Whatever may have been true twenty-five or thirty years ago, there is at present in socialistic circles very little acceptance of such crude schemes of universal consolidation. When capital was owned and industry was managed by a multitude of individual entrepreneurs it was natural to dream of an organization that should absorb all private enterprise, because, apparently, any collectivism comprehensive enough to promise a general amelioration of the human lot would have to include practically all private undertakings then existing. The growth of great corporate enterprises has changed the situation and altered our prospectives. The broad distinction has been established between vast corporate undertakings and strictly private undertakings. No socialist with breadth of vision and a saving sense of humor can longer regard private property, in the strict sense of the word, and individual enterprise as inimical to the wage-earning population. He sees, as all men see, that the economic and the political life of mankind are controlled by incorporated capital and gigantic organizations.

The effect of these changes and of the altered aspect of industrial society is al-

ready noticeable in socialistic literature. Its writers and teachers see that control of economic opportunity does not in the least depend upon a comprehensive ownership of all wealth. Control of certain strategic forms and domains of wealth is quite sufficient. The multi-millionaires, combined in corporations, who own the mining lands, the railways, and the franchises to use public streets, own all that is necessary for their purposes. It does not worry them that individuals own farms and shops and houses. They can make these individuals pay tribute without going to the trouble and expense of buying them out. The socialists are beginning to see the same truth. They will not hereafter waste their intellects on dreams of co-operative commonwealths organized as Colonel Sellers might have organized a universal mill and intercontinental department store. They will be quite content to control, as the corporations control now, by transferring to the public the strategic domains of wealth that are now corporate property, and they will be quite willing to leave the field of private property and individual initiative as wide and untrammelled as it is today.

Socialism still has plenty of limitations, bigotries and vices to hamper and discredit it. But it is not a plan to dissipate capital, and as thus defended and defined it can no longer truthfully be described as the propaganda of a coming slavery.



Results of Secretary Taft's Visit to the Philippines

IT has for some time been apparent that the visit of Secretary Taft himself to the Philippine Islands the past summer was not merely for the purpose of making sentiment in Congress for the reduction of the tariff on Philippine products, important tho this object may be, but that the Secretary of War felt the need of interfering personally in the political situation in the islands. Information by mail from the islands since the departure of his party indicates that there were some immediate results of his visit.

Besides the suspension of the land tax, announced during his stay in the islands,

measures have already been adopted for curtailing the abuses of the constabulary of which the Filipinos complained. A new general order was issued in September by the chief of the constabulary, defining more explicitly the obligations of the constabulary officials to co-operate with the local Filipino officials of towns and provinces. This order has been supplemented by various specific instructions from time to time. There have been a number of transfers of constabulary officials, both superior and inferior, looking toward the reorganization of the corps more strictly upon a police basis, and taking away from it many of the attributes whereby it had made itself a military body, with a military *esprit de corps* and a tendency to assert the right to military privileges. The insular Government has also dropped the prosecution of the case for alleged aid to bandits against Señor Roxas, a wealthy resident of Manila, who is a proprietor of large estates in Batangas Province. The circumstances connected with this prosecution, when it was begun last May, were among the chief grounds for Filipino complaints against the Government.

Both the Filipino and the American press of Manila has also been busy, since the departure of Secretary Taft at the end of August, with rumors about prospective changes in the *personnel* of Government. Of course, these rumors were given added activity by the reports circulated from Washington during the first half of October that Governor-General Wright would not return to the Philippines after his present leave of absence is over, but would remain in the United States and resign his post in the Philippines. There has been a good deal of animus in some of this talk that has found its way into print in Manila, just as there was meaning in the attempt of certain American elements in Manila to give Governor-General Wright a greater "send off" at the time of his departure for home on November 7 than was given to Governor Taft when he left the islands at the end of 1903—an attempt which failed quite signally, because the Filipinos (who are, properly, "the people" of the Philippines) did not take hold of the matter with real enthusiasm.

The nearest approach to a plain ex-

pression of feeling, either in the American or the Filipino press of Manila, was made in the issue of *The Manila American* of October 14th. Under the headline, "Is an Attempt Being Made to Knife Wright?" there is reproduced, under the rumor from Washington of his resignation, an interview with a "Government official," said to be "one of the best known men in Manila" and a "staunch and consistent friend of General Wright." This gentleman wrote out a statement in which he said, among other things:

"He [General Wright] knows perfectly well what is going on, and he knows that he is being knifed by those in whom he placed confidence. . . . I want to mention something that seems to have escaped every newspaper man in town. Do you recall Taft's remarks at the Metropole dinner, to the effect that any member of the Government who does not care to associate with the Filipinos on a social equality need not hope for anything from the Government. I do not want to think that the Secretary of War had Governor Wright in mind when he made that statement, but there is more than one person in Manila who thinks he had. Roosevelt is acting very peculiarly in this matter, it seems to me. As a rule, he is only too ready to rush into print with a thing of this nature. . . . Americans out here who love Wright have been too prone to consider him without enemies. This is a mistake. He has enemies and plenty of them. The worst part of it is, tho, that his enemies are not the sort who fight in the open. They have been knifing him in the back. And it seems so different from Roosevelt's nature to listen to their tales. But seemingly he has done that very thing. . . . He [General Wright] is by far the most popular man that has ever been in these islands; and when the fact becomes generally known that he has been knifed, the Americans will rally around him in such a manner that it will bode no good to those who are handling the bolo. It is only a question of time until the whole story will be told, and then look out for several very sadly shattered political ambitions."

The American printed this innuendo next to an editorial headed "Has Taft Thrown Wright Down?" In it Taft is insinuatingly charged with

"attempting to discredit General Wright, who has faithfully carried out his instructions, better probably than he could do it himself, and whose only handicap was the fact that he was obliged to make the best of Secretary Taft's far from successful experiments in government."

Further, that Taft is trying to "place the blame for any failure of his experimental policy in the Philippines upon Governor-General Wright and clean his own

skirts, in order that he might pose before the American people as the successful Taft, who is not capable of making any mistakes."

It is perfectly plain what is the animus behind all this talk. It represents the views of that element of Americans who do not believe in the "Taft policy" and who have never sympathized with the pledge that Filipino rights would be safeguarded and given first consideration in ruling the islands, as implied in the motto "The Philippines for the Filipinos." The "leading Filipinos" of whom this editorial speaks as likely to resent any interference with Governor-General Wright are a certain few Spanish-Filipinos, or practically full-blooded Spaniards, who were identified with the former Spanish *régime* and who are not today, as they never have been, in sympathy with Filipino aspirations, nor really identified with the Filipino people. They are comparatively few.

The fact that the defense of General Wright comes from those Americans who are always more or less openly clamoring for a change of the "Taft policy" with reference to the Filipinos, and from a class of Filipinos who do not represent or sympathize with their own people, is a most unfortunate thing if, as his friends claim, he really is in sympathy with the "Taft policy" and has tried to continue it.

So far from proving that this policy is a failure, the Filipino discontent of the past year comes from governmental actions that would indicate a belief in the greater wisdom of the policy of a "strong hand," an impatience with Filipino political aspirations, and a belief in "white superiority." The receptions at Malacañan Palace, which used to be crowded with Filipinos on such occasions, have lately drawn but two score or so Filipinos, who came with their wives because they felt their official position made it more or less obligatory. Cavite and Batangas have been under strict military control since the first of this year, and criticism of the abuses of the constabulary and scouts in those districts, instead of leading to rigid measures of investigation and repression on the part of the Government, led instead to the display of irritation toward those who criticised and the prosecution of one

Filipino newspaper which told things perhaps untrue but which did not tell many worse things believed by all Filipinos, and in some cases supported by proof, against the constabulary. Last year the funds to be devoted to the extension of education in the islands were reduced, while the sums expended for purely repressive measures during the year must have greatly increased, if they were not doubled. This is hardly intelligent or loyal application of the "Taft policy," which, by the way, is the one to which our nation stands officially pledged in the Philippines, thru the declarations of two of its Presidents and of its Congress in 1902.



Causes and Prevention of Colds

Nor a few people have been congratulating themselves that the present mild winter is likely to bring with it less tendency to the contraction of colds and other serious disturbances of health characteristic of colder weather. It must not be forgotten, however, that it is not severe cold which is the most active factor in the production of what are called colds, but that, on the contrary, a mild winter in our latitude is almost sure to bring with it more of the pulmonary affections than seasons which are characterized by extreme cold. It will not be forgotten that two of the mildest winters in the last twenty-five years, those of 1890 and 1891, saw the rise and spread of influenza, with a very large mortality; nor was the mortality the most serious feature, since the weakness occasioned as a consequence of attacks of influenza proved the beginning of terminal deterioration of health in many persons. In fact, the definition of grip which declared it to be a disease from which you scarcely suffered at all, but didn't get over for six months, was a humorous but very precise description of the disease.

Already it has been announced by the New York Health Department that the present year is to be a "measles" year; that is, that the indications point to an especial prevalence of this affection among children. It is well known that measles is very frequently complicated by pulmonary affections of various kinds, and is not seldom followed by a lack of

resistive vitality in the lungs which encourages the development of pulmonary tuberculosis. There is no doubt that the sharp, cold weather which produces a distinct reaction would be much more wholesome than the rather damp, mild weather which has been the rule during the last few weeks. The old proverb that a green Christmas makes a full churchyard is not without its exemplifications in our modern experience, notwithstanding the important advances which have been made in sanitation and hygiene, as well as in the recognition and in the treatment of disease.

Since, then, the beginning winter season suggests the possibility of more danger than usual from the catching of colds, it appears worth while to discuss the present notion of physicians with regard to this bothersome affection, and the avenue by which it is acquired, its method of distribution, and the possible prophylactic measures that will prevent not only the annoyance, but the danger to health and even to life which is sometimes occasioned by so simple a thing as an ordinary cold. Its greater frequency during mild and damp winters shows that it is not due to low temperature. In fact, there is now a general recognition of the idea that a cold is an infectious disease, due to certain microbes which find their way to susceptible portions of the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract and there find a lodgment. There is no specific microbe of a cold; that is, there is no one micro-organism which causes all colds. Colds are very different affections in different individuals, which makes all the more absurd the usual custom of recommending to friends a remedy for a cold that has apparently helped us. It would be just about as sensible to talk of a remedy for a sore throat. There are at least twenty different forms of sore throat, from diphtheria, thru scarlet fever and other severer disease, down to very mild throat infections. There are at least as many forms of colds.

Three things predispose the mucous membrane to permit the microbes which produce a cold to gather and remain on its surface. Ordinarily there are minute whip-like processes on the cells of the mucous membrane called cilia, which, by

their rapid movement, cause anything that rests upon the mucous membrane to be moved gradually outward toward the orifice in communication with the outer air. These faithful guardians may be hampered in their action by over tiredness of the individual, by lack of nourishment and by sudden egress into the cold, which may absolutely paralyze their action for a time. If, then, a person would avoid catching cold, these little whip-like processes must be kept in active tonic condition. There must be no missing of meals, therefore, on days when one is likely to be exposed to contact with many micro-organisms; there must be no going into crowds, for microbes abound wherever many people are, when one is over-tired. There must be no suddenly going out into the cold from a confined room in which a number of micro-organisms have had an opportunity to light upon the mucous membrane.

There is no doubt now in the mind of the modern physician that the contraction of a cold is practically always associated with having been in close contact with a large number of persons. Very probably, the crowded cars of the evening hours, with their loads of tired, weary and often hungry working people, are responsible for more colds than anything else in the city. After the cars undoubtedly comes the ballroom. Unless these have been very carefully aired and cleaned, an immense amount of dust is sure to be jostled up into the air by the dancers, and as the exercise causes them to breathe deeply and rapidly, and often thru the mouth rather than the nose, a number of micro-organisms must find their way onto the sensitive mucous membranes of the larynx and bronchi which would ordinarily be filtered out in the devious nasal breathing passages. It would be an interesting experiment to let a ray of sunlight into a dance hall shortly after a modern rapid two-step; the number of dust particles that would be visible would deter even the most hardy from wanting to breathe such an atmosphere. It is evident that dancing as an institution should be carried on out in the open air unless special precautions are taken with regard to interior cleansing. After the dance hall, the most frequent source of

city colds is the theater, which unfortunately is so built, as a rule, in the heart of a city block that no sunlight ever penetrates it. Sunlight is the great bactericide, and where people gather nightly in large numbers, and there is no antiseptic sunlight to purify the air they have breathed, microbic accumulation is almost inevitable. Churches probably come next on the list, tho in modern times they are so little crowded that their danger has been greatly lessened.

In a word, colds must be considered as infectious diseases, to which it would be wrong to add the word *slight*, since often they are quite serious in their pathological significance. Microbes grow better in damp weather than in cold, sunny weather; hence the more likelihood of a mild winter giving rise to them than a cold, bracing season. It is probable, therefore, that more precautions will have to be taken this year than in the two previously severe seasons to prevent the development of these infections, which so often have unlooked-for consequences. New York's pneumonia commission emphasized, last spring, just these points with regard to the contraction of that increasingly fatal disease, pneumonia, and it is now that its advice may be expected to bear fruit.

An Orange Grove.

You are certainly entitled to look thru that wire fence and see all that constitutes an orange orchard. There are two hundred round-headed trees, about twelve feet in diameter. The fruit looks immensely as if it had been artificially put in place. Really those would pass for two hundred Christmas trees. Does Nature do this sort of work anywhere else? You forget the cherry trees in your Northern orchard. You have become so familiar with the scarlet globules that hang all over those trees, with orioles and robins shouting approval, and tanagers with indigo birds sitting in the apple tree overhead, that you cannot fully see and appreciate the charm. But you certainly have not forgotten the glory of a McIntosh Red apple tree, in October; or indeed a whole orchard of ripe Northern Spys, Spitzenburgs and Kings. Yet the orange has a glory all

its own. It is the gold of the orchard. You thought the trees grew in groves, "but here they are in long, regular rows?" That was a word borrowed from the wild oranges, that in Spanish days, came up where they might—and were seldom transplanted. They grew as those wild persimmons grow, at the edge of the orchard, or as pines and maples grow. But your modern orange trees are grown in long rows, to be cultivated with plows and horses.

The real orange tree should stand about twenty-five or thirty feet high, with a trunk of five or six inches. Its foliage is dense, and a rich green. It is a grand tree to sit beneath at midday, and drink the juices of the fruit, instead of water—it is distilled perfectly. But these trees are round and low-headed, and one must stoop to get beneath them. They are made of the grafted shoots that came up around the old trees, after the freeze of 1895. They are more convenient to spray; to protect from the blizzard, while the fruit is more easily gathered. You can walk all about that orchard, and reach half the fruit without a ladder. It is a good illustration of how good sometimes comes out of evil.

"Different shapes!" To be sure. There are quite as many varieties of oranges in this orchard as there are of apples or plums in most of your Northern orchards—fifteen or twenty, at least. The grower knows them all by name, and can tell them all by the shape and the quality. He does not go at random, and pick any fine big orange for his own eating, but he takes his selection—the King, or the Homosasa, or the Jaffa, or the Ruby, or Parson Brown, or Satsuma, or possibly the Tangerine. He fills his pocket with selected varieties, and then goes to that pine grove over there and peels them as he lunches. It is very much as we do with our Pippins, and Swaars, and Princess Louise, and Jilli-flowers.

What are those piles of logs, about six feet long, all up and down between the rows? They are to be seen in every well-kept orange grove in Florida. They are to be set on fire in case of a threatened frost. A very slight freeze will take the leaves from an orange tree; and a little harder will spoil the crop; and if the

thermometer gets down to twelve or fifteen, away go the trees. Fortunately it has only frozen three or four times in the orange belt during the last twenty-five years—that is frozen enough to defoliate the trees. One of these freezes ruined four-fifths of all the orchards, and drove nearly all of their owners out of the State, financially ruined. These fires can be made at small cost, practically no cost at all, by using the fallen trees collected from the pine woods. If the wind be not too strong, the fires are alone sufficient protection, and the oranges are saved.

You see from where you stand two or three orchards only, but there are plenty more of them all around, in these pine woods—you can come upon them in almost any direction. Follow any of the trails thru the forest, and they will lead you from one homestead or clearing to another. These clearings run from three or four acres to forty acres in the great, grand, sweet pine woods. Many of them are on the borders of the almost innumerable small lakes that fill the heart of Florida. They look much alike in their general features, only that some of them include a few lemon trees and more or less grape fruit trees. You are well warranted in exclaiming with delight when you see a tree hanging with grape fruits, each one of them as large as four or five oranges, growing in huge clusters and bending the limbs earthward. Apart from the fruit, the tree is not to be distinguished from an orange. The color is less golden, but the effect of size more than makes up in the charm of a tree in full bearing.

After driving half a day, from homestead to homestead, you are astounded to have found that at least three-fourths of the orange orchards are ruined, and nearly that number of houses and homes deserted. There is a general look of some old-time civilization blotted out. It is not a pleasant sight; but you note that the clearings are here, and ready for much more sure crops, and for those people who care to create homes. It was just as well that professional orange growers, mostly people with neither knowledge nor capital, should have been invited by Nature to withdraw. These are the homesteads where Northern farmers should

create winter farms. A huge cabbage palm stands at the gateway of a cottage and draws your attention. You observe within the enclosure a long bee-house—with more hives everywhere. The owner is just crossing his lawn with a huge jar of honey, and will answer your questions. He will tell you that in this country bees work all the year—and that his chickens do the same; and that while he has half a dozen orange trees, with some grape fruit and loquat trees, others may grow oranges for market, for all he cares. "There is no sense in chasing golden dreams. People here, sir, won't grow what they can, and will keep on trying to grow what they cannot. There is no sound sense, sir, in doing anything else, when you have a piece of land, but to establish a good home. That is the first point, sir, and after that you can send your surplus to market. You can't do that hereabouts with oranges, or with any other risky enterprise. A man can make a good living by obeying Nature most anywhere." Then he rolls over a bag of superb sweet potatoes, letting them tumble out of the bag, and saying: "There, sir, that's my gospel—honey, sweet potatoes, chickens and eggs, with vegetables and berries a-plenty, and all the plums and pears and apples that you want." You find he is a philosopher, and has a good deal of pithy wisdom. Now we will buy a pot of honey and go on. The world, after all, is not made up of oranges. And yet it is a fine thing, in January, to pick all that you desire of the golden fruit, and in March to smell new orange blossoms, with jessamine, while you are still eating last year's crop.



International Law for Peace

As we are looking forward to the good time coming when the law of nations shall be established by an international congress, we perhaps do not appreciate how far we have already gone in practical international legislation. Already such legislation controls artistic, literary and industrial property, hygiene, justice, transportation, postal telegraphic and telephonic communications, and, says Baron d'Estournelles, will soon control wireless telegraphy, submarine and aerial communications. It is beginning to regu-

late labor, and even production. There has been an international conference on sugar. Why, then, should not the regulation be settled internationally of the amount of money nations should spend on the navy, and the number of men who should be withdrawn from productive pursuits to be trained as an army? If this were done it would be exactly in the line of what has already been done, and, in a year or two, would seem the only natural course to be pursued. The nations have agreed, have passed laws for themselves, to limit their charge for carrying a letter from one country to another; let them now agree to limit themselves as to how many battleships they shall build, and how large a standing army they shall support. This is a chief lesson of this Bethlehem season of peace.

The Naval Academy

There is no good reason to find fault with the light sentence inflicted on the young man whose blow in a fist fight killed his fellow student at the Naval Academy, for he was not so much to blame as were those who allowed and encouraged the system by which "honor" was defended and "manliness" encouraged. It was the thing expected, what he was taught was right. To be sure, the rules were broken, but it was understood by teachers and students that they were a sham. At last there came a tragedy, and they understand that the rules were right and the practice wrong. And here comes another case of pure hazing, and another student's life was in serious danger by the cruelty, and this time it is punished as it deserves, and two students expelled. This case is further proof of great laxity in administration. It has not always been so. The Academy has reached one of its recurring periods of lax discipline. There have been times when the officer in charge has been strong enough to put down rowdyism and has held the students to healthy discipline; and again a period, which has now culminated, when an easy or lazy officer has been in charge. It is not military that there should be two authorities in rule—one that of the officers and one that of the young boys of the senior class who establish a

"code," and tell the boys in the under classes where they shall walk and what they shall do, as described by a student in our last issue. This is a development of the past dozen years. It is false morals, a lie to equal democracy, a vicious education that is taught to these young boys in such a "code" and such practices; and it is the officers that are most to blame who allow it.

A Monument to Mr. Gonzales

We have read with much interest the report in the *Columbia*, S. C., *State* of the dedication of the monument erected by the people in honor of its first editor, Mr. N. G. Gonzales, a brave and sound man, who was murdered on the street in Columbia by a man whom he had criticised for his political action. It was a shocking murder, and the murderer was tried and acquitted, on the ground that Mr. Gonzales had his hand in his pocket and the murderer thought he might draw a pistol. Pistols seem to be carried in that region much as in other places a man carries a penknife. We looked to see what would be said of the murder, and we observe that it is not mentioned in the inscriptions, which have room for an irregular sonnet, but they make no mention of the fact that he died a martyr's death. Nor was the fact referred to in Bishop Capers's prayer, nor in the speech presenting the monument to the city, nor in the Mayor's acceptance of it. The murder is, however, very briefly referred to at the end of the long oration by S. M. Smith, D. D., who in the story of Mr. Gonzales's life, avoids describing the circumstances of his death, but thinks it wise to satisfy himself by declaring that the monument will stand as "a protest of the people against the deep damnation of his taking off," and "an enduring protest against that spirit of violence which has threatened the very life of the State, and against which even the law has not prevailed." This is all there was in the three hours' ceremony. We are glad for this recognition of the fact that law has failed to give retributive justice. We know that the murderer had very high political relatives, but we should have expected a fuller statement of the chief lesson which the monument

teaches, "its protest against the spirit of violence"; infamy for the murderer as well as honor for a brave editor.



The End of the Concordat

We have read with care the French text of the law for the separation of Church and State in France, and, on the face of it, it is a very fair law, and does not deserve the criticisms which most of our Catholic papers seem bound to express to keep up the fiction that the French Government is ruled by atheism and free-masonry. We do not herein speak of the initial complaint that under the concordat between Napoleon and the Pope, France took the ecclesiastical property and bound itself to support the clergy as payment for the property taken, and that it is a breach of contract to cease to support the clergy. Whether after a hundred years the State can claim to have made full payment, or whether it is forbidden ever to separate State and Church, and how far eminent domain goes, are questions of argument. The present law is reasonable and American. It establishes boards of trustees for every church which shall occupy, without rent, all ecclesiastical buildings that have belonged to the State, and shall be responsible for the support of the care and continuance of worship. All clergy sixty years old who have served for thirty years shall receive for life three-fourths of their previous aid up to \$300; and those who have served twenty years, half of their aid from the State, while others will receive diminishing amounts for four years. All buildings and all ecclesiastical property passed over to the boards of trustees shall be inventoried, and no object of art can be sold out of the country. Religious education in the public schools is forbidden, but priests can arrange to teach religion out of hours. It is forbidden to disturb public worship, and equally to threaten any one for either taking or refusing to take part in any worship. Clergy are forbidden to defame officers of the law or to provoke resistance to law. The State will have nothing to do with nominations of archbishops, bishops or clergy, so that the Pope or bishops have full right to make their own free appointments; and "the

Republic assures liberty of conscience, and guarantees the free exercise of worship." On the whole, it appears to be a good, fair law, as things go in France. It makes no change as to religious processions in the streets beyond previous legislation. The most radical thing about it seems to be that the control of the church properties is put in the hands of these boards of trustees, called "associations," the majority of whom will be sure to be laymen; but that is quite reasonable, altho not the practice in the Catholic Church in this country. The law goes into operation with the new year, and we wait to see what the Pope will direct. We believe it will be a great blessing to the Church as well as to the Republic.



A New Church Council

It is not so much the kind of constitution adopted for the new representative Church Council which has been framed for the Anglican Church in Great Britain as it is the fact that it is being organized, which interests us on this side of the Atlantic. It is called for because coming events cast their shadow before. Not many years longer will the Anglican Church be established in England, even. Gladstone disestablished it in Ireland, where the overwhelming majority of the people were of another form of the Christian faith. The new Government will very likely prepare the way, at least, to disestablish it in Wales, where the same condition exists as in Ireland. In Scotland the Established Church is awaiting its release. It is time that the Anglican Church should get ready for its impending change. At present it is ruled by Parliament, by a Parliament elected by a majority who are not its members, even in England. It is divided into two provinces, those of Canterbury and York. It needs unification, and it needs a definite system of self-government, which can be put into effective operation when freed from control by a civil body consisting of Wesleyans, Presbyterians, Independents, Jews, and it may be Mohammedans and Hindus. So they have framed a constitution, with three houses, bishops, clergy and laymen, and with male suffrage. In matters of doctrine the plan adopted maintains the authority of the bishops.

but is good enough to allow full discussion in each of the two lower houses, which discussion may enlighten the bishops. The lack of such an opportunity has lately had illustration in the action of the Methodist bishops here in the Mitchell case. At present the new Church Council will have no legal authority; that will come later.

It is from one of the leading Catholic papers in this country, *The Western Watchman*, that we read the following tearful indictment on the friars in the Philippines, who took the millions of money our Government paid them back with them to Spain:

"What a terrible chapter of Church history will be written when it comes to tell posterity how the poor Church of the Philippines was despoiled by three religious orders. Far worse than the sack of the Church of England by the Tudors, or the plundering of the Church in Italy and France by the infidels, is this spoliation of the Church in the Philippines by the Church's most favored sons."

We observe that other Catholic papers talk in the same way. It makes credible some of the revelations in that famous "Senate Document 190."

We note an unusual suggestion in the Postmaster-General's Report. He speaks of 12 clerks killed while on duty, and 125 seriously injured, and he adds:

"The arduous and hazardous duties incident to the service emphasizes the desirability of some legislative action that will make provision for clerks worn out in the service and maintain the vigor and efficiency of the service by the gradual elimination of superannuated clerks."

It is a wise suggestion, but it opens the entire question of pensions for civil service officials. Congress is afraid of it, and clerks in Washington are forbidden to agitate for it, but it is right and deserves the attention which it will not get from Congress, we hear, till our military pension appropriation is materially reduced.

During the past year our country has been enriched by the accession of 1,026,499 residents who came to us from abroad in the year ending June 30th. No other country has ever had such added wealth. Of these, 275,693 came from Austria-Hungary, 221,479 from Italy,

and 184,897 from Russia and Finland. Next in order comes England, with 64,709; then Ireland, Norway, Scotland, the West Indies and France, and no other country has as many as 10,000. Next comes the task of assimilation, and it is not a long one. The next generation are sure to be full Yankees in appearance and largely in character

We sympathize with the Iowans who do not want a crazy ten thousand dollar picture for their State Capitol, by no matter how distinguished an artist, in which the oxen are driven by a farmer brandishing his whip, or "gad," on the off-side of the cattle. It is ridiculous, repulsive. It would corrupt the language of taurelaunics. *Gee* would become *haw*, and *haw* *gee*. It is far worse than the blunder of the lady angels at the Cathedral which the artist broke with his hammer when he found his error. We would commend Mr. Borglum's example to Mr. Blashfield.

We welcomed to our Metropolitan Museum Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the distinguished head of one of the greatest European museums. And now we are glad to welcome as his assistant director Mr. Edward Robinson, head of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He is a master in classical antiquities, and will give great strength to that department here. All roads lead to New York, and that is what the collectors of rare objects say in Europe.

Mr. Harmsworth, the leading British newsdealer in Great Britain, has been made a peer by the outgoing Premier. And what if he is a peer? Will it make him a bit better as a newspaper man? Will it assure that his children will be good business men? It is all nonsense, this giving of titles of nobility, an anachronism well worn out, of which England ought to be weary.

The very frank testimony before the Investigation Committee last week of Mr. George E. Ide, president of the Home Life Insurance Company, was exceedingly refreshing. Mr. Ide apparently had nothing to conceal, and his candor was in commendable contrast to some of his predecessors on the witness stand.

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Survey of the World

Railways Agree to Prevent Rebating

An important meeting of prominent railway officers was

held in Chicago on the 19th, and all the leading companies then agreed, by the votes of their representatives, to work earnestly for the prevention of discrimination by rebates or otherwise. This action is said to have been suggested by President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania road. Some think it was hastened by Attorney-General Moody's new campaign against rebates (to which we referred last week) and by the indictments recently obtained as the first fruits of that campaign. A committee led by Mr. Stubbs, the Traffic Manager of the Harriman roads, and composed of the traffic Vice-Presidents of all the other prominent railway systems, was appointed at the meeting. This committee will meet the Interstate Commerce Commission on the 28th and give pledges binding the members and the companies which they represent to assist the Commission in all possible ways to prevent violations of the law. It is understood that the committee will not hesitate to give information against any company or any person who is guilty of unlawful discrimination, holding that the repeal of the former penalty of imprisonment should induce the companies to take this course. In a published interview, Mr. Stubbs says the companies' action is an admission that rebates are still given. Some roads, he adds, have been partly successful in preventing such discrimination, but the plan now adopted is the most effective one. "We ought to have come together for this purpose some time ago," he remarks.—Mr. Cassatt was in Washing-

ton last week, conferring with Senators Knox and Penrose. On the following day Mr. Penrose said to the press that he was heartily in favor of railway rate legislation on the lines laid down by President Roosevelt and Mr. Knox.—

In response to a resolution adopted in the Senate upon Mr. Tillman's motion, the Interstate Commission has sent to the Senate all the evidence which led it to report that the Atchison road had for five years continuously violated the law. The Senator is especially interested in the testimony relating to the case of Mr. Paul Morton.



The Senate and the Canal

Before the adjournment of Congress for the holiday recess, the Senate again expressed disapproval of the administration of Panama Canal affairs. It appears to have been expected by many Senators, after the recent debate, in which the acts and the salary of Secretary Bishop were subjects of severe criticism, that his work for the press would be discontinued, that his salary would be reduced by one-half, and, possibly, that his connection with the Commission would be severed. Therefore there was some disappointment when, on the 20th, the President nominated Mr. Bishop to be a member of the Commission. A Commissioner's salary is \$7,500, and it was understood that for performing the duties of Secretary he was to receive \$2,500 more, so that his present salary would not be reduced. In executive session some of the Senators showed signs of resentment. A few days earlier the recess appointments of Chairman Shonts and five other

members of the Commission had been confirmed. It was now shown that this had been done irregularly, because members of the Canal Committee had not been asked for a report upon the nominations. Therefore, by unanimous consent, the nominations were recalled from the White House, and action upon them was deferred until after the holidays. It is said that they would not have been recalled if Mr. Bishop had not been nominated to be a Commissioner. He is one of the President's intimate friends, and has been regarded as the President's personal representative in the Commission's offices. Some Senators say that he has not been fitted by his experience as a journalist to act as a Commissioner, and add that he has never been on the Isthmus. Complaint is made because Chairman Shonts retains the office of president of a railway company (with its salary), and has not complied with that condition accompanying his appointment which required him to spend a large part of each year on the Isthmus. Opponents of the President find ground for further complaint in the holding of three offices by Commissioner Magoon (who is Governor of the Zone and Minister to Panama), and the payment to him of a salary of \$17,500. The opposition to Mr. Bishop is due in part to the fact that in the past, as a journalist, he has sharply criticised Senator Platt, of New York, who is said to have prevented his appointment to be Secretary of the Walker Canal Commission. It is expected in Washington that, owing to the attitude of the Senate, the work of the present Commission will be the subject of a committee investigation.

Concerning Several Federal Officers

Reference was made in Secretary Hitchcock's annual report to the prosecution in Nebraska of two men, Bartlett and Richards, for illegally fencing in two or three hundred thousand acres of public land, and to the fact that upon conviction they were punished by being committed to the custody of the Marshal for six hours. Irving W. Baxter, the District Attorney to whose suggestions this inadequate sentence was due, has been summarily removed

from office. He declined to resign.—Frederick A. Busse was nominated on the 16th to be postmaster at Chicago, and the nomination was promptly confirmed. Mr. Busse succeeds F. E. Coyne, who is said to have made an excellent record. Washington correspondents of the Chicago papers say that the President, in accordance with a policy unofficially announced on the 6th, desired to appoint him for another term, and urged the Illinois Senators to agree with him. Mr. Hopkins, however, insisted upon the nomination of Mr. Busse, and after a time Mr. Cullom joined him in this. Senatorial courtesy, it is asserted, would have prevented the confirmation of the nomination of Mr. Coyne. Therefore, Mr. Busse got the place. Senator Hopkins is not a resident of Chicago.—Another case involving the policy unofficially announced, and supported in Postmaster General Cortelyou's recent annual report, is that of the postmaster at Kokomo, Ind. The newspapers say that Representative Charles B. Landis recommended the appointment of E. A. Simmons, chairman of the local Republican committee, to succeed J. A. Kautz, the present postmaster, who thought that under "the new rule" he was entitled to another term. They also say that Mr. Landis introduced Mr. Kautz to the President and commended his administration, but insisted upon the appointment of Mr. Simmons; that the President said he would appoint Mr. Simmons; that Mr. Kautz in good humor accepted the situation, saying that he had desired "to understand the scope of the new rule"; and that the President expressed his appreciation of Mr. Kautz's acquiescence.—William B. Johnson, District Attorney in Indian Territory, has not been removed, an order for such action having been withdrawn, but he will not be reappointed on January 14th, when his term will expire. Mr. Johnson procured the indictment of Messrs. Mosley and Johnson, prominent officers of the Chickasaw Nation, and of the tribe's attorneys, for conspiracy to defraud the Chickasaws by false accounts. Press reports say that, some time later, he was instructed by the Department of Justice to procure a dis-

missal of the indictment, and that he refused to do so, insisting that the accused men were guilty and ought to be tried. He has summoned his witnesses for a trial on January 17, but on that date he will be out of office.

Federal Control of Insurance

Several bills designed to provide for the Federal control of insurance companies have been introduced in Congress. The bill of Representative Fred. Landis, of Indiana, and the similar bill of Representative Ames, of Massachusetts, would establish in the Department of Commerce a Bureau of Insurance, and require companies desiring to do business in the District of Columbia, the Territories, or the insular possessions of the United States to make annual reports to this Bureau. These bills would also subject the companies to examination and supervision by a Superintendent or Commissioner, and would direct this office to cancel any company's license for failure to make reports or for doing certain things that are prohibited. The power of Congress with respect to the District, the Territories and the islands is unquestioned, and these bills avoid any constitutional limitation with respect to the States. In the course of debate Mr. Ames said that, with the approval of the President and the Attorney General, he had been preparing a code of insurance laws for the District on the lines indicated by the two bills. He had been assisted by the Massachusetts Commissioner, Mr. Cutting. The advocates of this plan hold that the companies would seek the Federal licenses and comply with the accompanying statutory requirements, altho they would not be compelled to do so if they should be willing to forego the transaction of business in the District, the Territories and the islands.

Washington Notes

Representative Longworth, of Ohio, has introduced in the House a bill authorizing the Secretary of State to acquire, at a cost not exceeding \$5,000,000, proper sites and buildings for the use of American Ambassadors and Ministers in foreign countries. The purpose of the bill,

he says, is "to remove the one (at present) absolutely necessary qualification, that of great wealth, for holding high diplomatic office under the Government of the United States." Our diplomatic representatives would no longer have to pay rent.—In a letter to Secretary Wilson, commending his policy concerning the use of grazing lands in the forest reserves, President Roosevelt says:

"The forest reserves are to be used as among the most potent influences in favor of the actual home maker, of the man with a few dozen or a few score head of cattle, which he has gathered by his own industry and is himself caring for. This is the kind of man upon whom the foundations of our citizenship rest, and it is eminently proper to favor him in every way."

—William G. Crawford was found guilty, in Washington, last week, of conspiring with August W. Machen and others to defraud the Government in the sale of supplies to the Post Office Department. Machen is already in the penitentiary. Crawford was formerly Deputy Auditor of the Department.

Labor Questions

At a meeting held in New York last week, the Periodical Publishers' Association voted unanimously to support the Typothetæ (an association of employing printers) in the approaching contest with the Typographical Union. In Chicago, the Federation of Labor voted to support and assist this union, which demands an eight-hour day after January 1st. The Federation also denounced the Western Methodist Book Concern for opposing this demand, and urged all union men to have no dealings with it.

—Dispatches from Pittsburg predict that the Steel Corporation and other manufacturers of steel in that city will increase the wages of their employees by ten per cent. next week, and that an increase of seven per cent. will be made by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. On the other hand, a large reduction in the window glass industry is expected, owing to low prices, which are due to overproduction. It is said that the factories have been making glass at the rate of 1,000,000 boxes a month, altho the demand for consumption calls for only a little more than half of that quantity.

—Labor Commissioner Sherman re-

ports that the law limiting the work hours of children and women are violated by nearly all of the factories in New York city.—Judge Kohlsaatt, of Chicago, has sentenced Daniel Garrigan to be confined three months in jail for disobeying an injunction issued during the teamsters' strike in that city last spring. This indicates, it is said, the sentences to be imposed in the cases of nearly sixty persons, two of whom are President Shea, of the Teamsters' Union, and Charles Dold, President of the Chicago Federation of Labor.—Under a new statute two members of a plumbers' union in New Orleans were appointed to examine applicants for the new office of Inspector of Plumbing. Their union ordered them to recommend a certain candidate, and expelled and boycotted them when they refused to do so because the man was not well qualified. The Supreme Court of Louisiana now decides that the union must reinstate the two men, abandon the boycott, and pay them the full amount of damages suffered.—It is expected that all the Metal Trades Associations of the large cities will unite in a national association to oppose a movement for a "closed shop." The proposed national association, if completed, will have about 5,000 member, who employ 350,000 men.



Philippine Tariff Bill

The Payne bill was reported to the House on the 19th by the Ways and Means Committee, the vote having been 7 to 5. In the minority were Messrs. Babcock, of Wisconsin; W. A. Smith, of Michigan, and three Democrats. It is provided in the bill that all Philippine products shall be admitted at our ports free of duty, sugar and tobacco excepted, on which the duties are to be 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. Mr. Hill had at first proposed that the same rule should be applied to imports into the islands from the States. This not being acceptable, there was added to the bill, on his motion, a provision that sugar and tobacco from the States should be admitted free, and that Philippine duties on other products should not be disturbed. The old duties are to be collected upon about 40,000 tons of Philippine sugar now in bonded

warehouses at New York. Democratic members of the committee asked for absolute free trade with the islands. Their minority report says that their party desires to get rid of the islands at the earliest practical moment, and that it welcomes the protest of protected interests in the States against Philippine competition as a moving cause to promote Philippine independence. In the majority report it is stated that Philippine sugar cannot be delivered at New York for less than 3 8/10 cents a pound, without payment of the proposed duty, while the cost of beet sugar at the factory ranges from 3 7/10 in Colorado to 3 9/10 in Michigan. It is expected that American wrapper tobacco will be exported to the islands. The Protective Tariff League will oppose the bill, asserting that it would wipe out the domestic beet and cane sugar industries. In the coming debate, Democratic amendments relating to our tariff on foreign goods will be excluded by a ruling that the bill does not relate to imports from foreign countries. Governor Wright, testifying before the committee, said the opposition to the bill seemed to him to be pig headed selfishness.—All the bids recently submitted for railroad construction in the islands have been rejected, owing to their deviation from the specifications and prescribed terms. The Government will advertise again, so modifying the terms that such deviation will be within the rules.



Cuba and Porto Rico

To assist the cigar makers now on strike at Key West, the Cuban House of Representatives has appropriated \$10,000, the Havana Provincial Council \$5,000, and the Havana City Council \$1,000.—The death rate in the yellow fever epidemic at Havana is high. Of the 59 persons attacked by the disease, 19 have died.—A fertile district in the La Maya valley is to be opened for the production of sugar by the Cuba Eastern Railroad Company (controlled by New York capitalists), which will build a railroad fifty miles long, from San Pre to San Luis. This is in the province of Santiago, where the company already has fifty miles of road, from the Guantanamo naval station northward to Concepcion.

It is expected that \$5,000,000 will be expended for sugar factories at points on the projected road.—Dr. José C. Barbosa, leader of the Republicans in Porto Rico, has written a letter in which he asserts that the law restricting the acquisition of land by corporations has had a beneficial effect. Free trade with the States, he says, has drawn American and foreign capital to the island, and the law has caused corporations to assist the native owners of land. Therefore the people engaged in the sugar and tobacco industries are now paying their debts, and sugar land that could have been bought six years ago for \$30 or \$40 an acre is now held at \$150 or even \$200. The law might safely be modified now, for corporations would have to pay full value for land. But the lands used in the coffee industry are mortgaged for \$18,000,000 to Spaniards or Spanish banks, and the price of coffee is too low for producers carrying such a burden. A change in the law might induce Americans to buy coffee plantations, and thus be beneficial. Concerning the general situation, Dr. Barbosa says that wages are steadily rising, new railroads are approaching completion, and conditions are rapidly improving.

Italian Cabinet Resigns

The Fortis cabinet has resigned, but is still holding office pending the King's acceptance. The resignation was brought about by the adverse vote in the Chamber on the proposed commercial *modus vivendi* with Spain, under which a reduction in the import duty on Spanish wines was made. In the new cabinet Baron Edmondo Mayor des Planches, now Italian Ambassador to the United States, will probably be made Foreign Minister.—The report of the Italian budget shows an excellent condition. A surplus of \$15,000,000 for the year is reported. This fine showing continues to have the best possible effect upon the situation of the treasury and every department of Italian finance. In his report, the Minister, in congratulating his hearers on the growing prosperity of Italy, exhorted them not to relax their vigilance over the expenditure or to jeopardize a position so hardly won.

—The Pope, at a public consistory, accepted four new cardinals. He remarked after the ceremony that he intended to create a second American cardinal in the near future. The Pope has also had President Roosevelt's message translated into Italian and circulated.

British Politics

The new Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, outlined his policy in an address before the Liberal Federation in Albert Hall, December 21st. Fifteen members of his cabinet were upon the platform with him, of whom Mr. John Burns, the labor representative, was most warmly applauded. Sir Henry announced his opposition to the increase of armaments and his intention to administer the Government with the greatest possible economy. The relations of Great Britain with foreign Powers were satisfactory. He saw no reason whatsoever for estrangement with Germany, and he welcomed the recent unofficial demonstration of friendship. The Premier declared that the fiscal question was the prime issue of the campaign against a Government whose ministry "made a midnight flitting on a murky December evening." The announcement that the new Government would put a stop for the present to the further importation of Chinese coolies into South Africa was greeted with cheers lasting ten minutes. The Premier said:

"In this connection, I may state that Lord Elgin, Secretary for the Colonies, today telegraphed Lord Selborne, High Commissioner in South Africa, saying that the importation of Chinese labor must be regarded as an experiment adopted by the late Government to meet the serious shortage of labor. His Majesty's Government now considers that the introduction of Chinese laborers should not be extended until it can learn the opinion of the colony thru 'an elected and really representative Legislature.' The Government accordingly has decided that the recruiting, embarkation, or importation of Chinese coolies shall be arrested pending a decision concerning the grant of a responsible Government to the colony."

No mention was made of Home Rule for Ireland by Sir Henry, but it will nevertheless figure in the coming campaign, for the Conservatives and the Nationalists will not let it drop. John Redmond, in his speech at Belfast, announced with

confidence that before long an independent Parliament and executive would be established in Ireland.—The problem of the unemployed continues to attract public attention. The relief fund started by Queen Alexandra with \$10,000 from her private purse has now reached \$600,000, and is expected to amount to a million dollars before long. Great difficulty is being experienced in the distribution in such a way as to satisfy the claims of different localities and needs, and yet not aggravate the misery it is aimed to remedy. Grants for immediate use have been made amounting to some \$300,000 to local committees and charitable organizations in those districts of London where there is the greatest distress. There has been thruout the year a large increase in the number of paupers in London. More people have been in the receipt of pauper relief from the Government than at any time in the last forty years except the period 1867-71. The ratio of paupers to the total population is higher than any previous year since 1874, and the workhouses contain a greater population than ever before.



Inter-Protestant Problems in Germany

A positive innovation has in recent months been introduced in the struggle between the conservative and the advanced clans within the Protestant State churches in the land of Luther for the control of the pulpits and the pews of the country. Hitherto, especially, the protagonists of the advanced theological teachings had abstained from bringing the debatable problems before the churches at large, but now this is changed, and the official program calls for a promulgation even of the most radical views in the churches at large. The most active agents in this regard are perhaps the *Freunde des Christliche Welt*, organized associations of advanced religious thinkers, calling themselves after the name of the chief liberal organ in the country, the brilliantly edited *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, over which the versatile Dr. Rade, of the University, presides. The ablest agency for the spread of these advanced views is a set or series of religious works,

under the general title, *Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher* (i. e., Popular Expositions of Religious Problems, According to the Religico-historical Method), edited by W. M. Schiele, of Marburg. These brochures, which discuss in popular style the leading theological problems, cost but a trifle and appear in enormous editions. The first issue of "Jesu," by Professor Bousset, of Goettingen, giving a "modern" picture of Christ, appeared in 5,000 copies. The series is proving to be very popular. The change in the program by the advanced clans was mostly caused by the demand of Dr. A. Stöcker, formerly the special adviser of the Emperor, and a Berlin court preacher, and still the most influential pulpit orator in Germany, who demanded that the Radicals should leave the State churches, the confessional status of which they no longer share and the fundamental doctrines of which they deny, such as the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, and that they should organize churches of their own. Stöcker and other conservatives were willing to give the advanced men their share of the church property. The latter accordingly are attempting to demonstrate that they are the legitimate sons of the Reformation, and that they have a right to remain in the Church. In order to counteract the influence of the *Volksbücher*, the conservatives have also begun to issue a series of popular expositions of the fundamentals of Christianity, under the general title of *Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen*, edited by Boehmer and Kropatscheck. Of these perhaps a dozen have appeared from the pens of leading conservative professors in the universities, including Dr. B. Weiss, of Berlin; Seeberg, of Berlin; Nösgen, of Rostock; Koenig, of Bonn, and others. Both series are excellent condensed presentations of the opposing views.



Fighting in Moscow

The storm center in Moscow has passed from the Baltic Provinces to the city of Moscow, where what seems to be a decisive conflict between the authorities and the revolutionists is being fought out, and may prove to be the turning point of the revolution. The

issue is at present doubtful, for the news from the seat of war is fragmentary and unreliable, but so far as can be judged the revolutionists have failed to hold their own against the military. In consequence of the recent repressive acts of the Government in making strikes criminal and in arresting the leaders of the unions, it was decided by the central committees at both St. Petersburg and Moscow that a trial of strength was inevitable, and a general strike was ordered to begin at noon December 20th thruout the Empire. The call was approved by the Union of Unions, the Peasants' Union, and the General Railway Union, but according to the reports it was not welcomed by the workmen, particularly the railway employees, and they have not succeeded in tying up the railway service of the Empire, nor in causing serious disturbances, except in Moscow. There the factories and mills were all deserted, and railway men left their trains at the station. Plans had been made for an armed revolution, which was to seize strategic points in the city, and declare a provisional government. The workmen were to capture the railroad station and prevent the communication with St. Petersburg, while the student revolutionary societies were to seize the municipal buildings and the State Bank. Governor-General Dubasov learned of the scheme at the conference at the Palace on Friday night, and made plans for its suppression. The troops were stationed at strategic points and Prince Cherbatov, a reactionary noble, was authorized to organize a militia composed of people loyal to the Government. Twenty-five thousand troops were massed at the Red Palace under the walls of the Kremlin, machine guns were posted on the old wall and artillery placed to command the Tverskaia Boulevard. Searchlights were put in the towers and rockets were used for signalling to the scattered troops. At the first appearance of the strikers carrying red flags and singing revolutionary songs they were fired upon with grape-shot and cavalry charged thru the streets, attacking the revolutionists wherever they were found. The Fidler School, where the student militia and other revolutionists, who were expected

to lead in the revolt, were meeting, was surrounded by troops during the night before the rising was planned to take place. The revolutionists were called upon to surrender within an hour, at the expiration of which they fired upon the troops, killing several soldiers. The troops returned the fire, when a white handkerchief was waved from a window; the troops entered, but were greeted with rifle fire. They retired and bombarded the house, which soon after surrendered. Two officers and eight soldiers were killed and five of the revolutionists. The workmen erected barricades in the suburbs and in the square surrounding the Arch of Triumph, and here made a brave stand, altho they were armed only with revolvers, while the troops used machine guns. In spite of the barricades and barbed wire entanglements erected across the streets, the mob was beaten at every point and forced to take refuge in the suburbs, which are yet said to be under their control. The strikers and students made desperate charges against the troops and were repulsed with great slaughter. For five days there has been constant street fighting, and the loss of life is known to have been very great, being estimated at 5,000. Detached police officers and soldiers were attacked and killed with great brutality, and on the other hand the Cossacks and other troops showed no mercy to the people in the streets or in suspected houses. The loyalty of the troops was a great disappointment to the strikers, and was probably the cause of the failure of their plans. It does not appear that there was any mutiny among the soldiers.



The Russian Crisis

In spite of the efforts of the revolutionists to secure a concerted uprising against the Government thruout the empire, the disorders, tho numerous, are apparently as sporadic and objectless and fruitless as ever. The situation in the Baltic Provinces does not seem to have changed materially during the past week. The Government, on account of the strike at St. Petersburg, has not been able to send troops enough to the dis-

affected provinces to restore order in the country districts, and the attacks by the peasants upon the buildings of the landed proprietors have not been checked. The towns of Windau, Friedrichstadt, Franeburg, Goldingen, Kandau and Doblen are under the control of the insurgents, who have organized provisional governments and taken charge of all branches of the administration. The military have been expelled or imprisoned and the police have been replaced by citizen militia. It is proposed to bring these local governments into a federation and elect an assembly, which will establish an autonomous state under Russian sovereignty. Half of the territory of the Baltic Provinces is now under the control of the insurgents. Tukum or Tukkum, a town of about 7,500 inhabitants, 38 miles west of Riga, which was seized by the insurgents on December 12, has been recaptured, after a severe fight lasting thirteen hours. The town was surrounded by entrenchments and defended by machine guns. Most of the insurgent leaders escaped. At Riga and Libau the regular authorities are in control and the troops are maintaining order.—The strike order was obeyed in St. Petersburg by about a third of the workmen of the capital, tho with apparent reluctance, and there have been no serious disorders. The street railways were not stopped, and except for the strike of the waiters, which caused a closing of the restaurants, there was little interruption of the ordinary affairs of the city. In Warsaw the striking railway, postal, and telegraph employees, after a few days, accepted the terms offered by the Government and returned to work. The Socialists made strong efforts to start an armed rebellion, like that in Moscow, but the people did not respond. There is a serious conflict of opinion between the Jewish Socialists and the Polish Nationalists. The Nationalists insist upon the Jews dropping Yiddish and learning the Polish language. In Odessa the strike was only partial and temporary, tho the strike of the bakers caused the price of bread to double. Batum and Tiflis are in a State of anarchy. The Armenians are reported to have killed hundreds of Tartars and Mussulmans. The Sultan of Turkey

has protested to the Russian Government against this massacre of his coreligionists.

The Shanghai Riots

The disturbances at Shanghai seem to be but a further evidence of the anti-foreign spirit that is pervading the whole Chinese Empire. The growing feeling against all foreigners includes even the Japanese. At Shanghai, the American cruiser "Baltimore" landed 150 marines, and the gunboats "El Cano," "Villalobos" and "Quiros," which are on their way to that port, can, if necessary, bring this force up to 600 men. When the English, German, Japanese and Austrian ships arrive there will be 2,000 foreign sailors in the streets of Shanghai protecting the allied interests of the various Governments. Order is being maintained only thru the presence of foreign troops, which seems to indicate that the situation has been in no way alleviated and that there may be further outbreaks at any time. The only developments feared are anti-foreign riots or massacres in the interior, where forces could penetrate only with great difficulty and danger. The American missionaries at Soo-Chow, Hoo-Chow and Hang-Chow have been recalled to Shanghai. The Dowager Empress has ordered Viceroy Yuan-Shi-Kai to proceed to Shanghai, to investigate the disturbances, secure the punishment of those implicated, and impeach the civil and military officials responsible for the maintenance of order. The mixed court has reopened, and is transacting business without disturbance.—Another indication of the effort to get rid of foreign influence is the rapidity with which the Chinese have taken over the control of the Canton-Hankau Railway, which was purchased recently from American stockholders. There were many American employees on this line, but all except a few have been dismissed and Chinamen have been put in their places. The few who remain understand they will stay only until they have taught their trade to the Chinese. Discipline in the conduct of the road has sadly deteriorated under native supervision. The cars are unclean, the stations in bad shape and the schedules uncertain.



Are We "Re-Barbarized"?

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH



WE hope not. But unquestionably there has of late been a certain revival of the spirit of violence which, let Mr. Balfour say what he pleases, is always threatening us with war. Mr. Balfour himself owes his position as Prime Minister to a too successful appeal to that spirit, while by the increase of armaments he has been feeding it to the utmost of his power.

Of the ease with which the blind passion for war is roused in a nation supposed to be highly civilized, and the constant temptation thus offered to a bellicose government, we have had in England three fatal proofs within the last half century.

The first case was that of the Crimean War. England had no quarrel with Russia. They had been the best of friends. In the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, where honorary degrees are conferred, hung and still hangs a portrait of the Czar, who had been the partner of England in the last desperate struggle for the independence of nations against Napoleon. The Czar Nicholas was not only a friend, but an intense admirer of England, regarding it as the great conservative power. To show his amity he visited England and amused us by his Spartanism, using on board ship a truss of straw for his bed. The war was brought about by three men, each of whom had a special motive. Palmerston was committed to an anti-Russian policy. He had, in 1841, caused Afghanistan to be invaded for the purpose of counteracting the intrigue with Russia in which he supposed Dost Mahomed, the ruler of Afghanistan, to be engaged. A whole army perished, and Palmerston, when called upon by Parliament for explanations, had been fain to mutilate the despatches of his envoy, who had lost his life in the rising. He was, moreover, willing to supplant Lord Aberdeen, the head of the coalition Government, and a minister of peace as Palmerston was of war. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who unluckily was Ambassador at

Constantinople, the storm center, had been nominated to the Russian embassy and rejected on personal grounds by the Czar. Louis Napoleon, who made up the trio, needed a halo of military glory for his usurped throne and a better footing for himself in the circle of royalties into which, as an adventurer, he had been but coldly welcomed, especially on the part of the Czar. These three, if they did not directly conspire, practically pulled together and drew the British Cabinet to the brink and at last over it. Such at least was the impression of one well qualified to judge. The ministry, a coalition of Whigs and Peelites, still jealous of each other, was ill cemented, weak and wavering, its head, Lord Aberdeen, being always for peace, while Palmerston, its strongest member, was for war. The Czar Nicholas, by the violence and impulsiveness of his temper, played into the hands of the war party. Settlement was quite feasible and would probably have been made had any one been Ambassador at Constantinople but Sir Stratford Canning, who was credibly reported, when the first gun was fired, to have cried, "Thank God; that's war!" The stock of bellicose temper in the English breast had no doubt been replenished by the long peace. But about the immediate cause of quarrel people in general knew little and cared less. It signified nothing to them which of two sets of fanatical monks held the keys of apocryphal holy places. The Turkish Empire, if its integrity was at stake, was a scandal, and, saving Palmerston and Layard, had few partisans. Perhaps there should be added Disraeli, who, as a Hebrew, was partial to Islam, and when in power pursued an anti-Russian and pro-Turkish policy, of which the present state of things in Macedonia, re-enslaved by him to Turkey, is the fruit. Certainly before the first shot was fired, whatever feeling there might be against Nicholas, nobody expected or desired war. To war, however, Turkey having rejected the joint note of the Powers,

we went, and at once a frenzied war feeling seized the nation. Bright, having pleaded for peace, was burned in effigy. Anybody who betrayed or was supposed to have betrayed pacific tendencies became an object of suspicion and abuse. Sydney Herbert, loyal and chivalrous if ever man was, became an object of suspicion because he had Russian connections. The Prince Consort did not escape. That Odessa was not bombarded was supposed to be a symptom of treason, though the War Minister afterward told the writer that the decision against bombarding Odessa was due to the Emperor of the French. Any mention of peace provoked a storm of rage. One journal went into mourning when peace was proclaimed. A monument of that war fever is the well known passage in Tennyson's "Maud," rapturously hailing the advent of war and proclaiming that the justice of God was to be done on a giant liar, the most gigantic of all liars being his own ally, the Emperor of the French, who had waded thru multiplied perjuries as well as massacre to his throne. Tennyson believed and embodied his belief in splendid verse that the mean vices would be cast out by those of violence. Of the amount of truth in that theory we had abundant evidence at the time, and we have now some further evidence in the peculations detected the other day in South Africa and those just now discovered in Japan.

The only fruit of the Crimean War was a limitation of the Russian navy in the Black Sea, which Russia, before many years were past, took an opportunity of throwing off. Scarcely had the grass had time to grow on the graves at Sebastopol when everybody said the war had been a mistake, and that, to use the jaunty phrase of Lord Salisbury, our money had been laid on the wrong horse. The preservation of the Turkish Empire in its present state will hardly be deemed a gain or an honor to any one concerned.

The next case was that of the Lorch War. Palmerston, the father of Jingoism, was by this time in the ascendant. The war arose out of an incident in the opium trade forced upon China to replenish the exchequer of the Indian Government, which monopolized the manufacture of the drug. A vessel called a lorch

engaged in the smuggling trade at Canton was boarded by the Chinese authorities of the port, who hauled down a British flag which she was flying when her warrant had expired. The British Resident at Canton, Sir John Bowring, a philanthropic disciple of Bentham, having a quarrel with the Mandarins, embraced the opportunity of applying the principle of his great teacher, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," by flinging bombshells into Canton, the most densely peopled city in the world. The excellent and sensible Lord Elgin, sent out by the British Government with warships to coerce the Chinese, evidently shrank from his task and the policy of which it was a part.*

A vote of censure was passed upon Bowring by the House of Commons. The mass of the people in England were totally ignorant of the case, perhaps hardly knew what the name *lorcha* meant. But when Palmerston appealed to their lust of war, telling them that "an insolent barbarian had trampled on the honor of the nation," we had another tornado of passion. Palmerston and opium carried all before them. Bright and Cobden lost their seats in Parliament. The Lorch War would now find few defenders. The game of bombarding China on fictitious pretenses and then levying on her a huge fine under the name of indemnity is happily at an end.

The last case was that of the Boer War. Probably not one in a thousand of the English people knew anything about the South African republics or about the alleged justification for the war. But no sooner was war declared than they seemed to be possessed by a demon. On the Mafeking Night London presented a scene of drunken frenzy and brutality such as might have been thought impossible in the very center of civilization. At the general election the Government which had made the war had an overwhelming majority, including, there can be no doubt, a great number of artisans, who reveled in war as they do in the spectacle of football matches, or in betting on horse races at taverns. Oppo-

* The writer of the article on Sir John Bowring in the "Dictionary of National Biography" says that Elgin indorsed Bowring's policy. He can hardly have had before him some passages of Elgin's letters in Waldron's "Life."

nents of the war were treated with violence, to which Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, by excusing, morally incited. The savagery of language both in Great Britain and Canada was shocking to humanity. In the Canadian Parliament a member who had the courage to open his lips against participation in the war was overwhelmingly howled down. People even of high cultivation and gentle tempers seemed to revel in the burning of the Boer homes and all the atrocities of the war. The Premier of New Zealand hardly went beyond the general feeling when he proposed the employment of cannibals. Now comes the revelation and the revulsion. It is now clearly seen that the war was made, not to extend British liberties or to make South Africa a white man's country, but to enable the cosmopolitan Jews of Johannesburg, who got it up thru their hireling press, to increase their enormous gains by the introduction of slave labor. We were warned of this from the beginning. But passion turned a deaf ear.

In this case we had a notable example of the ease with which an unscrupulous government can mislead the people. The justification for the war alleged by the British Government, or rather by Mr. Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, and actually recorded in the journals of the Canadian Parliament, was that the Transvaal Republic was under British suzerainty, and that the British Government had the right of interfering for the enforcement of justice in its domestic institutions. The fact was that the word "suzerainty," which had been introduced in the first of two conventions, but exclusively with reference to external relations, had in the second and only binding convention been marked for deletion by the Colonial Secretary's own hand. "Suzerainty of England over the Transvaal abolished; England only reserving the right of veto on treaties with foreign powers, except with the Free State and the Northern Kaffir tribes"—thus does the *Annual Register* describe the convention of 1884. Minister after minister, including Lord Salisbury, and some of them in answer to questions, acknowledged the independence of the Republic. The Jameson raiders were tried under the Foreign Enlistment Act for fitting out an

expedition against a foreign State at peace with Great Britain, and the Lord Chief Justice on that occasion defined the Transvaal as a "foreign State with which Her Majesty was in friendly treaty relations." He said, "The position of the South African Republic . . . is determined by the two conventions of 1881 and 1884. The result is that under these conventions the Queen's Government recognize the complete independence and autonomy of the South African Republic, subject only to the restriction contained in the convention of 1884, to the effect that that State should have no power to enter into any treaties without this country's consent, except as regards one or two minor States, one of which is the Orange Free State." It seems almost incredible that a British Government should have committed so manifest a breach of covenant under a pretence so plainly untrue. But England, at least the character of her public men, is greatly changed since the days of Pitt, Grey, Canning, Wellington and Peel. The sensitiveness of honor is no longer the same.

We had a warning the other day of the perpetual existence of this danger when some Russian sailors, panic-stricken or drunken, fired on a British trawler which they took for a torpedo boat. Nobody could have imagined that either the Russian Government or the Russian nation had anything to do with the outrage. Yet the temper of the nation at once showed itself in the assumption of a fighting attitude, and had the Russian Government not been prompt in its tender of reparation, or had the British Government yielded to the cry for a demand of the immediate punishment of a Russian officer, there would have been war.

The writer happened to be in the United States on the eve of the war with Spain. The American people evidently sympathized, as they were sure to do, with the Cuban struggle for independence. But there did not appear to be the slightest excitement, much less a desire for war. Spain apparently was offering all that she could offer short of actually hauling down her flag. She was offering the Cubans a constitution on the Canadian model. Negotiations were going on and the American Ambassador at Ma-

drid was apparently hopeful of peace. Then came the blowing up of the "Maine." In an instant the country was in a flame, and the Government was impelled to war. It appears to be now admitted that the "Maine" was blown up by spontaneous ignition in one of her coal bunkers—a not uncommon accident, and one which has happened several times since. A moment's reflection would have shown that nothing would be more improbable than that the Spanish authorities should, by blowing up an American warship, provide the Cuban insurgents with an invincible ally.

Spain offered arbitration in the case of the "Maine," but the President made no reply. The Transvaal Republic asked for arbitration on the question of the su-

zerainty and was told that this would be giving away the whole case, as undoubtedly, if the arbitrator had been fair, it would. Arbitration is a good thing, but, there being nothing to enforce it, it has its limits as a preservative against war. We have yet to see that The Hague Tribunal, an Amphictyony of great powers, regards the rights of the weak. Peace will be secured by reduction of armaments, and by reduction of armaments alone.

"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too."

When a man goes about with "the big stick" in his hand, temptation to use it is pretty sure to come.

TORONTO, CANADA.



Are Not Life Insurance Premiums Too High?

BY MILES M. DAWSON, F. A. S., F. I. A

[In our issue of November 30th, we printed an article on the Cost of Life Insurance by Mr. Rufus W. Weeks, the Actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, which took a somewhat different view of the situation from the article that follows. Mr. Dawson is the Consulting Actuary of the New York Legislative Committee now investigating the insurance companies.—EDITOR.]

A LEADING mutual life insurance company offers life insurance to the public at the following rates of premium for the ages named:

Age.	Participating.	Non-Participating.
20	\$18.40	\$15.01
25	20.14	16.46
30	22.85	18.74
35	26.35	21.70
40	30.94	25.62
45	37.08	30.90
50	45.45	38.14
55	56.93	48.10
60	72.83	61.94

In this particular company the same surrender values are given under each of these forms, though that is not the common rule; but the offer of participating and non-participating insurance by the same company at different rates of premium is so common as not to excite comment—so common, indeed, that the

inconsistency of it is wholly overlooked; but it contains an answer to the question: "Are not life insurance premiums too high?"

Under the foregoing scale of non-participating premiums the company in question maintains the highest reserves known to life insurance in America—higher, also, it should be noted, for five years at least, than it can put up out of the premiums after meeting the mortality cost and the expenses, including cost of procurement; but that applies to its participating rates as well, dividends being annual.

The non-participating rates must, therefore, be amply adequate. Yet they are fully 20 per cent. lower than the participating premiums.

These non-participating rates are believed by the officers of the company to

be large enough to cover all necessary expenses, meet all the mortality costs, make good and provide this high reserve after about the fifth year and afford a good margin of profit. What more is desired or desirable in a *participating* premium?

Of course, everybody is conscious that if he were going to purchase life insurance at a fixed premium without the expectation of dividends he would want a lower rate; and it may be acknowledged that this variance in premium rates is intended to accommodate that view.

But why should not a mutual company, for instance, sell the insurance at as close margins as possible consistent with safety, thus giving a rate as low as a stock company can, and then underbid the latter by giving in dividends whatever profit is realized?

Historically that was what was done in the beginning. The lower rates of the Old Equitable of London, for participating insurance than the rates of the London Assurance and the Royal Exchange for non-participating, gave the former the preference in the market. In this country the lower rates of the New England Mutual drove the Massachusetts Hospital Life out of business; the lower rates of the Mutual Life was the occasion of the retirement of the New York Life and Trust Company from the life insurance business; and in Philadelphia the Penn Mutual with lower premiums displaced the Girard Trust and Life Insurance Companies and other stock companies.

Why, then, these changed conditions?

Chiefly because even the lower premiums of the early days of the mutual companies were too high, and experience showed that the policyholders appreciated big dividends more than low rates with small dividends. The president of the Mutual Life Company, supported by its actuary, recently testified that the complaints concerning dividends of holders of policies which were sold 15 per cent. under the usual participating premiums, are the most frequent and irrepressible. In other words, the public does not appreciate lower premiums as it should; and, therefore, is offered what it hankers for. The Mutual Life Insurance Company, in instance, held out for years against higher premiums and deferred

dividends, during which period it steadily lost ground in comparison with its principal competitors, which were offering tontine policies at high rates.

Yet by the theories of the "contribution plan" of apportioning surplus, which are generally espoused by American life insurance men, it is impossible satisfactorily to account for participating premiums being larger than non-participating. Those theories are that the premiums provide for mortality, expenses and contingencies, mortality being, according to a certain table and interest, at a certain rate; and that dividends are merely the return of the salvages upon the estimates of mortality costs, expenses and contingencies and the additional interest, if any, realized upon the fund. The non-participating premium must, of necessity, provide for all these in order to be safe and must yield surplus, derived from all these sources together if not from each. Then why is not also the participating premium, with whatever margin it affords returned in dividends?

In Great Britain and in some other countries they have answered this question in another fashion, for there they "load" the premium with the design of furnishing a certain rate of dividend. This they find more conformable to the wishes of purchasers of life insurance than lower premiums would be; and while they do not guarantee these rates of dividends, they do very generally maintain them, having provided for them in their original computations, and then having conducted the business within those limitations. These dividends take the form most frequently of additions to the sum payable at death, and their best advertisements are the large accumulations of such additions under old policies.

These considerations lead us to say that either participating premiums should be as low as non-participating, and should yield merely the small incidental dividends to be expected under those conditions; or that every dollar in addition to that rate, embraced in the larger participating premium, should be religiously reserved to be given back in dividends and, in short, that a high dividend standard should be set up and worked to?

Has that been done in the United States? It has not. The "contribution

plan" idea has prevailed. The whole of the excess over non-participating rate has very generally been dealt with as money to be treasured upon for expenses, and out of which what was left could be given back as a dividend. The company from the rate-book of which the premiums quoted were taken is unusually virtuous in its treatment of participating policies. It pays the same percentage of commission, computed on the premium, it is said, for participating and non-participating. That charges the former with 25 per cent. larger cost of procurement per \$1,000 of benefit than the latter, because the premium is 25 per cent. higher; but is, indeed, decent compared with the almost universal practice of paying a much lower percentage of commission for non-participating.

So far are our companies as a whole from realizing that in a mutual company a higher premium does not warrant a penny more of real cost, whether in mortality or expense; that the avowed primary purpose in computing these "loadings" is to provide for expenses; and in several instances companies have actually used it all, under the cover of dividends being deferred, and thus have virtually denied the policyholders' participation while charging them smartly for it.

Yet, singularly enough, while pretending—honestly, no doubt—to "load" for

expenses, they utterly fail to do so in most cases, except in an absurd manner, which also tends to increase the rates of premium. It does not require rare discernment to know that much greater expense is incurred the first year under every policy than in every succeeding year. Yet most of the companies both calculate their premiums and compute their reserves as if the expense were the same each and every year. In consequence, even on the most economical basis, the company cannot and does not keep within this expense provision the first year. Instead, in two ways this condition tends to wrong the participating policyholders. First, it conduces to high premiums, the company desiring to put on a large loading in order that it may cover as much of the expense as possible the first year, and also may make it all good in as few years as possible; and, second, it holds back dividends at least, and often permanently diminishes them, as the deficiency in the early reserves of all policies, participating and non-participating, must be covered by what would otherwise be divisible surplus.

The full answer to the question, then, is: Either rates of premium are too high or certain reliable rates of dividends should be provided for and be maintained.

NEW YORK CITY.



A Truce

BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL

Once when the soul of God was weary with the clashing
 Of tongues, and hearts' ache, and the bitter spite
 Of envyings, and murder, and the awful flashing
 Of swords that made the days one blood-red night,
 He turned a little Child's face toward the nations, crying:
 "For love of this child let your wranglings cease;
 Heart of the Father-heart, the living for the dying,
 Take now for truce My Son, the Prince of Peace."

PASADENA, CAL.

Present English Foreign Policy

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, BART., M.P.

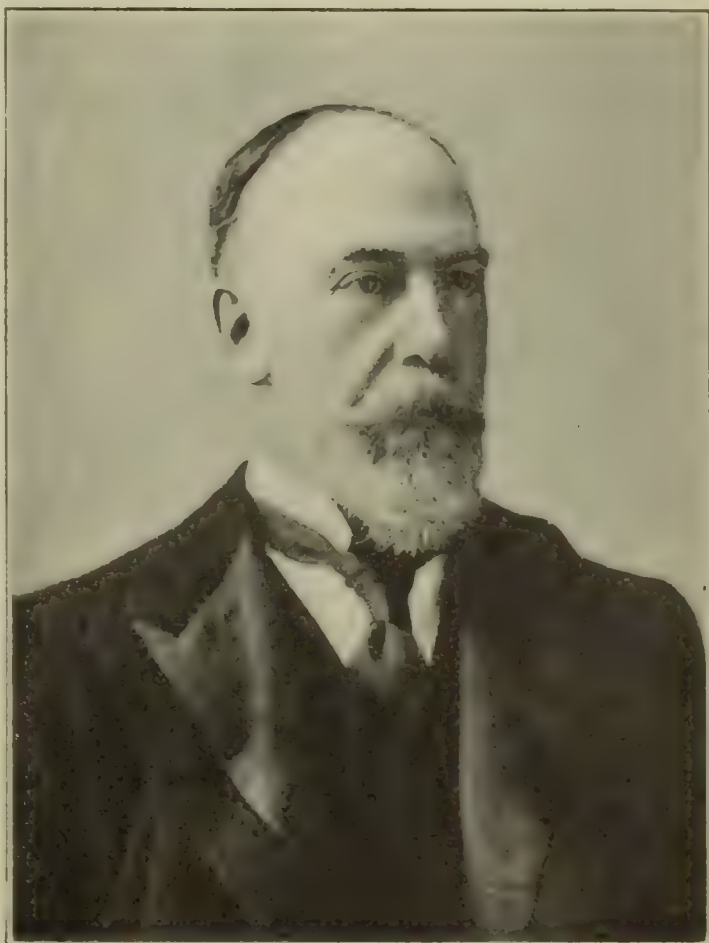
AUTHOR OF "PROBLEMS OF GREAT BRITAIN," ETC.

I AM asked to write for foreign publication on a subject of which the settled portion is easily dealt with. There never was a time when British foreign policy was more clear or the subject of a more general agreement in the United Kingdom. Whatever suspicions may be entertained of us abroad, we have the satisfaction of a good conscience—at all events as to the present moment. We are all resolved on peace; the more firmly, perhaps, because we have recently burnt our fingers in war. We are everywhere, as we had formerly been in places, firm supporters of the *status quo*. The Conservatives are pleased with themselves because the Liberals, as a rule, support their foreign policy. The Liberals are pleased with themselves because, as we believe, the Conservatives are following a Liberal line of foreign policy. Lord Salisbury at one time made the country, without its consent, for certain purposes a virtual member of the Triple Alliance. The Triple Alliance has now become a name. The relations of Italy with France are at least as close as those which bind her to her nominal allies. Mr. Chamberlain at one moment advocated an alliance with Germany: an appeal to which there was no national answer. Our hands are now completely free from entanglements, for our virtual guarantee of the recent treaty of peace does not in fact extend our responsibilities, and all nations are interested in not disturbing a settlement in which they had, as is now known, a confidential voice. The basis of our foreign policy at the moment, in addition to the maintenance of the *status quo* in the East, is friendship with the American and the French Republics.

Our relations with Germany are

no doubt less cordial, but offer, I am convinced, no element of present or immediate danger. Nobody in the United Kingdom has or has had the slightest intention of joining in an attack on Germany, and I very much doubt whether there have been responsible Germans who in recent months have wished to attack England.

To state this is, as I began by saying, easy. What is, of course, more difficult, is to anticipate developments which may involve fresh and future relations or any departure from or modification of the *status quo*. One move which has been made by our Government, also with universal concurrence, has been in the direction of an arrangement with Russia, not a reinsurance of the Bismarck type, effected behind the back of Japan, as



Sir Charles Dilke.

was his reinsurance with Russia behind the back of Austria, but a frank arrangement made openly in the sight of the world and with the cognizance and support of Japan. Russia has shown willingness to meet us upon our own lines, and no difference of opinion has arisen. She has, however, naturally made delay, and little else under present circumstances could have been expected to follow from a discussion which has been friendly and useful.

It may be remembered that some favor shown by our Government to a German scheme of a railway to the Persian Gulf thru Baghdad caused a protest in Parliament, in which, indeed, I took part. It is, therefore, the more incumbent on me to point out that the objection was to the particular scheme and to the apparent non-recognition of our virtually privileged position at the head of the Persian Gulf. We were expected to consent to changes in the Turkish customs detrimental to our trade, and to facilitate the making of a railway in regard to which both English and Russian interests had been insufficiently considered.

Any agreement between ourselves and Russia with regard to trade and railways in Persia will, I hope, be accompanied by an international settlement of the Baghdad railway question. Merely to make a railway without at the same time promoting irrigation, on a gigantic or Indian scale, of the once fertile plains of Mesopotamia and of the sites of the empires of Nineveh and Babylon, would be an unimportant matter as compared with those which ought to be dealt with in the international arrangement. That to which I should look forward would not interfere with Turkish sovereignty in Asia Minor nor cause political disruption of the *status quo*, with all the risks to peace of any change. It would be commercial, and subject to the principle of the open door. France was already to have been brought into the German scheme, as was some English private capital. The waters to be utilized for irrigation take their rise in Russia, and the consent of Russia to their use ought to be properly asked for and obtained, and Russian provincial finance assisted by the payment of large rents. The horse-breeding establishments of the

Russian frontier would also stand to gain by the development of the valley; but the chief of such stud farms are upon the Turkish side of the frontier. The forests of the Caucasus might hope also to find a market for their produce, and large local trade from the Russian side be aided by the renovation of the most valuable province of the East. The position which we occupy at the head of the Persian Gulf, Turkish opposition to which has now been withdrawn, is one which makes us able to wait for its recognition. There is no hurry, so far as we are nationally concerned. On the other hand, there is not the slightest political or strategical reason why, given that position—and it is inexpugnable—we should play the part of dog in the manger. If our views were met, as they easily might be met, by the German promoters of the scheme, our Indian water engineers, whose experience infinitely transcends that of any other irrigators of the modern world, would necessarily be employed, our trade interests at Baghdad would receive expansion, and the Persian Gulf trade to Karachi and Bombay thrive, to the advantage of our Indian merchants.

With the details of the scheme it is for the engineers to concern themselves. But the whole should be under the management of an international commission, such as the Danube Commission, on which Germany, the United Kingdom, Russia and France should be represented; and such joint action in such a country, so remote from wars and rumors of wars, could not present the dangers of international action, such as that successfully taken by France and Great Britain in the Lebanon, or, with results less completely happy, in Egypt before the Arabi *coup d'état*.

Down to this point I have written for the well-informed. Is it necessary to add a word addressed to those whose condition is still benighted? There were newspapers on the Continent of Europe which, on the publication of our new treaty with Japan, found in it elements of danger. Whether there still are any who now think so I know not. That our first or original treaty with Japan should have been the subject of difference of opinion was inevitable. There is still great dif-

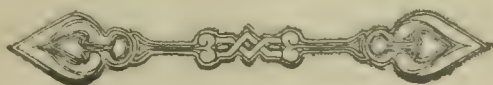
ference of opinion in regard to it here. That is a matter of history. As it existed, there was not increase but diminution of risk to peace or of disturbance of the *status quo* in the second treaty; that which alone exists. The President of the United States found a general if not a universal disposition to facilitate the resettlement of the Far East and its reopening to peaceful commerce. All the nations, though none could speak openly for fear of seeming to take sides, secretly favored the immediate conclusion of a moderate peace. The conclusion of such a peace was made possible by letting the Japanese statesmen exhibit to their disappointed people the new alliance with the first naval power of the world. Russia has recognized the situation and has avoided an irritation which, on the surface, might have been natural, though it would not have been justified. The position of Russia, and it is an element of consolation to her people, has in one large measure been improved by recent events. Before these circumstances happened there were vast numbers of people in all countries who were oppressed by a nightmare about Russia. Every one now recognizes that Russia is necessary to Europe.

It is difficult now to find in any quarter an immediate menace to peace. If it exists it is connected with rival ambitions of Austria and of Italy in the country behind Albania. The relations, however, between these two nominal members of the alliance of the central Powers, which were highly strained in 1904, are now improved. Austria is unlikely to make a sudden or dangerous move, and Italy will think twice before she takes any step outside her frontier. The joint action of the Powers at Constantinople is not dangerous, but it is to be regretted that they did not take the opportunity which it afforded to put an end to the somewhat disgraceful state of things arising out of their occupation of Crete. That liberal governments such as those of my own country, France and Italy, should be joining the Russians to fight against the Christian population is intolerable, and altho there is a temporary

improvement, it cannot be trusted to continue.

The danger of the present is, then, the old danger—"The Balkans." But it is not more urgent than it has been for a generation. The danger of the future is the other old danger—the eventual boiling over of the Austro-Hungarian caldron. Both these dangers to Europe have their root in a state of things which is beyond remedy; the intermixture thruout South-eastern Europe of races, languages, and religions. Such is the violence of many that each welcomes the foreigner against his neighbor. The smaller races are themselves divided between the Eastern and the Western Church, and those of the Eastern Church are broken by the results of Russian policy in Church matters into fragments which detest one another as much as they do "Rome." It is impossible by any changes and by any wisdom to confer upon these broken peoples national government which can content them. The distribution of the Wallachians, of the Greeks, and of the various fractions of Albanians illustrates my meaning. The Germans themselves are scattered in Southeastern Europe. There is the well-known case of their distribution in Bohemia among the Slavonic people, and that of the Saxons in the mountains neighboring on Rumania. If there be a spot outside Germany on which German eyes are sometimes cast as a desirable possession it is Trieste, an Italian city held by Austria, but surrounded by an Italian sea, for the Austrian naval ports of the northern Adriatic are as Italian as is the opposite coast; and even the Austrian fleet is largely Italian in language, tho loyal to the Austrian Crown. There is no solution of such difficulties. Much will depend on the opinion held by the German Emperor. I hope and believe that he will desire, not the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, but the preservation as near as may be of that which diplomats style an "improved *status quo*." Where national government cannot be given, good government is all that can be wisely sought.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



The University and Business Methods

BY PROFESSOR J. McKEEN CATTELL

[Professor Cattell is most widely known as editor of *Science* and of *The Popular Science Monthly*. His researches have given him, however, a leading place in psychology, which science he and Professor James represent in the National Academy of Sciences. The following article has been written at our request.—EDITOR.]

THE recent vote of the corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to withdraw its acceptance of a plan to affiliate with Harvard University may be only a temporary check to the commercialization of higher education; but we may hope that it is the first step in a return to saner methods of academic control. It will be remembered that after the bequest of the McKay millions to Harvard for the endowment of applied science, a movement was initiated by the president and corporation of the Massachusetts Institute to make such a merger as would enable them to secure part of the funds. President Eliot had earlier attempted to form a union, but the proposal had been rejected by the institute. On the present occasion a committee representing the corporations of Harvard and of the institute drew up an agreement, according to which the institute was to move to a site adjacent to the university, where the joint work in industrial science was to be conducted under the control of a committee representing both institutions and supported by three-fifths of the income from the McKay bequest. The plan was submitted to the faculty of the institute, which on May 5 adopted by a vote of 56 to 7 a resolution protesting against its adoption. The alumni also opposed it by an overwhelming majority. In spite of these protests and of the known opposition of the faculty of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard and of the trustees of the McKay foundation, the corporation of the institute on June 9 adopted the agreement by a vote of 23 to 15. It looked at that time as tho the scheme would also be adopted by the corporation and overseers of Harvard, and that the methods of industrial trusts would be definitely applied in higher education. There are undoubtedly valid arguments in favor of an

affiliation between the Massachusetts Institute and Harvard, but in the main it was an affair of bigness, control of the field, diversion of funds and other phases of modern business methods.

The courts have now decided that the Massachusetts Institute may not sell its present site for business purposes. This has served as a reason or excuse for the corporation to annul its acceptance of the merger. It has, however, in fact been forced to take this action by the faculty and alumni; and we thus have, perhaps for the first time in our educational history, a successful challenge of the autocratic powers of presidents and trustees. This may be the beginning of a movement to limit absolutism and commercialism in educational administration, and may indeed represent a protest against these tendencies in our whole civilization.

The waning of democratic ideals has been one of the most marked symptoms of recent decades. The regression may be attributed in large measure to the developments of modern science. No doctrine since the distinction of body and soul by Descartes has had such wide influence as Darwin's exposition of the origin of species by the survival of the fit. This theory is said to justify the exploitation and extermination of the weak, to exalt brute force and chauvinism; when in fact it only explains their survival. We differ from the brutes exactly in having to a limited extent substituted intelligence and morals for the tooth and claw as factors in evolution. It is in any case doubtful whether conduct is much influenced by a theory of this sort. But the applications of science—which in the first instance made democracy possible by supplying the means of subsistence with possible leisure and education for all—have in their recent developments enor-

mously complicated modern civilization. Our methods of communication, transport and trade, of manufacture, mining and farming, have led to the doing of things on an immense scale. The individual has once more been subordinated, crudely commercial standards prevail, and control has been seized by the strong and the unscrupulous. Those of us who are not ashamed to profess faith in democracy regard all this as a temporary phase, which will only last until intelligence has developed equal to the complexity of the environment. The only real danger is that instincts may become atrophied before reason is ready to take their place.

The trust promoter and insurance president, the political boss and government official, the university president and school superintendent, have assumed powers and perquisites utterly subversive of a true democracy. The bureaucracy is defended on the ground of efficiency; but efficiency is not a final cause. To do things is not a merit regardless of what they are, and bigness is not synonymous with greatness. There is no ground for hopelessness. Of the things done the good may last and the rest may be eliminated; bigness may become greatness. The organizers of our huge corporations have in a way made history prematurely; these vast combinations were inevitable; the trouble is that they have come before we are ready to manage them. We have no evidence that people are less competent, honest and kindly than they were; it is the difficulties and the temptations that have increased.

There is ground for maintaining that the methods of the business corporation and the political machine have been somewhat wantonly applied to educational administration in this country. On the one hand, educational institutions are not and need not become so big and complex as to require the sacrifice of freedom to supposed efficiency, and, on the other hand, those who are the university—the teachers and the students who are or have been under their influence—have far more than average intelligence. There is nothing corresponding to the board of trustees and the president in the organization of any foreign university. The fellows of an English college

form the corporation, choose their officers and elect their successors. The Continental universities are supported by the government and are of course subject to it, but the professors have almost complete control of educational matters, including appointments. The Czar of Russia has restored to the professors the right to elect their rectors and deans at the same time that the trustees of one of the largest American universities have taken the vested right to elect their deans from the faculties without even asking their opinion or communicating to them their fiat.

The administration imposed on universities, colleges and school systems is not needed by them, but simply represents an inconsiderate carrying over of methods current in commerce and politics. The private institutions of the East, with Chicago and Stanford, have been dependent on gifts from the modern knights of industry, and the State institutions have been dependent on legislative appropriations. It is no wonder that the methods of commerce and politics have infected them. We have an absolute and absentee board of trustees, with sometimes a small group that takes an active interest in the situation, but usually an almost complete delegation of legislative, judicial and executive functions to one man, the president.

When the wisdom of letting a man lord it over an aggregate of employees instead of conferring with a company of scholars is questioned, the answer is the efficiency with which the autocrat can get things done. The president gets money and students and builds marble palaces. He can dine with rich men or legislators, as the case may be, and can make himself generally prominent in the community. The president probably increases the riches of his institution, tho not to as considerable an extent as is claimed. The vast gifts and ever increasing legislative appropriations would have come, tho perhaps not quite so quickly, to a republic of scholars. The president may draw students from one institution to another; he does not create them. The marble palaces may be mausoleums for the preservation of the corpses of dead ideas and monuments erected to the decay of learning.

At the conference of trustees held in connection with the recent installation of President James at the University of Illinois, Dr. Draper, formerly president there and now New York State Commissioner of Education, read an address on the university presidency. He painted the duties and powers of this office with such glowing colors that it seems strange that he or any man could think himself worthy to assume them. He said nothing of the members of the faculty except to explain that it was one of the president's duties to keep them at work, to employ and discharge them.

The university president can not do the impossible; but he is usually a man of intellect and character, having generally been taken from a professorship. But it may be urged with plausibility that the benevolent and efficient despot is the worst kind; the cruel and incompetent despot soon disappears. And it is probable that there will be a deterioration. A month ago none would have foreseen that one of the most powerful school superintendents would today be in prison, charged with theft and forgery. The role of "Uebermensch" is dangerous to the actor as well as to his creatures.

It is by no means certain that the administration of our educational institutions has been competent even on the financial side. According to President Pritchett the annual cost of educating each student at Harvard, is \$306, at California, \$279; whereas it is at Berlin, \$64; at Vienna, \$76; and it can scarcely be claimed that we supply the better education. Our professors have a financial, social and intellectual position below that of their German colleagues; their time is more occupied with trivial details; they are less satisfied with what they have and with what they do. We do not produce great men at or for our universities, and there are not enough moderately good men to fill the chairs. It is said that such are diverted into business or politics, but it is difficult to discover them there. Opportunity will give wealth or notoriety, as manure will produce big cabbages. It is not likely that our racial stock is degenerate; and the lack of great men is a serious indictment against our universities.

We are told that the president must

run the university because faculties are poor legislative and administrative bodies. In so far as faculties are incompetent, the system is to blame for not producing able men and giving them opportunity. The faculties have not been permitted to shape educational policy or to work out a plan of administration. Under existing conditions, if the professor does not become a bureaucrat in his small way, he is likely to revert to quietism. The fact that a faculty is somewhat conservative and slow to act is not altogether a fault. We should be none the worse off if legislatures enacted fewer laws and physicians administered fewer medicines. One of the chief functions of the president is to try to correct the mistakes that he has made. A faculty must work thru committees and executive officers; but they should be of its own choosing. Democracy does not mean that we should not have leaders, but that we shall follow our leaders because we accept them as such.

In stating frankly views that are shared by a larger proportion of my colleagues than is generally supposed, I by no means wish to adopt the attitude of a pessimist. I know well from personal experience with what unfailing courtesy and ceaseless effort a university president may conduct the affairs of his difficult office. Much has been accomplished for higher education in the United States. As the industrial trusts will in the end be directed by the world's greatest democracy for the benefit of the people, so our educational system may give the material basis for an efflorescence of creative scholarship springing from a free and noble life. Liberty of speech in our own field we now have and shall retain. As we regret that the trustees of the University of Virginia have sold its birthright for a president who can secure a few thousand dollars from Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, so we rejoice that the faculty of the the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has defeated a scheme of the president and trustees, which would have bent its scholars to their caprice and have further subjected our higher education to current commercial methods. And these feelings it is our right and our duty to express.

GARRISON, N. Y.



Medal Presented to Mr. J. P. Morgan by the Italian Academy.

Italy and Mr. Morgan

SOME time ago, the Italian Government, wishing to show the nation's appreciation of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's generosity in restoring the cope of Pope Nicholas IV, stolen from the cathedral of the ancient city of Ascoli and sold to him in Paris, proposed presenting him with a large gold medal to be specially designed to commemorate this act. Signor Barnabei, the learned member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, was invited to compose the inscription, which was to be engraved on one side of the medal. It runs as follows:

OB MERITVM LIBERALITATIS
QVA
JACOB. PIERPONTIVS MORGAN
DOMO EBORACO NOVO
CIMELIVM INSIGNE
ASCVLANAE ECCLESIAE IN PICENO
MISERE SVBREPTVM
MAGNO SVMPTV REDEMIVT
ET IMPENSA REMISSA
CIVITATI ASCVLANAE ITALIAEQVE
MVNIFICE REDDIDIT
SVMMVS IN ITALICO REGNO
STVDIORVM CVRATOR
VIRO EXIMIO BENEMERENTI.



In the meanwhile, the King of Italy conferred, *motu proprio*, on Mr. Morgan the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice and Lagore. But the Government moved so slowly in the matter of the medal that the celebrated Italian Academy of the Twenty-four Immortals decided to act promptly, and probably be-

fore the end of the present year, Mr. Morgan will receive from this distinguished body of scholars, men of letters and artists, of which he himself is a member, a gold medal, a facsimile of which accompanies this article. The obverse represents Mr. Morgan seated, and in the act of handing over the famous cope to Italy, represented by a female figure, who grasps his hand with gratitude. In the border, on the left, is the date when the garment was stolen, and on the right, the date when it was restored. On Mr. Morgan's breast is seen the star of the royal order mentioned above.

On the reverse is this inscription:
JACOBO PETROPONTIO MORGANIO

QUI
SACRAM CHLAMYDEM ASCULANAM
ABLATAM
PERMAGNI EMIT MUNIFICE REDDIDIT
ACADEMIA
XXIV IMMORTALIUM VIRORUM DECREVIT.
AN. MDCCCXV.

The wreath of conventional violets which surrounds this inscription symbolizes, says the author of the medal, "the modesty of the American millionaire, who returned the valuable cope without making any parade about it."

Mme. Lancelot-Croce, who writes the foregoing lines, is an artist of established reputation, and is the designer of the medal.

Ward McAllister on Golden Weddings

[The following article is compiled from the note-book of a friend of the late Mr. Ward McAllister, and is here published for the first time. The interviewer and author is a member of the so-called Four Hundred.—EDITOR.]

WARD McALLISTER was, beyond gainsay, the greatest genius America has produced for planning social functions and for ranging society into a judiciously blended upper stratum.

Fiftieth anniversaries come to few married couples, and when they do occur, one has never or so seldom been present at an occasion of this kind that he does not know the correct, or rather the affected, thing to do to make a golden wedding attractive. Happening one time to be master of ceremonies for a golden wedding, and given practically *carte blanche* for its arrangements, without, however, having attended such a function, I found myself somewhat in the plight of the Englishman who went over to teach the Dutch English, without himself knowing a word of Dutch.

Wishing, then, to have the decorations and other appointments of this golden wedding an exponent of the fine art of social life, I betook myself to the counsels of Mr. Ward McAllister, who was occupying as a town house No. 16 West Thirty-sixth street. And to that conversation with Mr. McAllister is due the credit of the happiest hints and suggestions of this little monograph, which are as helpful today as when they were imparted to me by the social dictator in 1891.

To begin with one or two details as to the form of the invitations: Mr. McAllister said: "Have the dates," which chanced to be 1841—1891, "done at the top in golden figures, and also the wording of the invitation in light lettering of gold. Underneath the pair of dates at the head have the family coat of arms embossed in white, but not in gold, as the dates at the head of the invitation are to be its show feature." Anent the form of invitation, Mr. McAllister also added: "It is always good form and a graceful tribute to filial affection for the invita-

tions to be issued in the name of a son or daughter of the venerable couple, provided one of them lives at home and visiting lists do not clash, etc.

"The decorations of the house," Mr. McAllister proceeded, "should consist of golden-hued flowers and palms." That the palm has been time out of mind the emblem of victory was probably beyond Mr. McAllister's symbolic ken, but in view of the alarming prevalence of divorce in the ultra-fashionable set of to-day, the rounding of a cycle of fifty years of happy married life means indeed a notable victory.

"A golden wedding is in the past tense, and if the clergyman who tied the nuptial knot can be present and read the original marriage certificate a happy feature will be added. The family clergyman can of course act as substitute. Should it be the good fortune of a family to have literary or other national celebrities connected with or intimately acquainted with it, but who cannot be present, it will add much to the brilliancy of the event to have a few brief literary tributes from these notables, composed expressly for the occasion, read immediately after the marriage certificate.

"As I said before," Mr. McAllister continued, "a golden wedding is in the past tense, and if it can be brought about, a group of the old-time bridesmaids, ushers or guests would also help to fill out the historic setting. If the original bridal costume can be worn, this aspect will also be much enhanced. It is an exceedingly pretty idea for a little trousseau to be made in honor of the golden wedding honeymoon.

"As a fiftieth anniversary is a dignified function, owing to the advanced age of the host and hostess, too often meaning a bidding farewell to society, an element of stateliness is infused into it if the venerable couple comes down into the drawing room with their ushers and attend-

ants in a sort of processional, after the guests are assembled. The pretty and simple bridal chorus from 'Lucia' and 'The Wedding Bells Are in the Air,' from 'Pauline,' sung by a quintet of professionals, I found lent a special charm."

Mr. McAllister, who certainly did not in this interview have to fall back on the plea of one of the characters in Molière's comedies, that he made his best impromptus at his leisure, amazed me by his fertility of resource. For instance, he laid down with emphasis: "The basal idea of a golden wedding, which must not be lost sight of, is that it is primarily intended for the relatives and more intimate circle of friends of the high contracting parties who thus renew their marriage vows, so that it is ordinarily not a crush reception, and it is not at all germane to its purpose for it to be veered into any of the channels of social promoting. Nothing is more vulgar than to invite people with whom one is not on terms at least approaching intimacy to one's golden wedding. It is the cherished friends of years who can enter into the spirit of the anniversary. In short, a golden wedding, as I said before, is in the past tense."

In the next breath the social dictator, who had told me earlier in the conversation that he was worn out with the jealousies between the Ogden Mills and Willie K. Vanderbilt factions in society, and was ready to get down and out himself, gave another direction which might provoke a smile in these days, when the basements of New York city houses have been almost universally turned into the laundry or billiard rooms of a family. He said: "Have your house thrown open entire and have it impress your guests by its size. If it have a basement dining room, have that used as the supper room."

But the observations Mr. McAllister made on golden wedding presents were more helpful. "Golden wedding gifts, much more than those of ordinary weddings, form an integral part of the program of entertainment and peculiarly tax the ingenuity as well as the purses of the donors. They should by all means be kept on view in the library, or in one of the apartments of the drawing room suite of the house. Golden wedding gifts

are seldom so numerous as to bore guests to inspect them, as in the case of the motley exhibits of ordinary bridal gifts in the days when they were not kept out of sight at wedding receptions. For persons who are at a loss what to give for a golden wedding present, or have not the time to select one, a basket of golden-hued flowers, either real or artificial, is always good form. A basket of yellow flowers is also a graceful way of sending one's regrets. On the other hand, there is always a preponderance of matter of fact, dead letter people in this world, so that a goodly quota of congratulatory tributes in real gold will not be lacking. I omitted to say at the outset that a golden wedding should be given in the evening, and never be of the commonplace flippancy of an afternoon tea, unless the health of the venerable couple is too precarious to admit of an evening function. At all events, the collation should be of prime quality and importance. No expense should be spared, in keeping with an event of such dignity and so rare in the annals of human lives, and as it is so often the host and hostess's farewell to society, their last opportunity of extending hospitality to their friends on so large a scale."

Following the supper, a Virginia reel, or any of the old-time square dances or the minuet, led off by the host and hostess, if it suits their mood, makes a graceful finale. But according to Mr. Ward McAllister, the really crowning ceremony of a golden wedding should be the passing around of the loving cup, accompanied by the singing of early English glees and madrigals of courtship and plighted troth.

A suitable color scheme which I would suggest on my own account, without borrowing from the late social dictator, both for the table and the other house decorations for a golden wedding, would be a symphony of white and green and gold, "the Heavenly colors"—white as emblematic of the purity and chastity of the old-time, original wedding; gold, of its fiftieth anniversary, its golden sunset; and green, of its spirit of perpetual youth, of those divine ideas solemnized in holy wedlock, "which always find us young and always keep us so."

The Tenement House Family

BY ELSA G. HERZFELD

[The author of the following article has just completed an exhaustive investigation of twenty-four average tenement house families, which she has published in book form. We were so struck by the monograph, that we asked her to give this composite photograph, as it were, of a typical tenement house family. The article forms an admirable complement to the preceding picture by Ward McAllister of Golden Weddings—a scene from the opposite extreme of society.—EDITOR.]

A STUDY of the tenement house family will at once suggest a close resemblance between primitive and tenement house man. Lack of capital, migratory habits, high birth and child mortality rates, maternal ignorance, uncontrolled parental affection and sense of proprietorship, sex taboos, lack of "self determination" in matrimonial choice, and matrimonial instability are circumstances or characters common to both. In the inefficiency, lack of initiative, naïve animistic habits of thought, and a sense of preternatural interference at a time of good or evil fortune there is also a close resemblance.

Even the members of the family who have had a fair amount of schooling possess small reasoning powers. They show little curiosity or skepticism. If they are unable to understand a thing in the beginning, they show little desire to comprehend its meaning. Their frame of mind is unreflecting and often complacent. They never argue and are seldom persuaded that their course of action has been wrong. A mother will tell you that she has never thought of a given subject since her childhood, just as she has forgotten how to write.

Most of the men read daily or Sunday papers. The women have little opportunity to read. When they do buy a paper they discuss the latest murder, the last automobile accident or the fashionable wedding with their neighbor. Few books are read, except, perhaps, "penny family papers" or "ladies weekly journals." The children of school age usually belong to a public, church or settlement library. The younger children have no books. Sometimes a family does possess a few books. Among them are books of conundrums, jokes, magic, parlor tricks and fortune telling. Every

family has its bible, with a registry of births and deaths. The marriage licenses or baptismal certificates are put safely away or framed and hung on the wall.

Everybody has crayons and chromos of parents, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, cousins, etc. The pictures are copied from photographs, or they are crayon drawings made by the instalment artist. Occasionally there is found a "hand painting." The crayon is paid for in coupons given by the grocer, or it is given "free" by the photographer. Sentimental and heroic pictures, picked up at a sale on the avenue, given away by a Sunday paper or acquired with cigar coupons adorn the wall. In the Catholic home the colored religious print, the crucifix and the china figure representing the Virgin Mary are always found. There are few examples at original decoration.

Memory cards, which express the sorrow of the family, and give date of birth and death of the deceased, are sent to the friends of the family. A variation of the memory card is the wax wreath ornament with silver, framed in glass and wood.

In the Italian home, however, there is usually some attempt toward artistic expression. The daughter of the house takes piano lessons "for to finish her education." Her teacher guarantees perfect playing within the year. The mother sometimes goes to the church concerts. The children take pride in singing in the choir. The German parents know the German folk songs. The Italians also have a natural love for music. Oftentimes they are familiar with the well known opera melodies. The Irish like the music of the organ grinder, the street singer and the loud shrieking in the music halls. The chief event of the week

in the young girl's life is the "racket" to which she is taken by her "gentleman friend." The dance is either a "plain affair" or a "masquerade." The girl spends her week's wages or her mother's hard earned dollars to be "attachéd."

Amulets are worn for good luck. A scapula wards off disease. The things blessed by the priest have healing power. A heart worn as a charm will bring a sweetheart.

The mother's belief in prenatal influences is not to be questioned; a fright is to be avoided as far as possible. "Altho it is God's will and not man's that the child comes to us," frequently the women unduly prolong the lactation period. Almost all mothers complain that they have to bear too many children. Great emphasis is laid upon an early christening in the Catholic home, as an unbaptized child will die much more easily. In case of sudden death any one may rescue the child from the Evil One. The warnings of approaching death are many. The belief in the Banshee is widespread among the Irish residents. Ghosts are likely to deceive persons by deceptive allurements. Dreams speak true.

Many of the residents who are church members do not attend regularly. The mother has too many home duties to go except on high church holidays or at times of religious crises in the family. The men go even less than the women do. Husband and wife rarely attend church together. Shabby garments or lack of proper clothes are a frequent excuse for non-attendance. The chief reasons given by the family for attendance at church are adherence to church tradition and custom; a sense of duty; "it's everybody's duty to go to church to pray for the heathen," and to set a good example to the children. Frequently the family goes because the minister or Sister is "good to us there at Christmas time." There were residents who were being supported both by Protestant and Catholic institutions. Families went to a particular church because it was convenient or the neighbors went there also, and chiefly because of the Christmas gifts. Little thought is given to the fact that they may be Methodists and still be attending an Episcopal or Baptist

church. Cases of intermarriage between Catholic and Protestant are not uncommon. The ceremony is usually performed in the Catholic church. Sometimes the Protestant becomes a "turncoat." Altho questions of marriage and parenthood are tabooed, there is in such instances an understanding about the religious education of future children. It is made privately beforehand or it is mentioned in the marriage ceremony. You attend the funeral of all your kinsfolk, "they expect it." The family buys new mourning clothes, sends flowers and hires its own carriage, if possible. The "fine funeral" is all important. To the neighbor it is the index of the family's social status. All the family possessions, even the wedding gifts (altho this is extremely unlucky) are sold in order to avoid pauper burial.

The minister, the priest, the Sister and teacher, just as in the primitive cults, are looked upon with awe and classed by themselves. This is even more true of the attitude toward the physician, who is sought to conciliate supernatural evil agencies. The Irish frequently speak of the doctor as a "charmer." The men do not call in a physician unless it is absolutely necessary. If they go they do not tell "the women folks, as they do not understand, any way."

Usually a "pay doctor" is preferred as a matter of pride. Occasionally there is a family doctor. His choice is purely fortuitous. Numerous patent medicines are used. A large amount of fraud is practiced by "quacks," who advertise a sure cure within a specified time or "your money back." Oftentimes "lady doctors" are consulted by the women if they are "ashamed" to go to a "man doctor."

The physician is not engaged many weeks before confinement. Midwives are employed more frequently than physicians. Few of the mothers go to maternity hospitals. Their husbands do not allow it. "Those is for them that don't know better." There is a tendency to change hospitals frequently. The word hospital is often tabooed. If you say clinic or dispensary the patient will go more willingly.

When a man is out of work or when

times are slack, he frequently refuses to work for lower wages or at another job. Frequently he becomes discontented after a little search and loafs. He does not know where to go to find work. Then the mother "takes a hand" herself. She goes out to clean or wash.

About one-half of the family income goes for food and one-quarter for rent. Less than a quarter is thus left for clothing and recreation. There is little saving because of the small wages and high rent. In spite of the complaints about the rise in rent, the residents are singularly indifferent to bad housing conditions. The families live from hand to mouth. They consume almost immediately what they earn. Life, or rather burial, insurance is an invariable item of expense. Every one in the family over a year old is insured. Sometimes the children are actually starved in order to pay the premium. The father and mother are usually insured for fifteen to twenty-five cents a week; the other adult members pay ten cents; the children five.

The tenants are nomads. They move from tenement to tenement, drifting from poorer to better quarters and back again, according to the rises or falls in their fortunes. The average length of residence is about a year and a half. Sometimes the mother herself does not know the reason for moving. There is a desire for change, or to live near a relative or friend. The landlord does not suit—the housekeeper will not keep so large a family—or "there is a low crowd come into the house," etc.

The husband is the chief wage earner. Almost all the earnings are brought to the wife and mother. The husband comes home at the noon hour, or for his dinner at night. The wife goes to "the store" only a short while before. She usually pays in cash. After the evening meal the husband frequently goes to his "pals," or to the saloon or club. He does not seek the companionship of his wife, even if he stays at home. She keeps house for him and bears his children. He does not ill-treat her, unless he is a brute or habitual drunkard; but there is little spiritual companionship. He does not help his wife in the duty of child rearing. He does not heed her physical weariness. She just has to have

more children. There is little respect. They refer to each other as "Him" and "Her," or "my man." They do not hide their feelings when speaking of each other, not even before their children. The women speak of marriage as a necessary evil, and yet most of them marry at eighteen. Sometimes the husband and wife separate, and then live together again after a number of years. In this case the wife calls herself "widder" to protect herself from her neighbors' gossip. There is a singular lack of self-determination in the choosing of mates. A young girl meets a young man. He becomes her gentleman friend. "She gets presents off him." They keep company for a short or long period. Later on they marry. A visit to the the-âtre or a holiday at Coney Island follow. Then they "set up" a home.

The women remain at work up to confinement. They return to the hard work of scrubbing or washing at the end of a fortnight. The child is nursed irregularly—whenever it cries or the mother thinks it necessary. Nursing lasts from one year to sixteen or eighteen months. Frequently the child dies on account of the mother's lack of knowledge. The mother thinks "the first one has to go." Sometimes she does not know the cause of the child's death. The child that is weaned during the first year is invariably badly fed during the second year; usually overfed. There is no regularity about sleeping, bathing or outing. The same irregularity exists in the care of the older children. Their poor physical condition is due to lack of a suitable dietary. Ill-cooked cereals, fried meats, canned and pickled vegetables, and condensed milk do not develop bone or muscle.

The mother rarely visits the school. Frequently she takes no interest in the child's improvement. The Catholic parents send their children to parochial schools, even tho they may feel that the public schools "teach 'em more, but the Scripture comes first." The mother needs her daughter at home "to mind the baby" or to "clean up."

Blood kinship is a strong factor in the tenement house dweller's life. When possible he goes to a relative for aid. In cases of serious illness the kinsman is

notified. Attendance at the funeral of even a distant cousin is a matter of etiquette. On the other hand, there are cases in which the relations between the kinsfolk are very distant. Especially is this the case where the family has been "dropped" because of lack of sympathy or a growing difference in the economic prosperity of the family.

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The readiness to give and take seems to be one of the chief traits in the relation of neighbor to neighbor. The aid given is always simple, immediate and spontaneous. As a rule, all the families know one another, either intimately or at least by sight. They know each other's needs to the most intimate details, for there is little privacy in a house.

NEW YORK CITY.



Baroness Bertha von Suttner

BY FREDERIC PASSY

[It is scarcely necessary for us to tell our readers—for he has contributed several times to our pages—that the author of this little biographical notice is the veteran French peace leader, and recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize, who, tho now in his eighty-third year, is still an active worker.—EDITOR.]

WITH Baroness von Suttner the Nobel Peace Prize is given to a woman for the first time; and it is not the men who have labored with her in the same cause nor her male competitors for the honor who will be the slowest to approve of the action of the distinguished Christiania committee. No one, in fact, among those early workers for peace and arbitration, who did not wait before giving their time and strength to the welfare of humanity till a royal recompense could some day award their efforts, has served this cause with greater zeal, talent and success than this valiant Austrian lady, whom I named, some ten years ago at Budapest, our commander-in-chief.

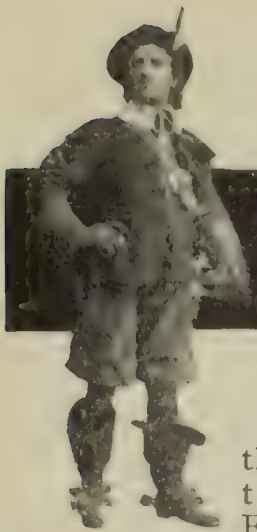
Her contribution to this agitation has not been limited to the publication of an admirable book—"Lay Down Your Arms"—which, translated into all the principal tongues, has had the rare merit and good fortune to popularize a horror of the useless and evil slaughter occasioned by war. Baroness von Suttner has also labored as a lecturer, has journeyed far and wide, has written in the periodic press, has made personal appeals in the very highest quarters, aided, until his death three years ago, by a worthy husband who shared all her views. Thus, this descendant of a noble military family—her father was Field-Marshal Count Franz von

Kinsky—showing due respect for all the glories of the past, but filled with an enthusiasm for a century of labor and liberty, has carried on for years, and is still carrying on, filled with hope and energy, an ardent campaign in favor of the ideas of peace and arbitration.

Baroness von Suttner has been seen at all our congresses. She was conspicuous at The Hague during the celebrated Peace Conference of 1899, and in her drawing-room was exerted an influence that aided not a little in the good work accomplished at the Dutch capital. She was at St. Louis and Washington in 1904, and I feel sure that President Roosevelt did not consider the time lost that he spent in conversation with her. And at this very moment she is completing a hard round of lectures, during which she has visited not less than twenty-six different German cities, having been received everywhere in a most cordial manner, thanks to her remarkable oratorical gifts, her charms of manner, and her lofty and liberal mental and intellectual capacities.

It was this apostolate, as benevolent as it was disinterested, that attracted the attention of the Swedish philanthropist, Nobel; and it is an admirable act that she who, without ever thinking of herself, decided him to institute such a prize, should to-day be the laureate of this grand foundation.

PARIS, DECEMBER, 1905.



MUSIC ART AND DRAMA



The Opera

At the dinner given the other evening at the Liederkranz to Engelbert Humperdinck, one of the speakers welcomed him as an ally in the fight to prevent the Metropolitan Opera House from becoming a "Carousel." The New York public certainly does "merrily go round" to the box office in greater numbers when Caruso sings than at other times. When a great tenor is popular he is even more run after than a favorite prima donna, and no tenor (not even Jean de Reszke) has ever been more popular in our metropolis than Caruso is at present. Yet he is far from being as great an artist as Jean de Reszke, who, it is sad to relate, will probably never appear on the stage again. Caruso takes liberties with the music he sings; he even mars the "La donna è mobile" in "Rigoletto" by introducing an insipid run at the close. Jean de Reszke never committed such crimes; and while he was equally great in French, Italian, and German operas, Caruso has so far sung Italian operas only (tho he is to appear in the French "Faust" in January), and is afraid of even some Italian operas—"Il Trovatore," for instance, which Mr. Conried has for two years tried in vain to induce him to sing.

However, with all his faults, we love Caruso still, and we even submit patiently—some of us gleefully—to such antique novelties as "La Favorita," "L'Elisir d'Amore," and "La Sonnambula" (which is "the limit," as one young man remarked at its revival), for the sake of hearing the luscious voice of the greatest of living Italian tenors, especially since he nearly always appears in company with the incomparable Madame Sembrich, the true successor of Patti in *bel canto*. Then there is Scotti, the mellifluous baritone, and the great Plançon,

who, tho a Frenchman, has as agreeable a voice and as smooth a style as ever any Italian had. Yet one has to be very much enamored of solo song to escape boredom during an evening of "La Sonnambula." In that opera, as in others of its date, the orchestra might as well be replaced by a piano or a few banjos. As a matter of fact, these operas were never intended to be listened to from beginning to end. The Italians of Bellini's day paid no attention to the plot or the dialogue; they sat and supped and smoked and chatted most of the time, stopping only to listen to the show arias introduced here and there. It is therefore amusing to see an American audience listening politely and quietly to all this rubbish that was never intended for ears polite. However, it would never do to suggest a revival of the supping, smoking, and chatting, for fear of these practices being indulged in on evenings when operas are given that are worth listening to from start to finish.

The continued interest in the revival of Italian operatic fossils is the first point that strikes one in reviewing the first weeks of the grand opera season. The second is the ambition of altos to become sopranos. Miss Edyth Walker began it by appearing as the Queen of Sheba in Goldmark's opera, and Miss Olive Fremstad followed suit by doing the high *rôle* of Brünnhilde in Wagner's "Siegfried." Altho Madame Schumann-Heink has made a name for herself second to that of no prima donna, it cannot be denied that, on the whole, a soprano has larger opportunities to win fame and fortune than a contralto. In the case of Misses Walker and Fremstad it must be remembered, moreover, that Mr. Conried had to make a virtue of necessity. He had planned for a full complement

of dramatic sopranos, but Madame Morena, of Munich, whose *début* was looked forward to with much interest, is suffering with serious throat trouble, and cannot come this season. This has given the contraltos their opportunity. It must be said for both of the artists in question that altho the parts in which they appeared did not suit their vocal "tessitura" (technical jargon which means that they did not "lie" sufficiently low for them), they nevertheless did surprisingly well and raised the critical opinion of their technical skill to overcome difficulties.

The loss of Mme. Morena has thrown the burden of the dramatic work on Mme. Nordica, but she is amply able to bear it. In the plenitude of her power, she has given of her best both in Italian and in German music. Another American (it is noteworthy that most of the fair sex singers at our opera house are Americans) has won golden encomiums. Mme. Rappold, of Brooklyn, made an instant, a surprising success as Sulamith in the "Queen of Sheba." Her voice has a peculiar girlish quality (tho she has a daughter of sixteen, it is said) and an agreeable timbre that took every one

captive at once. It has been well trained, too, and she showed some talent as an actress, altho there is room for improvement in that direction. There is reason to believe that frequenters of the opera may witness another successful *début* of an American—Miss Bessie Abott, a pupil of Jean de Reszke, who has sung Juliet to that tenor's Romeo in Paris, and will perhaps be heard in the same rôle here. Early in January, furthermore, the American Emma Eames returns to the Metropolitan for a series of nine

performances, beginning as Marguerite to Caruso's Faust. That will be a gala night! Certainly, America is giving a good account of herself so far as women singers of high rank are concerned. But where are the men? The echo answers "Blass." He is a good bass, but he must feel lonesome. He will, of course, be heard again in "Parsifal," which is announced for four performances, at regular instead of double the usual opera prices.

The first Nibelung cycle is being sung this week. It enlists the services, among others, of Germany's two best singers—Knote and Burgstaller. For tenors we still have to go to Germany and Italy.

The revival of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" (which, when first produced, was all the rage here) did not create such a stir as had been expected in view of the scenic splendor with which Mr. Conried lavishly invested it. However, the audiences gradually got larger, and at the third repetition the house was full. A more interesting production has been that of "Hänsel and Gretel," by Humperdinck, who crossed the ocean specially to superintend it. A man of extraordinary modesty, he did not



Madame Rappold, at the Metropolitan Opera House.

even bring along the score of his new Berlin success ("Married in Spite of Themselves") to show to Mr. Conried. But if Herr Humperdinck is a poor business man he is great as a composer. It is rather late in the day to praise his fairy opera (of which his sister wrote the libretto), for "Hänsel and Gretel" is almost as familiar abroad as "Carmen" or "Lohengrin." Mr. Conried, however, deserves praise for presenting this lovely and truly inspired work in a way that

makes it possible for everybody to understand why it has been, in Germany, the most successful opera produced since Wagner ceased composing.



Boston Symphony Orchestra in Modern French Music

For the first time in its history the December concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were presided over by another than its regular conductor. The visiting conductor was M. Vincent d'Indy, of Paris, the recognized leader of the latest "movement" in French music, as Mr. G. W. Harris told our readers two weeks ago.

M. d'Indy's visit was the most interesting and important event of the present "music season." He came not as a "star" conductor to exploit his own virtuosity, but as a composer and as the bringer of good and worthy new music by other composers of the school he represents. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is just about as nearly perfect as any to be found the world around, and the performances in which M. d'Indy took part were all on the high plane of dignified artistic endeavor with which its ministrations have long made us familiar. Most of the music he played, despite many strange new elements in it, was extremely interesting and admirable.

The most important work on his programs was his own Second Symphony, in B flat, opus 57—a big thing, in the best meaning of that term; replete with learning, wrought out with consummate skill in orchestral writing, almost forbiddingly difficult in parts and at times austere to the verge of harshness; yet, as a whole, noble, impressive and compelling in its appeal.

M. d'Indy's "Saugefleurie" (Wild Sage) Legend for orchestra, after one of Robert de Bonnières's dainty little fairy tales in verse, proved to be an altogether happy piece of musical narration, as pretty, graceful and dainty as the poem it illustrates. His "Istar" symphonic variations, a work which a Bordeaux professor has styled "an inductive symphony" (because in it the composer "by degrees unfolds from initial com-

plexity the simple idea which was wrapped up therein, and appears only at the close, like Isis unveiled, like a scientific law discovered and formulated") is again a tone-poem of beauty, originality, imagination and power.

Alberic Magnard's "Chant funèbre" was a very doleful dirge indeed, and much too long. But the rest of M. d'Indy's offering—Gabriel Fauré's "Pelleas et Melisande" suite, Ernest Chausson's B flat symphony, César Franck's "Psyche and Eros," Claude Debussy's fascinating "Nocturnes," and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," a jocund scherzo by Paul Dukas—is all music that will bear repeated performance here. M. Vincent d'Indy will be cordially welcomed, should he ever care to come again to America.



Other Orchestral Concerts

The Russian Symphony Society began its third season auspiciously with a concert in Carnegie Hall on November 18th, when its able and enthusiastic young conductor, Mr. Modest Altschuler, gave a fiery reading of Tschaikoffsky's Fourth Symphony, and also brought forward two novelties of the present-day Russian school. The first of these, Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite, "The Snow Maiden," was a disappointing thing, not to be compared to the other works by that clever composer previously heard here. The second, Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto, was far more interesting. This contained some strong music, rich in harmonic treatment and orchestrated with no mean skill. The solo part makes the pianist work too hard ever to become popular with virtuosos, but the versatile and always excellent M. Pugno played it in dashing brilliant fashion. The Russian orchestra has been enlarged this year to ninety players, and its tone has been improved. It lacks the finished grace of some of our older orchestras, but it is a good band and deserves the encouragement it is receiving.

The New York Philharmonic has given two concerts this month, each devoted to music long familiar to this public, but none the less welcome for that. On December 1 and 2 Mr. Victor Herbert wielded the baton and made his concert

notable for the best performance of Dvorák's E minor symphony, "From the New World," that has been heard in New York since the untimely death of Anton Seidl. Mr. Herbert conducted the other numbers on his program very well, too, but that program was lacking in variety and contrast. It was all sugar—a surfeit of sugar.

The concert of December 15 and 16 was presided over by Herr Max Fiedler, of Hamburg, an excellent conductor, an authoritative commander and a thoro musician, who played a Beethoven symphony, a Wagner overture and Strauss's early tone-poem, "Don Juan," and interpreted each equally well in a masterful manner, without eccentricity. He is a conductor the Philharmonic's patrons will be glad to hear again.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, with his New York Symphony Orchestra, continues his wise and enterprising policy of presenting, along with plenty of good old familiar compositions, at least one interesting musical novelty at each of his concerts. The orchestra with its infusion of new blood steadily improves by practice, and is now certainly the best orchestra Mr. Damrosch has ever had. At his third concert (December 10 and 12) the novelty was an "Italian Serenade," by Hugo Wolf—a delightful bit of orchestral color. At his fourth concert (December 17) Mr. Damrosch, with the able co-operation of M. Raoul Pugno, gave the first performance in New York of Vincent d'Indy's "Symphony for Orchestra and Piano on the Song of a French Mountaineer." This is a perfectly charming work. Built upon a simple melody, it is beautifully harmonized, most ingeniously constructed thruout, and filled with rich orchestral sonority. It is much quicker in its popular appeal than any of his later compositions, which M. D'Indy himself performed on his recent visit here, and was received with an unmistakable demonstration of popular approval and enjoyment.

The soloist of this concert was Miss Bessie Abbott, an American girl, who has been studying with Jean de Reszke in Paris, and has sung in the Grand Opera there, but who was known here as a pleasing singer in "musical extravaganzas" before she went abroad. She has a

beautiful soprano voice, not large, but pure and sweet. Miss Abbott has a future.

Mr. Fritz Scheel, the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which gave a concert in New York on December 11, is a first-class musician, and he has drilled the eighty men under his control into a fine, capable organism. While the orchestra is not to be compared with the Boston Symphony for precision, delicacy and polish, and while it lacks the tonal balance and power of the New York Philharmonic, it yet plays with dash and spirit—even with brilliance in the brass choir—and it is sure to improve under the masterly hand of Mr. Scheel. Its maintenance is a credit to the Quaker City.

The Oratorio Society

For the opening concert of this thirty-third season (December 9) the Oratorio Society of New York chose to perform one of the most difficult and trying works it has ever attempted—Beethoven's colossal "Missa Solemnis" in D. This solemn mass has been perhaps more lavishly praised than any other single composition by the mighty master. It is a monumental work of extraordinary dimensions and of extraordinary merits and demerits. Beethoven surpassed all the orchestral composers before his time, but he never learned to write vocal music with complete understanding of or sympathy for the human voice and its qualities and limitations. To him the singer was simply another instrument in his wonderful orchestra. This is the reason his choral works are so seldom heard. The Mass in D had not been performed in New York since 1882. Dr. Frank Damrosch and the Oratorio Society's chorus had devoted much painstaking care to its preparation, and the performance they gave was not only adequate but splendid.

Chamber Music

The Flonzaley String Quartet, formed and maintained by Mr. Edward J. de Coppet, a wealthy New York amateur, gave its first public concert in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall on December 5th. It

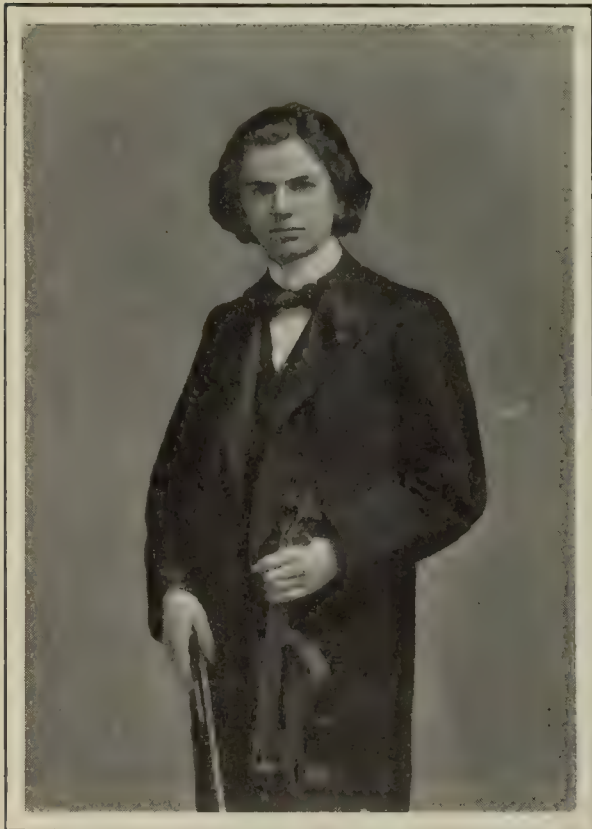
is made up of foreign artists, Messrs. Adolfo Betti and Alfred Pochon, violinists; Ugo Ara, violist, and Iwan d'Archambeau, 'cellist. They play together in an admirable fashion, with grace, refinement and taste, yet with much warmth and tonal beauty. They easily rank with the best quartets to be heard in this country.

In the Adele Margulies Trio New York has an organization that ranks in its field with the Kneisel Quartet in a closely allied branch of chamber music—that is to say, the very best. Miss Adele Margulies is the pianist, Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg the violinist, and Mr. Leo Schulz the 'cellist—three of the foremost among our local musicians—and their ensemble work is as admirable as their individual playing. Their first public concert, given in Mendelssohn Hall, on December 8th, and devoted to music by Brahms, Grieg and Tschaikoffsky, was a joy without alloy. The trio deserves the fullest encouragement.



Pugno and Kubelik

Capable concert pianists we have always with us in goodly numbers. But this month we have been more than usu-



Jan Kubelik.



Raoul Pugno, Pianist.

ally fortunate in having M. Raoul Pugno, the French pianist, who is visiting America again after an interval of several years. For M. Pugno towers head and shoulders above the average piano virtuoso. He is more than a virtuoso. He is a cultured musician of wide sympathies as well as a learned player of great abilities. His technic is well-nigh perfect, and he plays an astonishing variety of works, from those of Bach, Handel, and the early Frenchmen and Italians to those of the modern French, Norwegian and Russian schools.

When Jan Kubelik, Bohemian violinist, first came to America four years ago he was a very young man who astounded and dazzled his hearers by a display of phenomenal technical proficiency. He returns to us now matured in his art as well as in years. His first concert, on November 30th, showed at once that he had indeed grown in musical stature. He is still the master of a wonderful and brilliant technic—is probably as great a violin virtuoso as has ever visited this land. The difficulties, tricks, pyrotechnics that appal most violinists do not seem to exist for him, so easily does he

Vernis Martin Fan,
in the Bonaventure
Exhibition.



surmount them all. And this is enough to assure him an immense popular success. But it is a pleasure to record that he is on the highway that leads out of the virtuoso class. His playing of the lovely Mozart D major concerto—exquisite in tone and phrasing, and his work in the later concerts at which he has appeared disclosed temperamental energy, sound musicianship and self-effacement. Such violin playing is not often heard even in this musical metropolis. Mr. Kubelik is making steady progress. He bids fair to become one of the greatest musical artists of his time.

The Bonaventure Exhibition and Some Others

The Bonaventure Exhibition this year included many rare art objects, articles of *virtu*, clocks, fans, books in fine bindings, and many high-class paintings. Included among a notable showing of objects pleasing to the eye and attractive to the collector were a number of books with painted fore-edges. Among these were *Cowper's Poems*, in two volumes, London 1810; *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, 1790; Roman Gety Boek, a fifteenth century MS., the edges of which were both gauffered and painted. The Bonaventure exhibition also contained many missals and incunabula in contemporary silver and other bindings.

At the Photo-Secession Galleries on Fifth avenue there was an attractive showing of members' work. The catalog contained one hundred numbers, and the exhibition included the work of those who protest against the conventional conception of pictorial photography. Notable

prints were contributed by Alfred Stieglitz, Alice Boughton, Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence H. White, and Jeanette Peabody.

A very encouraging exhibition of Ye Handicrafters' Club was held in Brooklyn at the organization's clubhouse this month. The striking feature of this exhibition was the high quality of the metal work shown. Silver and copper were the chief mediums employed, which were handled with more than average feeling for art.

An exhibition at the Grolier Club from December 7th to 23d included an unique collection of 130 selected French almanacs from a complete collection (1694-1883) illustrative of French binding during this period.

The Philadelphia Portrait Exhibition

The present month celebrates the centenary of the foundation of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and as a fitting commemoration a "Gallery of National Portraiture" was brought together for exhibition from November 18th to December 23d. The catalog contained 146 entries, of which fifty-five portraits belonged to the Academy and the remaining number were loaned by individuals and institutions. In 1887 the writer, as Chairman of the Committee on Exhibitions of the Academy, projected the first loan exhibition of historical portraits held in this country, when upon the walls were hung 503 portraits. This exhibition has been followed many times in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, but this is the first time it has been repeated in Philadelphia, and

100 of the portraits then exhibited were re-exhibited. Its success and the wide interest shown in such collections all over the world point to the desirability of forming in this country a great national gallery of original life portraits similar to the famous National Portrait Gallery in London, that shall show not only the true portraiture of the men and women who have made this country what it is, but also show the power and importance of our great portrait painters.

In this exhibition there were hung thirty-nine portraits by Gilbert Stuart, including the original of his whole length portrait of Washington, signed and dated "G. Stuart 1796," which, together with seventeen other examples of this great American master, is the property of the Academy. Other American artists represented by interesting works were, among the older men, Pratt, Copley, Feke, West, Charles Willson and Rembrandt Peale, Sully, Neagle, Jouett, Jarvis, Leslie, Inman and Healy, while among the British painters were Kneller, Ramsay, Wilson, Pine, Hoppner and Lawrence. Among the known men of today Sargent, Chase, Vonnoh, McLure Hamilton and Benjamin Constant were represented. The most important portraits were of John Penn and of Richard Penn, the eldest and youngest sons of the Founder of Pennsylvania; George III., a whole length in his robes, intended as a gift from the King to the proprietary government, but not sent over owing to the turbulence of the colonies preceding the Revolution, and purchased nearly a century later and placed, where it was originally intended to hang, in the old State House, better known as Independence Hall; William Pitt, Doctor Franklin, by Duplessis and by Peale; Doctor Rush and one of his wife, Bishop White and of his grandparents, attributed to Kneller; Francis Hopkinson and Thomas McKean and of their wives, a whole length of David Garrick, John Philip Kemble and of his sister, Mrs. Siddons; George Frederick Cooke as Richard III., Lafayette, Commodore Barry, General Dearborn, Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution; Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, David Rittenhouse, Chief Jus-

tice John Marshall, the poet Wordsworth and the historian Macaulay, Gladstone and Cardinal Manning. This brief survey will show the wide range covered by the collection and the primal importance of making such a collection permanent.



The Drama

The visit of Madame Bernhardt, which she carefully avoids calling a "farewell tour," is especially interesting as showing the remarkable versatility and vigor of this woman of sixty-two. During her first week in New York she played nine different star *rôles*, and most of them better than they could have been played by any other living actress. In her repertory she includes only one play of the new school, Sudermann's "Magda"; the rest were all of the style of Sardou, Hugo and Dumas, a form of the drama which, fortunately, is dying out to give place to a less artificial and more purposeful style. We have, then, an exceptional opportunity of seeing these great plays of the past as given by their chief exponent. One of them, Hugo's "Angelo," is rarely given now, altho Hugo, in a preface as egoistic as any of Shaw's, extols it as the typical drama of human nature for all time. In this, as Tisbé, Bernhardt has a part with more of womanly sweetness and self-sacrifice than any other she presents, and the tones of her voice and her gestures carry every shade of meaning even to those whose understanding of French is slight.

Popular taste is evidently running strongly toward the "Wild West" melodrama. We have upon the stage now four of these, all creditable and all successful—"The Virginian," "The Heir to the Hoorah," of last year, and "The Squawman" and "The Girl of the Golden West," of this. If one could combine the best parts and the best actors from all these he would have a really great American play. For example, the Indians are very much better in "The Squawman" than in "The Girl of the Golden West," and Mr. Faversham is a far greater actor than Mr. Hilliard. In meaning and sentiment, too, "The Squawman" is superior. But on the other hand none of the other plays can boast of an actress so natural and effec-

tive as Miss Blanche Bates as "The Girl of the Golden West," and Mr. Belasco as stage manager is incomparable. In this play he has utilized all his arts to deepen the impression, from the first curtain, with its glowing sunset behind the range between giant trees and cacti, to the last scene, looking over the plains from the mountain top. Even between the acts he keeps the audience from lapsing into the twentieth century by means of a quartet singing "Clementine" and other songs of '49. By the use of moving scenery we are carried down the cañon to the saloon kept by the "Girl," and she wins all our hearts as she did those of her miners. Thruout the play she acts with a sincerity and emotional power which keeps us from being offended by the forced situations and fallacious sentiment. Mr. Frank Keenan has also created a great part in the ex-gambler sheriff.

Those who question the possibility of using the stage as a moral force should see Mr. E. S. Willard in "A Pair of Spectacles" at the New Amsterdam. This bright and amusing comedy certainly sends everyone in the audience home with a decided impulse to look upon the bright side of things and to rid themselves of the habit of over-suspicion. The fantastic idea that the genial and optimistic nature of Mr. Goldfinch is clouded whenever he puts on the blue spectacles of his brother is delicately suggested, and Mr. Willard's swift changes of expression are a delight to behold. In the second piece of the same program, an adaptation of Kipling's "The Man Who Was," he shows a still more remarkable, almost incredible, change in his looks and manner. The appearance of the refugee

from the Siberian prison in the midst of his scarlet-coated messmates is not calculated to increase the good feeling between England and Russia.

Playing Shakespeare to "standing room only" is an unusual experience, yet Mr. Robert Mantell, who started the season with the Garden Theatre only half-filled, has steadily increased his audience as he progressed thru his Shakespearean repertory until finally he ran "King Lear" for two weeks to crowded houses. "King Lear" is not

a popular play, in fact it has been many years since New Yorkers have had an opportunity to see it, but Mr. Mantell does better work in it than in any of his other parts. Next to this is his Othello and poorest of all his Hamlet. To the perplexing first act of "Lear" he gives a very consistent interpretation. The curse of Goneril is, perhaps, his finest passage, as it was of Garrick's presentation. In the storm scene he is aided by some very realistic thunder and lightning, which, we believe, would have

delighted the soul of Shakespeare, the stage manager.

In "The Toast of the Town" we have a play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, designed, cut and made to suit a star, and it is an excellent fit, with no wrinkles visible. Miss Viola Allen as Betty Singleton, at first the popular actress, afterward the ill-used Duchess of Malmsbury, and finally sick in a garret, plays these various rôles with a genuineness and feeling that touches the whole audience and brings tears to many eyes. It is a pretty sentimental comedy of the eighteenth century, which affords an opportunity for brilliant costumes and beautiful stage pic-



Sarah Bernhardt, as Adrienne Lecouvreur.



The Tempest Scene in King Lear, as Given by Robert Mantell.
From Left to Right, Edgar, Kent, Lear, Fool and Gloster.

tures. There is no villain, unless the Dowager Duchess mother-in-law is to be counted such. It is unusual to find a "star play" in which the whole cast is so even and excellent. Miss Irving is the pert and pretty Roxana to the life, and Miss Wilson succeeds in the difficult task of making a good woman attractive.

It is a curious illustration of the difference between the position of the stage in France and America that Paul Hervieu's "Le Dédale" ("The Labyrinth"), which was written in defense of the high church position of the indissolubility of marriage, is here patronized by people for other purposes than the improvement of their morals. This is partly due to the fact that Miss Olga Nethersole, who now gives it, is notorious for choosing vulgar parts and accentuating their vulgarity. Both she and her company are intolerably stagey, and the play quite loses its meaning in this "adaptation" and their interpretation. Doubtless theatergo-

ing New York needs lessons on the evils of divorce such as M. Hervieu intended to give, but they will not get it from Miss Nethersole. She has not improved in her four years' absence from this country.

"La Belle Marseillaise" is a play adapted from the French in which Virginia Harned in the star. Its chief interest seems to be the fact that it introduces Napoleon and all the famous French generals and celebrities of the Napoleonic court. The play is rather an ambitious historical melodrama, but wordy and occasionally bathetic. Miss Harned has been seen to much better advantage in other rôles, while Mr. Serano, who plays the part of the "Little Corporal," might be taken for any one else in the world, save for the lock of hair on his forehead. The play has some elements of popularity, but will not appeal to those with the finest dramatic discrimination.

William Collier has revived Augustus Thomas's comedy "On the Quiet,"

When we say it is one of the funniest pieces that has been put on the stage in recent times we are in no sense exaggerating. The dry humor of Mr. Collier never shone to better advantage, and his cast is about as good as he is.

Charles Klein's new play this year is entitled "The Lion and the Mouse." It is a palpable satire on modern *frenzied* finance. The leading male character is an almost libelous caricature of John D. Rockefeller smoking J. P. Morgan cigars, and the heroine occasionally suggests Miss Ida H. Tarbell, as her lover does John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The play is not really great, nor will it last. Yet being but another one of those manifestations of the popular interest in financial matters, it takes on a very great present interest, and is bound to make a hit. If Mr. Lawson should write a conventional love story, embroidered with the fumings of *frenzied* finance, and then have it dramatized by a yellow playwright, something like "The Lion and the Mouse" might be obtained. The play is well staged and acted.

Opinions will differ widely about the enjoyment of "The Marriage of William Ashe," a dramatization of Mrs. Ward's novel of the same name, where Grace George takes the part of Lady Kitty. Miss George has talent and has caught the indefinable and elusive nature—some think charm—that Lady Kitty was cursed with. How the play would strike a person who had not read the book is not easy to imagine, as there is no explanation of the abrupt changes from scene to scene. The dramatic author follows the lead of Carlyle, whose books were written only for the initiated. The scenery is picturesque and suggestive, and the various parts are in general well taken. Davenport Seymour looked a more attractive Mary Lyster than the playwright wished her to appear. Lady Kitty is a creation that does not

highten the reputation of Mrs. Ward any more than the dramatization of the book adds to the glory of the stage.

Cyril Scott, in "The Prince Chap," takes the leading part in a play at all times interesting, and changing widely in tone from the amusing to the pathetic. In the humorous parts he is well supported by Marcus Runion, the butler, and by Phœbe Puckers, whose boisterous fun lends a good deal to the swing of the play. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the character of Claudia, taken by three different girls representing the ages of five, eight and eighteen. The general resemblance of the three and the gradual evolution from child to woman are excellently carried out.

A play with original humor and action is "Before and After," at the Manhattan. Dr. Latham invents a powder, which, taken in a glass of water, or, as more frequently happens in the play, in champagne, produces a veritable *ne-penthe*, a happiness that no dull care can dissipate. The difficulties and complexities into which this artificial gaiety leads the characters affords an evening of un-mixed amusement. The author, Leo Ditrichstein, appears in the caste in the person of Colonel Larivette.

"Wonderland," as produced at the Majestic Theater, is notable for its tuneful music, its superbly trained and pretty chorus, its skits on current topics, and its wealth of stage setting. The production is based on one of Grimm's fairy tales, set to music by Victor Herbert, with the book by Glen MacDonough. One of the most amusing things of the many included in this fantasy is Rollo, Dr. Fax's horse. He rises far above the ordinary and commonplace, but must be seen to be fully appreciated. Even a blind man would laugh could he see him. Those who enjoy musical comedies will see in this production something superior.



The Rat Family

BY BOLTON HALL

AUTHOR OF "THINGS AS THEY ARE," ETC.

MRS. RAT had a nice little daughter—Ratlet. Now Mrs. Rat, altho she was a sweet person, was not without her faults, and she expected that little Ratlet would be perfect. One day she said, "My dear, you have a strong smell, which I do not like." Now of course you know that all rats, no matter how clean they keep themselves, have a very strong smell, and Mrs. Rat could not smell it on herself, but she smelled it on her little daughter. Ratlet said, "Well, mamma, I wash myself every day," and burst out crying. She said, "I think it is horrid and—and mean of you to say things like that to me. You are always just finding fault with me, and I don't like you any more, and I don't want you to come into my hole. You go away." And Mamma Rat said, "Ratlet, you are not to speak that way to your mother. It isn't respectful." And Ratlet said, "Well, I do wash myself, so you needn't say I don't. I lick myself all over, and then I rub my face with my wet paws."

Just then Papa Rat came in and they both began to tell him, and Mamma Rat said, "That is a most unmanageable child. The moment you speak to her she flares up and gets angry." And Papa Rat said, "Well, dear, perhaps she was not spoken to quite as gently as she might be." Mamma Rat said, "There, that is just like

you—all day long somebody is jumping on me, and when I come and talk to you, you just find fault with me. I think it is very unkind, and I don't think you have any right to treat me so, and I won't have it—so there!" and she stamped her hind foot. Then Mrs. Rat sobbed and said, "I don't see where Ratlet gets her unreasonable ways and her temper from."

Poor Mr. Rat, seeing that no more could be said, went off to find Ratlet, and when she saw him she ran and put her paws around his neck and began to cry again. Mr. Rat cried, too—and Mrs. Rat was crying at the bottom of their hole.

Then Papa Rat quieted them both and tried to teach them to remember that they loved each other, and that if they did not neither of them would care very much what the other did or said.

So after that Mr. Rat and all began to think what was the kindest and wisest things to do to show their love, and after that of course all their troubles went away, and they lay one on top of each other at the bottom of their hole or up in a corner—papa and mamma and Ratlet, and the sisters and brothers and cousins and aunts and grandfather and grandchildren, and all the neighbors. They lay as happily and lovingly as possible, all in a big pile, which is the way that rats like to do.

NEW YORK CITY.



A Little Carol

BY EVALEEN STEIN

Welcome, little Brother!
Lowly, holy One!
Hail thee, Virgin Mother,
More than any other
Blessed in thy Son!

Child, since the poor manger
Once thou didst not scorn,
Rest thee, little Stranger,
Folded from all danger,
In our hearts, newborn.

Nestle thus, we pray thee,
In our love's caress;
Fain we are to pay thee
Worship, and obey thee.
Babe, and Prince no less!

LAFAYETTE, IND.

Literature

Big Game Hunting

A BOOK written by a President and issued from the White House is something new,¹ but Mr. Roosevelt is accustomed to doing unexpected things, most of

¹ *OUTDOOR PASTIMES OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER.*
By *Theodore Roosevelt*. Illustrated. New York:
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

which call forth cordial approval and admiration from a great majority of the American people. So it will be with this book, which covers a field and deals with interests unknown to most statesmen. It is coming to be generally known, however, that Mr. Roosevelt is a naturalist by temperament and to some ex-



"THE BIG D COW PONY."

From *Outdoor Pastimes of An American Hunter*.

Copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

tent by training, and this fact accounts in large measure for his trips into the wilds in search of sport, and altogether for what he gets out of those trips and tells to other people. The chapters which make up this volume have been written at various times within the last dozen years, and are brought together and revised for publication here.

It would be hard to put one's finger on another writer on sport who is so keen an observer as President Roosevelt, or who gives us in his chapters on hunting so many interesting and good observations on natural history. His papers on the cougars show well the bent of the President's mind. He was not content merely to secure his quarry, but he made notes on the habits of the species, took measurements of the specimens and then brought back and turned over to an eminent zoologist all the material that he had collected. As it happened, these specimens and these notes served to clear up certain doubtful questions about these big cats, and were thus most useful from the point of view of science.

The last chapter in the volume, entitled "At Home," possesses an unusual interest, and should teach a useful lesson. It is full of observation and information about Nature as she appears about the President's home in Long Island, and full of suggestion of the pleasure of nature observations and the gratification and helpfulness that come from this study. It is a good thing for the people of this land that their Chief Executive possesses an interest in these common things of nature so keen that he desires to interest his children in them, and it would be a good thing for all the children of this land if their parents could do for them in this particular regard what the President does for his children.

The volume is handsomely printed and abundantly illustrated. Many of the pictures are beautiful representations of wild animals and birds, others are simple, homely scenes of everyday life in the wilderness. The frontispiece is a capital picture of Mr. Roosevelt in riding costume.

India is a vast country full of strange inhabitants and abounding in sharp con-

trasts, and Mr. Caspar Whitney, in traveling through its wildernesses for many months has seen much that was worth recording. What he saw and what he did are pleasantly set down with many illustrations in this handsome volume.²

Mr. Whitney went to India to hunt, and with this in view he traveled in Sumatra, Malay and Siam, and saw strange beasts and curious people. As a hunter of experience he writes of things actually done, not setting down an undue amount of killing, but telling of many a failure to each success. The opening chapter in the book, in which is recorded the method practiced in capturing wild elephants in Siam—elephants which in truth do not appear to be very wild—is exceedingly interesting; perhaps the best in the book; but there are other chapters hardly less attractive, and among them are those which deal with the human dwellers in the jungle or on its borders.

The illustrations of the volume are from capital photographs, but there are several pages especially interesting from the side of nature rather than from the pictorial standpoint. These show the heads of a number of closely related species in several groups of mammals, and are "the eastern deer," the "wild boar and his pugnacious cousins," and "the large and formidable Oriental wild cattle family." This last caption is extremely clumsy, but it seems to be the fashion now to tack on the word "family" to any specific or generic term in natural history, in the belief that it means something.



The Two Rider Haggards

WHEN Queen Victoria read "Alice in Wonderland" she was so much pleased with it that she sent to "Lewis Carroll" for some other of his books, and received a work on the calculus. Mr. H. Rider Haggard has a similar duplex literary personality, for we receive in the same week two books from his pen, one the most fantastic of romances³ and the other a very serious sociological study.⁴

² JUNGLE TRAILS AND JUNGLE PEOPLE. Travel, Adventure and Observation in the Far East. By Caspar Whitney. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.



From Whitney's "Jungle Trails and Jungle People." Scribner.

The reviewer must confess that he took up the lighter volume first, not, of course, because he was not interest-

³ *AYESHA. The Return of She.* By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

⁴ *THE POOR AND THE LAND.* By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents.

ed in the poor, but to see if *Ayesha* would fascinate him as "She" did nearly twenty years ago, and, if not, why not? The first question was quickly answered in the negative, but the second he has not yet been able to answer.

"She" in her new incarnation is as beautiful and powerful and inscrutable as "She" was before. Tibet is as mysterious as Africa. Leo and Holly have as many hairbreadth escapes from fire and flood and fight as they used to. But all in vain. The heart of the reader did not thrill as it once did. If the reviewer had not been such a conscientious critic that he felt it his duty to read the romance thru, he could have stopped before reaching the point where Ayesha, the symbol of the eternal feminine for a second—no, a third—time brings disaster upon herself and her lover thru her desire to gratify him.

It occurred to the reviewer that he had grown older and this might explain why the magic of "She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed" had lost its power over him. Accordingly he gave the book to his son, who is now nearly of the age when the reviewer fell under the spell, but he read it with comparative indifference. Evidently it is not alone we who have grown old, but our children are older than we were at the same age.

Mr. Haggard's other volume is an abstract of the "Blue Book" containing his report of his investigations into the workings of the Salvation Army colonies in the United States. His study of the industrial and social conditions of rural England has made him an authority upon the subject of *The Poor and the Land*, and he was sent last spring as a special commissioner to this country. He visited the colonies at Fort Ramie, Cal., and Fort Amity, Col., and was very favorably impressed with the workings of the plan of Commander Booth-Tucker "to put the waste labor on the waste land by means of waste capital, and thus convert this trinity of waste into a unity of production." He found that the colonists, starting some four years before with almost nothing on raw land, had accumulated on an average \$2,000 of property, in one colony, and \$1,000 in the other, and were much more prosperous and happy than they would have been in the cities from which they were taken. The Salvation Army has lost some \$50,000 on the experiment, but Mr. Haggard thinks this could be avoided by better management.

As a result of his recommendations, the Canadian Government has offered 360 square miles of territory for settlement by the poor of London in the same manner. The plan is for the state to advance the money for starting the colony, and to sell the land to the settlers in twenty annual instalments at a sufficient price to pay all expenses and a low interest. He thinks it would be impossible to carry out the plan by Government agents, because they would be too expensive and inefficient; so he recommends the employment of the excellent organization and philanthropic zeal of the Salvation Army. He does not regard the plan as a panacea for all poverty, but merely as a practical palliative, making useful farmers out of the poor and oppressed of the great cities, where industrial conditions result in homicide and "domicide."



New Philippine Discussion and Exposition

In addition to the recent book of Mr. Allegne Ireland, another general and sweeping arraignment of American Government in the Philippines has recently appeared from the pen of Prof. H. Parker Willis.* This is the gentleman whose charges, it will be remembered, were circulated in the 1904 campaign by Judge Parker, and were promptly and categorically denied by Secretary Taft and Governor Wright. Professor Willis, like Mr. Ireland, spent a brief period making investigations in the Philippines, his journey there being timed, as it would appear, so as to procure "thunder" for the 1904 campaign. Under whose auspices, if any other than his own, he went he has never told, and it might be interesting to know. It would be quite as interesting to have him tell who were his personal sources of information in the Philippines, tho one familiar with conditions and persons there can quite readily tell where most of his information came from. But note the insinuatory mysteriousness of the preface:

"Owing to the kindness of friends in this country and of others who wished to facilitate my inquiries, I was able to gather, before leaving the United States, a set of letters of

* OUR PHILIPPINE PROBLEM. By H. Parker Willis. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

introduction to persons living in the Philippines who were in position to know the true state of insular affairs. . . . Conditions in the Philippines are such that no individual acknowledgements would be desirable, and a general statement of obligations is therefore all that can be offered."

Like every serious and painstaking discussion of the Philippine problem—and Professor Willis is certainly serious, and generally painstaking—this book merits public attention. Many of the criticisms made therein, while by no means original, are stated freshly, or with added forcefulness, and are worthy careful attention by our governing officials in the islands and at home. But no one really conversant with the history and the actual status of the Philippines and the Filipinos, even were he in sympathy with the political program of this writer, could conscientiously recommend his book to the general reader sincerely desirous of light upon our Philippine difficulties. It is not fair criticism, it is carping criticism; the tone of faultfinding is maintained till it becomes wearisome, and would raise with the most ill-informed reader a query as to the validity of even the solid criticism there is in the book; and there creeps in not infrequently a note of bitter partisanship, revealing that this is polemics, not well-balanced criticism. In particular, it is plain that Professor Willis has a touch of bias against William H. Taft, while yet he is neither bold enough nor frank enough to speak out his criticisms of the man.

So, while there is much in this book, especially in the chapters on Civil Service, Local Government, Legal and Judicial System, Economic Legislation and Income and Outgo, which is of very considerable import, it is so intermixed with errors, half-truths, misinformation of one sort and another, and political insinuation, as to make the book an altogether unsafe guide for him who is not already expert in Philippine matters. It would be very easy to catalog some scores of errors and misstatements, small and great. It may perhaps be sufficient to cite a few typical cases showing Professor Willis's manner of working and giving test of his general accuracy in criticism.

In the chapter on Rural and Agricul-

tural Conditions there are repeated the same badly overdrawn statements which were circulated on Professor Willis's authority in last year's campaign. Were he at all acquainted with former conditions in the Philippines, or even reasonably familiar, as a library student, with the Spanish bibliography of the Philippines, he could not make such assertions as the following, which are in plain contradiction with the actual facts:

"The food of large masses of the population has been curtailed to a bare subsistence minimum.

"It is generally conceded that [the roads and trails] are today very much worse than they were in Spanish times, and that our expenditure in repairing them cannot compare with the outlay of our predecessors."

On pages 343-344 he returns to insist upon "the disproportionate number of women and children" in the Philippines, having already accepted, on page 23, an entirely unsubstantiated newspaper interview in which an American general was quoted as saying that one-sixth of the Filipinos of Luzon died as the direct or indirect result of American military operations. Professor Willis made a few trips into the provinces, and, the men being at work in the fields, the hills or the forests, he thought he noted, what he desired to note, viz., a noticeable lack of adult males. But why did he not take the trouble to consult the census of 1903? There he might find that there were, of 6,931,548 civilized natives of the Philippines, 3,487,732 females and 3,443,816 males, or 50.3 and 49.7 per cent., respectively. A little calculation based on the census tables would have shown him there were 1,777,189 males of eighteen years of age or more, as compared with 1,919,004 females of the same adult years. Allowing the largest possible figure for adult males of European, American or Chinese birth above counted, still at most the discrepancy between adult Filipino males and adult Filipino females would not be over 190,000. Surely this is no startling disparity as between adult males and females, following so closely upon a period of warfare and disturbance dating back to Spanish times.

In Chapter XVI the author has juggled the figures (even if he had quoted them correctly) to make a most amaz-

ing comparison of the cost of government to the Filipinos. He appears to have counted Philippine *pesos* as United States gold dollars in many places in his table of receipts and expenditures under American occupation. On the other hand, he has counted the *pesos* of expenditure under Spanish government for 1894-5 at fifty cents each, thus carefully halving the Spanish total, while doubling the American, even were his comparisons accurate otherwise. Really this is hardly creditable for a "professor of economics and politics."

On pp. 41-45 he has led himself into some great exaggerations as to the supposedly arbitrary power of the Governor-General in the Philippines thru an error made on p. 31. In quoting the instructions to the Philippine Commission of April 7, 1900, he has failed to note that these instructions were addressed by President McKinley to Secretary of War Root, and that in the phrase giving legislative power to the Commission to be exercised "under such rules and regulations as you may prescribe," the *you* refers to the Secretary of War (representing the "war power" of the President under Congress acting in 1902), and not to Governor Taft, as Professor Willis edits it to mean. This is the chief basis for his carefully constructed theory as to Governor Taft having been a virtual dictator. Such mistakes as these are both too willingly and too frequently made in this book, and they quite fittingly characterize it.

Two other rather bulky volumes have also lately been added to American bibliography of the Philippines, one the random and indiscriminating observations of a visitor in missionary interests,* the other the carefully arranged volume of the first General Superintendent of Public Instruction in the islands.† The latter is both valuable and interesting where it presents the author's own observations and opinions, but is often inaccurate where sources of encyclopedic and historic information which should now be discarded have been relied upon in the work of compilation. Dr. Devins's

chapters on the Protestant campaign in the islands are of contemporary value. His book is dedicated to President Roosevelt, and has a foreword by Secretary Taft.

Sons o' Men. By G. B. Lancaster. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Just when a new field for novelists and short story writers seems an impossible discovery, some iconoclastic new author brings out a volume to prove that all things are possible. Here come a lot of stories, *Sons o' Men*, out of New Zealand, a country not often written about, in truth, not often thought of except by political enthusiasts. The stories are of the inhabitants of this land—of the natives and of the men who go there to make their fortunes and usually sink to perdition in the attempt. Loyalty and unselfishness are told of, and friendships stronger than more refined friendships. Of course, hatred and rivalry are mixed in, lest there be no stories. But woman is only occasionally involved—because of which the tales are perhaps truer. Realism is one of the best points of the stories, if one excepts the convincingly strong and original descriptions, done after Kipling. They leave, too, the impression of a reserve force, the certainty that the writer has many more stories to tell. Of the faults, the most noticeable are in the form of grammatical errors. But the author's ability is unquestionable and the stories are good, particularly the semi-psychologic "Story of Wi," which shows what evils may come to a heathen thru the good intentions of a civilized man.

The Sunset Trail. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

As the cowboy of the Western plains rides away into the past—a past as near us as the '80's, yet incredibly far from any present conditions of the cattle country—his mounted figure fading in the middle distance grows increasingly picturesque. We cannot affirm his perfect reality as presented by Mr. Lewis in *The Sunset Trail*, but if Mr. "Bat" Masterson is not authentic he ought to be. He is a type of the Sheriff in the earliest days of some attempt at law and order in the city of Dodge; a most unconventional officer, as needs must be,

* AN OBSERVER IN THE PHILIPPINES, OR LIFE IN OUR NEW POSSESSIONS. By John Bancroft Devins, D.D. Boston, New York and Chicago: American Tract Society. \$2.00.

† THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By Fred W. Atkinson. Boston and New York: Ginn & Co. \$3.00.

with no precedents to guide his erratic decisions, but working out a rough sort of justice from unpromising materials. Cool and steady Mr. Masterson proves himself to be, thru many a perilous adventure, and that is why we like him and others of his type; not because of a fondness for tales of bloody conflict and hairbreadth escape, of crime, cruelty and sudden death; but because strength and courage, wherever displayed, never lose their appeal to the heart of the world.



Paths to Power. By Frank W. Gunsaulus. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

An orator is at a disadvantage when he must address his audience thru the colder medium of printed words without the help of voice, gesture, and presence. Dr. Gunsaulus is preëminently the orator, and his first book of collected addresses must be read with that thought in mind. They are not bookish nor cloistered, nor do they appeal to the scholarly reader in his quiet room with the force which the speaker's virile personality gave them when they were delivered before hushed and admiring thousands of listeners. But that is not to say the book is not good reading. It is, and worth careful study by all public speakers, in order to learn one path, at least, by which the author has attained power as an orator. The power sought is unselfish and lofty—the power to serve, not to be ministered unto; the power to help others, not to be helped; “of self-conquest”; “for ministry”; for “nation-building.” Such themes as these discussed earnestly and eloquently with no touch of self-seeking explain much of Dr. Gunsaulus's popularity, and of his own personal power.



Life's Dark Problems; or, Is This a Good World? By Minot J. Savage, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.

Dr. Savage on the problem of evil and the mystery of suffering is to be preferred to Dr. Savage on immortality and spooks. He and his readers are alike to be congratulated that he has come up again from his descent into the occult, and has found a field where his assertive optimism is more likely of sane control. The title of his book and the subjects

considered suggest help and comfort to the sorrowful and perplexed; but if that be the author's purpose, he has marred his work by slashing doctrinal controversy. A distinguished Princeton divine is said to have followed his announcement of the death of Herbert Spencer with the advice to his theologs: “Now, for Heaven's sake let up on him!” One would think Calvin and Edwards were entitled to the same consideration. Aside from vigorous hitting of doctrines which are down, Dr. Savage has to say on the problem of suffering and evil very much what was said in better spirit by Bushnell in his sermon “On the Moral Uses of Dark Things,” and especially by that classic on this subject, James Hinton's “The Mystery of Pain.”



The Ward of the Sewing Circle. By Edna Edwards Wylie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.

The reader who depends for his interest on a strong plot or charm of style will hardly think *The Ward of the Sewing Circle* worth his while. The whole plot of the story consists in a single situation, the pathetic adventures of five-year-old Johnny Beal, the little orphan, who for two months at a time is given a home by each member of the Smithfield Sewing Circle in turn. The spirit of perfunctory conscientiousness prompting this charity is epitomized in Mrs. Bluett's reply to the vote of appreciation given her by the Circle for offering to first undertake the charge:

“Somebody has to start the ball rolling, and the Smithfield Sewing Circle began its live game of handball with little Johnny.”

The characters are vivid, natural and consistent; characters that any one living in a small town will recognize as typical. Perhaps they are a little too typical, a little too much the regulation, stock kind. Tom Budlong, the hired man and friendless little Johnny's Prince of the Golden Castle, is, however, an exception. He is the best drawn and most original character in the book. The humor which crops up every now and then is compensation enough for the absence of the element of suspense. As for the style, while the description of the characters and much of the action is

very aptly worded, very often the author spoils the effect by adding a stilted or self-conscious phrase. This is no book for grown-ups, who have lost the ability to get the child's point of view, for herein lies its real charm. It is only by looking at Mrs. Cressman thru Johnny's eyes that you can appreciate how—

"In one sweeping scrutiny he formed an opinion of Mrs. Cressman. How her glasses must pinch her nose, and was it because they did that her eyes had that pulled look? He could almost see thru her ears and there was a mole under her chin. Her apron strings were tied on one side and she had carpet slippers on."

The Soldier's Trial. By Gen. Charles King. New York: The Hobart Company. \$1.50.

In presenting this his latest addition to his already long list of army novels, frankly labeled in large type on the cover as well as on the title page "An Episode of the Canteen Crusade," General King has in a measure warned the reader what to expect. One has an inkling that the book has an avowed purpose the moment one picks it up. And so it has; most decidedly so. In every chapter the author has directed his heaviest artillery against "the well-meaning society," as he terms it, which succeeded in pushing thru Congress the edict that banished the canteen from all army posts. Against this point of view we have nothing to say here. But we do take exception to him most strenuously when he hangs so many tracts and arguments on such a slender, well-worn thread of a story. The scene of the tale oscillates between the Philippines and a Western army post on the plains, and as *dramatis personæ* we have given a young, heroic, but rather goosey lieutenant; a fine major papa and a nice mamma of the lieutenant; a beautiful, dark-eyed siren of Spanish extraction; another fine, high tempered, middle-aged major—a widower; the major's small son; a Puritan maiden with a deep purpose in her kindly, misguided heart; a mildly villainous young captain; a semi-villain in the shape of a private soldier, and a catty Italian-Swiss maid. But the good are mediocre, the villainous highly melodramatic; the reader either yawns or smiles faintly, and doesn't care particularly what becomes of any one of them. There is very little action for a King

novel, and the interest is nursed along by very slender means. Even a characteristic battle with the Sioux, with the young lieutenant for the hero of it, is a little too cut-and-dried to quicken the pulse much. The *dénouement* concerning the siren and the minor villain is a bit surprising, still it doesn't save the day for the book.

The Rhymers' Lexicon. Compiled and edited by Andrew Loring. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. 12mo, pp. xlv, 879. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

The introduction to *The Rhymers' Lexicon* by Mr. Saintsbury has little to do with rhymes, and much to do with prosody and feet, and it promises us an important work on the history of English Prosody, which is needed, notwithstanding much discussion of the subject. We turn from that to the author's preface, which is instructive, and partly in the fact that it indicates an English ear for sounds different from the American. Thus he calls the *a* in *draft* a closed sound, and in *quaffed* an open one. We hear no difference. We are surprised to hear the *o* in *horse* called short. The reader will be interested to learn that there are some sixty monosyllables, and words accented on the last syllable, that have no rhymes. Such are *avenge, bulb, doth, film, gulf, month, mouth, of, sylph, with* and *wolf*; and besides there are six ordinals like *fourth*. *Vase* is permitted to be rhymed with "ace," "praise," "Shiraz" and "pause," but the editor draws the line at rhyming it with "Mars," as does the present Poet Laureate. We commend this volume heartily to those who need such a book, and how innumerable are our poets our daily mail shows.

Comparative Religion. Its Genesis and Growth. By Louis Henry Jordan, B. D. With an Introduction by Principal Fairbairn. 8vo, pp. 668. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

One is impressed by the enormous scope of this work, and yet it is not at all a treatise on comparative religion, but simply an introduction to the study. Its purpose is, as fully as possible to indicate what is the scope of the science, and who are the men of various designated schools who have developed it, and what they

have written, and what instruction is given in the various universities, and what are the museums, etc. This makes the work a more or less critical survey of all that has been done in anthropology, ethnology, psychology, and other sciences that bear on comparative religion, and a running commentary on a thousand books by as many writers. It is a tremendous task, and is a sort of bibliographic index to the subject. It must be admitted that so great a task, beyond the first-hand knowledge of any one man, is on the whole well done. We observe that American writers are not neglected. Indeed, we would be inclined to think the writer an American, notwithstanding his Edinboro degree. There is a fair statement of the reasons for the importance of the study, and the definition of religion is not amiss—that “it signifies the conception of a superior authority, whose potency man feels himself constrained to acknowledge and invoke.” Yet this definition would probably include fetishism and animism as religions, which the writer is not ready to allow.

✱
The Mystery of June 13th. By Melvin L. Severy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Admirers of Sir Conan Doyle will find this detective story replete with the inductive reasoning of Sherlock Holmes, while missing the highest artistic finish of their favorite. There is noticeable loss of effect in the constant use of the present tense, and, at times, the long drawn-out threads of the plot, which, however, is in the main consistent. Those who have read the “Darrow Enigma,” by Mr. Severy, will be greatly perplexed here by the same cumulative mysteries and the suspicion cast alike upon the good and the bad. The scenes are laid among the Maoris of New Zealand and in New York City and Jersey City, the motive being the vengeance with which the Maoris follow a supposed American murderer and his male issue. The fears of the latter are constantly excited by a hieroglyph similar to that of the modern “Black Hand,” and the mystery is complicated by the alienated mind of one of the supposedly injured characters. A source of interest in the story is the glimpse into the customs of the Maoris,

who, like the Indians of the United States, are rapidly disappearing before the white man. A New York atmosphere is secured by the fleecing of a wireless telephone inventor by the exponents of “Frenzied Finance.” The uninitiated is at first startled by the large June calendar on the front cover, with a red circle drawn around the fatal “13.” The story is excellently illustrated in half-tones by “The Kinneys.”

✱
Old Lim Jucklin. By Opie Read. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Lim Jucklin is the wisest man in the little Southern town of Purdy, and is eagerly sought for by those desirous of counsel. Parting the tails of his brown jeans coat and sitting on the fence, the village oracle is presented enlightening his neighbors with much sound philosophy, given in a droll and fascinating fashion. When Mrs. Jucklin is near, however, Lim exercises great care to temper his remarks, for his spouse is often obliged to call him to account. Some of his philosophy follows:

“Many a wise man has done a fool thing simply because the fool got to the smart thing first. The trouble with preachers of today is, they make the Bible a threat and want people to read it with frightened eyes; but when a man’s scared he can’t learn anything to speak of.”

Mr. Read causes Lim Jucklin to philosophize also on “First Love,” which he does in an especially humorous manner. The dialect throughout the 262 pages of the book is not so marked as in the usual rural story, but there is just enough to give it a rustic air without endangering its lucidity.

✱
Salve Venetia. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols., with 225 illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

Anything written about Venice is interesting, and anything Mr. Crawford writes is interesting; therefore it is not necessary to say anything further as to this quality. Mr. Crawford does not exploit the melodramatic sides of his subject, but sticks to safe and sober history wherever that can be found, sketching with a rapid hand, sometimes in mere outline, sometimes in detail, the story of the Queen of the Adriatic from the time

when the fishermen first settled on her sandbars to 1797, when Bonaparte took the bronze horses from the basilica of St. Mark's. He weaves in brief biographies, picturesque incidents, bits of archeology, references to pictures, and descriptions of manners and customs so ingeniously as to make the book very readable as a narrative, altho very bothersome to the student who wishes to find some particular thing. Venice, he admits,

"was a government of suspicion and precaution, which took it for granted that every man, from the Doge down, would do his worst, and provided for the worst that any man could do."

But he defends it in a way by saying that it succeeded while communities that reckoned on the good motives of men have failed.

"In plain fact, Venice revived, and grew great, and was a power during four hundred years after she adopted her ultimate formula of existence, and in the end she died, not by the hand of the enemies at home or abroad whom she had successfully baffled for centuries, but of sheer old age and marasml decline after a life of eleven hundred years, during which she was never at any time subject to a foreign power, or a foreign prince, was never once occupied by a foreign army—and was never bankrupt."



Literary Notes

A LITTLE booklet by Henry Van Dyke, "The Spirit of Christmas," contains two prayers and three short papers appropriate to the Christmastide. (Scribners, 75 cents.)

....A Bible, with all the verses bearing upon the theme of Salvation marked in red with cross references, edited by Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlburt, is issued by the Winston Co., Phila. The numerous cross references and maps will be found very useful for Bible readings.

....A novel by Arthur Newell, "A Knight of the Toilers," deals with the labor question. In this novel the strikers with the redoubtable Trevor at their head have the magnates at their mercy in ideal fashion. (Philadelphia: Marsh.)

...."The Joys of Friendship," edited by Mary A. Ayer, contains selections from verse and prose to prove that "To be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing." A book of this character, however, loses much through lack of an author's index. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.00.)

...."The Music Lover's Treasury," edited by Helen P. Patten, contains the great productions of famous poets on musical subjects. The selections range from Milton and Schiller to Browning and Lowell. It is very attractively

bound and illustrated. (Dana Estes, New York. \$1.20.)

...."Facts and Fancies For the Curious" will keep a man of average intelligence supplied with a fountain of miscellaneous knowledge, for its 647 pages are not easily exhausted. The collection is very comprehensive and well arranged. (Lippincott, Philadelphia. \$3.00.)

....That a popular edition of important scientific discoveries is well received by the reading public is attested to by the appearance of a second and enlarged edition of William K. Brook's "The Oyster." This book is interestingly written and well illustrated. (Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.00.)



Pebbles

THEY say the prisoner was very much interested in the jury's verdict.

Yes—He actually hung on their words.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

....*Mamie:* I believe in woman's rights. *Gertie:* Then you think every woman should have a vote? *Mamie:* No; but I think every woman should have a voter.—*The Woman's Journal.*

....Roast turkey hot,
Roast turkey cold,
Roast turkey in the hash,
Nine days old.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

....There was a young man from the West,
Who proposed to the girl he loved best,

But so closely he pressed her

To make her say, yes, sir,

That he broke two cigars in his vest.

—*The Tobacconist.*

....The automobile rushed down the road—huge, gigantic, sublime. Over the fence hung the woman who works hard and long—her husband is at the cafe and she has thirteen little ones. (An unlucky number.) Suddenly upon the thirteenth came the auto, unseeing, slew him, and hummed on, unknowing. The woman who works hard and long rushed forward with hands, hands made rough by toil, upraised. She paused and stood inarticulate—a goddess, a giantess. Then she hurled forth these words of derision, of despair: "Mon Dieu! And I'd just washed him!"—*Literally translated from Le Sport of Paris.*

....Art sympathies for me?
Fear not feathy sarbit
I groggles for you
Have thy cropt at my door-step
At quarter past, too,
And there I shall meet thee
And kill him for you.
When the waggle was ripe
And the furtle set sail,
Across the Sertarpis,
And weathered the gale,
Of a thousand fed fountains
In imptish and gree—
What calls thee, my darling.

—*Pelican.*

Editorials

Political Reform in New York

THOSE who are interested in the condition of the Republican party in the State of New York may have noticed the action taken last week at Oswego by Hope Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, which has 3,000 members, nine-tenths of whom are Republicans. By unanimous vote, the representatives of Oswego County in the Legislature were asked by this Grange to introduce resolutions calling for the resignations of United States Senators Platt and Depew. Such an incident points to a condition of public sentiment in the party's rank and file that will strongly support the efforts of President Roosevelt and others to place the leadership of the State's Republicans in clean and honest hands—to get rid of unworthy representatives and exposed bosses and the beneficiaries of political corruption, whether these be in the Senate or elsewhere.

Republican factional quarrels of the past in New York have temporarily so affected the party's strength at the polls that the sure approach of another one is naturally regarded with some misgiving, even by those who clearly realize the magnitude of the evils which now demand reform. But those quarrels, as a rule, were due to political competition, to personal ambition, or to selfish controversy over the spoils of office, and not to a popular protest against conspiracies for the corruption of legislators and the confessed contempt of leaders for moral principles. It is in obedience to such a protest that the party in New York now seeks to cleanse itself. Therefore, if the work be well done, if the unworthy men cast off into outer darkness be not replaced by others only a little less objectionable, the party will retain its strength and even increase it.

A good beginning has been made in the great city by the election of Congressman Herbert Parsons, a competent man of high character, to be chairman of the Republican County Committee. This was the first defeat for ex-Governor Odell, State boss and chairman of the State Committee, whose compulsory retirement in the near future has been fore-

shadowed by the testimony in the life insurance investigation. But this victory for reform was won only after a sharp contest and by a small majority. It is difficult to obtain possession of the committee strongholds of a boss because he has taken pains to man them largely with men of his kind. The division of votes at the election of Mr. Parsons did not justly represent the party's attitude.

In this movement against the rule of unworthy leaders in the greatest of our States the next step was the selection of a clean and competent candidate for Speaker of the Assembly at Albany. Here, as in the case of Mr. Parsons, the advice of President Roosevelt was sought, and the chosen candidate has such support from him, or such approval, as he could with propriety give. Mr. Wadsworth, at the age of 28, has had little experience in the Legislature, but he is an educated man of good antecedents and surroundings, and when he takes office, restrained in no way by the relations attending long service, he will be perfectly free to follow his impulses and to work for the public interest alone. If the Governor, who excited some hostile criticism by suggesting Mr. Wadsworth's name, will then promptly get rid of Insurance Commissioner Hendricks and some other officers who ought to go, Albany will be much less attractive than it has been in the past to the Andy Hamiltons and other "watchers of legislation," and to the open handed managers of insurance companies' Houses of Graft.

Another step, which should not be delayed, will be the removal of Mr. Odell from the important office of chairman of the Republican State Committee. Of course, he must give up that place. Foreseeing his retirement, he is now bitterly denouncing the President, the Governor and all others who oppose him. To permit this man to retain his office would be to invite disastrous defeat for the party at the next election. But his successor should be chosen with much care. He should not be ex-Governor Black, who "took the starch out of the civil service law," nor should the party's choice fall upon any of the former lieu-

tenants of Senator (and Boss) Platt, many of whom, to assist in compassing the downfall of the man who thrust their old leader aside, are crying loudly for reform.

In all this housecleaning, the two Senators at Washington will not be overlooked. Hope Grange's unanimous vote at Oswego shows what the Legislature at its coming session will be urged to do. Mr. Odell, in his more or less trustworthy accounts of conversations at the White House last year, asserts that the President said: "The State of New York should not be represented in the Senate of the United States by two senile old men." We do not think these were Mr. Roosevelt's words, altho he may have said that New York ought to be represented by men of a better kind. It is not on account of their age, or of the feebleness, physical or mental, of either of them that these Senators should be displaced. Mr. Platt is seventy-two years old; Mr. Depew is seventy-one. Look across the boundary to the admirable records made by Connecticut's justly honored Senators, the late General Hawley and the late Mr. Orville H. Platt, who so ably represented their State for nearly a quarter of a century and were thus representing it when they were several years older than the New York Senators are now. No; it is not on account of their age that Mr. Depew and Mr. Thomas C. Platt misrepresent their State and should retire to private life. From the beginning of his term of service at Washington Mr. Platt has been notoriously unfit for the office. Mr. Depew's unfitness has recently been made known by his own testimony and the records of the life insurance investigation. Both of these men should be asked by the Legislature to resign.

Far reaching has been that investigation which was suggested by James W. Alexander's demand for the retirement of young Mr. Hyde from his office in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. None of the disclosures caused by it has been more important or disquieting than the evidence that money has been profusely, continuously, and wickedly spent in the State of New York to create and support the power of political bosses and to control legislation not only by the

direct corruption of legislators, but also by procuring the election of them. By such a housecleaning as has now been undertaken by the dominant party in the State the situation can be greatly improved, but measures must be taken to prevent, if possible, the corrupt or otherwise improper use of money in politics and in the Legislature by corporations and by capitalists whose consciences have become paralyzed. Only in this way can enduring betterment of conditions be obtained. It is an inviting field of labor for good citizens and for organizations whose aim is to promote the needed reforms by new laws or by the enforcement of old ones.



A Look Backward

THE American has but one grand passion, that of progress. No person in this country is thoroly happy unless he can be doing something a little better than it was done by his predecessors. Naturally, to take a backward look is occasionally a relief. The whole nation has its periods of eagerly studying history, and the present is one of these periods. It is a wholesome exercise to look over the achievements of the past; but the secret of our present development of historical writing seems to be a desire to secure rest and recuperation. On the awning over a store we have often seen a half-dozen spinning wheels, such as our mothers kept pace with, seventy-five years ago. People who live in the finest houses eye those mementos with great interest, and for a time there was a fashion for buying them to place in Queen Anne windows. There was a sensation of rest in looking at the relics of more pastoral days.

Those of us who are full of years find a deal of comfort in dreaming of the old roadsides, where, as bare-footed boys, we chased thru bull thistles, and caught white-faced bumblebees. Why not let our own boys go bare-legged among thistles and burdocks? The first break with brute life was kindling a fire with flint; yet less than a hundred years ago civilization was still knocking flints together in tinder or in powder. How carefully, in the big fireplace, at night, our mothers covered the coals, to keep

them alive until morning. And if, by chance, the fire went out, the oldest boy or girl must run to a neighbor, with two pieces of bark, to borrow coals. Our mothers were adepts at bringing even threads off the spindle, while they reeled small talk and neighborly gossip; but the newspaper came only once a week, and every letter sent three hundred miles cost twenty-five cents postage.

The average of human life was not much over twenty years, and such diseases as cholera, plague, smallpox, and typhoid fevers were set down as visitations of Providence. Now our average age is over forty, and increasing. If anything is certain it is that the most dreaded diseases will all be hunted down, their causes discovered, and then removed.

In no respect is the frontage of evolution more surely beneficent than when we consider our private homes. The ancient house was not superior to a modern hovel—without glass or carpets or sub-division. All of art belonged to the cathedrals and the gods; enough for the individual to anticipate golden palaces hereafter. Today there is no one thing so perfect as the common man's house. Its spring-bed has more comfort than the state couches of Louis le Grande. Base-burners and furnaces keep him warm. A dozen books cost the price of a quarter of lamb or a roast of beef. Ten square yards of news, printed in clear type, come to his door each morning for two cents.

You may measure the common man's evolution at his table. Descended from ancestors whose struggle for existence made them devour the vilest food, we find our tables spread with luxurious variety, gathered from every quarter of the globe, or the direct products of our experiment stations and our Burbanks. The pride of America is once more in her agricultural achievements. "Every weed contains undeveloped wealth, and blessings for mankind; and man will yet find them all out."

There is much to be improved in our judicature, but no longer ago than 1837 the "wager of battle" was a legal custom in some of our States. Trial by jury was considered a gross innovation, and denounced by the church as profane.

It left to man the decision which the duel left with God. Duelling was thus an appeal to Heaven to settle the quarrel. It was a religious art, to show by the success granted to the sword the innocent party. It was a matter of common law in every code in Europe. The parties interested were held in prison, with cords around their necks; and whoever was adjudged guilty through the defeat of his champion was forthwith hanged. But if the party was a woman, she was buried alive—in capital cases.

Our politics are scandalous; are they? Go back to the political conditions of 1805, and read a few pages of the history in which Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton were actors. English, French and German nobles were rare who did not carry on treasonable correspondence. English kings were in the pay of France. Even our own Major-General Wilkinson received an annual pension from Spain for revealing to that Government our political secrets. As for bribes and bribery, there is indeed too much of it; but is there a hamlet in America where a candidate for office would dare to set a table in the street and publicly buy votes? Yet such was the custom 100 years ago in England. In political morals we are unquestionably making steady gains. Secretary Bonaparte says right, that there is a drawing together of religion and politics.

How are we getting on socially? A few pages taken from any history that covers the seventeenth and eighteenth century will tell us some things that we will do well to remember—or perhaps will prefer to forget. Kings' courts were invariably less decent than the houses of courtesans in our modern cities. The history of the Church had many a passage that we prefer to print in the Latin. Archbishops and bishops went to the great councils with clowns and courtesans in their trains. The remedies for vice were as vicious as the evils they undertook to cure. Among the capital offenses of our own colonies was "a solemn compact or converse with the devil." Witchcraft and conjuration were punishable by death. Bringing playing cards into the Plymouth Colony subjected the offender to a fine of forty shillings, and for using them the penalty

was public flogging. Blasphemy was punishable with death—so also cursing and disobedience of parents. The Massachusetts Colony imposed death for idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, kidnapping, adultery, perjury, and on children who struck their parents.

We are accustomed to hear severe arraignment of our public men. It is not probable that the United States ever produced so many Governors of the highest intellectual and moral power as today. It is questionable whether Daniel Webster, with the habits which he indulged, could now secure the Senatorship from Massachusetts. Gouverneur Morris, speaking of the second Congress, said: "What a set of ——— rascals there were gathered together there." The historian is compelled to remove a good deal of the glamor that surrounds many of the notables and leaders, not only of that era, but of later dates. The episode between Senator Benton and Senator Foote, in our Senate during the fifties, would be inconceivable in these days. On the whole, we must conclude that evolution is a force that never ceases to carry us forward—and never will. Looking backward, however, does us no harm. As a comparative study, it is stimulating and helpful. The historical student is best equipped to lead the forward lookers. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams built well, because they knew well what had been built. We act collectively as we act individually. The people turn to historical writing and reading at intervals. It is not the literary aspect of such work that interests us so much as the social. It indicates that we need rest, and a social house cleaning.

A Look Forward

BERNARD SHAW recommends that fortune-telling be made a required study in all the public schools. None of the studies now in the curriculum, he says, is so useful for giving one a knowledge of human nature. This suggestion should receive the attention of those who are always arguing that the schools should prepare their pupils for some gainful occupation or profession. Now, the profession of fortune-telling seems to be a very profitable one, judging by the ad-

vertisements in the newspapers, and the tents on the beaches. There is a demand for reliable prophets that much exceeds the supply in the financial, political and literary world. For example, it has become customary at this season of the year for editors not only to present a summary of the events of the past year, but also to exercise their prescience in outlining the future. Not having had the opportunity of attending such a school of the prophets as Mr. Shaw proposes, we have felt ourselves at a disadvantage in this matter. However, we are determined not to be behind our brother editors any longer, so we have invented a system of forecasting for this occasion. It is impossible to explain its details here, but it is sufficient to say that it is based upon certain historical data, and is similar in principle to the method used by mathematicians in the calculation of the continuation of a curve of which part is known.

In applying this method, however, we obtained results so startling, in some respects apparently so incredible, that we hesitate to give them, notwithstanding our confidence in the method. It would seem that all the seven planets pulling at cross purposes could not produce so mad a world as ours will be next year. Its strange events seem still stranger the more one thinks of them, and the most surprising thing about it will be that they will excite little astonishment.

It appears that owing to some inexplicable cause the earth will be projected thru space at the rate of over a thousand miles a minute, nevertheless all life upon the globe will not be destroyed, nor, indeed, affected, unless we can lay to the dizziness produced by this rapid motion some of the curious psychical manifestations mentioned below. The meteorological phenomena of the year will be very interesting. The almanacs mention several eclipses, but they do not note some still more remarkable appearances, for example, that the sky will on some days be of an intense blue, at other times varied with red, yellow, white and black, exceeding in beauty any pyrotechnic display. The climate in many localities will undergo a complete change, as will be noted by the papers of those sections. It will be a matter of common observa-

tion that it rains or snows on all public holidays. In fact, it may be said that the weather for 1906 will be different from that of any previous year in the history of mankind.

That the weather produces an effect upon the minds of human beings is well known. But the curious mental processes which will prevail next year no psychologist will be competent to explain. Many persons will be found to believe two, or even three mutually contradictory theories. People who will find themselves in this state of mental incompatibility will not be aware of their unfortunate state, even when told of it by others, and they will seek no relief from the divorce courts. In many cases there will be no discoverable connection between a man's acts and his professed beliefs. Staid and respectable persons will often advocate ethical and sociological beliefs which, if adopted, would be destructive to civilization.

It will be an era of distorted ethics. People will repent of their good deeds and boast of their bad ones. Some will even take pride in sins they never committed. Altruistic persons will cause great distress to their friends by trying to make them happy. Affection will frequently be manifested by cross words and scoldings. Those who in 1906 devote themselves exclusively to the pursuit of pleasure will not succeed in attaining it. Rich men will extol poverty, and fashionable women will praise the simple life.

Political power, instead of being placed in the hands of elected officials, will be mysteriously exercised chiefly by one or more comparatively unknown men in private life, whose wishes will often overrule the laws. Exposures of political and financial corruption and mismanagement will arouse great popular indignation, and result in a continuation of the same practices by other persons. The laws against mayhem and rioting will be strictly enforced except in educational institutions. The legislation will have a marked socialistic tendency, at which the Socialists will be surprised and disappointed.

The literature of the year will be disappointing to many people. The most popular books will be condemned by the

best critics. The great American novel will be written, but will not find a publisher. An absurd fad will prevail of spelling words by letters that do not indicate the sound or derivation. All the statues and buildings erected in conspicuous places by municipalities during the year will be such as to excite the ridicule and scorn of many of our foremost artists. Many influences will combine to elevate the stage, which, notwithstanding, will continue to decline, as it has for five thousand years.

The advance in theological lines will be great. Thru the industry and ingenuity of scholars, creeds and texts will be found to contain meanings altogether unsuspected by their authors, and indeed quite contrary to the way they were originally understood. In the scientific world the belief will be prevalent that the ancestors of the human race descended from trees. The theory that the coming man will be toothless and hairless will receive confirmation by such specimens as appear upon earth during the year.

Thruout the year 1906 people will not be allowed to choose their own costumes, but will obey the dictates of a mysterious power. A gentleman will regard himself as well dressed when he is most uncomfortable. Fashions of acknowledged inappropriateness and hideousness will be adopted by the ladies and admired by the gentlemen. It may be said with some positiveness that the hats of the ladies will not be any more bizarre than at present.

During 1906 a curious fungus will grow in the city of New York and spread everywhere with such rapidity that it will be impossible to keep the streets free from it with scythes and steam lawn-mowers. The plant will be of peculiar shape, rather tall for the width, more of the shape of a fence post than of a bush. It will multiply with astonishing swiftness; a single patch will produce over two billion new plants in twenty-four hours. It will be so poisonous that when eaten or otherwise taken into the system it will be liable to produce a fatal illness. Over 7,000 persons in New York city alone will be killed by it during the year, perhaps more than will die from any other cause.

But we will not venture upon further prophecy, lest we tax the credulity of the reader. From what little we have said (for the most remarkable things in the horoscope we have not revealed), it will be seen that 1906 can truly be called *Annus Mirabilis*. Still, stranger things have happened.

The Eulogies of Garrison

THE centennial of William Lloyd Garrison's birth has done something to corrupt history. Just as the history of the Reconstruction period following the Civil War has been perverted by interested parties, who have, by their exaggerations and falsehoods, come pretty near to deceiving the whole American people, so, on the other side, by the exaggerated or false statements about the work and influence of Mr. Garrison, many people are coming to believe that he and Lincoln abolished slavery. That comes, in good part, from depending on his partial biographers.

Let us take for example the article on Mr. Garrison in the *Colored American Magazine*, by Roscoe Conkling Simmons. He says, and we take him as an example of other eulogists:

"The birth of *The Liberator* (in 1831) was the beginning of the death of American slavery. Its voice . . . shook the foundations of the oligarchy at the South . . . and broke the strongest link in the chain about the limbs of the slave."

This is pure nonsense. It was not the beginning, and it did not shake or break anything. Arthur Tappan, an older friend of the slave, before that had bailed Garrison out of a Baltimore prison.

The writer continues: "He moved John Brown to strike for liberty." Not at all. Garrison was a non-resistant, quite opposed to John Brown's ways, learned in Kansas, not in Boston. Even more amazing, our writer says that "Abraham Lincoln was moved to throw his fortunes against slavery by the convincing appeals of the great reformer." Abraham Lincoln learned his lessons of liberty in an utterly different school, and probably knew and cared very little about Mr. Garrison. Equally baseless and historically absurd are the statements that "Harriet Beecher Stowé was driven to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' by his fervor,"

and that Sumner "yielded to this man's call for men." They both learned war in another camp, and were not to be seen on his platforms.

It is enough to praise Garrison for what he was and did, but the overthrow of slavery was not his work, and he was very far from being the chief actor in it, nor was he the first. Slavery was not overthrown on his lines, but on the lines of wiser men. Denunciation is fine, but it is less than half the work of reform. Other men before him, and contemporary with him, denounced slavery, but they also did something to limit the extension of slavery and to free the slave. The only way to abolish or limit slavery was by political action; and that way Garrison refused to take. Because our Constitution and Government recognized slavery he would take no part in the Government. He and his few followers—for they were never many—would not vote, and equally would not fight—they were non-resistants. Because so many in the Church defended slavery he came out from the Church and denounced it, and even joined in a crusade against the Bible because it recognized slavery. He made the immense tactical blunder of being a "come-outer" when he ought to have been a stay-inner, and to have fought where he could accomplish something. As it was he was an Ishmaelite, attacking friend and foe, no less the men who fought against slavery in politics, the men who really did the work and elected Abraham Lincoln, than the men who held slaves. For this reason he had a small following, a clique who shut themselves out of the great movement, who had nothing to do with the Liberty Party, or the Free Soil Party, or the Republican Party. How could they? They did not vote. The great work went on, led by John Quincy Adams, and Joshua R. Giddings, and John P. Hale and, later, Charles Sumner, and a multitude of others, till Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and millions of men were called to the field and slavery was abolished. And while this great flood of power was gathering its resistless current, Mr. Garrison and his little company were following it on the bank, and crying aloud: "A covenant with death and an agreement with

Hell!" If the Constitution was a covenant with death, it was only those who stayed with it that were able to amend it.

It has been the burden of the addresses, especially those by negroes in their centennial speeches, that there was no one else to speak for the slave when Garrison began his campaign in 1827. This they gather from his biography. He says:

"There was scarcely a man in all the land who dared to peep or mutter on the subject of slavery; the pulpit and the press were dumb; no anti-slavery organizations were made; no public addresses were delivered; no entreaties were uttered in the ears of the people; silence, almost unbroken silence, prevailed universally."

This statement is not true. There had been multitudes of meetings, multitudes of societies, even if Mr. Garrison had not been interested in them. He says:

"In 1827 I went to Boston and edited a paper called *The National Philanthropist*. It was devoted to the cause of temperance. Up to that hour I had known little or nothing of slavery. . . . I was almost wholly ignorant in respect to it."

And yet while he had previously been editing a paper in Newburyport there were public anti-slavery meetings in that town. Be it remembered that the Missouri Compromise, with the admission of Missouri as a slave State, was in 1820, and the country was hot on the subject. There were meetings everywhere in the North. To show this it is enough to read Henry Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power." Six State legislatures outside New England passed resolutions asking Congress to forbid the extension of slavery. In the Pennsylvania Legislature there was not a dissenting vote to the resolutions which denounced the attempt "to spread the crimes and cruelties of slavery." Henry Wilson says:

"Never before had the anti-slavery sentiment of the North been so quickened and aroused. Popular meetings were holden in which Federalists and Democrats enthusiastically and cordially united. Public addresses were made and petitions and memorials were sent to Congress."

It was in this period in 1824 that the attempt was made to introduce slavery into Illinois, and very hot was the discussion which ended in making it a free State. At this time there were more than a hundred abolition societies in

Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, and hundreds in the North, and the churches took the lead. In 1818 the Presbyterian General Assembly had condemned slavery as

"A gross violation of the most precious and sacred rights of human nature; as utterly inconsistent with the law of God which requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves; and as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and the principles of the great Gospel of Christ."

We have said enough to correct the false history which has been repeated. Mr. Garrison was a voice crying in the market place, and with no language but a cry. Whether he did more good than hurt, whether he helped or delayed emancipation, is a mooted question. This is certain, that he was neither its morning star nor the principal influence for emancipation. On the other hand, he fought those that did the work. His method was a blunder, radically and not merely tactically wrong. In his way slavery would never have been abolished. Ishmaelism does no work. He had a noble purpose, and made many noble utterances, and many absurd ones. A class of men who follow him in their hostility to churches have tried to idealize and almost canonize him. When the public begins to accept radical errors of history it is well that the real facts be occasionally told.



The Moscow Battle

WHEN the Russian Czar consented to the establishment of a representative government, with a parliament elected by the people, the world rejoiced, and believed that a better day was dawning for that mighty but oppressed empire. We said then that such a revolution could not go backward. Surely enough it has not gone backward; but now the Duma and the Zemstvos are almost forgotten. It is already a question whether the Empire of the Romanoffs shall give place to a republic, perhaps a Socialistic republic.

That is what the uprising in Kurland and Livonia and Esthonia almost up to the gates of St. Petersburg means. That is the meaning of the battle that has been raging for several days in the streets of Moscow, where thousands are

reported to have been slain. Those revolutionists and the mysterious committees behind them are no longer concerned with a constitutional monarchy; they would dethrone the Czar and abolish all the Princedoms and Grand Dukedoms that have settled and fattened on the people. The boasted love and loyalty of the common people to their Father the Czar has proved to be a myth, or to have suddenly vanished, transformed into hatred.

It is not for us or for any man to forecast the issue of this mightiest conflict of the people against their rulers since 1848. It may be that the army will remain sufficiently loyal to quell this uprising; but even so things cannot be as they were. The old order has passed away, not to return. The people have learned something of their power, and the autocracy of birth will never again dare to rule by mere divine right, which means their own arrogant self-will. Much more likely is it that an internal revolution will put the common people in the saddle, and that something like the French Revolution will give them liberty and equality, with a period of anarchy. The world now looks with anxiety to Russia as the scene of the most important revolution in our memory; even more important than that of Japan—perhaps less important than that which seems ready to develop—we hope peacefully—and give us a new, self-conscious, assertive and proud China.

And the rest of the world will look on to see the outcome in Russia with some little concern as well as interest. The provinces now in revolt and setting up a republic are on the borders of Poland. And Poland was split up between Russia, Austria and Prussia, and has never been satisfied with the division. Will there be a resuscitated Poland? Not if Germany and Austria can prevent it. But there are Socialists in these empires as well as in Russia, Socialists who hate the rule of Emperors, and who may yet be ready to measure their strength. We remember 1848, and how the spirit of revolution spread over all of Continental Europe, from the Danube and the Rhine to the Seine. The itch of liberty is catching. Norway has just chosen a king, out of deference to the

will of Emperors and Kings. Should the people conclude to rule in Russia, the tenure of kings would be weak and short over the western border. Already the Emperor of Austria is placating the rising storm by offering universal suffrage, the least compromise which democracy can accept, and which is accepted readily, at present, in Great Britain. About once in fifty or sixty years the revolutionary tide seems to rise.



Inauguration Day

The scheme of changing the date of the inauguration of the President from March 4th to some later time—say the last Thursday in April—has again been brought before Congress. The only object of the proposed change is to secure more favorable weather for the inaugural parade at Washington, a matter of no importance compared with the necessity of having an elected candidate seated as soon as possible. The interval between election and inauguration is altogether too long now, and it would be much better if the new President took office immediately after the votes are officially counted. In case the election has thrown the Government into the hands of the opposite party it is highly improper and even dangerous that the will of the people should remain ineffective for four months, during which period the discredited party remains in power and could, in times of bitter partisan feeling and important issues, do much to “queer” the incoming administration and commit the country irrevocably to a policy which had been repudiated at the polls. Besides, there is the danger that the President and Vice-President may die or be killed. The final session of a Congress has no real right to legislate, for its members are not the elected representatives of the people. As for the spectacular side of the inauguration, it must be admitted that there is a popular demand for that sort of thing to which churches, colleges and societies are inevitably succumbing. The best way to satisfy it without injury to the Government would be to adopt the plan of European countries, where the new king at once takes the oath of office and the coronation is postponed to a convenient season, some-

times years ahead. Let the President be installed without ceremony in December, or at least in January, and let the inaugural parade, ball, fireworks, etc., be given on the next Fourth of July or any other time that will suit the Washington weather and hotel managers.

Congressman Loud's Record Perhaps the most important fact in the Report of Postmaster-General Cortelyou is that the Hon. Eugene F. Loud is appointed sole delegate to the Universal Postal Congress to be held in Rome, April 6th, 1906. It may have been natural to appoint him, because he has been Chairman of the House Postal Committee. But he is the last man that should have been appointed, for the reason that he is the long and persistent enemy of the extension of the benefits of the post office, and indeed of the post office system itself. Three times has he attacked the cent-a-pound publishers' rate for newspapers. He would prefer to have the Government give up the business entirely, thus setting his judgment against that of the whole world. He says:

"The post office is an accommodation to the great mass of our people, but not an absolute necessity; private means could as well or better be adapted to the transmission of our mails and, in the opinion of the writer of this report, could be so done much more cheaply, with quicker despatch, and better satisfaction to the people."

Then note this further statement of Mr. Loud, made to Mr. M. G. Cunniff and quoted by him in the issue of the *World's Work* of December, 1903:

"Such business as the post office now does in carrying fourth class mail—merchandise—should be done by private enterprise. If I had my way, the post office would give no more facilities than it gives today. It would give fewer."

Then observe the reason for his hostility to the Post Office, in his extreme opposition to public service by the Government. He says:

"But it is not our intent to now advocate so radical a change, for our people can more peacefully bear those ills they have than fly to others they know not of. For the *principal wrong* in the continuance of the present system to our people is in that it encourages the growth of an agrarian sentiment that points to the Post Office Department and exclaims: 'See how well the postal service is managed in the

interest of us all, and how cheaply it is operated; this is our strong bulwark of defence, and illustrates in golden letters that the true course for the Government is to become the parent and owner and operate all means of transportation and transmission.'"

What can be the standing of a nation at the Universal Postal Congress that allows itself to be represented by a man holding such sentiments towards the Post Office? It is on the face of it an appointment unfit to be made, and public sentiment ought to require the President to withdraw his commission.

Hampered Progress, Like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," we are bearing a great burden. The people of the United States do not realize the extent to which they are hampered by their antiquated system of weights and measures. The extent of the burden would be realized if the metric system were in use and we were compelled to revert to our present system, or if the English coinage of shillings and pence were forced on us. Any one who has worked with both systems will admit that there is no comparison in the facility and speed of calculation. Herbert Spencer made probably the strongest attack on the metric system that has been put forth. If these arguments, from the most intelligent supporter of the cumbersome system, could be disproved, it would mean victory for the metric system. One of Herbert Spencer's main points is, that if the metric system were adopted the Centigrade notation, admitted by all as inferior to the Fahrenheit, would have to go with it. This is a surprising error. Neither the Centigrade nor the Fahrenheit notation has the least connection with the metric system, and no change in that direction would take place. In reviewing his case, Spencer makes the startling announcement that any one who has figured with both the American and English systems of money will admit that the English is the easier of the two to handle. On this point we will let our readers judge. The great benefit of the change will come to the next generation, who will have nothing to unlearn, and all the advantages of a simple and sensible system. We, at least, will have the satisfaction

of seeing our children point off and run out to play, instead of growing old trying to figure out how many square yards there are in an acre.



A Bison Society To the list of societies for the preservation of birds and fishes, and for the protection of dogs and horses, may now be added the Bison Society, of which President Roosevelt is the Honorary President. Europe keeps one or two parks for the special purpose of saving the wild cattle of that continent from extinction. The most noble beast on this continent is the bison, now almost extinct. Its destruction would be a great loss to the world. We should keep one or two large reservations where they can be at liberty to go wild and increase, besides numerous experiment stations where they should be domesticated for use, and crossed for their hides or for work with other breeds. That other splendid bison of Transylvania and the Caucasus might well be crossed with our own, not to speak of the true buffalos and other cattle. There is a world of possibility in the matter of domestication of wild animals and plants which our men of science have hardly touched; and we would have this Bison Society do something more than merely keep up a bison reservation, as we raise bears for the delectation of visitors at the Geysers.



Benevolent Institutions. Never since the world began has so much been done for the care of the needy and unfortunate; and it is not true that the Church has given up that duty to the State. By a late Census report there are in this country 4,207 institutions for the benefit of the sick, aged and needy—which do not include local poor-houses. Of these, 485 are supervised and maintained by the Federal Government, States and inner civil divisions, while 2,359 are managed by private corporations, of which 1,363 are supported by religious bodies. The orphanages are almost wholly of the latter class, while the blind and the deaf and dumb are supported by the States. The public institutions cost \$16,263,958, the ecclesiastical \$15,150,576, and the private

\$24,163,099. It will thus be seen that the State and National Governments pay less than a third of the cost of these institutions. Possibly in the good time coming it may be thought best to have the public pay all these expenses; but at present it appears that the education of the people individually in the care and good will of the unfortunate is a help to character which collectivism will fail to supply.



"Absolutism and Commercialism" These are bad words, which Professor Cattell applies to the proposal to unite the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with Harvard University, but the ordinary looker-on can see in the merger proposed no more absolutism or commercialism than there exists in either institution separately. Each has a president and a board of trustees, which are the excrescent evils against which the Professor, who is the son of a successful college president, protests. He describes the usual condition as "an absentee board of trustees," and "an almost complete delegation of legislative, judicial and executive functions to one man, the president," who "lords it over an aggregate of employees instead of conferring with a company of scholars." Professor Cattell's article is a vigorous attack on the universal system of superintendency in education in this country, and we judge that it will find not many to accept its conclusions. The policies of our institutions are usually worked out in the college faculties, and then brought before the trustees, as a conservative body, to approve and carry them out. It is the investment and expenditure of money that require expert business men as trustees, and they are the men, with the president, to give or get the money required. This is too much of a burden to put on the professors. Professor Cattell says he does not "wish to adopt the attitude of a pessimist." And yet he says:

"We do not produce great men at or for our universities, and there are not enough moderately good men to fill the chairs. It is said that such are diverted into business or politics, but it is difficult to discover them there."

That is sad, and yet in Europe they have been saying very pretty things of a cer-

tain man produced at our oldest university who is at the head of American politics. There is something to be said for college trustees and presidents. Professor Cattell mentions that "one of the most powerful school superintendents" has lately been sent to prison for theft and forgery. We can recall a college professor or two hanged for murder.

We published a short poem a little while ago, found in the effects of a workingman of literary tastes in Springfield, Mass., which his executor thought was probably of his authorship, but we were careful not to vouch for it. The poem seems to have been an adaptation by some one of lines by the late J. Boyle O'Reilly, in whose volume it is thus found, as we are courteously informed by *The Sacred Heart Review*:

"What is the real good?
I asked in musing mood.
'Order,' said the law court,
'Knowledge,' said the school,
'Truth,' said the wise man,
'Pleasure,' said the fool,
'Love,' said the maiden,
'Beauty,' said the page,
'Freedom,' said the dreamer,
'Home,' said the sage.
'Fame,' said the soldier,
'Equity,' the seer—
Spake my heart full sadly:
'The answer is not here.'
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
'Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word.'"

The opposition of the people of Arizona to Statehood with New Mexico deserves serious consideration. The argument that they do not wish to be allied with the "Greasers" of New Mexico does not so much influence us, for we have found human beings much the same, when you get acquainted with them; and, so far as they are ignorant, they can be educated. Arizona and New Mexico combined have a territory as large as California with all the New England States added, and 10,000 square miles to spare. Arizona has great possibilities in its mines, producing more copper, probably, this year than any other State. A single reservoir will in two years irrigate 200,000 acres. There are 12,000 square miles of forest and 14,000,000 acres of grazing land; and the

people, by an overwhelming majority, oppose Statehood with New Mexico, and ask to remain a Territory.

President Eliot, in a late speech, called attention to the limitation of liberty that necessarily follows a fuller civilization. He said:

"There is now in Massachusetts no liberty for adulterated or spoiled foods, drinks or drugs; no liberty to spread contagious diseases; no liberty for public service corporations to issue stocks and bonds at their pleasure; no liberty to conduct in secrecy the business of banks, savings banks, insurance companies, trust companies or transportation companies, and no liberty to vote on any voting paper which the voter or his party prefers. Many businesses once unregulated by the Commonwealth are now closely regulated. Even the suffrage, source of all governmental power, must be exercised in a severely prescribed way."

All this is true; but so is every law a limitation of liberty, ever since the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." Much more limitation will be required to protect the people.

Now that civil service examinations have relieved our Congressmen of so much anxiety and have left them more time to attend to legislation, would they not favorably consider a further proposition that they be also relieved of the burden and jealousy arising from the patronage they have for the Military and Naval Academies? Some Congressmen already appoint boys to these institutions after examination. Would it not be well for a law to be passed still distributing the candidates by Congressional districts, but requiring of them a competitive examination? It would probably secure a better class, and fewer would have to be dropped.

We do not need to go into any discussion of the matters, so largely personal, that have led to the resignation of Dr. Gordon as President of Howard University. With questions of tact involved we are not concerned. But two things are to be noticed. One is that the President of such an institution should not be justly chargeable with supporting caste or racial distinctions; and the other that the rudeness of the students in their expressions of their lack of confidence was as improper as it was unpolitic.

Financial

Crops of the Year

THE final report of the Department of Agriculture as to the size of the year's crops (issued last week) enables us to make the following comparative statement:

	1905, Bushels.	1904, Bushels.
Corn	2,707,993,540	2,467,480,934
Wheat	692,979,489	552,399,517
Oats	950,216,197	894,595,552
Barley	136,651,020	139,748,958
Rye	27,616,045	27,234,565
Buckwheat	14,585,082	15,008,336
Flaxseed	28,477,753	23,400,534
Rice	12,933,436	21,096,038
Potatoes	260,741,294	332,830,300
Hay	*60,531,611	*60,696,028
Tobacco	†633,033,719	†660,460,739

* Tons. †Pounds.



New York City's Railways

THE chief financial event of the year in the railway field was reserved for the closing month. On the 22d it became known that the controlling interest of Thomas F. Ryan and his associates in the surface street railway system of New York city had been acquired, thru August Belmont & Co., by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. In other words, competition in New York city's street railways, and with respect to bids for future subways, had been eliminated. The surface roads, the elevated roads, and the subway, were to be controlled by Mr. Belmont and his associates. Brooklyn's elevated and surface lines are thus far excluded, but the addition of them to the combination is expected. It is understood that in this movement Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rogers (representing Standard Oil capital) are interested with Mr. Belmont, and that Mr. Ryan will in some way be associated with them. Owing to the relation of these men to great financial and fiduciary corporations, their power in the city will be enormous. It remains to be seen how this power will be used.

Nineteen new subway routes have been planned by the Rapid Transit Commission. It was expected that the Ryan and the Belmont interests would compete actively for the franchises. Now the Commission must deal with only one bidder, and it can be seen that to this bidder several of the routes will not be

attractive, because they would compete with lines now in use. The Commission's plans will be upset, and it is not surprising that the Commission's counsel regards the new combination as one unfortunate for the city. It is plain to him, as it is to many others, that the combination gives new force to the arguments of the advocates of municipal ownership and operation. The details of the transaction are not yet known, nor has the attitude of various neighboring transportation interests been disclosed. When the whole story is told, an interesting relation between the new combination and the great steam roads and tunnel projects will probably be shown.



THE North River Savings Bank, of this city, has just removed to its new building, 31 West Thirty-fourth street.

....The recent troubles of the Chicago National Bank have not in the least affected the trust business of the Equitable Trust Company of Chicago.

....The Bankers' Trust Company has declared a quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent., payable January 2d, an increase of 1 per cent. since the last quarter.

....Control of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company has been purchased in the open market by John W. Gates, Grant B. Schley and their associates, who already controlled the Republic Iron and Steel Company, and it is expected that the two companies will be combined.

....The Brooklyn Bank, which was organized in 1832, when Brooklyn was a village, publishes a neat pamphlet of a novel character, illustrated by interesting views showing the appearance of well known Brooklyn localities at remote early dates, some of them more than a hundred years ago.

....The Western Union Telegraph Company's report for the quarter ending on December 31st, accompanying the declaration of the usual dividend, shows (upon returns partly estimated) that the surplus (which was \$16,433,481 on September 30th) will be increased on that date to \$16,785,160.

The Independent

WEEKLY MAGAZINE

ALEXANDER I. (Poem) John G. Whittier
GARRISON AND WHITTIER . . T. W. Higginson
GARRISON AND THE NEGRO . W. E. B. Du Bois
THANKSGIVING (Poem) Margaret Fithian
RIGHTS OF THE INSURED . . . Joseph W. Folk
NEW RUSSIA : Max Nordau
EXCAVATIONS AT BISMYA E. J. Banks
A WOMAN'S LITANY Charlotte Leech
ONE OF OUR FIRST FAMILIES. . E. P. Powell
LONDON TOPICS Justin McCarthy
RECENT FICTION Mrs. L. H. Harris
ENGLISH FOOTBALL John Morgan
'POSSUM AN' 'TATERS (Poem) . . Silas X. Floyd
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Editorial, Survey of the World, Book Reviews

DECEMBER 7TH

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AUGUST 3, 1905

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